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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
GEOFFREY CHAUCER

*Oxford University Press, Amen House, London E C 4*

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# THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Edited from numerous manuscripts by  
WALTER W. SKEAT

LONDON  
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS  
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GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Born, London . . . . . c. 1340

Died, Westminster . . . . . 25 October 1400

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# INTRODUCTION.



## LIFE OF CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London, about 1340 (not 1328, as was formerly said). His father was John Chaucer, citizen and vintner of London, and his mother's name was Agnes. His grandfather was Robert Chaucer, of Ipswich and London, who married a widow named Maria Heyroun, with a son Thomas Heyroun. John Chaucer's house stood in Upper Thames Street, beside Walbrook, just where that street is now crossed by the South-Eastern Railway from Cannon-street Station. Here it was that the poet spent his earliest days, and in an interesting passage in his *Pardoner's Tale* (lines 549-572), he incidentally displays his knowledge of various wines and the ways of mixing them together.

John Chaucer, the poet's father, was in attendance on Edward III. in 1338, and this connexion with the court led to his son's employment there, some years afterwards, as a page in the household of Elizabeth, wife of Lionel, duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. In the household accounts of this princess, mention is made of various articles of clothing and other necessaries purchased for 'Geoffrey Chaucer' in April, May, and December, 1357, when he was about seventeen years old. In 1359, he joined the army of Edward III. when that king invaded France, and was there taken prisoner. In May, 1360, the peace of Bretigny (near Chartres) was concluded between the French and English kings. Chaucer had been set at liberty in March, when Edward paid 16*l.* towards his ransom.

1367. We can only conjecture the manner in which he spent his life from hints given us in his own works, and from various notices of him in official records. To consider the latter first, we find, from the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, that a life-pension of 20 marks was granted by the king to Chaucer in 1367, in consideration of his services, as being one of the valets of the king's household. During 1368 and part of 1369 he was in London, and received his pension in person. In October, 1368, his patron, Prince Lionel, died, and it appears that Chaucer's services were consequently transferred to the next brother, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster.

1369. In the autumn of 1369, the year of the third great pestilence of Edward's reign, Blanche, the first wife of John of Gaunt, died at the early age of twenty-nine. Chaucer did honour to her memory in one of his earliest poems, entitled 'The Deth of Blaunche the Duchesse.'

1370-1373. From 1370 to 1386, Chaucer was attached to the court, and employed in frequent diplomatic services.

In December, 1372, being employed in the king's service, he left England for Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, and remained in Italy for nearly eleven months, but

we again find him in London on November 22, 1373. This visit of his to Italy is of great importance, as it exercised a marked influence on his writings, and enables us to understand the development of his genius.

1374. His conduct during this mission to Italy met with the full approval of the king, who, on the celebration of the great festival at Windsor on St. George's day (April 23) in 1374, granted our poet a pitcher of wine daily, to be received from the king's butler. On May 10 of the same year, Chaucer took a lease of a house in Aldgate, for the term of his life, from the Corporation of London; but he afterwards gave it up to a friend in October, 1386; and it is probable that he had ceased to reside in it for a year or more previously. On June 8, 1374, he was appointed to the important office of Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Wools, Skins, and Leather, for the port of London; and a few days later (June 13) received a pension of 10*l.* from the duke of Lancaster for the good service rendered by him and his wife Philippa to the said Duke, to his consort, and to his mother the Queen. This is the first mention of Philippa Chaucer as Geoffrey's wife, though a Philippa Chaucer is mentioned as one of the Ladies of the Chamber to Queen Philippa, on September 12, 1366, and subsequently. It has been conjectured that Chaucer was not married till 1374, and that he married a relative, or at least some one bearing the same name as himself; but this supposition is needless and improbable; there is no reason why the Philippa Chaucer mentioned in 1366 may not have been already married to the poet, who was then at least 26 years of age.

1375. In 1375 his income was increased by receiving from the Crown (November 8) the custody of the lands and person of one Edmond Staplegate, of Kent. This he retained for three years, during which he received 10*l.*; together with some smaller sums from another source.

1376. On July 12, 1376, the king granted Chaucer the sum of 71*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, being the value of a fine paid by one John Kent without paying the duty thereon. Towards the end of this year, Sir John Burley and Geoffrey Chaucer were employed upon some secret service, for which the latter received 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

1377. In February, 1377, Chaucer was employed on a secret mission to Flanders, and received for it, in all, the sum of 30*l.* In April he was sent to France, to treat for peace with king Charles V.; for this service he received, in all, the sum of 48*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* On June 21, king Edward III. died, and was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II.

1378. In January, Chaucer seems to have been employed in France. Soon afterwards, he was again sent to Italy, from May 28 to September 19, being employed on a mission to Lombardy, to treat with Bernabo Visconti, duke of Milan; to whose death (in 1385) the poet alludes in his *Monkes Tale* (ll. 3589-3596), where he describes him as—

‘Of Melan grete Barnabo Viscounte,  
God of delyt, and scourge of Lombardye.’

Before leaving England on this business, Chaucer appointed his friend John Gower, the poet, as one of his agents to represent him in his absence.

1380. By deed of May 1, 1380, one Cecilia Chaumpayne released Chaucer from a charge which she had brought against him, ‘*de raptu meo.*’ We have no means of ascertaining either the nature of the charge, or the circumstances of the case.

1382. We have seen that Chaucer had been appointed Comptroller of the Wool

Customs in 1374. Whilst still retaining this office, he was now also appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs (May 8, 1382).

1385. In February, 1385, he was allowed the great privilege of nominating a permanent deputy to perform his duties as Comptroller. It is highly probable that he owed this favour to 'the good queen Anne,' first wife of king Richard II.; for, in the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, probably written during this period of his newly-acquired freedom from irksome duties, he expresses himself most gratefully towards her.

If we may trust the description of his house and garden in the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, probably composed in the spring of 1385, it would appear that he was then living in the country, and had already given up his house over the city gate at Aldgate to Richard Forster, who obtained a formal lease of it from the Corporation of London in October, 1386. We learn incidentally, from a note to the Envoy to Scogan, l. 45, that he was living at Greenwich at the time when he wrote that poem (probably in 1383). And it is highly probable that Chaucer's residence at Greenwich extended from 1385 to the end of 1399, when he took a new house at Westminster. This supposition agrees well with various hints that we obtain from other notices. Thus, in 1390, he was appointed (with five others) to superintend the repairing of the banks of the Thames between Woolwich and Greenwich. In the same year he was robbed at Hatcham (as we shall see below), which is near Deptford and Greenwich. And we find the singular reference in the Canterbury Tales (A 3907), where the Host suddenly exclaims—'Lo! Grenewich, ther many a shrewe is inne'; which looks like a sly insinuation, on the Host's part, that Greenwich at that time contained many 'shrews' or rascals. Few places would serve better than Greenwich for frequent observation of Canterbury pilgrims.

1386. In this year Chaucer was elected a knight of the shire for Kent, in the Parliament held at Westminster. In August, his patron John of Gaunt went to Spain; and during his absence, his brother Thomas, duke of Gloucester, contrived to deprive the king of all power, by appointing a regency of eleven persons, himself being at the head of them. As the duke of Gloucester was ill disposed towards his brother John, it is probable that we can thus account for the fact that, in December of this year, Chaucer was dismissed from both his offices, of Comptroller of Wool and Comptroller of Petty Customs, others being appointed in his place. This sudden and great loss reduced the poet from comparative wealth to poverty; he was compelled to raise money upon his pensions, which were assigned to John Sculby on May 1, 1388.

In October of this year (1386), there was a famous trial between Richard Lord Scrope and Sir Thomas Grosvenor, during which Chaucer deposed that he was 'forty years of age and upwards, and had borne arms for twenty-seven years.' He was, in fact, about forty-six years old, having been born, as said above, about 1340. Moreover, it is probable that he first bore arms in 1359, when he went with the invading army to France. This exactly tallies with his own statement.

1387. In this year died Chaucer's wife, Philippa; to this loss he alludes in his Envoy to Bukton. It must have been about this time that he was composing portions of his greatest poem, the Canterbury Tales.

1389. On May 3, Richard II. suddenly took the government into his own hands. John of Gaunt returned to England soon afterwards, and effected an outward reconciliation between the king and the duke of Gloucester. The Lancastrian party was

## Introduction.

now once more in power, and Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the King's Works at Westminster on July 12, at a salary of 2s. a day (more than 1l. of our present money, at the least).

1390. In this year, Chaucer was also appointed Clerk of the Works at St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and was put on a Commission to repair the banks of the Thames between Woolwich and Greenwich. In a writ, dated July 1 in this year, he was allowed the costs of putting up scaffolds in Smithfield for the King and Queen to view the tournament which had taken place there in May. This helps to explain the minute account of the method of conducting a tournament which we meet with in the Knight's Tale. In the preceding month he had been appointed, by the Earl of March, joint Forester (with Richard Brittle) of North Petherton Park in Somerset. In September, he was twice robbed of some of the king's money; once, at Westminster, of 10l.; and again, near the 'foule ok' (foul oak) at Hatcham, Surrey, of 9l. 3s. 8d.; but the repayment of these sums was forgiven him.

1391. This is the date given by Chaucer to his prose Treatise on the Astrolabe, which he compiled for the use of his 'little son' Lewis, of whom nothing more is known; and it is supposed that he died at an early age. At this time, for some unknown reason, the poet unfortunately lost his appointment as Clerk of the Works.

1394. In February of this year, Chaucer received a grant from the king of 20l. a year for life; nevertheless, he seems to have been in want of money, as we find him making applications for the advancement of money from his pension.

1398. In this year or the preceding, Chaucer was made sole Forester of North Petherton Park, instead of joint Forester, as in 1390. In the Easter Term, he was sued for a debt of 14l. 1s. 11d. In October, the king granted him a tun of wine yearly, for his life-time.

1399. On September 30, Henry IV. became king of England, and Chaucer addressed to him a complaint regarding his poverty, called a 'Compleynt to his Purs,' in response to which, only four days afterwards, Henry granted that the poet's pension of twenty marks (13l. 6s. 8d.) should be doubled, in addition to the 20l. a year which had been granted to him in 1394.

On Christmas eve of this year, Chaucer took a long lease of a house in the garden of the Chapel of St. Mary, Westminster; this house stood near the spot now occupied by King Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The lease is in the Muniment Room of Westminster Abbey (Historical MSS. Commission, i. 95).

1400. The traditional date of Chaucer's death is October 25, 1400; in the second year of Henry IV. His death doubtless took place in his newly-acquired house at Westminster; and he attained to the age of about sixty years. Of his family, nothing is known. His 'little son' Lewis probably died young; and there is no evidence earlier than the reign of Henry VI. that the Thomas Chaucer whose great-grandson, John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, was declared heir to the throne by his uncle, Richard III., in 1484, was Chaucer's son. As Thomas Chaucer was a man of great wealth, and of some mark, we should have expected to find early and undoubted evidence as to his parentage. We find, however, that Thomas Gascoigne, who wrote a Theological Dictionary, and died in 1458, refers to the poet in these words:—'*Fuit idem Chawserus pater Thomae Chawserus, armigeri, qui Thomas sepelitur in Nuhelm iuxta Oxoniam.*' Gascoigne was in a position to know the truth, since he was Chancellor of Oxford, and Thomas Chaucer had held the

manor of Ewelme, at no great distance, till his death in 1434. If this information be correct, it then becomes highly probable that Chaucer's wife Philippa was Philippa Roet, sister of the Katharine de Roet of Hainault, who married Sir John Swynford, and afterwards became the mistress, and in 1396 the third wife of John of Gaunt. This has been inferred from the fact that Thomas Chaucer's arms contain three wheels, supposed to represent the name of Roet; since the Old French *roet* means 'a little wheel.' Those who accept this inference see good reasons for explaining the favours extended to Chaucer both by John of Gaunt himself and his son King Henry IV.

### CHARACTER OF CHAUCER.

There is no space here for exhibiting fully the revelation of Chaucer's character as expressed by numerous passages in his works. We easily recognise in them a man of cheerful and genial nature, with great powers of originality, full of freshness and humour, a keen observer of men, and at the same time an enthusiastic and untiring student of books. He tells a story excellently and sets his characters before us with dramatic clearness; and he has also an exquisite ear for music and pays great attention to the melodious flow of his verse. Except in his prose tales, he frequently affects, in his *Canterbury Tales*, an air of simplicity which sits upon him gracefully enough. In his *Prologue to Sir Thopas*, he describes himself as a 'large,' i.e. a somewhat corpulent man, and no 'poppet' to embrace, that is, not slender in the waist; as having an 'elvish' or abstracted look, often staring on the ground 'as if he would find a hare,' and 'doing no dalliance' to any man, i.e. not entering briskly into casual conversation. His numerous references and quotations show that he was deeply read in all medieval learning, and well acquainted with Latin, French (both of England and of the continent), and Italian, besides being a master of the East-midland dialect of English. A passage in the *Reves Tale* imitates some of the peculiarities of the Northumbrian dialect with much fidelity. On the other hand, he occasionally introduces forms into his poems that are peculiarly Kentish; owing, as I am inclined to suggest, to his residence for some years at Greenwich. In his *Hous of Fame*, he tells us how he had 'set his wit to make books, songs, and ditties in rime,' and often 'made his head ache at night with writing in his study.' For, when he had done his official work for the day, and 'made his reckonings,' he used to go home and become wholly absorbed in his books, 'hearing neither this nor that'; and, 'in stead of rest and new things' (recreation), he used 'to sit at a book, as dumb as a stone, till his look was dased'; and thus did he 'live as a hermit, though (unlike a hermit) his abstinence was but little.' So great (as he tells us in the *Prologue to The Legend of Good Women*) was his love of nature, that, 'when the month of May is come, and I hear the birds sing, and see the flowers springing up, farewell then to my book and to my devotion' to reading. In many passages he insists on the value of the purity of womanhood and the nobility of manhood, taking the latter to be dependent upon good feeling and courtesy. As he says in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, 'the man who is always the most virtuous, and most endeavours to be constant in the performance of gentle deeds, is to be taken to be the greatest gentleman. Christ desires that we should derive our gentleness from Him, and not from our ancestors, however rich.'



## WRITINGS OF CHAUCER.

Other notices of Chaucer must be gathered from his writings and from what we know about them. It is advisable to date his various works, where possible, as well as we can, and to consider the result.

Chaucer's works fall (as shewn by Ten Brink) into three periods. During the first of these, he imitated French models, particularly the famous and very long poem entitled *Le Roman de la Rose*, of which, as he himself tells us, he made a translation. It so happens that there exist what are apparently two, but are really three fragments of translations of two different parts of this poem; they are found in a MS. at Glasgow, written out about A.D. 1430-40, and in the early printed editions. These three fragments, marked A, B, C in the present volume, appear to be by different hands; and only the first of them can be reconciled with Chaucer's usual diction and grammar. We must regretfully infer that the major part of Chaucer's own translation is irrecoverably lost. The poems of this First Period were written before he set out on his Italian travels in 1372, and there is no trace in them of any Italian influence.

The poems of the Second Period (1373-1384) clearly shew the influence of Italian literature, especially of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and of Boccaccio's poems entitled *Il Teseide* and *Il Filostrato*. Curiously enough, there is nothing to shew that Chaucer was acquainted, at first-hand, with Boccaccio's *Decamerone*.

The poems of the Third Period are chiefly remarkable for a larger share of originality, and are considered as beginning with the Legend of Good Women, the first poem in which the poet employed what is now known as the 'heroic' couplet, which he adapted from Guillaume de Machault.

The following list is arranged, *conjecturally*, in chronological order.

Origenes upon the Mandeleyne (*lost*).

Book of the Leoun (*lost*).

Ceys and Aleioun; afterwards (probably) partly preserved in the Book of the Duchesse.

The Romaunt of the Rose. (Fragment A (ll. 1-1705) is all that can fairly be claimed as Chaucer's work. Fragment B is written in a dialect approximating to that of Lincolnshire. The author of Fragment C, like that of B, remains unknown.)

A. B. C.—Minor Poems, I.

1369. Book of the Duchesse.—M. P. III.

Lyf of St. Cecyle (afterwards adapted to become the Second Nonnes Tale).

Monkes Tale (parts of); lines 3365-3652 clearly belong to a later period.

About 1372-3. Clerkes Tale; except E 995-1008, and the Envoy.

Palamon and Arcite; of which some scraps are preserved in other poems. It was also used as the basis of the *Knights Tale*.

Complaint to his Lady.—M. P. VI.

An Amorous Complaint, made at Windsor.—M. P. XXII.

Womanly Noblesse.—M. P. XXIV.

Complaint unto Pità.—M. P. II.

Anelida and Arcite (containing ten stanzas from Palamon).—M. P. VII.

The Tale of Melibeus (in its original form); partly translated from Albertano of Brescia.

The Persones Tale (in its original form); partly translated from Frère Lorens.

Of the Wretched Engendring of Mankind; mentioned in the Legend, Text A, l. 414; and partly preserved in scraps occurring in the Man of Lawes Tale, B 99-121, 421-7 771-7, 925-931, 1135-41.

Man of Lawes Tale (in its original form); partly translated from Nicholas Trivet, 1377-81. Translation of Boethius.

1379? Complaint of Mars.—M. P. IV.

1379-83. Troilus and Criseyde; (partly from Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato* and Guido delle Colonne's *Historia Troiae*; containing three stanzas from Palamon).

Wordes to Adam (concerning Boethius and Troilus).—M. P. VIII.

The Former Age; chiefly from Boethius, Book II. met. V.—M. P. IX.

Fortune; containing hints from Boethius.—M. P. X.

1382. Parlement of Foules (containing six stanzas from Palamon).—M. P. V.

1383-4. House of Fame; containing hints from Dante; *unfinished*.

1385-6. Legend of Good Women; *unfinished*.

1386. Canterbury Tales begun.

1387-8. Central period of the Canterbury Tales.

1389, &c. The Tales continued.

1391. Treatise on the Astrolabe; chiefly from Messahala; *unfinished*.

1393? Complaint of Venus.—M. P. XVIII.

1393. Envoy to Scogan.—M. P. XVI.

1396. Envoy to Bakton.—M. P. XVII.

1399. Envoy to Complaint to his Purse.—M. P. XIX.

The following occasional triple roundel and balades may have been composed between 1380 and 1396.—Merciless Beauté.—M. P. XI. Balade to Rosemounde.—M. P. XII. Against Women Unconstaunt.—M. P. XXI. Complaint to his Purse (except the Envoy).—M. P. XIX. Lak of Stedfastnesse.—M. P. XV. Gentilesse.—M. P. XIV. Truth.—M. P. XIII. Proverbs of Chaucer.—M. P. XX.

## EDITIONS OF CHAUCER.

Several of Chaucer's Poems were printed at various times by Caxton and others, but the first collected edition of his works was that edited by W. Thynne in 1532. This was reprinted, with the addition of the spurious *Plowmen's Tale*, in 1542; and again, about 1550. Later editions appeared in 1561 (with large additions by John Stowe); in 1598 (re-edited by Thomas Speght), second edition, 1602, and reprinted in 1687. Still later editions were the very bad one by Urry, in 1721, and the excellent one by Tyrwhitt, of the *Canterbury Tales only*, in 1775-8. These editions, excepting Tyrwhitt's, have done much to confuse the public as to the genuine works of Chaucer, because in them a large number of poems, some known (even by the editors) to be by Lydgate, Gower, Hoccleve, and Scogan, together with others obviously spurious, were carelessly added to works by Chaucer himself; and many erroneous notions have been deduced from the study of this incongruous mixture.

It must suffice to say here that most of the later editions, since the publication of Tyrwhitt's remarks on the subject, reject many of these additional pieces, but still unadvisedly admit the poems entitled *The Court of Love*, *The Complaint of the Black Knight*, *Chaucer's Dream*, *The Flower and the Leaf*, and *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*. Of these, *The Complaint of the Black Knight* is now known to be by Lydgate; *The Flower and the Leaf* cannot be earlier than 1450, and was probably written, as it

purports to be, by a lady; whilst *The Court of Love* can hardly be earlier than 1500, and *Chaucer's Dream* (so called) is of still later date. Nothing but a complete ignorance of the history of the English language can connect these fifteenth-century and sixteenth-century poems with Chaucer. The only poem, in the above set, which can possibly be as old as the fourteenth century, is *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*. There is no evidence of any kind to connect it with Chaucer; and Professor Lounsbury decisively rejects it, on the internal evidence. It admits a few rimes (see p. xxiv) such as Chaucer nowhere employs.

## GRAMMATICAL HINTS.

The following brief hints contain but a minimum of information, and include nothing that should not be extremely familiar to the student.

Observe that, in Chaucer's English, the final syllables *-e*, *-ed*, *-en*, *-es*, almost always form a distinct and separate syllable, so that a large number of words had then a syllable more than they have now. Unless this rule be observed, no progress in the study is possible. In particular, *always* sound this final *-e* (like the *a* in *China*) at the end of a line.

Final *-e* is elided, or slurred over, when the next word begins with a vowel, or is one of certain words beginning with *h*, viz. (1) a pronoun, as *he*; (2) part of the verb *have*; (3) the adverbs *heer*, *how*; (4) mute *h* in *honour*, *houre*. In a similar position, final *-er*, *-en*, *-el*, *-y*, are slurred over likewise; thus *get-en* is really *get'n* in l. 291<sup>1</sup>.

Final *-e* is sometimes dropped in a few common words, such as *wēre*, were, *hadde*, had, *wolde*, would.

Middle *-e-* is also sometimes dropped, as in *havenes*, pronounced (haavnez), l. 407. But *trew-e-ly* (481) is trisyllabic.

The reasons for sounding the final *-e*, *-en*, *-es*, as distinct syllables, are grammatical. These endings represent older inflexions, mostly Anglo-Saxon; and were once, in fact, essential. But, in Chaucer's time, they were *beginning* to disappear, and many are now lost altogether.

Final *-e*. The various sources of the M. E. (i. e. Middle-English) final *-e* are, chiefly, these following.

1. The A.S. (Anglo-Saxon) sb. ended in a vowel. Thus A.S. *har-a*, a hare, became M.E. *har-e* (191).
2. The A.F. (Anglo-French) sb. ended in a vowel which was formerly sounded. Thus A.F. *mélodi-e* (four syllables) is M.E. *melody-e* (four syllables, 9).
3. The dative case often ends in *-e*, especially after the prepositions *at*, *by*, *for*, *in*, *of*, *on*, *to*. Thus *rōt-e* (2) is the dative case of *root*, a root. We even find the form of an oblique case used as a nom. case, owing to confusion. Thus A.S. *hwelp*, a whelp, makes the dat. *hwelp-e*; Chaucer has *whelp-e* as a nominative (257).
4. The forms *hell-e* (so in A.S.), *sonn-e* (A.S. *sunnan*) are *genitives*; see Book Duch. 171; A. 1051. Similarly *-y* represents a genitive suffix in *lad-y*, 88, 695.
5. The *definite* form of the adjective (i. e. the form used when the def. art. *the* or a possessive or demonstrative pronoun precedes it) ends in *-e*. Ex. : *the yong-e*, 7.
6. The adj. pl. ends in *-e*; as *smal-e*, 9.

<sup>1</sup> The numbers refer to the lines of the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales; see p. 419.

7. Even the adj. sing. may end in *-e*; as *swēt-e* (5), from A.S. *swēte*, sweet, in which the final *-e* is essential. So also *trewe*, from A.S. *trēowe*; 531.

8. Verbs: the infinitive and gerund (with *to*) end in *-en* or *-e*; as *beginn-e*, 42; *for to rīj-e*, 33.

9. Strong verbs: the pp. (past participle) ends in *-en* or *-e*; as *y-ronn-e*, 8.

10. Weak verbs: the pt. t. (past tense) ends in *-ede*, *-de*, *-te*, *-e*; as *say-de*, 70. Sometimes in *-ed*, as *prov-ed*, 547. Observe *lakk-e-de*, 756; *lov'd-e*, 97; *wet-te*, 129; *went-e*, 78.

11. Verbs: various other inflexions in *-en* or *-e*. Thus *slēp-en*, 3 p. pr. pl., 10; *uēr-en*, 1 p. pt. pl., 29; *gess-e*, 1 p. pr. s., 82; *smert-e*, 3 p. pr. s. subj., 230, &c.

12. Adverbs and prepositions may end in *-en* or *-e*; as *abov-en*, 53; *about-e*, prep. 158, adv. 488.

**Final -en.** The suffix *-en* usually denotes either (1) the pl. sb., as *hos-en*, 456; (2) the infin. or gerundial infin. of a verb, as *to wend-en*, 21; (3) the pp. of a strong verb, as *hulp-en*, 18; (4) the pl. of any tense of a verb, as *wēr-en*, 1 p. pt. pl., 29; (5) a prep. or adverb, as *abov-en*, 53.

**Final -es.** The final *-es* denotes either (1) the gen. sing., as *lord-es*, 47; (2) the pl. sb., as *shour-es*, 1; or (3) an adverb, as *thrj-es*, 562. But the gen. of *lady* is *lady*; and of *fader*, is *fader*. And the plural may end in *-s*, as in *palmer-s*, 13.

The student should endeavour to make out, in every case, the reason for the use of final *-e*, *-en*, or *-es*. He will thus acquire the grammar. The above hints explain most cases that can arise.

**Further notes.** Some neuter sbs. do not change in the plural, as *hors*, pl. *hors*, 74. So also *neet*, *sheep*, *swjñ*, *yeeer*.

Comparatives end in *-er*, as *grett-er*, adj., 197; or *-re*, as *fer-re*, adv., 48. Superlatives, in *-est*, occasional def. form *-est-e*, as *best-e*, 252. Pronouns: *tho*, those, *this*, pl. *thise*, these; *thilke*, that; *ilke*, same. *Atte*, for *at the*. *Ie*, nom.; *yow*, dat. and acc., you. *Hir*, their (also her); *hem*, them. *His*, his, its. *Whiche*, what sort of, 40, *what*, i.e. 'why,' 184; *That* . . . he, who, 44, 45; *whō sō*, whoever, 741. *Men*, one, with a sing. verb, as *men smoot*, one smote, 140.

**Verbs.** Verbs are distinguished as being *weak* or *strong*. In the former, the pp. ends in *-ed*, *-d*, or *-t*, in the latter, in *-en*, or *-e*.

A simple rule is this. In weak verbs, the pt. t. ends in *-ede* (rarely *-ed*), *-de*, *-te*, *-e*, so that the final *-e* is here extremely common, but it does not appear in the pp., conversely, in strong verbs, it is the pp. that ends in *-en* or *-e*, which never appears in the first or third person singular of the past tense. Ex. *went-e*, 3 p. pt. s., 78, is a weak past tense; *cla-d*, 103, is a weak pp. Conversely, *y-ronn-e*, 8, is a strong pp., *sleep*, 98, is a strong pt. t. The prefix *y-* (A.S. *ge-*) can be prefixed to any pp. and makes no difference.

Strong verbs usually shew vowel-change; thus *biyñ* (44) is the pt. t. of *beginnen*. But note that this is not a sure guide; for *raugh-te* (136) is the pt. t. of *rech-en*, to reach, and is weak. *Slēp-en*, to sleep, pt. t. *sleep*, is strong.

In strong verbs, the vowel of the past tense is changed, sometimes, in the plural. Thus the pt. t. sing. of *rīd-en*, to ride, is *rood*, 169; but the pl. is *rīd-en*, 825. The pp. is also *rīd-en*, 48.

The usual formulae for the conjugation of verbs are as follows.

**Present tense.** Sing. *-e*, *-est*, *-eth* (*-th*); pl. *-en* or *-e*.

**Past tense; weak verbs.** Sing. *-ede* (*-de* or *-ed*), *-de*, *-te*, *-e* (in persons 1 and 3); *-edest*, *-dest*, *-test*, *-est* (2 person). Plural, *-eden*, *-ede*, *-de*, *-den* *-ten*, *-te*, *-e* (all persons).

**Past tense; strong verbs.** Sing. indic. *no suffix* (in persons 1 and 3); *-e*, occasionally (2 person). Sing. subj. *-e* (all persons). Plural of both moods: *-en*, *-e*.

**Imperative.** Sing. 2 person: *no suffix* (usually); *-e* (in some weak verbs). Plural, 2 person: *-eth*, *-th*; (sometimes *-e*).

**Infinitive:** *-en*, *-e*. The gerundial infinitive has *to* or *for to* prefixed, and often denotes purpose.

**Participles.** Present: *-ing*, often *-inge* at the end of a line. Pp. of weak verbs: *-ed*, *-d*, *-t*. Pp. of strong verbs: *-en*, *-e*.

N.B. We find the contracted form *bit*, for *biddeth*, in the 3 p. pr. s. indicative, 187.

Similar contractions are common; hence *hit* means 'hideth'; *rit* means 'rideth'; *sit*, 'sitteth'; *let*, 'leadoth,' B 1496, &c.

**Formation of Past Tenses.** The form of the pt. t. of a weak verb depends on the form of its stem. There are three classes of such verbs.

1. Infinitive *-ien*; pt. *-ede* (*-de*), or *-ed*. Thus *lov-ien*, to love; pt. t. *lov-ede* (pronounced *lur-de*), or *lov-ed* (lur'ed). Compare *lukk-e-de*, 756, though the infinitive is *lukk-en*.

2. Infinitive *-en*; pt. t. *-de*, *-te*, or sometimes (after *d* or *t*) *-e*; without vowel-change, except such as is due to contraction. Ex. *her-en*, to hear, pt. t. *her-de*; *kēp-en*, to keep, pt. t. *kep-te*; *lād-en*, to lead, pt. t. *lad-de* (short for *lēd-de*). Cf. *uent-e*, went.

3. Infinitive *-en*, with a modified vowel in the infinitive, the root-vowel appearing in the pt. t. and pp. Thus the root *sōk* (cf. Gothic *sākan*, to seek), appears in the A.S. pt. t. *sōh-te*, pp. *sōh-t*, M.E. *sought-e*, *sogh-t*, but the *ō* becomes *ē* (as in A.S. *fōt*, foot, pl. *fēt*, feet) in the infinitive *sēc-en*, M.E. *sēk-en*, E. *seek*. Cf. *tell-en*, pt. t. *tol-de*, *tech-en*, pt. t. *taugh-de*.

N.B. The pp. of a weak verb results from the pt. t. by dropping *-e* (unless it has been dropped already), thus pt. t. *tol-de* gives pp. *tol-d*.

**Strong verbs.** The seven conjugations of strong verbs are given in my Principles of Etymology. I take as representative verbs the following: *fall*, *shake*, *bear*, *give*, *drink*, *drive*, *choose*. A more usual order (though it makes no real difference) is:

1. *drive*, 2. *choose*, 3. *drink*, 4. *bear*, 5. *give*, 6. *shake*, 7. *fall*.

The 'principal parts' are (a) the infinitive; (b) the past tense, singular; (c) the pt. t. pl.; (d) the pp.

1. 'Drive.' Here Chaucer has: (a) *rȳd-en*, to ride; (b) *rood*, (c) *rȳd-en*; (d) *rȳd-en*. So also *byt-en*, bite, *rȳs-en*, rise, *shȳn-en*, shine, *shryt-en*, shrieve, *smȳt-en*, smite, *wryt-en*, write<sup>1</sup>. I here write *y* to denote long *i*.

2. 'Choose.' As: (a) *sēth-en*, to settle; (b) *sēth*, (c, d) *sod-en*.

3. 'Drink.' As: (a) *biginn-en*, (b) *bigyn*, (c) *bigonnen*; (d) *bigonnen*. So also *drinken*, *ginnen*, *rinnen*, to run, *singen*, *springen*, to toil, *winnen*, to win, *delven*, to dig, *fighten* (pt. t. s. *faught*), *helpen*, *kerren*, to thresh, *thresshen*.

4. 'Bear.' As: (a) *ber-en*, (b) *bar*; (c) *bēr-en*; (d) *bor-en*. So also *breken*, *sheren*, to shear, *stelen*. Comen has: (b) *cōm*; (c) *cōm-en*, (d) *cōm-en*.

5. 'Give.' As: (a) *ȳe-en*, *ȳiv-en*, (b) *ȳaf*; (c) *ȳēv-en*; (d) *ȳiv-en*. So also *gȳten* (pp. *guten*); *spēken* (pp. *spoken*).

6. 'Shake.' As: (a) *bak-en*; (b) *book*; (c) *bōk-en*; (d) *bak-en*. So also *drawen*, *shaken*, *shaven*, *stonden* (pt. t. *stood*), *taken*, *swoeren* (pp. *swoor-e*).

7. 'Fall.' As: (a) *fall-en*; (b) *fil*, (c) *fill-en*; (d) *fall-en*. So *holden*, pt. t. *hēld*;

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer's Prologue does not contain specimens of *all* the parts of the verbs mentioned. Thus *sēthen* only occurs in the infinitive (383); however, the pl. t. *sēth* occurs elsewhere, viz. in the Clerkes Tale, E 227.

*let-en*, pt. t. *leet*; *slēp-en*, pt. t. *sleep*; *blōwen*, *grōwen*, *knōw-en*, pt. t. *blew*, &c.; *wēp-en*, pt. t. *weep*; *goon*, pp. *y-goön*, *y-go*, 286. Compare the complete list of strong M.E. verbs, in *Specimens of English*, ed. Morris and Skeat, pt. 1.

**Anomalous Verbs.** Among these note the following. *Been*, *ben*, are. Imper. pl. *beeth*, *beth*, be ye. Pp. *been*, *ben*, *been*.

*Can*, I know; pl. *connen*; pt. t. *coude*, knew, could; pp. *couth*, known. *Dar*, I dare; pt. t. *dorste*. *May*, I may, pl. *mowen*, subjunctive, *mowe*, pl. *mowen*. *Moot*, I must, I may, he must, he may; pl. *mōten*, *mōte*; pt. t. *mōste*. *Oghte*, ought. *Shal*, pl. *shullen*, *shul*; pt. t. *sholde*. *Witen*, to know; *woot*, *wōt*, I know, he knows; pl. *witen* (correctly, but Chaucer also has *y<sup>e</sup> woot*), pt. t. *wiste*, knew, pp. *wist*. *Wil*, *wol*, *wole*, will; pl. *wolen*, *wilen*; pt. t. *wolde*. *Thar*, needs; pt. t. *thurte*.

**Negatives.** *Nam*, for *ne am*, am not, *nis*, for *ne is*, is not, *nas*, was not; *newe*, were not, *nafde*, had not, *nil*, will not; *nolde*, would not; *noot*, I know not, he knows not, *niste*, knew not, *ne* . . . *ne*, neither . . . nor, 603. Double negatives, 70, 71, &c.

**Adverbs.** End in *-e*, as *dēp-e*, deeply; or *-ly*, as *subtil-ly*, or *-e-ly*, as *trew-e-ly*, truly, or *-en*, *-e*, as *bifor-en*, *bifor-e*, or in *-es*, as *thrȳ-es*, thrice. *Ther*, where, 547; *ther as*, where that, 34.

**Prepositions.** End in *-en*, *-e*, *-es*, &c. *Til*, for *to*, before a vowel. *With* adjoins its verb; 791.

## METRE.

Chaucer was our first great metrist, and enriched our literature with several forms of metre which had not been previously employed in English. These he borrowed chiefly from Guillaume de Machault, who made use of stanzas of seven, eight, and nine lines, and even wrote at least one Complaint in the 'heroic' couplet.

The metre of four accents, in iamed couplets, had been in use in English long before Chaucer's time, and he adopted it in translating *Le Roman de la Rose* (the original being in the same metre), in the *Book of the Duchesse*, and in the *House of Fame*.

The ballad-metre, as employed in the *Tale of Sir Thopas*, is also older than his time. In fact, this *Tale* is a burlesque imitation of some of the old Romances.

The four-line stanza, in the *Proverbs*, was likewise nothing new.

But he employed the following metres, in English, for the first time.

1. The 8-line stanza, with the rimes arranged in the order *ababbc*; i. e. with the first line (*a*) rhyming with the third (*a*), and so on. Exx. A.B.C.; The *Monkes Tale*; The *Former Age*, *Lenvoy* to *Bakton*.

1 b. The same, thrice repeated, with a refrain. Ex. (part of) *Fortune*; *Complaint to Venus*, *Ballade to Rosemounde*.

2. The 7-line stanza, with the rimes *ababbc*, a favourite metre. Exx. *Lyf of Seint Cecyle*, *Clerkes Tale*; *Palamon and Arcite*, (part of) *Complaint to his Lady*, *An Amorous Complaint*; *Complaint to Pitè*; (part of) *Anelida*; The *Wretched Engendering of Mankind*; The *Man of Lawes Tale*; (part of) The *Complaint of Mars*; *Troilus and Criseyde*; *Wordes to Adam*; (part of) The *Parlement of Foules*; (parts of) The *Canterbury Tales*, *Lenvoy to Scogan*.

2 b. The same 7-line stanza, thrice repeated, with a refrain. Exx. *Against Women*

## Introduction.

Unconstaunt; Complaint to his Purso; Lak of Stedfastnesse; Gentilesse; Truth. Also in the Legend of Good Women, 249-269.

2 c. The 7-line stanza, with the rimes *ababbab*. Ex. (part of) Fortune.

3. Terza Rima. Only a few lines; in the Complaint to his Lady.

4. The 10-line stanza, *aabaabcdde*. In the Complaint to his Lady.

5. The 9-line stanza, *aabaabbab*. Only in Anelida.

5 b. The same, with internal rimes. Only in Anelida.

5 c. The same as 5, but thrice repeated. Only in Womanly Noblesse.

6. Two stanzas of 16 lines each; with the rimes *aaabuaab bbbabbba*. Only in Anelida.

7. The 9-line stanza, *aubnabccc*. Only in the latter part of the Complaint of Mars.

8. The roundel. In the Parlement of Foules; and Merciless Beanté.

9. The heroic couplet. In the Legend of Good Women and parts of the Canterbury Tales.

10. A 6-line stanza, repeated six times; with the rimes *ababcb*. Only in the Envoy to the Clerkes Tale.

11. A 10-line stanza, *aabaabbaab*. Only in the Envoy to the Complaint of Venus.

12. A 6-line stanza, *ababaa*. Only in the Envoy to Womanly Noblesse.

13. A 5-line stanza, *aabba*. Only in the Envoy to Complaint to his Purse.

The following pieces are in prose. The Tale of Melibeus. The Persones Tale. The translation of Boethius, De Consolatione Philosophiae. The Treatise on the Astrolabe.

## VERSIFICATION.

Some lines drop the first syllable, and the first foot contains *one* syllable only; as: *Ging | len in*, &c. 170.

Many rimes are *double*, as *cloistre, oistre*, 181; *Rom-e, to me*, 671; *non-es, noon is*, 523. Always sound final *-e* at the end of a line. Rimes may be *treble*, as *apothec-dr-i-es, letu-dr-i-es*, 425; so at ll. 207, 513, 709. Compare the Grammatical Hints.

**Caesura.** The caesura, or middle pause, allows extra syllables to be preserved. Thus, at l. 293, we have:—

For him was léver—hav' át his béddes héed.

The pause gives time for the *-er* of *lêv-er*. Similarly, we may preserve the *-er* of *deliv-er*, 84; *-e* in *mor-e*, 98; *-e* in *curteisy-e*, 132; *-ie (= y)* in *car-ie*, 130.

Compare also:—

With-út-e bak-e met-e—was nev'r his hous; 343.  
Thát | no dróp-e—ne fill' upon hir brest; 131.

The syllables *-er, -en, -el, -ed*, before a vowel, or *h* (in *he*, &c.), are light, and do not always count in scansion; see ll. 84, 291, 296, 324, &c. Cf. *ma | ny a breem |*; 350. Read the lines *deliberately*, and remember the old pronunciation.

**Accent.** Variable, in some words; cf. *miller*, 545, with the archaic trisyllabic *mîl-lêr-e*, 541. Also, in French words, we have *hônour*, 582; but the archaic *honôur*, 46. Cf. *licôur*, 3; *vertù*, 4.

## PRONUNCIATION.

The M.E. pronunciation was widely different from the present, especially in the vowel-sounds. The sounds of the vowels were nearly as in French and Italian.

They can be denoted by phonetic *invariable* symbols, enclosed within marks of parenthesis. Convenient phonetic symbols are these following.

**Vowels.** (aa), as *a* in *father*; (a) short, as *a* in *aha!* (ae), open long *e*, as *a* in *Mary*; (e), open short *e*, as *e* in *bed*; (ee), close long *e*, as *e* in *veil*; (i) short, as *F. i* in *fini*, or (nearly) as *E. i* in *in*; (ii), as *ee* in *deep*; (ao), open long *o*, as *aw* in *saw*; (o) open short *o*, as *o* in *not*; (oo), close long *o*, as *o* in *note*, or *o* in German '*so*'; (u), as *u* in *full*; (uu), as *oo* in *fool*; (ü), as *F. u* in *F. 'écue'*; (ü'), as long *G. ü* in *G. 'grün.'* Also (ø), as final *a* in *China*.

**Diphthongs.** (ai), as *y* in *fly*; (au), as *ow* in *now*; (ei), as *ei* in *veil*; (oi), as *oi* in *boil*.

**Consonants (special).** (k), as *c* in *cat*; (s), as *c* in *city*; (ch), as in *church*; (teh), as in *catch*; (th), as *th* in *thin*; (dh), as *th* in *then*. Also (h), when *not initial*, to denote a guttural sound, like *G. ch* in *Nacht, Licht*, but weaker, and varying with the preceding vowel.

An accent is denoted by (ˈ), as in *M.E. name* (naaˈme).

By help of these symbols, it is possible to explain the meaning of the *M.E.* symbols employed by the scribes in *Chaucer's Tales*. The following is a list of the sounds they denote. The letters in *thick type* are the letters *actually employed*; the letters within parenthesis denote the *sounds*, as above.

Observe that long 'ø,' also written 'ö,' means the same as (ao); and long 'g,' also written 'ê,' means the same as (ae).

a short, (a). Ex. *al* (al); as (az). N.B. The modern *a* in *cat* (kæt) is denoted by (æ), and *does not occur* in *Chaucer*.

a long, (aa). (1) at the end of a syllable; as *age* (aaˈje); (2) before *s* or *ce*; as *cas* (kaas), *face* (faaˈse).

ai, ay (ei), originally perhaps (ai); but *ai* and *ei*, both being pronounced as (ei), had already been confused, and invariably rime together in *Chaucer*. Cf. *E. gay, prey*.

au, aw (au). Ex. *avaunt* (avaunt); *awe* (auˈv).

c, as (k), except before *e* and *i*; as (s), before *e* and *i*.

ch (ch); cch (teh).

e short, (e). Ex. *fetheres* (fedhˈrez); middle *e* dropped.

e final, (ø); and often dropped or elided or very lightly touched.

e long and open, (ae). Sometimes denoted by 'g' or 'gg.' Ex. *clene* (klaeˈnø).

e long and close, (eo). Ex. *sweete* (sweetø); *weep* (weep).

ei, ey (ei). Ex. *streit* (streit); *wey* (wei).

g hard, i. e. (g), except before *e* and *i*; (j), before *e* and *i*. Ex. *go* (gao); *age* (aaˈje).

gh (h), *G. ch*. Ex. *light* (liht). The vowel was at first short, then half-long (as probably in *Chaucer*), then wholly long, when the (h) dropped out. Later, (ii) became (ei), and is now (ai).

gn (n), with long preceding vowel; as *digne* (diiˈnø).

i short, (i). As *F. i* in *fini*; but often as *E. i* in *in*; the latter is near enough. So also *y*, when short, as in *many* (manˈi).

i, y long, (ii). Ex. *I* (ii); *melodye* (mélˈodiiˈø).

ie (ee), the same as *ee*. Ex. *mischief* (mischief).

I consonantal, (j). Ex. *Jay* (jei); *Juge* (jüˈje). So in the MSS.; but here printed 'j,' as in *Jay* (jei).

le, often vocalic (l), as in *E. temple* (tempˈl). But note *stables* (staaˈblez).



ng (ngg); always as in E. *linger*. Ex. *thing* (thingg).

o short, (o), as in *of* (ov). But as (ou) before *gh*. And note particularly, that it is always (u), i. e. as *u* in *full*, wherever it has a sound like *u* in mod. E., as in *company*, *son*, *monk*, *cousin*, &c. Ex. *sonne* (sun-nə), *monk* (mungk), *moche* (muchə).

o long and open, (ao). Sometimes denoted by 'q' or 'qo.' Ex. *go* (gao); *stoon* (staon).

o long and close, (oo). Ex. *sote* (sootə); *hood* (hood).

oi, oy (oi).

ou, ow (uu); as in *flour* (fluur); *now* (nuu). Rarely (ou), as in *soule* (soule).

ogh (guh), with open o, as in E. *not*, followed by short (u).

ough (auh); with *au* as in E. *fool* (fuul); or as ogh.

r is always *strongly* trilled. ssh (shish), as in *fresshe* (fresh-sho).

u short, (ā); French; as in *just* (just). Rarely (u), as in *cut* (kut); English.

u long, (ū), as in *nature* (natu-rə), French.

we final, (wə), but often merely (u). Ex. *arices* (ar-wəz); *boice* (baou-ə, bou-ə); *morice* (mou-ə); so *blew* (blec-u).

N.B. Open long *e* (ae) often arises from A.S. *ē*, *ēa*, or lengthening of *e*. Ex. *wēre* (waero), A.S. *wēron*; *egg* (ack), A.S. *ēac*; *speken* (spackən), A.S. *sprecan*. Open long *o* (ao) often arises from A.S. *ā*, or lengthening of *o*. Ex. *fȳ* (fao), A.S. *fā*; *open*, A.S. *open*. Chaucer refrains from riming open long *e* (ae), when arising from A.S. *ēa*, or lengthening of *e*, with the close *e* arising from A.S. *ē* or *ēo*. But there is some uncertainty about the quality of the *e* arising from A.S. *ē*, or from mutation.

The occurrence of rimes such as Chaucer *never* employs furnishes an easy test for poems which have been supposed to be his on insufficient grounds. Thus, in *The Cuckoo* and the *Nightingale*, stanza 13, *green* rimes with *been*; whereas the form *green* never occurs in Chaucer, who always employs *grēn-e* (grē-nə) as a dissyllable, in accordance with its etymology from A.S. *grēne*. In the same poem, *upon* rimes with *mon*, a man (stanza 17); but Chaucer knows nothing of such a form as *mon*.

Non-Chaucerian rimes occur in large numbers in Fragment B of the *Romaunt of the Rose*.

# THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.



Words and syllables enclosed within square brackets are supplied by the Editor. Readings marked with an obelus (†) are doubtful, and are accounted for in the Appendix.

[Only three Fragments of this translation have come down to us. Of these, Fragment A is by Chaucer; Fragment B is by a Northerner, and has many corrupt readings; whilst Fragment C is of doubtful origin, and I do not feel sure that it is Chaucer's.]



## FRAGMENT A.

MANY men seyn that in sweveninges  
Ther nis but fables and lesinges;  
But men may somme †swevenes seen,  
Which hardely †ne false been,  
But afterward ben apparaunte.  
This may I drawe to waraunte  
An anthour, that hight Macrobes,  
That halt not dremes false ne lees,  
But undoth us the avisioun  
That whylom mette king Cipiou.

And who-so sayth, or weneth it be  
A jape, or elles [a] nycetee  
To wone that dremes after falle.  
Let who-so liste a fool me calle.  
For this trowe I, and say for me,  
That dremes signiffaunce be  
Of good and harme to many wightes,  
That dremen in her slepe a-nichtes  
Ful many thinges covertly,  
That fallen after al openly.

### The Dream.

Within my twenty yere of age,  
Whan that Love takoth his corage  
Of yonge folk, I wente sone  
To bedde, as I was wont to done,  
And fast I †sleep; and in sleping,  
Me mette swiche a swevening,

That lykede me wonders wel;  
But in that sweven is never a del  
That it nis afterward befallē,  
Right as this drem wol telle us alle. 30  
Now this drem wol I ryme aright,  
To make your hertes gaye and light;  
For Love it prayeth, and also  
Commaundeth me that it be so.  
And if ther any aske me, 35  
Whether that it be he or she,  
How [that] this book [the] which is here  
Shall †hote, that I rede you here;  
It is the Romance of the Rose,  
In which al the art of love I close. 40  
The mater fair is of to make;  
God graunte in gree that she it take  
For whom that it begounen is!  
And that is she that hath, y-wis,  
So mochel prys; and ther-to she 45  
So worthy is biloved be,  
That she wel oughte, of prys and right,  
Be cleped Rose of every wight.  
That it was May me thoughte tho,  
It is fyve yere or more ago; 50  
That it was May, thus dremed me,  
In tyme of love and jolitee,  
That al thing ginneth waxen gay.



But lyk a wood womman afraied ;  
 Y-frounced foule was hir visage, 155  
 And grenning for dispitous rage ;  
 Hir nose snorted up for tene.  
 Ful hidous was she for to sene,  
 Ful foul and rusty was she, this.  
 Hir heed y-writen was, y-wis, 160  
 Ful grimly with a greet towayle.

## Felonye.

An image of another entayle,  
 A lift half, was hir faste by :  
 Hir name above hir heed saugh I,  
 And she was called FELONYE. 165

## Vilanye.

Another image, that VILANYE  
 Y-cleped was, saugh I and fond  
 I'pon the walle on hir right hond.  
 Vilanye was lyk somdel  
 That other image ; and, trusteth wel, 170  
 She semed a wikked creature.  
 By countenance, in portrayture,  
 She semed be ful despitous,  
 And eek ful prond and outrageous.  
 Wel coude he peynte, I undertake, 175  
 That swiche image coude make.  
 Ful foul and cherlish semed she,  
 And eek vilaynous for to be,  
 And litel coude of norture,  
 "O worshippe any creature. 180

## Coveityse.

And next was peynted COVEITYSE,  
 That eggeth folk, in many gyse,  
 To take and yeve right nought ageyn,  
 And grete tresours up to leyn.  
 And that is she that for usure 185  
 Leneth to many a creature  
 The lasse for the more winning,  
 So coveitous is her brenning.  
 And that is she, for penyes fele,  
 That techoth for to robbe and stole 190  
 These theves, and these smale harlotes ;  
 And that is rounthe, for by hir throtes  
 Ful many oon hangeth at the laste.  
 She maketh folk compasse and caste  
 To taken other folkes thing, 195  
 Through robberie, or t'miscounting.  
 And that is she that maketh trochoures ;  
 And she [that] maketh false pledoures,  
 That with hir termes and hir domes  
 Doon maydons, children, and eek gromes  
 Hir heritage to forgo. 201

Ful croked were hir hondes two ;  
 For Coveityse is ever wood  
 To grypen other folkes good.  
 Coveityse, for hir winning, 205  
 Ful leef hath other mennes thing.

## Avarice.

Another image set saugh I  
 Next Coveityse faste by,  
 And she was cleped AVARICE,  
 Ful foul in peyntyng was that vice ; 210  
 Ful sad and caytif was she eek,  
 And al-so grene as any leek.  
 So yvel hewed was hir colour,  
 Hir semed have lived in langour.  
 She was lyk thing for hungre deed, 215  
 That ladde hir lyf only by breed  
 Kneden with eisel strong and egre ;  
 And therto she was lene and megre.  
 And she was clad ful povrely,  
 Al in an old torn t'courtepy, 220  
 As she were al with dogges torn ;  
 And bothe bihinde and eek biforn  
 Clouted was she beggarly.  
 A mantel heng hir faste by,  
 Upon a perche, weyke and smalle ; 225  
 A burnet cote heng therwithalle,  
 Furred with no menivere,  
 But with a furre rough of here,  
 Of lambe-skinnes hevy and blake ;  
 It was ful old, I undertake. 230  
 For Avarice to clothe hir wel  
 Ne hasteth hir, never a del ;  
 For certeynly it were hir loth  
 To weren ofte that ilke cloth ;  
 And if it were forwered, she 235  
 Wolde have ful greet necessitee  
 Of clothing, er she boughte hir newe,  
 Al were it bad of wolles and hewe.  
 This Avarice held in hir hande  
 A purs, that heng [down] by a bande ; 240  
 And that she hidde and bond so stronge,  
 Men must abyde wonder longe  
 Out of that purs er ther come ought,  
 For that ne cometh not in hir thought ;  
 It was not, certein, hir entente 245  
 That fro that purs a peny wente.

## Envye.

And by that image, nygh y-nough,  
 Was t'peynt ENVYE, that never lough,  
 Nor never wel in herte ferde  
 But-if she outhur saugh or herde 250

Som greet mischaunce, or greet disece.  
 No-thing may so moch hir plesse  
 As mischef and misaventure ;  
 Or whan she seeth discomforture  
 †On any worthy man [to] falle, 255  
 Than lyketh hir [ful] wel withalle.  
 She is ful glad in hir corage,  
 If she see any greet linage  
 Be brought to nought in shamful wyse.  
 And if a man in honour ryse, 260  
 Or by his witte, or by prowessse,  
 Of that hath she gret hevynesse ;  
 For, trusteth wel, she goth nigh wood  
 When any chaunce happeth good.  
 Envyse is of swich crueltee, 265  
 That feith ne trouthe holdoth sho  
 To freend ne felawe, bad or good.  
 Ne she hath kin noon of hir blood,  
 That she nis ful hir enemy ;  
 She nolde, I dar sayn hardely, 270  
 Hir owne fader ferde wel.  
 And sore abyeth she everydel  
 Hir malice, and hir maltalent :  
 For she is in so greet turment  
 And hath such [wo], whan folk doth  
 good, 275  
 That nigh she melteth for pure wood ;  
 Hir herte kerveth and †to-breketh  
 That god the peple wel awreketh.  
 Envyse, y-wis, shal never lette  
 Som blame upon the folk to sette. 280  
 I trowe that if Envyse, y-wis,  
 Knewe the beste man that is  
 On this syde or biyond the see,  
 Yit somewhat lakkon him wolde she.  
 And if he were so hende and wys, 285  
 That she ne mighte al abate his prys,  
 Yit wolde she blame his worthynesse,  
 Or by hir wordes make it lesse.  
 I saugh Envyse, in that peynting,  
 Hadde a wonderful loking ; 290  
 For she ne loked but awry,  
 Or overthwart, al baggingly.  
 And she hadde [eek] a foul usage ;  
 She mighte loken in no visage  
 Of man or womman forth-right pleyn, 295  
 But shette oon yē for disdeyn ;  
 So for envyse brenned she  
 Whan she mighte any man [y]-see,  
 That fair, or worthy were, or wys,  
 Or elles stood in folkes prys 300

## Sorowe.

Sorowe was peynted next Envyse  
 Upon that walle of masonryse.  
 But wel was seen in hir colour  
 That she hadde lived in langour ;  
 Hir semed havē the Jaunyce. 305  
 Nought half so pale was Avaryce,  
 Nor no-thing lyk, [as] of lenesse ;  
 For sorowe, thought, and greet distresse,  
 That she hadde suffred day and night  
 Made hir ful yelwe, and no-thing bright,  
 Ful fade, pale, and megre also. 311  
 Was never wight yit half so wo  
 As that hir semed for to be,  
 Nor so fulfilled of ire as she.  
 I trowe that no wight mighte hir plesse, 315  
 Nor do that thing that mighte hir ese ;  
 Nor she ne wolde hir sorowe slake,  
 Nor comfort noon unto hir take ;  
 So depe was hir wo bigonnen,  
 And eek hir herte in angre ronnen, 320  
 A sorowful thing wel semed she.  
 Nor she hadde no-thing slowe be  
 For to foreracchen al hir face,  
 And for to †rende in many place  
 Hir clothes, and for to tere hir swire, 325  
 As she that was fulfilled of ire ;  
 And al to-torn lay eek hir here  
 Aboute hir shuldres, here and there,  
 As she that hadde it al to-rent  
 For angre and for maltalent. 330  
 And eek I telle you corteynly  
 How that she weep ful tenderly.  
 In world nis wight so hard of herte  
 That hadde seen hir sorowes smerte,  
 That nolde have had of hir pitee, 335  
 So wo-bigoon a thing was she.  
 She al to-dasshte hir-self for wo,  
 And smoot togider hir handes two,  
 To sorwe was she ful ententyf,  
 That woful reccheles caityl, 340  
 Hir roughte litel of playing,  
 Or of clipping or [of] kissing ;  
 For who-so sorweful is in herte  
 Him liste not to pleye ne sterte,  
 Nor for to daunsen, ne to singe, 345  
 Ne may his herte in temper bringe  
 To make joye on even or morowe ;  
 For joye is contraire unto sorowe.  
 Elde.  
 ELDE was peynted after this,

That shorter was a foot, y-wis, 350  
 Than she was wont in her yonghede.  
 Unnothe hir-self she mighte fede ;  
 So feble and eek so old was she  
 That faded was al hir beautee.  
 Ful salowe was waxen hir colour, 355  
 Hir heed for-hoor was, whyt as flour.  
 Y-wis, gret qualm ne were it noon,  
 Ne sinne, although hir lyf were gon.  
 Al woxen was hir body unwelde,  
 And drye, and dwyned al for elde. 360  
 A foul forwelked thing was she  
 That whylom round and softe had be.  
 Hir eres shoken fast withalle,  
 As from her heed they wolde falle.  
 Hir face frounced and forpyned, 365  
 And bothe hir hondes lorn, fordwyned.  
 So old she was that she ne wente  
 A foot, but it were by potente.

## Time.

The Tyme, that passeth night and day,  
 And resteles travayloth ay, 370  
 And steleth from us so prively,  
 That to us semeth sikerly  
 That it in oon point dwelleth ever,  
 And certes, it ne resteth never,  
 But goth so faste, and passeth ay, 375  
 That ther nis man that thinke may  
 What tyme that now present is :  
 Asketh at these clerkes this ;  
 For [er] men thinke it redily,  
 Three tymes been y-passed by 380  
 The tyme, that may not sojourne,  
 But goth, and †never may retourne,  
 As water that doun renneth ay,  
 But never drope retourne may ;  
 Ther may no-thing as tyme endure, 385  
 Metal, nor erthely creature ;  
 For alle thing it fret, and shal :  
 The tyme eek, that chaungeth al,  
 And al doth waxe and fostred be,  
 And alle thing distroyeth he : 390  
 The tyme, that eldeth our suncessours  
 And eldeth kinges and emperours,  
 And that us alle shal overcomen  
 Er that deeth us shal have nomen :  
 The tyme, that hath al in welde 395  
 To elden folk, had maad hir elde  
 So inly, that, to my witing,  
 She mighte helpe hir-self no-thing,  
 But turned ageyn unto childhede ;

She had no-thing hir-self to lede, 400  
 Ne wit ne pith in[with] hir holde  
 More than a child of two year olde.  
 But natheles, I trowe that she  
 Was fair sumtyme, and fresh to see,  
 Whan she was in hir rightful age : 405  
 But she was past al that passage  
 And was a doted thing bicomene.  
 A furred cope on had she nomen ;  
 Wel had she clad hir-self and warm,  
 For cold mighte elles doon hir harm. 410  
 These olde folk have alwey colde,  
 Hir kind is swiche, whan they ben  
 olde.

## Pope-holy.

Another thing was doon ther write,  
 That semede lyk an ipocrite,  
 And it was cleped POPE-HOLY. 415  
 That ilke is she that prively  
 No spareth never a wikked dede,  
 Whan men of hir taken non hede ;  
 And maketh hir outward precious,  
 With pale visage and pitous, 420  
 And semeth a simple croature ;  
 But ther nis no misaventure  
 That she ne thenketh in hir corage.  
 Ful lyk to hir was that image,  
 That maketh was lyk hir semblaunce. 425  
 She was ful simple of countenance,  
 And she was clothed and eek shod,  
 As she were, for the love of god,  
 Yolden to religioun,  
 Swich semed hir devocioun. 430  
 A sauter held she faste in honde,  
 And bisily she gan to fonde  
 To make many a feynt prayere  
 To god, and to his seynates dera.  
 Ne she was gay, fresh, ne jolyf, 435  
 But semed be ful ententyf  
 To gode werkes, and to faire,  
 And therto she had on an haire.  
 Ne certes, she was fat no-thing,  
 But semed wery for fasting ; 440  
 Of colour pale and deed was she.  
 From hir the gate †shal werned be  
 Of paradys, that blisful place ;  
 For swich folk maketh lene hir †face,  
 As Crist seith in his evangyle, 445  
 To gete hem prys in toun a whyle ;  
 And for a litel glorie veine  
 They lesen god and eek his reina.

## Povert.

And alderlast of everichoon,  
 Was peynted POVERT al aloon, 450  
 That not a peny hadde in wolde,  
 Al-though [that] she hir clothes solde,  
 And though she shulde anhonged be;  
 For naked as a worm was she.  
 And if the weder stormy were, 455  
 For colde she shulde have deyed there.  
 She nadde on but a streit old sak,  
 And many a clout on it ther stak;  
 This was hir cote and hir mantel,  
 No more was there, never a del, 460  
 To clothe her with; I undertake,  
 Gret leyser hadde she to quake.  
 And she was put, that I of talke,  
 Fer fro these other, up in an halke;  
 There lurked and there coured she; 465  
 For povre thing, wher-so it be,  
 Is shamfast, and despysed ay.  
 Acursed may wel be that day,  
 That povre man conceyved is;  
 For god wot, al to selde, y-wis, 470  
 Is any povre man wel fed,  
 Or wel arayed or y-cled,  
 Or wel biloved, in swich wyse  
 In honour that he may aryse.  
 Alle these thinges, wel avysed, 475  
 As I have you er this devysed,  
 With gold and asure over alle  
 Depeynted were upon the walle.  
 Squar was the wal, and high somdel;  
 Enclosed, and y-barred wel, 480  
 In stede of hegge, was that gardin;  
 Com never shepherde therin.  
 Into that gardyn, wel [y]-wrought,  
 Who-so that me coude have brought,  
 By þ laddre, or elles by degree, 485  
 It wolde wel have lyked me,  
 For swich solace, swich joye, and play,  
 I trowe that never man ne say,  
 As in that place delitous.  
 The gardin was not daungerous 490  
 To herberwe briddes many oon.  
 So riche a þyerd was never noon  
 Of briddes songe, and braunches grene.  
 Therin were briddes mo, I wene,  
 Than been in alle the rewme of Fraunce.  
 Ful blisful was the accordaunce 496  
 Of swete and pitous songe they made,  
 For al this world it oughte glade.

And I my-self so mery ferde,  
 Whan I hir blisful songes herde, 500  
 That for an hundred pound þnolde I,—  
 If that the passage openly  
 Hadde been unto me free—  
 That I nolde entren for to see  
 Thassemblee, god þit kepe and were! 505  
 Of briddes, whiche therinne were,  
 That songen, through hir mery throtes,  
 Daunces of love, and mery notes.

Whan I thus herde foules singe,  
 I fel faste in a weymenting, 510  
 By which art, or by what engyn  
 I mighte come in that gardyn;  
 But way I couthe finde noon  
 Into that gardin for to goon.  
 No nought wiste I if that ther were 515  
 Eyther hole or place [o]-where,  
 By which I mighte have entree;  
 Ne ther was noon to teche me;  
 For I was al aloon, y-wis,  
 þ Ful wo and anguissous of this. 520  
 Til atte last bithoughte I me,  
 That by no weye ne mighte it be;  
 That ther nas laddre or wey to passe,  
 Or hole, into so fair a place.

Tho gan I go a ful gret pas 525  
 Envyrning even in compas  
 The closing of the square wal,  
 Til that I fond a wicket smal  
 So shet, that I ne mighte in goon,  
 And other entree was ther noon. 530

## The Door.

Upon this dore I gan to smyte,  
 That was [so] fetys and so lyte;  
 For other wey coude I not seke.  
 Ful long I shoof, and knocked eke,  
 And stood ful long and oft[er] herkning 535  
 If that I herde þa wight coming;  
 Til that the dore of thilke entree  
 A mayden curteys opened me.

## Ydelnesse.

Hir heer was as yelowe of hewe  
 As any basin scoured newe. 540  
 Hir flesh [as] tendre as is a chike,  
 With bente browes, smothe and slike;  
 And by mesure large were  
 The opening of hir yën clere.  
 Hir nose of good proporcioun, 545  
 Hir yën greye as a faucoun,  
 With swete breeth and wel savoured.

Hir face whyt and wel coloured,  
 With litel mouth, and round to see ;  
 A clove chin eek hadde she. 550  
 Hir nekke was of good fasoun  
 In lengthe and gretnesse, by resoun,  
 Withoute bleyne, scabbe, or royne  
 Fro Jerusalem unto Burgoyne  
 Ther nis a fairer nekke, y-wis, 555  
 To fele how smothe and softe it is  
 Hir throte, al-so whyt of hewe  
 As snow on braunche snowed newe.  
 Of body ful wel wrought was she ;  
 Men neded not, in no cuntree, 560  
 A fairer body for to seke  
 And of fyn orfrays had she eke  
 A chapelet : so semly oon  
 Ne wored never mayde upon ;  
 And faire above that chapelet 565  
 A rose gerland had she set.  
 She hadde [in honde] a gay mirour,  
 And with a riche gold tressour  
 Hir heed was tressed queyntely ,  
 Hir sleeves sewed fetisly. 570  
 And for to kepe hir hondes faire  
 Of gloves whyte she hadde a paire.  
 And she hadde on a cote of grene  
 Of cloth of Gaunt ; withouten wene,  
 Wel semed by hir apparayle 575  
 She was not wont to greet travayle.  
 For whan she kempt was fetisly,  
 And wel arayed and richely,  
 Thanne had she doon al hir journee ;  
 For mery and wel bigoon was she. 580  
 She ladde a lusty lyf in May,  
 She hadde no thought, by night ne day,  
 Of no-thing, but it were oonly  
 To graythe hir wel and uncouthly.  
 Whan that this dore hadde opened me  
 This †mayden, semely for to see, 586  
 I thanked hir as I best mighte,  
 And axede hir how that she highte,  
 And what she was, I axede eke.  
 And she to me was nought unmeke, 590  
 Ne of hir answer daungerous,  
 But faire answerde, and seide thus :—  
 ‘ Lo, sir, my name is Ydelnesse ;  
 So clepe men me, more and lesse.  
 Ful mighty and ful riche am I, 595  
 And that of oon thing, namely ;  
 For I entende to no-thing  
 But to my joye, and my playing,

And for to kembe and tresse me.  
 Aqueynted am I, and prives 600  
 With Mirthe, lord of this gardyn,  
 That fro the lande †Alexandryn  
 Made the trees †be hider fet,  
 That in this gardin been y-set. 604  
 And when the trees were woxen on highte,  
 This wal, that stant here in thy sighte,  
 Dide Mirthe enclosen al aboute ;  
 And these images, al withoute,  
 He dide hem bothe entaile and peynte,  
 That neither ben jolyf ne queynte, 610  
 But they ben ful of sorowe and wo,  
 As thou hast seen a while ago.  
 ‘ And ofte tyme, him to solace,  
 Sir Mirthe cometh into this place,  
 And eek with him cometh his meynee,  
 That liven in lust and jolitee. 616  
 And now is Mirthe therin, to here  
 The briddes, how they singen clere,  
 The mavis and the nightingale,  
 And other joly briddes smale. 620  
 And thus he walketh to solace  
 Him and his folk ; for swetter place  
 To playen in he may not finde,  
 Although he soughte oon in-til Indo  
 The alther-fairest folk to see 625  
 That in this world may founde be  
 Hath Mirthe with him in his route,  
 That folowen him alwayes aboute.’  
 When Ydelnesse had told al this,  
 And I hadde herkned wel, y-wis, 630  
 Than seide I to dame Ydelnesse,  
 ‘ Now al-so wisely god me blesse,  
 Sith Mirthe, that is so fair and free,  
 Is in this yerde with his meynee,  
 Fro thilke assemble, if I may, 635  
 Shal no man werne me to-day,  
 That I this night ne mote it see.  
 For, wel wene I, ther with him be  
 A fair and joly companye  
 Fulfilled of alle curtesye.’ 640  
 And forth, without wordes mo,  
 In at the wiket wente I tho,  
 That Ydelnesse hadde opened me,  
 Into that gardin fair to see.  
 The Garden.  
 And whan I was [ther]in, y-wis, 645  
 Myn herte was ful glad of this.  
 For wel wende I ful sikerly  
 Have been in paradys erthe[ly] ;



So fair it was, that, trusteth wel,  
 It semed a place espirituel. 650  
 For certes, as at my devys,  
 Ther is no place in paradys  
 So good in for to dwelle or be  
 As in that GARDIN, thoughte me ;  
 For there was many a brid singing, 655  
 Throughout the yerde al thringing.  
 In many places were nightingales,  
 Alpes, finches, and wodewales,  
 That in her swete song delysten  
 In thilke þ place as they habytten. 660  
 Ther mighte men see many flokkes  
 Of turtles and [of] laverokkes.  
 Chalaundes fere saw I there,  
 That very, nigh forsongen were.  
 And thrustles, terins, and mavys, 665  
 That songen for to winne hem prys,  
 And eek to sormounte in hir song  
 þ These other briddes hem among.  
 By note made fair servyse  
 These briddes, that I you devyse ; 670  
 They songe hir song as faire and wel  
 As angels doon espirituel.  
 And, trusteth wel, whan I hem herde,  
 Full lustily and wel I ferde ;  
 For never yit swich melodye 675  
 Was herd of man that mighte dye.  
 Swich swete song was hem among,  
 That me thoughte it no briddes song,  
 But it was wonder lyk to be  
 Song of mermaydens of the see ; 680  
 That, for her singing is so clere,  
 Though we mermaydens clepe hem here  
 In English, as in our usaanee,  
 Men clepe[n] hem sereyns in Fraunce.  
 Ententif woren for to singe 685  
 These briddes that nought unkunninge  
 Were of hir craft, and apprentys,  
 But of [hir] song sotyl and wys.  
 And certes, whan I herde hir song,  
 And saw the grene place among, 690  
 In herte I wex so wonder gay,  
 That I was never erst, er that day,  
 So jolyf, nor so wel bigo,  
 Ne mery in herte, as I was tho.  
 And than wiste I, and saw ful wel, 695  
 That Ydelnesse me served wel,  
 That me putte in swich jolitee.  
 Hir freend wel oughte I for to be,  
 Sith she the dore of that gardyn

Hadde opened, and me leten in. 700  
 From hennesforth how that I wroughte,  
 I shal you tellen, as me thoughte.  
 First, whereof Mirthe served there,  
 And eek what folk ther with him were,  
 Without[e] fable I wol descryve. 705  
 And of that gardin eek as blyve  
 I wol you tellen after this.  
 The faire fasoun al, y-wis,  
 That wel [y-]wrought was for the nones,  
 I may not telle you al at ones : 710  
 But as I may and can, I shal  
 By ordre tellen you it al.  
 Ful fair servyse and eek ful swete  
 These briddes maden as they sete.  
 Layes of love, ful wel sowning 715  
 They songen in hir jargonig ;  
 Summe highe and summe eek lowe songe  
 Upon the branches grene y-sprounge.  
 The sweetnesse of hir melodye  
 Mado al myn herte in þ reverdye. 720  
 And whan that I hadde herd, I trowe,  
 These briddes singing on a rowe,  
 Than mighte I not withholde me  
 That I ne wente in for to see  
 Sir Mirthe ; for my desiring 725  
 Was him to seen, over alle thing,  
 His countenaunce and his manere :  
 That sighte was to me ful dere.

## Sir Mirthe.

Tho wente I forth on my right hond  
 Down by a litel path I fond 730  
 Of mentes ful, and fenel grene ;  
 And faste by, withoute wene,  
 Sir Mirthe I fond ; and right anon  
 Unto sir Mirthe gan I goon,  
 Ther-as he was, him to solace. 735  
 And with him, in that lusty place,  
 So fair folk and so fresh hadde he,  
 That whan I saw, I wondred me  
 Fro whennes swich folk mighte come,  
 So faire they weren, alle and some ; 740  
 For they were lyk, as to my sighte,  
 To angels, that ben fothered brighte.

## Gladnesse.

This folk, of which I telle you so,  
 Upon a carole wenten tho.  
 A lady caroled hem, that highte 745  
 Gladnesse, [the] blisful, the lighte ;  
 Wel coude she singe and lustily,  
 Non half so wel and semely.

And make in song swich refreyninge,  
 It sat hir wonder wel to singe. 750  
 Hir vois ful cleer was and ful swete.  
 She was nought rade no unmete,  
 But couthe y-now of swich doing  
 As longeth unto caroling :  
 For she was wont in every place 755  
 To singen first, folk to solace ;  
 For singing most she gaf hir to ;  
 No craft had she so leef to do.

Tho mightest thou caroles seen,  
 And folk [ther] daunce and mery been, 760  
 And make many a fair tournynge  
 Upon the grene gras springing.  
 Ther mightest thou see these floutours,  
 Minstrales, and eek jogelours,  
 That wel to singe dide hir peyne. 765  
 Somme songe songes of Loreyne ;  
 For in Loreyne hir notes be  
 Ful swetter than in this contree.  
 Ther was many a timbestere,  
 And saylours, that I dar wel swere 770  
 Couthe hir craft ful parfitly.  
 The timbres up ful sotilly  
 They caste, and hente[n hem] ful ofte  
 Upon a finger faire and softe,  
 That they [ne] flayled never-mo. 775  
 Ful fetis damiselles two,  
 Right yonge, and fulle of sonlihede,  
 In kirtles, and non other wede,  
 And faire tressed every tresse,  
 Had Mirthe doon, for his noblesse, 780  
 Amiddo the carole for to daunce ;  
 But her-of lyth no remembraunce,  
 How that they daunced queyntely.  
 That oon wolde come al prively  
 Agayn that other : and whan they were  
 Togidre almost, they threwe y-fore 786  
 Hir mouthes so, that through hir play  
 It semed as they kiste alway ;  
 To dauncen wel coude they the gyse ;  
 What shulde I more to you devyse ? 790  
 Ne þede I never thennes go,  
 Whyles that I saw hem daunce so.

**Curtesy.**

Upon the carole wonder faste  
 I gan biholde ; til atte laste  
 A lady gan me for to espye, 795  
 And she was cleped **CURTESYE**,  
 The worshipful, the debonaire ;  
 I pray god ever falle hir faire !

Ful curteisly she called me,  
 'What do ye there, beau sire ?' quod  
 she, 800  
 'Come [neer], and if it lyke yow  
 To dauncen, daunceth with us now '  
 And I, withoute taryng,  
 Went into the caroling.  
 I was abashed never a del, 805  
 But it me lykede right wel  
 That Curtesye me cleped so,  
 And bad me on the daunce go.  
 For if I hadde durst, corteyn  
 I wolde have caroled right fayn, 810  
 As man that was to daunce blythe.  
 Than gan I loken ofte sythe  
 The shap, the bodies, and the cheres,  
 The countenaunce and the maneres  
 Of alle the folk that daunced there, 815  
 And I shal telle what they were.

**Mirthe.**

Ful fair was Mirthe, ful long and high ;  
 A fairer man I never sigh.  
 As round as appel was his face,  
 Ful rody and whyt in every place. 820  
 Fetys he was and wel besejo,  
 With metely mouth and y'en greye ;  
 His nose by mesure wrought ful right ;  
 Crisp was his heer, and cek ful bright.  
 His shuldres of a large brede, 825  
 And smalish in the girdilstede.  
 He semed lyk a portreiture,  
 So noble he was of his stature,  
 So fair, so joly, and so fetys,  
 With limes wrought at poynt devys, 830  
 Deliver, smert, and of gret might ;  
 Ne sawe thou never man so light.  
 Of berde unnethe hadde he no-thing,  
 For it was in the firste spring.  
 Ful yong he was, and mery of thought,  
 And in samyt, with briddes wrought 836  
 And with gold beten fetisly,  
 His body was clad ful richely.  
 Wrought was his robe in straunge gyse,  
 And al to-slitier for queyntyse 840  
 In many a place, lowe and hye.  
 And shod he was with greet maistrye,  
 With shoon decoped, and with laas.  
 By druerye, and by solas,  
 His leef a rosen chapelot 845  
 Had maad, and on his heed it set.  
 And wite ye who was his leef ?

## Gladnesse.

Dame GLADNES ther was him so leef,  
 That singeth so wel with glad corage,  
 That from she was twelve year of age, 850  
 She of hir love graunt him made.  
 Sir Mirthe hir by the finger hadde  
 [In] daunsing, and she him also ;  
 Gret love was atwixe hem two.  
 Bothe were they faire and brighte of hewe ;  
 She semede lyk a rose newe 856  
 Of colour, and hir flesh so tendre,  
 That with a brere smale and slendre  
 Men mighte it cleve, I dar wel t<sup>s</sup>ayn  
 Hir forheed, frounceles al t<sup>s</sup>playn. 860  
 Bente were hir browes two,  
 Hir y<sup>e</sup>n greye, and gladde also,  
 That laughede ay in hir semblaunt,  
 First or the mouth, by covaunant.  
 I t<sup>s</sup>noot what of hir nose deseryve ; 865  
 So fair hath no womman alyve . . .  
 Hir heer was yelow, and cleer shyning,  
 I wot no lady so lyking.  
 Of orfrays fresh was hir gerland ;  
 I, whiche seen have a thousand, 870  
 Saugh never, y-wis, no gerlond yit.  
 So wel [y]-wrought of silk as it,  
 And in an over-gilt samyt  
 Clad she was, by gret delyt.  
 Of which hir leef a robe werde, 875  
 The myrier she in herte ferde.

## Cupide.

And next hir wente, on hir other syde,  
 The god of Love, that can devyde  
 Love, t<sup>s</sup>as him lyketh it [to] be.  
 But he can cherles daunten, he, 880  
 And maken folkes pryde fallen.  
 And he can wel these lordes thrallen,  
 And ladies putte at lowe degree,  
 Whan he may hem to proude see.  
 This God of Love of his fasoun 885  
 Was lyk no knave, ne quistroun ;  
 His beautee gretly was to pryse.  
 But of his robe to devyse  
 I drede encombred for to be.  
 For nought y-clad in silk was he, 890  
 But al in floures and flourettes,  
 Y-painted al with amorettes ;  
 And with losenges and scochouns,  
 With briddes, libardes, and lyouns,  
 And other beestes wrought ful wel 895  
 His garnement was everydel

Y-portreyd and y-wrought with floures,  
 By dyvers medling of coloures.  
 Floures ther were of many gyse  
 Y-set by compas in assyse ; 900  
 Ther lakked no flour, to my dome,  
 Ne nought so muche as flour of brome,  
 Ne violete, no eek pervenke,  
 Ne flour non, that man can on thanke ;  
 And many a rose-leef ful long 905  
 Was entermedled ther-among :  
 And also on his heed was set  
 Of roses rede a chapelet,  
 But nightingales, a ful gret route,  
 That flyen over his heed aboute, 910  
 The loves felden as they flyen ;  
 And he was al with briddes wryen,  
 With popinjay, with nightingale,  
 With chalaundre, and with wodewale,  
 With finch, with lark, and with archaungel.  
 He semede as he were an aungel 916  
 That down were comen for hevene clere.

## Swete-Loking.

Love hadde with him a bachelere,  
 That he made alweyes with him be ;  
 Swete-Loking cleped was he, 920  
 This bachelere stood biholding  
 The daunce, and in his honde holding  
 t<sup>s</sup>Turke bowes two hadde he.  
 That oon of hem was of a tree  
 That bereth a fruyt of savour wikke ; 925  
 Ful croked was that foule stikke,  
 And knotty here and there also,  
 And blak as bery, or any slo.  
 That other bowe was of a plante  
 Without wem, I dar warante, 930  
 Ful even, and by proporcioun  
 Tretys and long, of good fasoun.  
 And it was poynted wel and thwiten,  
 And over-al diapred and writen  
 With ladies and with bacheleres, 935  
 Ful lightsom and [ful] glad of cheres.  
 These bowes two held Swete-Loking,  
 That semed lyk no gadeling.  
 And ten brode arowes held he there,  
 Of which five in his right hond were. 940  
 But they were shaven wel and dight,  
 Nokked and fethered a-right ;  
 And al they were with gold bigoon,  
 And stronge poynted everichoon,  
 And sharpe for to kerven weel, 945  
 But iren was ther noon ne steel ;

For al was gold, men mighte it see,  
Out-take the fetheres and the tree.

**Beautee.**

The swiftest of these arowes fyve  
Out of a bowe for to dryve, 950  
And best [y]-fethered for to flee,  
And fairest eek, was cleped **BEAUTE.**

**Simplese.**

That other arowe, that hurteth lesse,  
Was cleped, as I trowe, **SIMPLESE.**

**Fraunchyse.**

The thridde cleped was **FRAUNCHYSE,** 955  
That fethered was, in noble wyse,  
With valour and with curtesye.

**Companye.**

The fourthe was cleped **COMPANYE,**  
That hevy for to tsheten is ;  
But who-so sheteth right, y-wis, 960  
May therwith doon gret harm and wo.

**Fair-Semblaunt.**

The fyfte of these, and laste also,  
**FAIR-SEMBLAUNT** men that arowe calle,  
The leeste grevous of hem alle ;  
Yit can it make a ful gret wounde, 965  
But he may hope his sores sounde,  
That hurt is with that arowe, y-wis ;  
His wo the bet bistowed is.  
For he may soner have gladnesse,  
His langour oughte be the lesse. 970

Fyve arowes were of other gyse,  
That been ful foule to devyse ;  
For shaft and ende, sooth to telle,  
Were al-so blak as feend in helle.

**Pryde.**

The first of hem is cleped **PRYDE ;** 975

**Vilanye.**

That other arowe next him bisydo,  
It was [y]-cleped **VILANYE ;**  
That arowe was as with felonye  
Envenimed, and with spitous blame.

**Shame.**

The thridde of hem was cleped **SHAME.** 980

**Wanhope.**

The fourthe, **WANHOPE** cleped is,

**Newe-Thought.**

The fyfte, the **NEWE-THOUGHT,** y-wis.

These arowes that I speke of here,  
Were alle fyve þof oon manere,  
And alle were they resemblable. 985  
To hem was wel sitting and ahle  
The foule croked bowe hidous,

That knotty was, and al roynous.

That bowe semede wel to shete  
These arowes fyve, that been unmete, 990  
Contrarie to that other fyve.

But though I telle not as blyve  
Of hir power, ne of hir might,  
Her-after shal I tellen right  
The sothe, and eek signifaunce, 995  
As fer as I have remembraunce :  
Al shal be seid, I undertake,  
Er of this boke an ende I make.

Now come I to my tale ageyn.  
But alderfirst, I wol you seyn 1000  
The fasoun and the countenaunces  
Of al the folk that on the daunce is.

The God of Love, jolyf and light,  
Ladde on his honde a lady bright,  
Of high prys, and of greet degree. 1005

**Beautee.**

This lady called was **BEAUTE,**  
þ As was an arowe, of which I tolde.  
Ful wel [y]-thewed was she holde ;  
Ne she was derk ne broun, but bright,  
And cleer as [is] the mone-light, 1010  
Ageyn whom alle the sterres semon  
But smale candels, as we demen.  
Hir flesh was tendre as dewe of flour,  
Hir chere was simple as byrde in bour ;  
As whyt as lillie or rose in rys 1015  
Hir face, gentil and tretys.

Fetys she was, and smal to see ;  
No þwindred browes hadde she,  
Ne popped hir, for it neded nought  
To windre hir, or to peynte hir ought. 1020  
Hir tresses yelow and longe straughten,  
Unto hir heles down they raughten :  
Hir nose, hir mouth, and eye and cheke  
Wel wrought, and al the remenaunt eke.  
A ful gret savour and a swote 1025  
Me þthinketh in myn herte rote,

As helpe me god, whan I remembre  
Of the fasoun of every membre !  
In world is noon so fair a wight ;  
For yong she was, and hewed bright, 1030  
þ Wys, plesaunt, and fetys withalle,  
Gente, and in hir middel smalle.

**Richesse.**

Bisyde Beaute yede **RICHESSE,**  
þ An high lady of greet noblesse,  
And greet of prys in every place. 1035  
But who-so durste to hir trespace,

Or til hir folk, in þworde or dede,  
 He were ful hardy, out of drede;  
 For bothe she helpe and hindre may:  
 And that is nought of yisterday 1040  
 That riche folk have ful gret might  
 To helpe, and eek to greve a wight.  
 The beste and grettest of valour  
 Diden Richesse ful gret honour,  
 And besy weren hir to serve; 1045  
 For that they wolde hir love deserve,  
 They cleped hir 'Lady,' grete and smalle;  
 This wyde world hir dredeth alle;  
 This world is al in hir daungere.  
 Hir court hath many a losengere, 1050  
 And many a traytour envious,  
 That been ful besy and curious  
 For to dispreisen, and to blamo  
 That best deserven love and name  
 Bifore the folk, hem to bigylen, 1055  
 These losengeres hem preyse, and smylen,  
 And thus the world with word anoynten;  
 But afterward they þprikke and poynten  
 The folk right to the bare boon,  
 Bihinde her bak when they ben goon,  
 And foule abate the folkes prys. 1061  
 Ful many a worthy man and wys,  
 An hundred, have [they] don to dye,  
 These losengeres, through flaterye;  
 And maketh folk ful straunge be, 1065  
 Ther-as hem oughte be prive.  
 Wel yvel mote they thryve and thee,  
 And yvel aryved mote they be,  
 These losengeres, ful of envye!  
 No good man loveth hir companye. 1070  
 Richesse a robe of purple on hadde,  
 Ne trowe not that I lye or madde;  
 For in this world is noon it liche,  
 Ne by a thousand deel so riche,  
 Ne noon so fair; for it ful wel 1075  
 With orfrais leyed was everydel,  
 And portrayed in the ribaninges  
 Of dukes stories, and of kinges.  
 And with a bend of gold tasseled,  
 And knoppes fyne of gold þameled. 1080  
 Aboute hir nekke of gentil entaile  
 Was shet the riche chevesaile,  
 In which ther was ful gret plentee  
 Of stones clere and bright to see.  
 Rychesse a girdel hadde upon, 1085  
 The bokel of it was of a stoon  
 Of vertu greet, and mochel of might;

For who-so bar the stoon so bright,  
 Of venim þthurte him no-thing doute,  
 While he the stoon hadde him aboute.  
 That stoon was greetly for to love, 1091  
 And til a riche mannes bihove  
 Worth al the gold in Rome and Fryse.  
 The mourdaunt, wought in noble wyse,  
 Was of a stoon ful precious, 1095  
 That was so fyn and vertuous,  
 That hool a man it coude make  
 Of palasye, and of tooth-ake.  
 And yit the stoon hadde suche a grace,  
 That he was siker in every place, 1100  
 Al thilke day, not blind to been,  
 That fasting mighte that stoon seen.  
 The barres were of gold ful fyne,  
 Upon a tissu of satyne,  
 Ful hevvy, greet, and no-thing light, 1105  
 In everich was a besaunt-wight.  
 Upon the tresses of Richesse  
 Was set a cerche, for noblesse,  
 Of brend gold, that ful lighte shoon;  
 So fair, trowe I, was never noon. 1110  
 But he were cunning, for the nones,  
 That coude devyysen alle the stones  
 That in that cerche shewen clero;  
 It is a wonder thing to here.  
 For no man coude preyse or gesse 1115  
 Of hem the valewe or richesse.  
 Rubyes ther were, saphyres, þjagounces,  
 And emeraudes, more than two ounces.  
 But al bifore, ful sotilly,  
 A fyn carboucle set saugh I. 1120  
 The stoon so cleer was and so bright,  
 That, al-so sone as it was night,  
 Men mighte seen to go, for nede,  
 A myle or two, in lengthe and brode.  
 Swich light [tho] sprang out of the stoon,  
 That Richesse wonder brighte shoon, 1126  
 Bothe hir heed, and al hir face,  
 And eke aboute hir al the place.  
 Dame Richesse on hir hond gan lede  
 A yong man ful of semelihe, 1130  
 That she best loved of any thing;  
 His lust was muche in housholding.  
 In clothing was he ful fetys,  
 And lovede wel have hors of prys.  
 He wende to have reproved be 1135  
 Of thefte or mordre, if that he  
 Hadde in his stable an hakeney.  
 And therefore he desyred ay

To been aqueynted with Richesse ;  
 For al his purpos, as I gesse, 1140  
 Was for to make greet dispense,  
 Withoute werning or defence.  
 And Richesse might it wel sustene,  
 And hir dispenses wel mayntene,  
 And him alwey swich plentee sende 1145  
 Of gold and silver for to spende  
 Withoute lakking or daungere,  
 As it were poured in a garnere.

## Largesse.

And after on the daunce wente  
 Largesse, that sette al hir entente 1150  
 For to be honourable and free ;  
 Of Alexandres kin was she ;  
 Hir moste joye was, y-wis,  
 Whan that she yaf, and seide ' have this.'  
 Not Avarice, the foule captyf, 1155  
 Was half to grype so ententif,  
 As Largesse is to yeve and spende.  
 And god y-nough alwey hir sende,  
 So that the more she yaf away,  
 The more, y-wis, she hadde alwey 1160  
 Gret loos hath Largesse, and gret prys ;  
 For bothe wys folk and unwys  
 Were hoolly to hir baundon brought,  
 So wel with yiftes hath she wrought.  
 And if she hadde an enemy, 1165  
 I trowe, that she coude craftily  
 Make him ful sone hir freend to be,  
 So large of yift and free was she ;  
 Therefore she stood in love and grace  
 Of riche and povre in every place. 1170  
 A ful gret fool is he, y-wis,  
 That bothe riche and nigard is.  
 A lord may have no maner vice  
 That groveth more than avarice.  
 For nigard never with strengthe of hond  
 May winne him greet lordship or lond.  
 For freendes al to fewe hath he 1177  
 To doon his wil perfourmed be.  
 And who-so wol have freendes here,  
 He may not holde his tresour dere. 1180  
 For by ensample I telle this,  
 Right as an adamaunt, y-wis,  
 Can drawn to him sotilly  
 The yren, that is leyd thereby,  
 So draweth folkes hertes, y-wis, 1185  
 Silver and gold that yeven is.  
 Largesse hadde on a robe fresshe  
 Of riche purpur +sarsinesshe.

Wel fourmed was hir face and clere,  
 And opened had she hir colere ; 1190  
 For she right there hadde in present  
 Unto a lady maad present  
 Of a gold broche, ful wel wrought.  
 And certes, it missat hir nought ;  
 For through hir smokke, wrought with  
 silk, 1195  
 The flesh was seen, as whyt as milk.  
 Largesse, that worthy was and wys,  
 Held by the honde a knight of prys,  
 Was sil to Arthour of Bretagne  
 And that was he that bar the enseigne  
 Of worship, and the +gonfanoun. 1201  
 And yit he is of swich renoun,  
 That men of him seye faire thinges  
 Bifore barouns, eiles, and kinges.  
 This knight was comen al newly 1205  
 Fro tourneyinge taste ly ;  
 Ther hadde he doon gret chivalrye  
 Through his vertu and his maistrye ;  
 And for the love of his lemman  
 +Had cast down many a doughty man. 1210

## Fraunchyse.

And next him daunced dame FRAUN-  
 CHYSE,  
 Arrayed in ful noble gyse.  
 She was not broun ne dun of hewe,  
 But whyt as snowe y-fallen newe.  
 Hir nose was wrought at poynt devys, 1215  
 For it was gentil and tretys ;  
 With eyen gladde, and browes bento ;  
 Hir heer down to hir heles wente.  
 And she was simple as dowve on tree,  
 Ful debonaire of herte was she. 1220  
 She durste never seyn ne do  
 But that [thing] that hir longed to.  
 And if a man were in distresse,  
 And for hir love in hevynesse,  
 Hir herte wolde have ful greet pitee, 1225  
 She was so amiable and free.  
 For were a man for hir bistad,  
 She wolde ben right sore adrad  
 That sho dide over greet outrage,  
 But she him holpe his harm to aswage ;  
 Hir thoughte it elles a vilanye. 1231  
 And she hadde on a sukkenye,  
 That not of +thempen herdes was ;  
 So fair was noon in alle Arras.  
 Lord, it was rideled fetysly ! 1235  
 Ther nas nat +oo poynt, trewely,

That it nas in his right assyse.  
 Ful wel y-clothed was Fraunchyse;  
 For ther is no cloth sitteth bet  
 On damiselle, than doth roket. 1240  
 A womman wel more fetys is  
 In roket than in cote, y-wis.  
 The whyte roket, rideled faire,  
 †Bitokened, that ful debonaire  
 And swete was she that it bere. 1245  
 By hir daunced a bachelere;  
 I can not telle you what he highte,  
 But fair he was, and of good highte,  
 Al hadde he be, I sey no more,  
 The lordes sone of Windesore. 1250

#### Curtesye.

And next that daunced Curtesye,  
 That preised was of lowe and hye,  
 For neither proud ne fool was she.  
 She for to daunce called me,  
 (I praygod yewe hir right good grace!) 1255  
 Whan I com first into the place.  
 She was not nyce, ne outrageous,  
 But wys and war, and vertuous,  
 Of faire speche, and faire answer; e  
 Was never wight misseid of here; 1260  
 She bar no rancour to no wight.  
 Cleer broun she was, and therto bright  
 Of face, of body avenaunt;  
 I wot no lady so plesaunt.  
 She were worthy for to bene 1265  
 An emperesse or crowned quene.

And by hir wente a knight dauncing  
 That worthy was and wel speking,  
 And ful wel conde he doon honour.  
 The knight was fair and stif in stour, 1270  
 And in armure a semely man,  
 And wel bilowed of his lemman.

#### Ydelnesse.

Fair YDELNESSE than saugh I,  
 That alwey was me faste by.  
 Of hir have I, withouten fayle, 1275  
 Told yow the shap and aparayle;  
 For (as I seide) lo, that was she  
 That dide me so great bountee,  
 That she the gate of the gardin  
 Undide, and leet me passen in. 1280

#### Youthe.

And after daunced, as I gesse,  
 †YOUTH, fulfid of lustinesse,  
 That nas not yit twelve yeer of age,  
 With herte wilde, and thought volage;

Nyce she was, but she ne mente 1285  
 Noon harm ne slight in hir entente,  
 But only lust and jolitee.  
 For yonge folk, wel witen ye,  
 Have litel thought but on hir play.  
 Hir lemman was bisyde alway, 1290  
 In swich a gysse, that he hir kiste  
 At alle tymes that him liste,  
 That al the daunce mighte it see;  
 They make no force of privetee;  
 For who spak of hem yvel or wel, 1295  
 They were ashamed never-a-del,  
 But men mighte seen hem kisse there,  
 As it two yonge doves were.

For yong was thilke bachelere,  
 Of beaute wot I noon his pere; 1300  
 And he was right of swich an age  
 As Youthe his leef, and swich corage.  
 The lusty folk †thus daunced there,  
 And also other that with hem were,  
 That weren alle of hir meynne; 1305  
 Ful hende folk, and wys, and free,  
 And folk of fair port, trewely,  
 Ther weren alle comunly.

Whan I hadde seen the countenaunces  
 Of hem that ladden thus these daunces,  
 Than hadde I wil to goon and see 1311  
 The gardin that so lyked me,  
 And loken on these faire †loreres,  
 On pyn-trees, cedres, and oliveres.  
 The daunces than †y-ended were; 1315  
 For many of hem that daunced there  
 Were with hir loves went away  
 Under the trees to have hir pley.

A, lord! they lived lustily!  
 A gret fool were he, sikerly, 1320  
 That nolde, his thankes, swich lyf lede!  
 For this dar I seyn, out of drede,  
 That who-so mighte so wel fare,  
 For better lyf †thurte him not care;  
 For ther nis so good paradys 1325  
 As have a love at his devys.

Out of that place wente I tho,  
 And in that gardin gan I go,  
 Pleying along ful merily.  
 The God of Love ful hastely 1330  
 Unto him Swete-Loking clepte,  
 No lenger wolde he that †he kepte  
 His bowe of golde, that shoon so bright.  
 He †bad him bende it anon-right;  
 And he ful sone [it] sette †on ende, 1335

And at a braid he gan it bende,  
 And took him of his arrowes fyve,  
 Ful sharpe and redy for to dryve.  
 Now god that sit in mageste  
 Fro deedly woundes kepe me, 1340  
 If so be that he þwol me shete ;  
 For if I with his arrowe mete,  
 It þwol me greven sore, y-wis !  
 But I, that no-thing wiste of this,  
 Wente up and doun ful many a wey, 1345  
 And he me folwed faste alwey ;  
 But no-wher wolde I reste me,  
 Til I hadde al the þyerde in be.

The gardin was, by mesuring,  
 Right even and squar in compassing ; 1350  
 It was as long as it was large.

#### The Trees.

Of fruyt hadde every tree his charge,  
 But it were any hidous tree  
 Of which ther were two or three.  
 Ther were, and that wot I ful wel, 1355  
 Of pomgarnettes a ful gret del ;  
 That is a fruyt ful wel to lyke,  
 Namely to folk whan they ben syke.  
 And trees ther wore, greet foisoun,  
 That baren notes in hir sesoun, 1360  
 Such as men notemigges calle,  
 That swote of savour been withalla.  
 And alemandres greet plentee,  
 Figes, and many a date-tree  
 Ther weren, if men hadde nede, 1365  
 Through the þyerd in length and brede.  
 Ther was eek waxing many a spyce,  
 As clow-gelofre, and licoryce,  
 Gingere, and greyn de þparadys,  
 Canelle, and setewale of prys, 1370  
 And many a spyce delitable,  
 To eten whan men ryse fro table.  
 And many hoonly trees ther were,  
 That peches, coynes, and apples bere,  
 Medlers, ploumes, peres, chesteynes, 1375  
 Cheryse, of whiche many on fayn is,  
 Notes, aleys, and bolas,  
 That for to seen it was solas ;  
 With many high lorer and pyn  
 Was renged clene al that gardyn ; 1380  
 With cipres, and with oliveres,  
 Of which that nigh no plente here is.  
 Ther were elmes grete and stronge,  
 Maples, ashe, ook, ash, planes longe,  
 Fyn ew, popler, and lindes faire, 1385

And other trees ful many a payre.

What sholde I telle you more of it ?

Ther were so many trees yit,  
 That I sholde al encombred be  
 Er I had rekened every tree. 1390

These trees were set, that I devyise,  
 Oon from another, in assyse,  
 Fyve fadome or sixe, I trowe so,  
 But they were hye and grete also :  
 And for to kepe out wel the sonne, 1395  
 The croppes were so thikke y-ronne,  
 And every branch in other þknet,  
 And ful of grene leves þset,  
 That sonne mighte noon descende,  
 Lest [it] the tondre grasses shende. 1400  
 Ther mighte men does and rocs y-see,  
 And of squirrels ful greet plentee,  
 From bough to bough alwey leping.  
 Conies ther were also playing,  
 That comen out of hir claperes 1405  
 Of sondry colours and maneres,  
 And maden many a turneyng  
 Upon the fresshe gras springing.

#### The Welles.

In places saw I welles there,  
 In whiche ther no frogges were, 1410  
 And fair in shadwe was every welle ;  
 But I ne can the nombre telle  
 Of stremes smale, that by devys  
 Mirthe had don come through condys,  
 Of which the water, in renning, 1415  
 Gan make a noyse ful lyking.

About the brinkes of these welles,  
 And by the stremes over-al elles  
 Sprang up the gras, as thikke y-set  
 And softe as any veluēt, 1420  
 On which men mighte his lemman leye,  
 As on a fetherbed, to pleye,  
 For th'erthe was ful softe and swete.  
 Through moisture of the welle wete  
 Sprang up the sote grene gras, 1425  
 As fair, as thikke, as mister was.  
 But muche amended it the place,  
 That th'erthe was of swich a grace  
 That it of floures had plente,  
 That both in somer and winter be. 1430

Ther sprang the violete al newe,  
 And fresshe pervinke, riche of hewe,  
 And floures yellowe, whyte, and rede ;  
 Swich plentee grew ther never in mede.  
 Ful gay was al the ground, and queynt,



And poudred, as men had it peynt, 1436  
With many a fresh and sondry flour,  
That casten up ful good savour.

I wol not longe holde you in fable  
Of al this gardin †delitable. 1440  
I moot my tonge stinten nede,  
For I ne may, withouten drede,  
Naught tellen you the beautee al,  
Ne half the bountee therewithal.

I wente on right honde and on left 1445  
Aboute the place ; it was not left,  
Til I hadde al the †yerde in been,  
In the †estres that men mighte seen.  
And thus whyle I wente in my pley,  
The God of Love me folowed ay, 1450  
Right as an hunter can abyde  
The beste, til he sooth his tyde  
To †shete, at good mes, to the dere,  
Whan that him nedeth go no nere.

And so befil, I rested me 1455  
Besyde a welle, under a tree,  
Which tree in Frannee men call a pyn.  
But, sith the tyme of king Pepyn,  
Ne grew ther tree in mannes sighte  
So fair, ne so wel woxe in highte ; 1460  
In al that yerde so high was noon.  
And springing in a marble-stoon  
Had nature set, the sothe to telle,  
Under that pyn-tree a welle.  
And on the border, al withoute, 1465  
Was writen, in the stone aboute,  
Lettres smale, that seyden thus,  
'Here starf the faire Narcisus.'

#### Narcisus.

NARCISUS was a bachelere,  
That Love had caught in his daungere,  
And in his net gan him so streyne, 1471  
And dide him so to wepe and pleyne,  
That nede him muste his lyf forgo.  
For a fair lady, hight Echo,  
Him loved over any creature, 1475  
And gan for him swich peyne endure,  
That on a tyme she him tolde,  
That, if he hir loven nolde,  
That hir behoved nedes dye,  
Thor lay non other remedye. 1480  
But natheles, for his beantee,  
So fiers and dangerous was he,  
That he nolde graunten hir asking,  
For weping, ne for fair praying.  
And whan she herde him werne hir so,

She hadde in herte so gret wo, 1486  
And took it in so gret dyspyt,  
That she, withoute more respyt,  
Was deed anon. But, er she deyde,  
Ful pitously to god she preyde, 1490  
That proude-herted Narcisus,  
That was in love so dangerous,  
Mighte on a day ben hampred so  
For love, and been so hoot for wo,  
That never he mighte joye attayne ; 1495  
Than shulde he fele in every veyne  
What sorowe trewe lovers maken,  
That been so †vilaynsly forsaken.

This prayer was but resonable,  
Therfor god held it ferme and stable : 1500  
For Narcisus, shortly to telle,  
By aventure com to that welle  
To reste him in that shadowing  
A day, whan he com fro hunting.  
This Narcisus had suffred paynes 1505  
For renning alday in the playnes,  
And was for thurst in gret distresse  
Of hete, and of his werinesse  
That hadde his breeth almost binomen.  
Whan he was to that welle y-comen, 1510  
That shadwed was with branches grene,  
He thoughte of thilke water shene  
To drinke and fresshe him wel withalle ;  
And down on knees he gan to falle,  
And forth his heed and nekke out-  
straughte 1515

To drinken of that welle a draughto.  
And in the water anon was sene  
His nose, his mouth, his yën shene,  
And he ther-of was al abashed ;  
His owne shadowe had him bitrashed.  
For wel wende he the forme see 1521  
Of a child of greet beantees.  
Wel couthe Love him wreke tho  
Of daunger and of pryde also  
That Narcisus somtyme him bere. 1525  
He quitte him wel his guerdon there ;  
For he †so musede in the welle,  
That, shortly al the sothe to telle,  
He lovede his owne shadowe so,  
That atte laste he starf for wo. 1530  
For whan he saugh that he his wille  
Mighte in no maner way fulfille,  
And that he was so faste caught  
That he him couthe comfort naught,  
He loste his wit right in that place, 1535

And deyde within a litel space.

And thus his warisoun he took

For the lady that he forsook.

Ladies, I preye ensample taketh,

Ye that ayeins your love mistaketh : 1540

For if hir deeth be yow to wyte,

God can ful wel your whyle quyte.

Whan that this lettre, of whiche I telle,

Had taught me that it was the welle

Of Narcisus in his beautee, 1545

I gan anon withdrawe me,

Whan it fel in my remembraunce,

That him bitidde swich mischaunce.

The Welle.

But at the laste than thought I,

That scatheles, ful sikerly, 1550

I mighte unto THE WELLE go.

Wherof shulde I abasshen so ?

Unto the welle than wente I me,

And doun I louted for to see

The clere water in the stoon, 1555

And eek the gravel, which that shoon

Down in the botme, as silver fyn ;

For of the welle, this is the fyn,

In world is noon so cleer of hewe.

The water is ever fresh and newe 1560

That welmeth up in waves brighte

The mountance of two finger highte.

Abouten it is gras springing,

For moiste so thikke and wel lyking,

That it ne may in winter dye, 1565

No more than may the see be drye.

Down at the botme set saw I

Two cristal stones craftely

In thilko freshe and faire welle.

But o thing soothly dar I telle, 1570

That ye wol holde a greet mervayle

Whan it is told, withouten fayle.

For whan the sonne, cleer in sighte,

Cast in that welle his bemes brighte,

And that the heet descended is, 1575

Than taketh the cristal stoon, y-wis,

Agayn the sonne an hundred hewes,

Blewe, yelow, and rede, that fresh and

newe is.

Yit hath the merveilous cristal 1579

Swich strengthe, that the place overal,

Bothe fowl and tree, and leves grene,

And al the yerd in it is sene.

And for to doon you understonde,

To make ensample wol I fonde ;

Right as a mirour openly 1585

Sheweth al thing that stant therby,

As wel the colour as the figure,

Withouten any coverture ;

Right so the cristal stoon, shynig,

Withouten any disceyving, 1590

The festres of the yerde accuseneth

To him that in the water museth ;

For ever, in which half that þe be,

þ He may wel half the gardin see ;

And if he turne, he may right wel 1595

Seen the remenaunt everydel.

For ther is noon so litel thing

So hid, no closed with shitting,

That it ne is sene, as though it were

Peynted in the cristal there. 1600

This is the mirour perilous,

In which the proude Narcisus

Saw al his face fair and bright,

That made him sith to lye upright.

For who-so loke in that mirour, 1605

Ther may no-thing ben his socour

That he ne shal ther seen som thing

That shal him lede into þloving.

Ful many a worthy man hath it

Y-blent ; for folk of grettest wit 1610

Ben some caught here and awayted ;

Withouten respyt been they bayted.

Heer comth to folk of-newe rage,

Heer chaungeth many wight corage ;

Heer lyth no reed ne wit therto ; 1615

For Venus sone, daun Cupido,

Hath sowen there of love the seed,

That help ne lyth ther noon, ne reed,

So cercloth it the welle aboute.

His ginnes hath he set withoute 1620

Right for to cacche in his panteres

These damoyseles and bachelers.

Love will noon other bridde cacche,

Though he sette either net or lacche. 1624

And for the seed that heer was sowen,

This welle is cleped, as wel is known,

The Welle of Love, of verray right,

Of which ther hath ful many a wight

Spoke in bokes dyversely.

But they shulle never so verily 1630

Descripcioun of the welle here,

No eek the sothe of this matere,

As ye shulle, whan I have und

The craft that hir bilongeth to.

Alway me lyked for to dwelle, 1635

To seen the cristal in the well,  
 That shewed me ful openly  
 A thousand thinges faste by.  
 But I may saye, in sory houre  
 Stood I to loken or to poure ; 1640  
 For sithen [have] I sore t̃syked,  
 That mirour hath me now entryked.  
 But hadde I first knowen in my wit  
 The vertue and [the] t̃strengthe of it,  
 I nolde not have mused there ; 1645  
 Me hadde bet ben elles-where ;  
 For in the snare I fol anon,  
 That hath t̃bitraissshed many oon.

## The Roser.

In thilke mirour saw I tho,  
 Among a thousand thinges mo, 1650  
 A ROSER charged ful of roses,  
 That with an hegge aboute enclos is.  
 Tho had I swich lust and envye,  
 That, for Parys ne for Pavye,  
 Nolde I have left to goon and see 1655  
 Ther grettest hepe of roses be.  
 Whan I was with this rage hent,  
 That caught hath many a man and shent,  
 Toward the roser gan I go.  
 And whan I was not fer therfro, 1660  
 The savour of the roses swote  
 Me smoot right to the herte rote,  
 As I hadde al embawmed t̃be.  
 And if I ne hadde endouted me  
 To have ben hated or assailed, 1665  
 My thanks, t̃wolde I not have failed  
 To pulle a rose of al that route  
 To bere[n] in myn honde aboute,  
 And smellen to it wher I wente ;  
 But ever I dredde me to repente, 1670

And lest it greved or for-thoughte  
 The lord that thilke gardyn wroughte.  
 Of roses were ther gret woon,  
 So faire t̃wexe never in roon. 1675  
 Of knoppes clos, some saw I there,  
 And some wel beter woxen were ;  
 And some ther been of other mcysoun,  
 That drowe nigh to hir sesoun,  
 And spedde hem faste for to sprede ;  
 I love wel swiche roses rede ; 1680  
 For brode roses, and open also,  
 Ben passed in a day or two ;  
 But knoppes wilen fresshe be  
 Two dayes atte leest, or thre.  
 The knoppes gretly lyked me, 1685  
 For fairer may ther no man see.  
 Who-so mighte have[n] oon of alle,  
 It oughte him been ful leef withalle.  
 Mighte I [a] gerlond of hem geten,  
 For no richesse I wolde it leten. 1690

## The Knoppe.

Among THE KNOPPES I chees oon  
 So fair, that of the remenaunt noon  
 No preyse I half so wel as it,  
 Whan I avyse it in my wit.  
 For it so wel was enlunyned 1695  
 With colour read, as wel [y]-fyned  
 As nature couthe it make faire,  
 And it t̃had loves wel foure paire,  
 That Kinde had set through his knowing  
 About the rede t̃rose springing. 1700  
 The stalke was as risshe right,  
 And theron stood the knoppe uplight,  
 That it ne bowed upon no syde.  
 The swote smelle sprong so wyde  
 That it dide al the place aboute— 1705

## FRAGMENT B.

[Line 1705 is incomplete, as the sentence has no verb. Here the genuine portion ends.  
 Line 1706 gives a false rime, and is by another hand.]

Whan I had smelled the savour swote,  
 No wille hadde I fro thens yit go,  
 But somdel neer it wente I tho  
 To take it ; but myn hond, for drede,  
 Ne dorste I to the rose bede, 1710  
 For thistels sharpe, of many maneres,  
 Netles, thornes, and hoked breres ;

t̃Ful muche they distourbled me,  
 For sore I dradde to harmed be.  
 The God of Love, with bowe bent, 1715  
 That al day set hadde his talent  
 To pursuen and to spyen me,  
 Was standing by a fige-tree.  
 And whan he sawe how that I

Had chosen so ententifly 1720  
 The þbotoun, more unto my pay  
 Than any other that I say,  
 He took an arowe ful sharply whet,  
 And in his bowe whan it was set,  
 He streight up to his ere drough 1725  
 The stronge bowe, that was so tough,  
 And shet at me so wonder smerte,  
 That through myn eye unto myn herte  
 The takel smoot, and depe it wente.  
 And ther-with-al such cold me hente,  
 That, under clothes warme and softe, 1731  
 †Sith that day I have chevered ofto.  
 Whan I was hurt thus in [that] stounde,  
 I fel down plat unto the grounde.  
 Myn herte failed and feynted ay, 1735  
 And long tyme [ther] a-swone I lay.  
 But whan I com out of swoning,  
 And hadde wit, and my feling,  
 I was al maat, and wende ful wel  
 Of blood have loren a ful gret del. 1740  
 But certes, the arowe that in me stood  
 Of me ne drew no drope of blood,  
 For-why I found my wounde al dreye.  
 Than took I with myn hondis tweye  
 The arowe, and ful fast out it plight, 1745  
 And in the pulling sore I sight.  
 So at the last the shaft of tree  
 I drough out, with the fethers three.  
 But yet the hoked heed, y-wis,  
 The whiche Beautee callid is, 1750  
 Gan so depe in myn herte passe,  
 That I it mighte nought arace;  
 But in myn herte stille it stood,  
 Al bledde I not a drope of blood.  
 I was bothe anguissous and trouble 1755  
 For the peril that I saw double;  
 I niste what to seye or do,  
 Ne gete a leche my woundis †to;  
 For neithir thurgh gras ne rote,  
 Ne hadde I help of hope ne bote. 1760  
 But to the botoun ever-mo  
 Myn herte drew; for al my wo,  
 My thought was in non other thing.  
 For hadde it been in my keping,  
 It wolde have brought my lyf agayn. 1765  
 For †certainly, I dar wel seyn,  
 The sight only, and the savour,  
 Alegged muche of my langour.  
 Than gan I for to drawe me  
 Toward the botoun fair to see; 1770

And Love hadde gete him, in †a throwe,  
 Another arowe into his bowe,  
 And for to shete gan him dresse;  
 The arowis name was Simplese.  
 And whan that Love gan nyghe me nere,  
 He drew it up, withouten were, 1776  
 And shet at me with al his might,  
 So that this arowe anon-right  
 Thourghout [myn] eigh, as it was founde,  
 Into myn herte hath maad a wounde.  
 Thanne I anon dide al my crafte 1781  
 For to drawn out the shaifte,  
 And ther-with-al I sighed eft.  
 But in myn herte the heed was left,  
 Which ay encersid my desyre, 1785  
 Unto the botoun drawe nere;  
 And ever, mo that me was wo,  
 The more desyr hadde I to go  
 Unto the roser, where that grew  
 The fresshe botoun so bright of hewe. 1790  
 Betir me were have leten be;  
 But it bihoved nedes me  
 To don right as myn herte bad.  
 For ever the body must be lad  
 Afir the herte; in wele and wo, 1795  
 Of force togidre they must go.  
 But never this archer wolde fyne  
 To shete at me with all his pyne,  
 And for to make me to him mete.  
 The thriddle arowe began to shete 1800  
 Whan best his tyme he mighte espye,  
 The which was named Curtesye;  
 Inte myn herte it dide avale.  
 A-swone I fel, bothe deed and pale;  
 Long tyme I lay, and stired nought, 1805  
 Til I abraid out of my thought.  
 And faste than I avysed me  
 To drawe[n] out the shaifte of tree;  
 But ever the heed was left bihinde  
 For ought I couthe pulle or winde, 1810  
 So sore it stikid whan I was hit,  
 That by no craft I might it flit;  
 But anguissous and ful of thought,  
 I †felte such wo, my wounde ay wrought,  
 That somoned me alway to go 1815  
 Toward the rose, that pleased me so;  
 But I ne durste in no manere,  
 Bicause the archer was so nere.  
 For evermore gladly, as I rede,  
 Brent child of fyr hath muche drede. 1820  
 And, certis yit, for al my payne,

Though that I sigh yit arwis reyne,  
 And grounde quarels sharpe of stele,  
 Ne for no payne that I might fele,  
 Yit might I not my-silf with-holde 1825  
 The faire roser to biholde ;  
 For Love me yaf sich hardement  
 For to fulfille his commaundement.  
 Upon my feet I roos up than  
 Feble, as a forwoundid man ; 1830  
 And forth to gon [my] might I sette,  
 And for the archer nolde I lette.  
 Toward the roser fast I drow ;  
 But thornes sharpe mo than y-now  
 Ther were, and also thistels thikke, 1835  
 And breres, brimme for to prikke,  
 That I ne mighte gete grace  
 The rowe thornes for to passe,  
 To sene the roses fresshe of hewe,  
 I must abide, though it me rewe, 1840  
 The hegge aboute so thikke was,  
 That closid the roses in compas.

But o thing lyked me right wele,  
 I was so nygh, I mighte fele  
 Of the botoun the swote odour, 1845  
 And also see the fresshe colour ;  
 And that right gretly lyked me,  
 That I so neer þit mighte see.  
 Sich joye anon therof hadde I,  
 That I forgot my malady. 1850  
 To sene þit hadde I sich delyt,  
 Of sorwe and angre I was al quit,  
 And of my woundes that I had þtar ;  
 For no-thing lyken me might þmar  
 Than dwellen by the roser ay, 1855  
 And thennes never to passe away.

But whan a while I had be thar,  
 The God of Love, which al to-shar  
 Myn herte with his arwis kene,  
 þCaste him to yeve me woundis grene.  
 He shet at me ful hastily 1861  
 An arwe named Company,  
 The whiche takel is ful able  
 To make these ladies merciable.  
 Than I anon gan chaungen hewe 1865  
 For grevaunce of my wounde newe,  
 That I agayn fel in swoning,  
 And sighed sore in compleynyn.  
 Sore I compleyned that my sore  
 On me gan greven more and more. 1870  
 I had non hope of allegeaunce ;  
 So nigh I drow to desperaunce,

I rought of dethe ne of lyf,  
 Whither that love wolde me dryf.  
 If me a martir wolde he make, 1875  
 I might his power nought forsake.  
 And whyl for anger thus I wook,  
 The God of Love an arowe took ;  
 Ful sharp it was and [ful] pugnaunt,  
 And it was callid Fair-Semblaunt, 1880  
 The which in no wys wol consente,  
 That any lover him repente  
 To serve his love with herte and allo,  
 For any peril that may bifalla.  
 But though this arwe was kene grounde  
 As any rasour that is founde, 1886  
 To cutte and kerve, at the poynt,  
 The God of Love it hadde anoynt  
 With a precious oynement,  
 Somdel to yeve alleggement 1890  
 Upon the woundes that he had  
 Through the body in my herte maad,  
 To helpe hir sores, and to cure,  
 And that they may the bet endure.  
 But yit this arwe, withoute more, 1895  
 Made in myn herte a large sore,  
 That in ful gret payne I abood.  
 But ay the oynement wente abroad ;  
 Throughout my woundes large and wyde  
 It spredde aboute in every syde ; 1900  
 Through whos vertu and whos might  
 Myn herte joyful was and light.  
 I had been deed and al to-shent  
 But for the precious oynement.  
 The shaft I drow out of the arwe, 1905  
 Roking for wo right wondir narwe ;  
 But the heed which made me smerte,  
 Lette bihinde in myn herte  
 With other foure, I dar well say,  
 That never wol be take away ; 1910  
 But the oynement hup me wele.  
 And yit sich sorwe dide I fole  
 þOf my woundes fresshe and newe,  
 That al-day I chaunged hewe,  
 As men might see in my visago. 1915  
 The arwis were so fulle of rage,  
 So variaunt of diversitee,  
 That men in everich mighte see  
 Both gret anoy and eek swetnesse,  
 And joye meynt with bittirnesse, 1920  
 Now were they esy, now where they woud,  
 In hem I felte both harm and good ;  
 Now sore without alleggement,

Now †softening, with oynement ;  
It softned here, and †prikked there, 1925  
Thus ese and anger togider were.

The God of Love deliverly  
Com lepard to me hastily,  
And seide to me, in gret rape,  
'Yeld thee, for thou may not escape ! 1930  
May no defence availe thee here ;  
Therefore I rede mak no daungere.  
If thou wolt yelde thee hastily,  
Thou shalt [the] rather have mercy.

He is a fool in sikernesse, 1935  
That with daunger or stountnesse  
Rebellith ther that he shulde plesse ;  
In such folye is litel ese.

Be meek, wher thou must nedis bowe ;  
To stryve ageyn is nought thy prowre.  
Come at ones, and have y-do, 1941  
For I wol that it be so.

Than yeld thee here debonairly.'  
And I answerid ful humbly,  
'Gladly, sir ; at your bidding, 1945  
I wol me yelde in alle thing.

To your servyse I wol me take ;  
For god defende that I shulde make  
Ageyn your bidding resistance ;  
I wol not doon so gret offence ; 1950  
For if I dide, it were no skile.

Ye may do with me what ye wile,  
Save or spille, and also sloo ;  
Fro you in no wyse may I go.

My lyf, my deth, is in your honde, 1955  
I may not laste out of your bonde.  
Pleyn at your list I yelde me,

Hoping in herte, that sumtyme ye  
Comfort and ese shulle me sonde ;  
Or ellis shortly, this is the ende, 1960  
Withouten helthe I moot ay dure,

But-if ye take me to your cure.  
Comfort or helthe how shuld I have,  
Sith ye me hurte, but ye me save ?  
The helthe of †lovers moot be founde

Wher-as they token firste hir wounde.  
And if ye list of me to make 1967  
Your prisoner, I wol it take

Of herte and wil, fully at gree.  
Hoolly and pleyn I yelde me, 1970  
Withoute feyning or feyntryse,

To be governed by your emprise.  
Of you I here so much prys,  
I wol ben hool at your devys

For to fulfille your lyking 1975  
And repente for no-thing,  
Hloping to have yit in som tyde  
Mercy, of that [that] I abyde.'

And with that covenauant yeld I me,  
Anoon down kneling upon my knee, 1980  
Profering for to kisse his feet ;

But for no-thing he wolde me lete,  
And seide, 'I love thee bothe and preyse,  
Sen that thyn answer doth me ese,  
For thou answerid so curteisly. 1985

For now I wot wel uttirly,  
That thou art gentil, by thy specho.  
For though a man fer wolde seeche,  
He shulde not finden, in certeyn,

No sich answer of no vileyn ; 1990  
For sich a word ne mighte nought  
Isse out of a vilayns thought.

Thou shalt not lesen of thy speche,  
For [to] thy helping wol I eche,  
And eek encresen that I may. 1995  
But first I wol that thou obey

Fully, for thyn avauntage,  
Anon to do me here homage.  
And sithe[n] kisse thou shalt my mouth,  
Which to no vilayn was never couth 2000

For to aproche it, ne for to touche ;  
For sauf †to cherlis I no vouche  
That they shulle never neigh it nere.  
For curteys, and of fair manere,

Wel taught, and ful of gentilnesse 2005  
He muste ben, that shal me kisse,  
And also of ful high fraunchyse,  
That shal atteyne to that emprise.

'And first of o thing warno I thee,  
That payne and gret adversitee 2010  
He mot endure, and eek adversaile,  
That shal me serve, withoute faila.

But ther-ageyns, thee to comforte,  
And with thy servise to desporte,  
Thou mayst ful glad and joyful be 2015  
So good a maister to have as me,

And lord of so high renoun.  
I hero of Love the gonfanoun,  
Of Curtesye the banere ;

For I am of the silf manere, 2020  
Gentil, curteys, meek and free ;  
That who [so] ever ententif be  
Me to honoure, doute, and serve,

And also that he him observe  
Fro trespas and fro vilanye, 2025

And him governe in curtesye  
 With wil and with entencioun ;  
 For whan he first in my prisoun  
 Is caught, than muste he uttirly,  
 Fro thennes-forth ful bisily, 2030  
 Caste him gentil for to be,  
 If he desyre helpe of me.  
 Anoon withouten more delay,  
 Withouten daunger or affray,  
 I bicom his man anoon, 2035  
 And gave him thanks many a oon,  
 And kneled down with hondis joynt,  
 And made it in my port ful +quoynt ;  
 The joye wente to myn herte rote.  
 Whan I had kissed his mouth so swote,  
 I had sich mirthe and sich lyking, 2041  
 It cured me of languisshing.  
 He askid of me than hostages :—  
 'I have,' he seide, '+tan fele homages  
 Of oon and other, where I have been 2045  
 +Disceyved ofte, withouten wene.  
 These felouns, fulle of falsitee,  
 Have many sythes bigyled me,  
 And through falshede hir lust acheved,  
 Wherof I repente and am agreved, 2050  
 And I hem gete in my daungere,  
 Hir falshed shulle the bye ful dere.  
 But for I love thee, I seye thee pleyn,  
 I wol of thee be more certeyn ;  
 For thee so sore I wol now binde, 2055  
 That thou away ne shalt not winde  
 For to denyen the covenaut,  
 Or doon that is not avenaunt.  
 That thou were fals it were greet reuthe,  
 Sith thou semest so ful of treuthe.' 2060  
 'Sire, if thee list to undirstande,  
 I merveile thee asking this demande.  
 For-why or wherfore shulde ye  
 Ostages or borwis aske of me,  
 Or any other sikirnesse, 2065  
 Sith ye wote, in sothfastnesse,  
 That ye have me +surprysed so,  
 And hool myn herte +tan me fro,  
 That it wol do for me no-thing  
 But-if it be at your bidding ? 2070  
 Myn herte is yours, and myn right nought,  
 As it bihoveth, in dede and thought,  
 Redy in alle to worche your wille,  
 Whether so [it] turne to good or ille.  
 So sore it lustith you to plesse, 2075  
 No man therof may you +disseise.

Ye have theron set sich justise,  
 That it is werroyd in many wise.  
 And if ye doute it nolde obeye,  
 Ye may therof do make a keye, 2080  
 And holde it with you for ostage.'  
 'Now certis, this is noon outrage,'  
 Quoth Love, 'and fully I accord ;  
 For of the body he is ful lord  
 That hath the herte in his tresor ; 2085  
 Outrage it were to asken more.'  
 Than of his aumener he drough  
 A litel keye, fetys y-nough,  
 Which was of gold polissshed clere,  
 And seide to me, 'With this keye here  
 Thyn herte to me now wol I shette ; 2091  
 For al my jowellis loke and knette  
 I binde under this litel keye,  
 That no wight may carye awaye ;  
 This keye is ful of gret poeste.' 2095  
 With which anoon he touchid me  
 Undir the syde ful softly,  
 That he myn herte soodeynly  
 Without [al] anoy had spered,  
 That yit right nought it hath me dered.  
 Whan he had doon his wil al-out, 2101  
 And I had put him out of dout,  
 'Siro,' I seide, 'I have right gret wille  
 Your lust and plessaunce to fulfille.  
 Loke ye my servise take at gree, 2105  
 By thilke feith ye owe to me.  
 I seye nought for recreaundyse,  
 For I nought doute of your servyse.  
 But the servaunt traveileth in wayne,  
 That for to serven doth his payne 2110  
 Unto that lord, which in no wyse  
 Can him no thank for his servyse.'  
 Love seide, 'Dismaye thee nought,  
 Sin thou for succour hast me sought,  
 In thank thy servise wol I take, 2115  
 And high of +gree I wol thee make,  
 If wikkidnesse ne hindre thee ;  
 But, as I hope, it shal nought be.  
 To worship no wight by aventure  
 May come, but-if he payne endure. 2120  
 Abyde and suffre thy distresse ;  
 That hurtith now, it shal be lesse ;  
 I wot my-silf what may thee save,  
 What medicyne thou woldist have.  
 And if thy trouthe to me thou kepe, 2125  
 I shal unto thyn helping eke,  
 To cure thy woundes and make hem clene,

Wher-so they be olde or grene ;  
 Thou shalt be holpen, at wordis fewe.  
 For certeynly thou shalt wel shewe 2130  
 Wher that thou servest with good wille,  
 For to complisshen and fulfille  
 My comaundementis, day and night,  
 Whiche I to lovers yeve of right.'

'Ah, sire, for goddis love,' said I, 2135  
 'Er ye passe hens, ententify  
 Your comaundementis to me ye say,  
 And I shal kepe hem, if I may ;  
 For hem to kepen is al my thought.  
 And if so be I wot them nought, 2140  
 Than may I [sinne] unwittingly.  
 Wherefore I pray you enterly,  
 With al myn herte, me to lere,  
 That I trespasse in no manere.'

The god of love than chargid me 2145  
 Anoon, as ye shal here and see,  
 Word by word, by right emprise,  
 So as the Romance shal devyse.

The maister lesith his tyme to lere,  
 Whan the disciple wol not here. 2150  
 It is but veyn on him to swinke,  
 That on his lerning wol not thinke.  
 Who-so lust love, let him entende,  
 For now the Romance tinneth amende.  
 Now is good to here, in fay, 2155  
 If any be that can it say,

And poynte it as the resoun is  
 Set ; for other-gate, y-wis,  
 It shal nought wel in alle thing  
 Be brought to good undirstonding ; 2160  
 For a rede that poyntith ille

A good sentence may ofte spille.  
 The book is good at the ending,  
 Maad of newe and lusty thing ;  
 For who-so wol the ending here, 2165  
 The crafte of love he shal now lere,  
 If that he wol so long abyde,  
 Til I this Romance may unhyde,  
 And undo the signiffiaunce  
 Of this dreame into Romaunce. 2170

The sothfastnesse, that now is hid,  
 Without coverture shal be kid,  
 Whan I undon have this dreeming,  
 Wherin no word is of lesing.

'Vilany, at the beginning, 2175  
 I wol, t sayd Love, 'over alle thing,  
 Thou leve, if thou wolt [not] be  
 Fals, and trespasse ageynes me.

I curse and blame generally  
 Alle hem that loven vilany ; 2180  
 For vilany makith vilayn,  
 And by his dedis a cherle is seyn.  
 Thise vilayns arn without pitee,  
 Frendshipe, love, and al bounte.  
 I nil receyve t to my servyse 2185  
 Hem that ben vilayns of emprise.

'But undirstonde in thyn entent,  
 That this is not myn entendement,  
 To clepe no wight in no ages  
 Only gentil for his linages. 2190

But who-so [that] is vertuuous,  
 And in his port nought outrageous,  
 Whan sich oon thou seest thee biforn,  
 Though he be not gentil born,  
 Thou mayst wel seyn, this is t a soth, 2195

That he is gentil, because he doth  
 As longeth to a gentilman ;  
 Of hem non other deme I can.

For certeynly, withouten drede,  
 A cherle is demed by his dede, 2200  
 Of hys or lowe, as ye may see,  
 Or of what kinrede that he be.

Ne say nought, for noon yvel wille,  
 Thing that is to holden stille ;  
 It is no worship to misseye. 2205

Thou mayst ensample take of Keye,  
 That was somtyme, for misseying,  
 Hated bothe of olde and ying ;  
 As fer as Gaweyn, the worthy,  
 Was preyed for his curtesy, 2210  
 Keye was hated, for he was fel,  
 Of word dispitous and cruel.

Wherefore be wyse and aqueyntable,  
 Goodly of word, and resonable  
 Bothe to lesse and eek to mar. 2215

And whan thou comest ther men ar,  
 Loke that thou have in custom ay  
 First to salve hem, if thou may :  
 And if it falle, that of hem som  
 Salve thee first, be not dom, 2220  
 But quyte him curteisly anoon  
 Without abiding, er they goon.

'For no-thing eek thy tunge applye  
 To speke wordis of ribaudye,  
 To vilayn speche in no degree 2225  
 Lat never thy lippe unbounden be.  
 For I nought holde him, in good feith,  
 Curteys, that foule wordis seith.  
 And alle wimmen serve and preyse,



And to thy power hir honour reyse. 2230  
 And if that any missayere  
 Dispyse wimmen, that thou mayst here,  
 Blame him, and bidde him holde him stille.  
 And set thy might and al thy wille  
 Wimmen and ladies for to plesse, 2235  
 And to do thing that may hem ese,  
 That they ever speke good of thee,  
 For so thou mayst best preyed be.  
 'Loke fro pryde thou kepe thee wele;  
 For thou mayst bothe perceyve and fele,  
 That pryde is bothe foly and sinne; 2241  
 And he that pryde hath, him withinne,  
 Ne may his herte, in no wyse,  
 Meken ne souplen to servyse.  
 For pryde is founde, in every part, 2245  
 Contrarie unto Loves art.  
 And he that loveth trewely  
 Shulde him contene jolly,  
 Withouten pryde in sondry wyse,  
 And him disgyse in queyntyse. 2250  
 For queynt array, withouten drede,  
 Is no-thing proud, who takith hede;  
 For fresh array, as men may see,  
 Withouten pryde may ofte be.  
 'Mayntene thy-silf affir thy rent, 2255  
 Of robe and eek of garnement;  
 For many sythe fair clothing  
 A man amendith in mich thing.  
 And loke alwey that they be shape,  
 What garnement that thou shalt make,  
 Of him that can [hem] beste do, 2261  
 With al that perteyneth therto.  
 Poyntis and sleeves be wel sittand,  
 Right and streight upon the hand.  
 Of shoon and botes, newe and faire, 2265  
 Loke at the leest thou have a paire;  
 And that they sitte so fetisly,  
 That these rude may uttirly  
 Merveyle, sith that they sitte so pleyn,  
 How they come on or of ageyn. 2270  
 Were streite gloves, with þanmenere  
 Of silk; and alwey with good chere  
 Thou yeve, if thou have richesse;  
 And if thou have nought, spend the lesse.  
 Alwey be merry, if thou may, 2275  
 But waste not thy good alway.  
 Have hat of floures fresh as May,  
 Chapelet of roses of Whitsunday;  
 For sich array ne cost but lyte.  
 Thyn hondis wash, thy teeth make whyte,

And let no filthe upon thee be. 2281  
 Thy nailles blak if thou mayst see,  
 Voide it away deliverly,  
 And kembe thyn heed right jolly.  
 †Fard not thy visage in no wyse, 2285  
 For that of love is not th'empryse;  
 For love doth haten, as I finde,  
 A beaute that cometh not of kinde.  
 Alwey in herte I rede thee  
 Glad and mery for to be, 2290  
 And be as joyful as thou can;  
 Love hath no joye of sorrowful man.  
 That yvel is ful of curtesye  
 That †lauhwith in his maladye;  
 For ever of love the siknesse 2295  
 Is meynd with swete and bitternesse.  
 Tho sore of love is mervoilous;  
 For now the lover [is] joyous,  
 Now can he pleyne, now can he grone,  
 Now can he singen, now maken mone.  
 To-day he pleyne[n]th for hovinesse, 2301  
 To-morowe he †pleyeth for jolynesse.  
 The lyf of love is ful contrarie,  
 Which stoundemele can ofte varie.  
 But if thou canst[son] mirthis make, 2305  
 That men in gree wole gladly take,  
 Do it goodly, I comaunde thee;  
 For men sholde, wher-so-ever they be,  
 Do thing that hem [best] sitting is,  
 For therof cometh good loos and pris. 2310  
 Wher-of that thou be vertuous,  
 Ne be not straunge ne dangerous.  
 For if that thou good rider be,  
 Prike gladly, that men may se.  
 In armes also if thou conne, 2315  
 Pursue, til thou a name hast wonne.  
 And if thy voice be fair and clero,  
 Thou shalt maken no gret daungere  
 Whan to singe they goodly preye;  
 It is thy worship for to obeye. 2320  
 Also to you it longith ay  
 To harpe and giterne, daunce and play;  
 For if he can wel foote and daunce,  
 It may him greetly do avaunce.  
 Among eek, for thy lady sake, 2325  
 Songes and complayntes that thou make;  
 For that wol †meve [hem] in hir herte,  
 Whan they reden of thy smerte.  
 Loke that no man for scarce thee holde,  
 For that may greve thee many-folds. 2330  
 Resoun wol that a lover be

In his yiftes more large and free  
 Than cherles that been not of loving,  
 For who ther-of can any thing,  
 He shal be leef ay for to yeve, 2335  
 In †Loves lore who so wolde leve;  
 For he that, through a sodeyn sight,  
 Or for a kissing, anon-right  
 Yaf hool his herte in wille and thought,  
 And to him-silf kepith right nought, 2340  
 Aftir †swich yift, is good resoun,  
 He yeve his good in abandoun.

‘Now wol I shortly here reherco,  
 Of that [that] I have seid in verse,  
 Al the sentence by and by, 2345  
 In wordis fewe compendiously,  
 That thou the bet mayst on hem thinke,  
 Whether-so it be thou wake or winke;  
 For [that] the wordis litel greve  
 A man to kepo, whanne it is breve. 2350  
 ‘Who-so with Love wol goon or ryde  
 He mot be curteys, and void of pryde,  
 Mery and fulle of jolite,  
 And of largesse alsod be.

‘First I joyne thee, here in penaunce,  
 That ever, withoute repentaunce, 2356  
 Thou set thy thought in thy loving,  
 To laste withoute repenting;  
 And thenke upon thy mirthis swete,  
 That shal solowe aftir whan ye mete. 2360

‘And for thou trewe to love shalt be,  
 I wol, and [cek] comande thee,  
 That in oo place thou sette, al hool,  
 Thyn herte, withouten halfen dool,  
 For trecherie, †in sikernesse; 2365  
 For I lovede never doublenesse.  
 To many his herte that wol depart,  
 Everiche shal have but litel part.  
 But of him drede I me right nought,  
 That in oo place settith his thought. 2370  
 Therefore in oo place it sette,  
 And let it never thennes flette.  
 For if thou yevest it in leneing,  
 I holde it but a wrecchid thing:  
 Therefore yeve it hool and quyte, 2375  
 And thou shalt have the more merite.  
 If it be lent, than aftir soon,  
 The bountee and the thank is doon;  
 But, in love, free yeven thing  
 Requyryth a gret guerdoning. 2380  
 Yeve it in yift al quit fully,  
 And make thy yift debonairly;

For men that yift [wol] holde more dere  
 That yeven is with gladsome chere.  
 That yift nought to preisen is 2385  
 That man yeveth, maugre his.  
 Whan thou hast yeven thyn herte, as I  
 Have seid thee here [al] openly,  
 Than adventures shulle thee falle,  
 Which harde and hevy been withalle. 2390  
 For ofte whan thou bithenkist thee  
 Of thy loving, wher-so thou be,  
 Fro folk thou must depart in hy,  
 That noon perceyve thy malady,  
 But hyde thyn harm thou must alone, 2395  
 And go forth sole, and make thy mone.  
 Thou shalt no whyl be in oo stat,  
 But whylom cold and whylom hat;  
 Now reed as rose, now yelowe and fade.  
 Such sorowe, I trowe, thou never hade;  
 Cotidien, ne [yit] quarteyne, 2401  
 It is nat so ful of peyne.

For ofte tymes it shal falle  
 In love, among thy paynes alle,  
 That thou thy-self, al hoolly, 2405  
 Foryeten shalt so utterly,  
 That many tymes thou shalt be  
 Stille as an image of tree,  
 Dom as a stoon, without stering  
 Of foot or hond, without speking; 2410  
 Than, sone after al thy peyne,  
 To memorie shalt thou come ageyn,  
 A[s] man abasshed wondre sore,  
 And after sighen more and more.  
 For wit thou wel, withouten wene, 2415  
 In swich astat ful oft have been  
 That have the yvel of love assayd,  
 Wher-through thou art so dismayd.

‘Aftir, a thought shal take thee so,  
 That thy love is to fer thee fro: 2420  
 Thou shalt say, “God, what may this be,  
 That I ne may my lady see?”  
 Myne herte aloon is to her go,  
 And I abyde al sole in wo,  
 Departed fro myn owne thought, 2425  
 And with myne eyen see right nought.  
 Alas, myn eyen †sende I ne may,  
 My careful herte to convey!  
 Myn hertes gyde but they be,  
 I praise no-thing what ever they see. 2430  
 Shul they abyde thanne? nay;  
 But goon †visyte without delay  
 That myn herte desyareth so.

For certeynly, but-if they go,  
 A fool my-self I may wel holde, 2435  
 Whan I ne see what myn herte wolde.  
 Wherefore I wol gon her to seen,  
 Or esed shal I never been,  
 But I have som tokening."  
 Then gost thou forth without dwelling;  
 But ofte thou faylest of thy desyre, 2441  
 Er thou mayst come hir any nere,  
 And wastest in vayn thy passage.  
 Than fallest thou in a newe rage;  
 For wante of sight thou ginnest morne,  
 And homward pensif dost retorne. 2446  
 In greet mischeef than shalt thou be,  
 For than agayn shal come to thee  
 Sighes and pleyntes, with newe wo,  
 That no icching prikketh so. 2450  
 Who wot it nought, he may go lere  
 Of hem that byen love so dera.  
 'No-thing thyn herte appesen may,  
 That oft thou wolt goon and assay,  
 If thou mayst seen, by aventure, 2455  
 Thy lyves joy, thyn hertis cure;  
 So that, by grace if thou might  
 Atteyne of hir to have a sight,  
 Than shalt thou doon non other ded.  
 But with that sight thyn eyen fede. 2460  
 That faire fresh whan thou mayst see,  
 Thyn herte shal so ravished be,  
 That never thou woldest, thy thankis, lete,  
 Ne remove, for to see that swete.  
 The more thou seest in sothfastnesse, 2465  
 The more thou tooveytest of that swet-  
 nesse;  
 The more thyn herte brenneth in fyr,  
 The more thyn herte is in desyr.  
 For who considreth every del,  
 It may be lykned wondir wel, 2470  
 The peyne of love, unto a fere;  
 For ever [the] more thou neigest nere  
 †Thought, or who-so that it be,  
 For verray sothe I telle it thee,  
 The hatter ever shal thou brenne, 2475  
 As experience shal thee kenne.  
 Wher-so [thou] comest in any cost,  
 Who is next fyr, he brenneth most.  
 And yit forsothe, for al thyn hete,  
 Though thou for love swelte and swete,  
 Ne for no-thing thou felan may, 2481  
 Thou shalt not willen to passe away.  
 And though thou go, yet must thee nede

Thenke al-day on hir fairhede,  
 Whom thou bihelde with so good wille;  
 And holde thyself bigyled ille, 2486  
 That thou ne haddest non hardement  
 To shewe hir ought of thyn entent.  
 Thyn herte ful sore thou wolt dispysc,  
 And eek repreve of cowardyse, 2490  
 That thou, so dulle in every thing,  
 Were dom for drede, without speking,  
 Thou shalt eek thenke thou didest foly,  
 That thou wert hir so faste by,  
 And durst not aunter thee to say 2495  
 Som-thing, er thou cam away;  
 For thou haddist no more wonne,  
 To speke of hir whan thou bigonne:  
 But †yif she wolde, for thy sake,  
 In armes goodly thee have take, 2500  
 It shulde have be more worth to thee  
 Than of tresour greet plente.  
 'Thus shalt thou morne and eek com-  
 pleyne,  
 And gete enchesoun to goon ageyn  
 Unto thy walk, or to thy place, 2505  
 Where thou biheld hir fleshly face.  
 And never, for fals suspeioun,  
 Thou woldest finde occasioun  
 For to gon unto hir hous.  
 So art thou thanne desirous 2510  
 A sight of hir for to have,  
 If thou thine honour mightest save,  
 Or any erand mightist make  
 Thider, for thy loves sake;  
 Ful fayn thou woldist, but for drede 2515  
 Thou gost not, lest that men take heide.  
 Wherefore I rede, in thy going,  
 And also in thyn ageyn-coming,  
 Thou be wel war that men ne wit;  
 Feyne thee other cause than it 2520  
 To go that weye, or faste by;  
 To hele wel is no folye.  
 And if so be it happe thee  
 That thou thy love ther mayst see,  
 In siker wyse thou hir salewe, 2525  
 Wherwith thy colour wol transmewe,  
 And eke thy blood shal al to-quake,  
 Thy hewe eek chaungen for hir sake.  
 But word and wit, with chere ful pale,  
 Shul wante for to telle thy tale. 2530  
 And if thou mayst so fer-forth winne,  
 That thou [thy] resoun durst biginne,  
 And woldist seyn threo thingis or mo,

Thou shalt ful scarsly seyn the two.  
 Though thou bithenke thee never so wel,  
 Thou shalt foryete yit somdel, 2536  
 But-if thou dele with trecherye.  
 For fals lovers mowe al folye  
 Seyn, what hem lust, withouten drede,  
 They be so double in hir falshede; 2540  
 For they in herte kunne thenke a thing  
 And seyn another, in hir speking.  
 And whan thy speche is endid al,  
 Right thus to thee it shal bifal;  
 If any word than come to minde, 2545  
 That thou to seye hast left bihinde,  
 Than thou shalt brenne in greet martyr;  
 For thou shalt brenne as any fyr.  
 This is the stryf and eke the affray,  
 And the batail that lastith ay. 2550  
 This bargeyn ende may never take,  
 But-if that she thy pees wil make.  
 'And whan the night is comen, anon  
 A thousand angres shal come upon.  
 To bedde as fast thou wolt thee dight, 2555  
 Where thou shalt have but smal delyt;  
 For whan thou wenest for to slepe,  
 So ful of peyne shalt thou crepe,  
 Sterte in thy bedde aboute ful wyde,  
 And turne ful ofte on every syde; 2560  
 Now downward groffe, and now upright,  
 And walowe in wo the longe night;  
 Thyne armis shalt thou sprede abrede,  
 As man in werre were þforwerreyd.  
 Than shal thee come a remembraunce  
 Of hir shape and hir semblaunce 2566  
 Wherto non other may be pere.  
 And wite thou wel, withoute were,  
 That theeshal þsеме, somtyme that night,  
 That thou hast hir, that is so bright, 2570  
 Naked bitwene thyn armes there,  
 Al sothfastnesse as though it were.  
 Thou shalt make castels than in Spayne,  
 And dreme of joye, al but in vayne,  
 And thee delyten of right nought, 2575  
 Why! thou so slomrest in that thought,  
 That is so swete and delitable,  
 The which, in soth, nis but a fable,  
 For it ne shal no whyle laste.  
 Than shalt thou sighe and wepe faste, 2580  
 And say, "Dere god, what thing is this?  
 My dreme is turned al amis,  
 Which was ful swete and apparent,  
 But now I wake, it is al shent

Now yede this mery thought away! 2585  
 Twenty tymes upon a day  
 I wolde this thought wolde come ageyn,  
 For it alleggith wel my peyn.  
 It makith me ful of joyful thought,  
 It sleeth me, that it lastith noght. 2590  
 A, lord! why nil ye me socoure,  
 The joye, I trowe, that I languore?  
 The deth I wolde me shulde slo  
 Why! I lye in hir armes two.  
 Myn harm is hard, withouten wene, 2595  
 My greet unese ful ofte I mene.  
 But wolde Love do so I might  
 Have fully joye of hir so bright,  
 My peyne were quit me richely.  
 Allas, to greet a thing aske I! 2600  
 It is but foly, and wrong wening,  
 To aske so outrageous a thing.  
 And who-so askith folily,  
 He moot be warned hastily;  
 And I ne wot what I may say, 2605  
 I am so fer out of the way;  
 For I wolde have ful gret lyking  
 And ful gret joye of lasse thing.  
 For wolde she, of hir gentilnesse,  
 Withouten more, me onis kesse, 2610  
 It were to me a greet guerdoun,  
 Relees of al my passioun.  
 But it is hard to come therto;  
 Al is but foly that I do,  
 So high I have myn herte set, 2615  
 Where I may no comfort get.  
 þI noot wher I sey wel or nought;  
 But this I wot wel in my thought,  
 That it were þbet of hir aloon,  
 For to stinte my wo and moon, 2620  
 A loke on þme y-cast goodly,  
 þThan for to have, al utterly,  
 Of another al hool the play.  
 A! lord! wher I shal hyde the day  
 That ever she shal my lady be? 2625  
 He is ful cured that may hir see.  
 A! god! whan shal the dawning spring?  
 To þly thus is an angry thing;  
 I have no joye thus here to ly  
 Whan that my love is not me by. 2630  
 A man to lyen hath gret disese,  
 Which may not slepe ne reste in esu.  
 I wolde it dawed, and were now day,  
 And that the night were went away;  
 For were it day. I wolde upryse 2635

A! slowe sonne, shew thyn enpryse!  
Speed thee to sprede thy bemis bright,  
And chace the darknesse of the night,  
To putte away the stoundes stronge,  
Which in me lasten al to longe." 2640

'The night shalt thou contene so,  
Withoute rest, in payne and wo;  
If ever thou knewe of love distresse,  
Thou shalt mowe lerne in that siknesse.  
And thus enduring shalt thou ly, 2645

And ryse on morwe up erly  
Out of thy bedde, and harneys thee  
Er ever dawning thou mayst see.  
Al privily than shalt thou goon,  
What þweder it be, thy-silf aloon, 2650

For reyn, or hayl, for snow, for slete,  
Thider she dwellith that is so swete,  
The which may falle aslepe be,  
And thenkith but litel upon thee.  
Than shalt thou goon, ful foule aferd; 2655

Loke if the gate be unspere,  
And waite without in wo and peyn,  
Ful yvel a-colde in winde and reyn.  
Than shal thou go the dore bifore,  
If thou maist fynde any score, 2660

Or hole, or reft, what ever it were;  
Than shalt thou stoupe, and lay to ere,  
If they within a-slepe be;  
I mene, alle save thy lady free.  
Whom waking if thou mayst aspye, 2665

Go put thy-silf in jupartye,  
To aske grace, and thee bimene,  
That she may wite, withouten wene,  
That thou [a]night no rest hast had,  
So sore for hir thou were bistad. 2670

Wommen wel ought pite to take  
Of hem that sorwen for hir sake.  
And loke, for love of that relyke,  
That thou thenke non other lyke,  
For þwhom thou hast so greet annoy, 2675

þShal kisse thee er thou go away,  
And hold that in ful gret deyntee.  
And, for that no man shal thee see  
Bifore the hous, ne in the way,  
Loke thou be goon ageyn er day. 2680

Suche coming, and such going,  
Such hevynesse, and such walking,  
Makith lovers, withouten wene,  
Under hir clothes pale and lene,  
For Love leveth colour ne cleernesse; 2685  
Who loveth trewe hath no fatnesse.

Thou shalt wel by thy-selfe see  
That thou must nedis assayed be.  
For men that shape hem other way  
Falsly her ladies to bitray, 2690

It is no wonder though they be fat;  
With false othes hir loves they gat;  
For oft I see suche losengeours  
Fatter than abbatis or priours.

'Yet with o thing I thee charge, 2695  
That is to seye, that thou be large  
Unto the mayd that hir doth serve,  
So best hir thank thou shalt deserve.  
Yeve hir yiftes, and get hir grace,

For so thou may [hir] thank purchase, 2700  
That she thee worthy holde and free,  
Thy lady, and alle that may thee see.  
Also hir servauntos worshiye ay,  
And plesse as muche as thou may;

Gret good through hem may come to thee,  
Bicause with hir they been prive. 2706  
They shal hir telle how they thee fand  
Curteis and wys, and wol doand,  
And she shal preyse [thee] wel the þmare.

Loke out of londe thou be not þfare; 2710  
And if such cause thou have, that thee  
Bihoveth þgon out of contree,  
Leve hool thygn herte in hostage,  
Til thou ageyn make thy passage.

Thenk long to see the swete thing 2715  
That hath thygn herte in hir keping.  
'Now have I told thee, in what wyse  
A lover shal do me servyse.  
Do it than, if thou wolt have

The mede that thou affir crave.' 2720  
Whan Love al this had boden me,  
I seide him:—'Sire, how may it be  
That lovers may in such manere  
Endure the payne ye have seid here?

I merveyle me wonder faste, 2725  
How any man may live or laste  
In such payne, and such brenning,  
In sorwe and thought, and such sighing,  
Ay unrelesed wo to make,

Whether so it be they slepe or wake. 2730  
In such annoy continually,  
As helpe me god, this merveile I,  
How man, but he were maad of stele,  
Might live a month, such paynes to fale.'

The God of Love than seide me, 2735  
'Freend, by the feith I owe to thee,  
May no man have good, but he it by.

A man loveth more tendirly  
 The thing that he hath bought most dere.  
 For wite thou wel, withouten were, 2740  
 In thank that thing is taken more,  
 For which a man hath suffred sore.  
 Certis, no wo ne may atteyne  
 Unto the sore of loves payne.  
 Non yvel therto ne may amounte, 2745  
 No more than a man [may] counte  
 The drops that of the water be  
 For drye as wel the grete see  
 Thou mightist, as the harmes telle  
 Of hom that with Love dwelle 2750  
 In servyse; for payne hem sleeth,  
 And that ech man wolde fle the doeth,  
 And trowe they shulde never escape,  
 Nere that hope couthe hem make  
 Glad as man in prisoun set, 2755  
 And may not geten for to et  
 But barly-breed, and watir pure,  
 And lyeth in vermin and in ordure;  
 With alle this, yit can he live,  
 Good hope such comfort hath him yive,  
 Which maketh wene that he shal be 2761  
 Delivered and come to liberte;  
 In fortune is [his] fulle trust.  
 Though he lye in strawe or dust,  
 In hope is al his susteyning. 2765  
 And so for lovers, in hir woning,  
 Whiche Love hath shit in his prisoun;  
 Good-Hope is hir salvacioun.  
 Good-Hope, how sore that they smerte,  
 Yeveth hem bothe wille and herte 2770  
 To profe hir body to martyre;  
 For Hope so sore doth hem desyre  
 To suffre ech harm that men devyse,  
 For joye that  $\dagger$ astir shal aryse.  
 'Hope, in desire [to] cacche victorie;  
 In Hope, of love is al the glorie, 2776  
 For Hope is al that love may yive;  
 Nere Hope, ther shulde no lover live.  
 Blessid be Hope, which with desyre  
 Avaunceth lovers in such manere. 2780  
 Good-Hope is curteis for to plesse,  
 To kepe lovers from al disese.  
 Hope kepith his lond, and wol abyde,  
 For any peril that may betyde;  
 For Hope to lovers, as most cheef, 2785  
 Doth hem endure[n] al mischeef;  
 Hope is her help, whan mister is  
 And I shal yeve thee eek, y-wis,

Three other thingis, that greet solas  
 Doth to hem that be in my las. 2790  
 'The first[e] good that may be founde,  
 To hem that in my lace be bounde,  
 Is Swete-Thought, for to recorde  
 Thing wherwith thou canst accorde  
 Best in thyn herte, wher she be; 2795  
 $\dagger$ Thought in absence is good to thee.  
 Whan any lover doth compleyne,  
 And liveth in distresse and payne,  
 Than Swete-Thought shal come, as blyve,  
 Away his angre for to dryve. 2800  
 It makith lovers have remembraunce  
 Of comfort, and of high plesaunce,  
 That Hope hath bight him for to winne  
 For Thought anon than shal biginne,  
 As fer, god wot, as he can finde, 2805  
 To make a mirroure of his minde;  
 For to biholde he wol not lette.  
 Hir person he shal afore him sette,  
 Hir laughing eyen, persauant and clere,  
 Hir shape, hir fourme, hir goodly chere,  
 Hir mouth that is so gracious, 2811  
 So swete, and eek so savorous;  
 Of alle hir fetures he shal take hede,  
 His eyen with alle hir limes fede.  
 'Thus Swete-Thinking shal aswage 2815  
 The payne of lovers, and hir rage.  
 Thy joye shal double, withoute gesse,  
 Whan thou thenkist on hir semliness,  
 Or of hir laughing, or of hir chere,  
 That to thee made thy lady dere. 2820  
 This comfort wol I that thou take;  
 And if the next thou wolt forsake  
 Which is not lesse savorous,  
 Thou shuldist  $\dagger$ been to daungerous.  
 'The secounde shal be Swete-Speche,  
 That hath to many oon be leche, 2826  
 To bringe hem out of wo and were,  
 And helpe many a bachilere;  
 And many a lady sent socoure,  
 That have loved par-amour, 2830  
 Through speking, whan they mighten  
 here  
 Of hir lovers, to hem so dere.  
 To  $\dagger$ hem it voidith al hir smerte,  
 The which is closed in hir herte.  
 In herte it makith hem glad and light,  
 Speche, whan they mowe have sight. 2836  
 And therefore now it cometh to minde  
 In olde dawes, as I finde,

That clerkis writen that hir knewe,  
 Ther was a lady fresh of hewe, 2840  
 Which of hir love made a song,  
 On him for to remembre among,  
 In which she seide, "Whan that I here  
 Speken of him that is so dere,  
 To me it voidith al [my] smerte, 2845  
 Y-wis, he sit so nere myn herte.  
 To speke of him, at eve or morwe,  
 It cureth me of al my sorwe.  
 To me is noon so high plesaunce  
 As of his persone daliaunce." 2850  
 She wist ful wel that Swete-Speking  
 Comfortith in ful muche thing.  
 Hir love she had ful wel assayed,  
 Of him she was ful wel apayed ;  
 To speke of him hir joye was set. 2855  
 Therefore I rede thee that thou get  
 A felowe that can wel concele  
 And kepe thy counsel, and wel hele,  
 To whom go shewe hoolly thyn herte,  
 Bothe wele and wo, joye and smerte : 2860  
 To gete comfort to him thou go,  
 And privily, between yow two,  
 Ye shal speke of that goodly thing,  
 That hath thyn herte in hir keping ;  
 Of hir beaute and hir semblaunce, 2865  
 And of hir goodly countenaunce.  
 Of al thy state thou shalt him sey,  
 And aske him counsell how thou may  
 Do any thing that may hir plesse ;  
 For it to thee shal do gret ese, 2870  
 That he may wite thou trust him so,  
 Bothe of thy wele and of thy wo.  
 And if his herte to love be set,  
 His compagne is muche the bet,  
 For resoun wol, he shewe to thee 2875  
 Al uttirly his privite ;  
 And what she is he loveth so,  
 To thee playnly he shal undo,  
 Withoute drede of any shame,  
 Bothe telle hir renoun and hir name. 2880  
 Than shal he forther, ferre and nere,  
 And namely to thy lady dere,  
 In siker wyse ; ye, every other  
 Shal helpen as his owne brother,  
 In trounthe withoute doublenesse, 2885  
 And kepen cloos in sikernesne.  
 For it is noble thing, in fay,  
 To have a man thou darst say  
 Thy prive counsel every del ;

For that wol comfort thee right wel, 2890  
 And thou shalt holde thee wel apayed,  
 Whan such a freend thou hast assayed.  
 'The thriddle good of gret comfort  
 That yeveth to lovers most disport,  
 Comith of sight and biholding, 2895  
 That clepid is Swete-Loking,  
 The whiche may noon ese do,  
 Whan thou art fer thy lady fro ;  
 Wherefore thou prese alwey to be  
 In place, where thou mayest hir se. 2900  
 For it is thing most ameraus,  
 Most delitable and saverous,  
 For to aswage a mannes sorowe,  
 To sene his lady by the morowe.  
 For it is a ful noble thinge 2905  
 Whan thyn eyen have meting  
 With that relyke precious,  
 Wherof they be so desirous.  
 But al day after, soth it is,  
 They have no drede to faren amis, 2910  
 They dreden neither wind ne reyn,  
 Ne [yit] non other maner peyn.  
 For whan thyn eyen were thus in blis,  
 Yit of hir curtesye, y-wis,  
 Aloon they can not have hir joye, 2915  
 But to the herte they [it] convoie ;  
 Part of hir blis to him they sende,  
 Of al this harm to make an ende.  
 The eye is a good messangere,  
 Which can to the herte in such manere  
 Tidyngis sende, that [he] hath seen, 2921  
 To voide him of his peynes cleen.  
 Wherof the herte reioyseth so  
 That a gret party of his wo  
 Is voided, and put away to fight. 2925  
 Right as the derknesse of the night  
 Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,  
 Right so is al his wo ful sone  
 Devoided clene, whan that the sight  
 Biholden may that fresshe wight 2930  
 That the herte desyreth so,  
 That al his derknesse is ago ;  
 For than the herte is al at ese,  
 Whan they seen that [that] may hem plesse.  
 'Now have I +thee declared al-out, 2935  
 Of that thou were in drede and dout ;  
 For I have told thee feithfully  
 What thee may curen utterly,  
 And alle lovers that wole be  
 Feithful, and ful of stabilita. 2940

Good-Hope alwey kepe by thy syde,  
 And Swete-Thought make eek abyde,  
 Swete-Loking and Swete-Speche;  
 Of alle thyn harmes they shal be lecha.  
 Of every thou shalt have greet plesance;  
 If thou canst byde in sufferance, 2946  
 And serve wel without feyntise,  
 Thou shalt be quit of thyn emprise,  
 With more guerdoun, if that thou live;  
 But al this tyme this I thee yive.' 2950

The God of Love whan al the day  
 Had taught me, as ye have herd say,  
 And enfourmed compendiously,  
 He vanished away al soleylny,  
 And I alone lefte, al sole, 2955  
 So ful of compleynt and of dolo,  
 For I saw no other man ther me by.  
 My woundes me greved wondirly;  
 Me for to curen no-thing I knew,  
 Save the botoun bright of hew, 2960  
 Wheron was set hoolly my thought;  
 Of other comfort knew I nought,  
 But it were through the God of Love;  
 I knew nat elles to my bihove  
 That might me ese or comfort gete, 2965  
 But-if he wolde him entermete.

The roser was, withoute doute,  
 Closed with an hegge withoute,  
 As ye to-forn have herd me seyn;  
 And fast I bisied, and wolde fayn 2970  
 Have passed the haye, if I might  
 Have gotten in by any slight  
 Unto the botoun so fair to see.  
 But ever I dradde blamed to be,  
 If men wolde have suspeccioun 2975  
 That I wolde of entencioun  
 Have stole the roses that ther were;  
 Therefore to entre I was in fere.  
 But at the last, as I bithought  
 Whether I sholde passe or nought, 2980  
 I saw com with a gladd chere  
 To me, a lusty bachelere,  
 Of good stature, and of good hight,  
 And Bialacoil forsothe he hight.  
 Sone he was to Curtesy, 2985  
 And he me graunted ful gladly  
 The passage of the outer hay,  
 And seide:—'Sir, how that ye may  
 Passe, if [it] your will be,  
 The fresshe roser for to see, 2990  
 And ye the swete savour fela.

Your þ warrant may [I be] right wele;  
 So thou thee kepe fro folye,  
 Shal no man do thee vilanye.  
 If I may helpe you in ought, 2995  
 I shal not feyne, dredeth nought;  
 For I am bounde to your servyse,  
 Fully devoide of feyntise.  
 Than unto Bialacoil saide I,  
 'I thank you, sir, ful hertely, 3000  
 And your biheest [I] take at gree,  
 That ye so goodly profer me;  
 To you it cometh of greet fraunchyse,  
 That ye me profer your servyse.'  
 Than aftir, ful deliverly, 3005  
 Through the breres anon wente I,  
 Wherof encombred was the hay.  
 I was wel plesed, the soth to say,  
 To see the botoun fair and swote,  
 So fresshe spronge out of the rote. 3010  
 And Bialacoil me served wel,  
 Whan I so nygh me mighte fele  
 Of the botoun the swete odour,  
 And so lusty hewed of colour.  
 But than a cherl (foule him bityde!) 3015  
 Bisyde the roses gan him hyde,  
 To kepe the roses of that roser,  
 Of whom the name was Daunger.  
 This cherl was hid there in the greves,  
 Covered with grasse and with leves, 3020  
 To spye and take whom that he fond  
 Unto that roser putte an hond.  
 He was not sole, for ther was mo;  
 For with him were other two  
 Of wikked maners, and yvel fame. 3025  
 That oon was clepid, by his name,  
 Wikked-Tonge, god yeve him sorwe '  
 For neither at eve, ne at morwe,  
 He can of no man [no] good speke,  
 On many a just man doth he wreke. 3030  
 Ther was a womman eek, that hight  
 Shame, that, who can reken right,  
 Trespas was hir fadir name,  
 Hir moder Resoun; and thus was Shame  
 [On lyve] brought of these ilk two. 3035  
 And yet had Trespas never ado  
 With Resoun, ne never ley hir by,  
 He was so hidous and ngly,  
 I mene, this that Trespas hight;  
 But Resoun conceyved, of a sight, 3040  
 Shame, of that I spak afor.  
 And whan that Shame was thus born,



It was ordeyned, that Chastitee  
 Shulde of the roser lady be,  
 Which, of the botouns more and las, 3045  
 With sondry folk assailed was,  
 That she ne wiste what to do.  
 For Venus hir assailith so,  
 That night and day from hir she stal  
 Botouns and roses over-al. 3050  
 To Resoun than prayeth Chastitee,  
 Whom Venus flamed over the see,  
 That she hir daughter wolde hir lene,  
 To kepe the roser fresh and grene.  
 Anoon Resoun to Chastitee 3055  
 Is fully assented that it be,  
 And grauntid hir, at hir request,  
 That Shame, bicause she is honest,  
 Shal keper of the roser be.  
 And thus to kepe it ther were thre, 3060  
 That noon shulde hardy be ne bold  
 (Were he yong, or were he old)  
 Ageyn hir wille away to bere  
 Botouns ne roses, that ther were.  
 I had wel sped, had I not been 3065  
 Awayted with these thre, and seen.  
 For Bialacoil, that was so fair,  
 So gracious and debonair,  
 Quitte him to me ful curteisly,  
 And, me to plesse, bad that I 3070  
 Shalld drawe me to the botoun nere;  
 Prese in, to touche the rosere  
 Which bar the roses, he yaf me leve;  
 This graunt ne might but litel greve.  
 And for he saw it lyked me, 3075  
 Right nygh the botoun pullede he  
 A leef al grene, and yaf me that,  
 The which ful nygh the botoun sat;  
 I made [me] of that leef ful queynt.  
 And when I felte I was aqeynt 3080  
 With Bialacoil, and so prive,  
 I wende al at my wille had be.  
 Then wex I hardy for to tel  
 To Bialacoil how me bifel  
 Of Love, that took and wounded me, 3085  
 And seide: 'Sir, so mote I thee,  
 I may no joye have in no wyse,  
 Upon no syde, but it ryse;  
 For sithe (if I shal not feyne)  
 In herte I have had so gret payne, 3090  
 So gret annoy, and such affray,  
 That I ne wot what I shal say;  
 I drede your wrath to disserve.

Lever me were, that knyves kerve  
 My body shulde in pecis smalle, 3095  
 Than in any wyse it shulde falle  
 That ye wratthed shulde been with me.  
 'Sey boldely thy willo,' quod he,  
 'I nil be wroth, if that I may, 3099  
 For nought that thou shalt to me say.'  
 Thanne seide I, 'Sir, not you displese  
 To knowen of my greet unese,  
 In which only love hath me brought;  
 For peynes greet, disese and thought,  
 Fro day to day he doth me drye; 3105  
 Supposeth not, sir, that I lye.  
 In me fyve woundes dide he make,  
 The sore of whiche shal never slake  
 But ye the botoun graunte me,  
 Which is most passaunt of beautee, 3110  
 My lyf, my deth, and my martyre,  
 And tresour that I most desyre.'  
 Than Bialacoil, affrayed all,  
 Seyde, 'Sir, it may not fall;  
 That ye desire, it may not fryse. 3115  
 What? wolde ye shende me in this wyse?  
 A mochel foole than I were,  
 If I suffrid you away to bere  
 The fresh botoun, so fair of sight.  
 For it were neither skile no right 3120  
 Of the roser ye broke the rind,  
 Or take the rose aform his kind;  
 Ye ar not courteys to aske it.  
 Lat it stil on the roser sit,  
 And trowe til it amended be, 3125  
 And parfitly come to beaute.  
 I nolde not that it pulled wer  
 Fro the roser that it ber,  
 To me it is so leef and dere.'  
 With that sterte out anoon Daungere,  
 Out of the place where he was hid. 3131  
 His malice in his chere was kid;  
 Ful greet he was, and blak of hewe,  
 Sturdy and hidous, who-so him knewe;  
 Like sharp urchouns his here was growe,  
 His eyes trede as the fire-glow; 3136  
 His nose frounced ful kirked stood,  
 He com criand as he were wood,  
 And seide, 'Bialacoil, tel me why  
 Thou bringest hider so boldly 3140  
 Him that so nygh [is] the roser?  
 Thou worchist in a wrong maner;  
 He thenkith to dishonour thee,  
 Thou art wel worthy to have mangree

To late him of the roser wit ; 3145  
 Who serveth a feloun is yvel quit.  
 Thou woldist have doon greet bountee,  
 And he with shame wolde quyte thee.  
 Flee hennes, felowe ! I rede thee go !  
 It wanteth litel þat I wol thee slo ; 3150  
 For Bialacoil ne knewe thee nought,  
 Whan thee to serve he sette his thought ;  
 For thou wolt shame him, if thou might,  
 Bothe ageyn resoun and right.  
 I wol no more in thee affye, 3155  
 That comest so slyghly for tespye ;  
 For it preveth wonder wel,  
 Thy slight and tresoun every del.'

I durst no more ther make abode,  
 For the cherl, he was so wode ; 3160  
 So gan he threten and manace,  
 And thurgh the haye he did me chace.  
 For feer of him I tremblid and quook,  
 So cherlishly his heed he shook ;  
 And seide, if eft he might me take, 3165  
 I shulde not from his hondis scape.

Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,  
 And I al sole, disconsolate,  
 Was left aloun in payne and thought ;  
 For shame, to deth I was nygh brought.  
 Than thought I on myn high foly, 3171  
 How that my body, utterly,  
 Was yeve to payne and to martyre ;  
 And therto hadde I so gret yre,  
 That I ne durst the hayes passe ; 3175  
 There was non hope, there was no grace.  
 I trowe never man wisto of payne,  
 But he were laced in Loves cheyne ;  
 Ne no man [wot], and sooth it is,  
 But-if he love, what anger is. 3180  
 Love holdith his heest to me right wele,  
 Whan payne he seide I shulde fele,  
 Non herte may thanke, ne tunge seyne,  
 A quarter of my wo and payne.  
 I might not with the anger laste ; 3185  
 Myn herte in poynnt was for to braste,  
 Whan I thought on the rose, that so  
 Was through Daunger cast me fro.

A long whyl stood I in that state,  
 Til that me saugh so mad and mate 3190  
 The lady of the highe ward,  
 Which from hir tour lokid thiderward.  
 Resoun men clepe that lady,  
 Which from hir tour deliverly  
 Come down to me withouten more. 3195

G.C.

But she was neither yong, ne hore,  
 Ne high ne low, ne fat ne lene,  
 But best, as it were in a mene.  
 Hir eyen two were cleer and light  
 As any candel that brenneth bright ; 3200  
 And on hir heed she hadde a crown.  
 Hir semede wel an high persoun ;  
 For rounde enviroon, hir crownet  
 Was ful of riche stonis fret.  
 Hir goodly semblaunt, by devys, 3205  
 I trowe were maad in paradys ;  
 þat Nature had never such a grace,  
 To forge a werk of such conapace.  
 For certeyn, þat but the letter lye,  
 God him-silf, that is so high, 3210  
 Made hir aftir his image,  
 And yaf hir sith sich avauntage,  
 That she hath might and seignorye  
 To kepe men from al folye ;  
 Who-so wole trowe hir lore, 3215  
 Ne may offenden nevermore.

And whyl I stood thus derk and pale,  
 Resoun bigan to me hir tale ;  
 She seide : ' Al hayl, my swete frend !  
 Foly and childhood wol thee shend, 3220  
 Which thee have put in greet affray ;  
 Thou hast bought dere the tyme of May,  
 That made thyn herte mery to be.  
 In yvel tyme thou wentist to see  
 The gardin, wherof Ydilnesse 3225  
 Bar the keye, and was maistresse  
 Whan thou yedest in the daunce  
 With hir, and hadde[st] aqueyntaunce :  
 Hir aqueyntaunce is perilous,  
 First softe, and aftir[ward] nyouous ; 3230  
 She hath [thee] trashed, without ween ;  
 The God of Love had thee not seen,  
 Ne hadde Ydilnesse thee conveyed  
 In the verger where Mirthe him played.  
 If Foly have surprised thee, 3235  
 Do so that it recovered be ;  
 And be wel war to take no more  
 Counsel, that greveth aftir sore ;  
 He is wys that wol himsilf chastyse.  
 And though a young man in any wyse  
 Trespace among, and do foly, 3241  
 Lat him not tarye, but hastily  
 Lat him amende what so be mis.  
 And eek I counseile thee, y-wis,  
 The God of Love hoolly foryet, 3245  
 That hath thee in sich payne set,

And thee in herte tormented so.  
 I can nat seen how thou mayst go  
 Other weyes to garrisoun ;  
 For Daunger, that is so feloun, 3250  
 Felly purposith thee to werrey,  
 Which is ful cruel, the soth to sey.  
 'And yit of Daunger cometh no blame,  
 In reward of my doughter Shame,  
 Which hath the roses in hir warde, 3255  
 As she that may be no musarde.  
 And Wikked-Tunge is with these two,  
 That suffrih no man thider go ;  
 For er a thing be do, he shal,  
 Where that he cometh, over-al, 3260  
 In fourty places, if it be sought,  
 Seye thing that never was doon ne  
 wrought ;  
 So moche tresoun is in his male,  
 Of falsnesse for to þeyne a tale.  
 Thou delest with angry folk, y-wis ; 3265  
 Wherfor to thee [it] bettir is  
 From these folk away to fare,  
 For they wol make thee live in care.  
 This is the yvel that Love they calle,  
 Wherin ther is but foly alle, 3270  
 For love is foly everydel ;  
 Who loveth, in no wyse may do wel,  
 Ne sette his thought on no good werk.  
 His scole he leaith, if he þe clerk ;  
 Of other craft eek if he be, 3275  
 He shal not thryve therin ; for he  
 In love shal have more passioun  
 Than monke, hermyte, or chanoun.  
 The peyne is hard, out of mesure,  
 The joye may eek no whyl endure ; 3280  
 And in the possessioun  
 Is muche tribulacioun ;  
 The joye it is so short-lasting,  
 And but in happe is the geting ;  
 For I see ther many in travaille, 3285  
 That atte laste foule fayle.  
 I was no-thing thy counselor,  
 Whan thou were maad the homager  
 Of God of Love to hastily ;  
 Ther was no wisdom, but foly. 3290  
 Thyn herte was joly, but not sage,  
 Whan thou were brought in sich a rage,  
 To yelde thee so redily,  
 And to Love, of his gret maistry.  
 'I rede thee Love away to dryve, 3295  
 That makith thee recche not of thy lyve.

The foly more fro day to day  
 Shal growe, but thou it putte away.  
 Take with thy teeth the bridel faste,  
 To daunte thyn herte ; and eek thee caste,  
 If that thou mayst, to gete þe defence 3301  
 For to redresse thy first offence.  
 Who-so his herte alwey wol love,  
 Shal finde among that shal him greve.'  
 Whan I hir herd thus me chastyse, 3305  
 I answerd in ful angry wyse.  
 I prayed hir cessen of hir speche,  
 Outher to chastyse me or teche,  
 To bidde me my thought refreyne,  
 Which Love hath caught in his de-  
 meyne :— 3310  
 'What ? wene ye Love wol consent,  
 That me assailith with bowe bent,  
 To draw myn herte out of his honde,  
 Which is so quikly in his bonde ?  
 That ye counsaile, may never be ; 3315  
 For whan he first arested me,  
 He took myn herte so hool him til,  
 That it is no-thing at my wil ;  
 He þaughte it so him for to obey,  
 That he it sparred with a key. 3320  
 I pray yow lat me be al stille.  
 For ye may wel, if that ye wille,  
 Your wordis waste in idilnesse,  
 For utterly, withouten gesse,  
 Al that ye seyn is but in veyne. 3325  
 Me were lever dye in the peyne,  
 Than Love to me-ward shulde arette  
 Falsheed, or tresoun on me sette.  
 I wol me gete prys or blame,  
 And love trewe, to save my name ; 3330  
 þ'Who me chastysith, I him hate.'  
 With that word Resoun wente hir gate,  
 Whan she saugh for no sermoning  
 She might me fro my foly bring.  
 Than dismayed, I left al sool, 3335  
 Forwery, forwardred as a fool,  
 For I ne knew no þechevisaunce,  
 Than fel into my remembraunce,  
 How Love bade me to purveye  
 A felowe, to whom I mighte seye 3340  
 My counsel and my privitye,  
 For that shulde muche availe me.  
 With that bithought I me, that I  
 Hadde a felowe faste by,  
 Trewe and siker, curteys, and hend, 3345  
 And he was called by name a Freend ;

A trewer felowe was no-where noon.  
 In haste to him I wente anon,  
 And to him al my wo I tolde,  
 Fro him right nought I wold withholde.  
 I tolde him al withoute were, 3351  
 And made my compleynt on Daungere,  
 How for to see he was hidous,  
 And to-me-ward contrarious;  
 The whiche through his cruelte 3355  
 Was in poynt to have meyned me;  
 With Bialacoil whan he me sey  
 Within the gardyn walke and play,  
 Fro me he made him for to go,  
 And I bilesfe aloon in wo; 3360  
 I durst no longer with him speke,  
 For Daunger seide he wolde be wreke,  
 Whan that he sawe how I wente  
 The fresshe botoun for to hente,  
 If I were hardy to come neer 3365  
 Bitwene the hay and the roser.

This Freend, whan he wiste of my  
 thought,  
 He discomforted me right nought,  
 But seide, 'Felowe, be not so mad,  
 Ne so abaysshed nor bistad. 3370  
 My-silf I knowe ful wel Daungere,  
 And how he is feers of his chere,  
 At prime temps, Love to manace;  
 Ful ofte I have ben in his cas.  
 A feloun first though that he be, 3375  
 Aftir thou shalt him souple see.  
 Of long passed I knew him wele;  
 Ungoodly first though men him fele,  
 He wol meek aftir, in his bering,  
 Been, for service and obeysshing. 3380  
 I shal thee telle what thou shalt do :-  
 Mekely I rede thou go him to,  
 Of herte pray him specialy  
 Of thy trespass to have mercy,  
 And hote him wel, [him] here to plesce, 3385  
 That thou shalt nevermore him displese.  
 Who can best serve of flattery,  
 Shal plesce Daunger most uttirly.'

My Freend hath seid to me so wel,  
 That he me esid hath somdel, 3390  
 And eek allegged of my torment;  
 For through him had I hardement  
 Agayn to Daunger for to go,  
 To prove if I might meke him so.  
 To Daunger cam I, al ashamed, 3395  
 The which afor me hadde blamed,

Desyryng for to pese my wo;  
 But over hegge durst I not go,  
 For he forbad me the passaga.  
 I fond him cruel in his rage, 3400  
 And in his hond a gret burdoun.  
 To him I knelid lowe adoun,  
 Ful meke of port, and simple of chere,  
 And seide, 'Sir, I am comen here  
 Only to aske of you mercy. 3405  
 That greveth me, [sir], ful gretly  
 That ever my lyf I wratthed you,  
 But for to amende I am come now,  
 With al my might, bothe loude and stille,  
 To doon right at your owne wille; 3410  
 For Love made me for to do  
 That I have trespassed hidirto;  
 Fro whom I ne may withdrawe myn  
 herte;

Yit shal I never, for joy ne smerte,  
 What so bifalle, good or ille, 3415  
 Offende more ageyn your wille.  
 Lever I have endure disese  
 Than do that shulde you displese.  
 'I you require and pray, that ye  
 Of me have mercy and pitee, 3420  
 To stinte your yre that greveth so,  
 That I wol swere for evermo  
 To be redressid at your lyking,  
 If I trespasse in any thing;  
 Save that I pray thee graunte me 3425  
 A thing that may nat warned be,  
 That I may love, al only;  
 Non other thing of you aske I.  
 I shal doon elles wel, y-wis,  
 If of your grace ye graunte me this. 3430  
 And ye [ne] may not letten me,  
 For wel wot ye that love is free,  
 And I shal loven, þsith that I wil,  
 Who-ever lyke it wel or il;  
 And yit no wold I, for al Fraunce, 3435  
 Do thing to do you displesaunce.'

Than Daunger fil in his entent  
 For to foryeve his maltalent;  
 But al his wratthe yit at laste  
 He lath relese, I preyd so faste: 3440  
 Shortly he seide, 'Thy request  
 Is not to mochel dishonest;  
 Ne I wol not werne it thee,  
 For yit no-thing engreveth me,  
 For though thou love thus evermore, 3445  
 To me is neither softe ne sore,

Love þ'wher thes list; what recchith me,  
So [thou] fer fro my roses be?  
Trust not on me, for noon assay,  
In any tyme to passe the hay.' 3450  
Thus hath he graunted my prayere.

Than wente I forth, withonten were,  
Unto my Freend, and tolde him al,  
Which was right joyful of my tale.  
Heseide, 'Nowgoth wel thyn affaire, 3455  
He shal to thes be debonaire.  
Though he asorn was dispitous,  
He shal heeraftir be gracious.  
If he were touchid on som good veyne,  
He shuld yit rewen on thy peyne. 3460  
Suffre, I rede, and no boost make,  
Til thou at good mes mayst him take.  
By suffraunce, and [by] wordis softe,  
A man may overcome[n] ofte  
Him that asorn he haddo in drede, 3465  
In bookis sothly as I rede.'

Thus hath my Freend with gret com-  
fort  
Avanuced me with high disport,  
Which wolde me good as mich as I.  
And thanne anon ful sodeynly 3470  
I took my levo, and streight I went  
Unto the hay; for gret talent  
I had to seen the fresh botoun,  
Wherin lay my salvacioun;  
And Daunger took kepe, if that I 3475  
Kepe him covenant trewly.  
So sore I dradde his manasing,  
I durst not breke[n] his bidding;  
For, lest that I were of him shent,  
I brak not his comaundement, 3480  
For to purchase his good wil.  
It was [hard] for to come ther-til,  
His mercy was to fer bilinde;  
I wepte, for I ne might it findo.  
I compleyned and sighed sore, 3485  
And languished evermore,  
For I durst not over go  
Unto the rose I loved so,  
Thurghout my deming outerly,  
þ'Than had he knowlege certainly, 3490  
þ'That Love me ladde in sich a wyse,  
That in me ther was no feyntyse,  
Falsheed, ne no trecherye.  
And yit he, ful of vilanye,  
Of disdeyne, and cruelte, 3495  
On me ne wolde have pite,

His cruel wil for to refreyne,  
Though I wepo alwey, and þ'compleyne.  
And while I was in this torment,  
Were come of grace, by god sent, 3500  
Fraunchyse, and with hir Pite  
Fulfilde the botoun of bountee  
They go to Daunger anon-right  
To forther me with al hir might,  
And helpe in worde and in dede, 3505  
For wel they saugh that it was nede.  
First, of hir grace, dame Fraunchyse  
Hath taken [word] of this emprise:  
She seide, 'Daunger, gret wrong ye do  
To worche this man so muche wo, 3510  
Or pynen him so angerly;  
It is to you gret vilany.  
I can not see why, ne how,  
That he hath trespassed ageyn you,  
Save that he loveth; wherfore ye shulde  
The more in cherete of him holde. 3516  
The force of love makith him do this;  
Who wolde him blame he dide amis?  
He leseth more than ye may do;  
His peyne is hard, ye may see, lo! 3520  
And Love in no wyse wolde consente  
That þ'he have power to repente;  
For though that quik ye wolde him sloo,  
Fro Love his herte may not go.  
Now, swete sir, þ'is it your ese 3525  
Him for to angre or disese?  
Allas, what may it you avance  
To doon to him so greet grovaunce?  
What worship is it agayn him take,  
Or on your man a werre make, 3530  
Sith he so lowly every wyse  
Is redy, as ye lust devyse?  
If Love hath caught him in his lace,  
You for t'obeye in every caas,  
And been your suget at your wille, 3535  
Shulde ye therfore willen him ille?  
Ye shulde him spare more, al-out,  
Than him that is bothe proud and stout.  
Curtesye wol that ye socour  
Hem that ben meke undir your cure. 3540  
His herte is hard, that wole not meke,  
Whan men of mekenesse him biseke.'  
'That is certeyn,' seide Pite;  
'We see ofte that humilitee  
Bothe ire, and also felonye 3545  
Venquissheth, and also melancolye;  
To stonde forth in such duresse,

This crueltee and wikkednesse.  
 Wherefore I pray you, sir Daungere,  
 For to mayntene no lenger here 3550  
 Such cruel werre agayn your man,  
 As hoolly youres as ever he can;  
 Nor that ye worchen no more wo  
 †On this caytif that languissith so,  
 Which wol no more to you trespasse, 3555  
 But put him hoolly in your grace.  
 His offense ne was but lyte;  
 The God of Love it was to wyte,  
 That he your thral so gretly is,  
 And if ye harm him, ye doon amis; 3560  
 For he hath had ful hard penaunce,  
 Sith that ye reite him th'aqueyntaunce  
 Of Bialacoil, his moste joye,  
 Which alle his peynes might acoye.  
 He was biforn anoyed sore, 3565  
 But than ye doubled him wel more;  
 For he of blis hath ben ful bare,  
 Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare.  
 Love hath to him do greet distresse,  
 He hath no nede of more durosse, 3570  
 Voideth from him your ire, I rede;  
 Ye may not winnen in this dede.  
 Maketh Bialacoil repaire ageyn,  
 And haveth pite upon his peyn;  
 For Fraunchise wol, and I, Pite, 3575  
 That merciful to him ye be;  
 And sith that she and I accorde,  
 Have upon him misericorde;  
 For I you pray, and eek moneste,  
 Nought to refusen our requeste; 3580  
 For he is hard and fel of thought,  
 That for us two wol do right nought.  
 Daunger ne might no more endure,  
 He meked him unto mesure.  
 'I wol in no wyse,' seith Daungere, 3585  
 'Denye that ye have asked here;  
 It were to greet uncurtosye.  
 I wol ye have the companye  
 Of Bialacoil, as ye devyse;  
 I wol him lette[n] in no wyse.' 3590  
 To Bialacoil than wente in hy  
 Fraunchyse, and seide ful curteisly:—  
 'Ye have to longe be deignous  
 Unto this lover, and daungerous,  
 Fro him to withdrawe your presence, 3595  
 Which hath do to him grete offence,  
 That ye not wolde upon him see;  
 Wherefore a sorowful man is he.

Shape ye to paye him, and to plesse,  
 Of my love if ye wol have esa. 3600  
 Fulfil his wil, sith that ye knowe  
 Daunger is daunted and brought lowe  
 Thurgh help of me and of Pite;  
 You †thar no more afered be.  
 'I shal do right as ye wil,' 3605  
 Saith Bialacoil, 'for it is skil,  
 Sith Daunger wol that it so be.'  
 Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me  
 Bialacoil at the biginning  
 Salued me in his coming. 3610  
 No straungenes was in him seen,  
 No more than he ne had wrathed been.  
 As faire semblaunt than showed he me.  
 And goodly, as aforid did he;  
 And by the honde, withouten doute, 3615  
 Within the haye, right al aboute  
 He ladde me, with right good chere,  
 Al environ the vergere,  
 That Daunger had me chased fro.  
 Now have I leve over-al to go; 3620  
 Now am I raised, at my devys,  
 Fro helle unto paradys.  
 Thus Bialacoil, of gentilnesse,  
 With alle his peyne and besinesse,  
 Hath shewed me, only of grace, 3625  
 The estres of the swote place.  
 I saw the rose, when I was nigh,  
 Was gretter woxen, and more high,  
 Fresh, rody, and fair of hewe,  
 Of colour ever yliche newe. 3630  
 And whan I had it longe seen,  
 I saugh that through the leves grene  
 The rose spredde to spanishing;  
 To sene it was a goodly thing.  
 But it ne was so spred on brede, 3635  
 That men within might knowe the sede;  
 For it covert was and [en]close  
 Bothe with the leves and with the rose.  
 The stalk was even and grene upright.  
 It was theron a goodly sight; 3640  
 And wel the better, withouten wene,  
 For the seed was not [y]-sene.  
 Ful faire it spradde, †god it blesse!  
 For suche another, as I gesse,  
 Aforid ne was, ne more vermayle. 3645  
 I was abawed for mervyle,  
 For ever, the fairer that it was,  
 The more I am bounden in Loves laas  
 Longe I abod there, soth to saye.

Til Bialacoil I gan to praye, 3650  
 Whan that I saw him in no wyse  
 To me warnen his servyse,  
 That he me wolde graunte a thing,  
 Which to remembre is wel sitting ;  
 This is to sayne, that of his grace 3655  
 He wolde me yeve leyser and space  
 To me that was so desirous  
 To have a kissing precious  
 Of the goodly freshe rose,  
 That þætswetely smelleth in my nose ; 3660  
 'For if it you displeas nought,  
 I wolde gladly, as I have sought,  
 Have a cos therof freely  
 Of your yeft ; for certainly  
 I wol non have but by your leve, 3665  
 So loth me were you for to greve.'

He sayde, 'Frend, so god me spede,  
 Of Chastite I have suche drede,  
 Thou shuldest not warned be for me,  
 But I dar not, for Chastite. 3670  
 Agayn hir dar I not misdo,  
 For alwey biddeth she me so  
 To yeve no lover leve to kisse ;  
 For who therto may winnen, y-wis,  
 He of the surplus of the pray 3675  
 May live in hope to get som day.  
 For who so kissing may attayne,  
 Of loves payne hath, soth to sayne,  
 The beste and most avenaunt,  
 And earnest of the remenaunt.' 3680

Of his answer he syghed sore ;  
 I durst assaye him tho no more,  
 I had such drede to greve him ay.  
 A man shulde not to muche assaye  
 To chafe his frend out of mesure, 3685  
 Nor put his lyf in aventure ;  
 For no man at the firste stroke  
 Ne may nat felle down an oke ;  
 Nor of the reysins have the wyne,  
 Til grapes þætpe and wel afyne 3690  
 Be sore empressid, I you ensure,  
 And drawn out of the pressure.  
 But I, forpeyned wonder stronge,  
 þætThought that I abood right longe  
 Afir the kis, in payne and wo, 3695  
 Sith I to kis desyred so :  
 Til that, þætrewing on my distresse,  
 Ther þætto me Venus the goddessse,  
 Which ay werreyeth Chastite,  
 Came of hir grace, to socoure me, 3700

Whos might is knowe fer and wyde,  
 For she is modir of Cupyde,  
 The God of Love, blinde as stoon,  
 That helpith lovers many oon.  
 This lady brought in hir right hond 3705  
 Of brenning fyr a blasing brond ;  
 Wherof the flawme and hote fyr  
 Hath many a lady in desyr  
 Of love brought, and sore het,  
 And in hir servise hir þætertes set. 3710  
 This lady was of good entayle,  
 Right wonderful of apparayle ;  
 By hir atyre so bright and shene,  
 Men might perceyve wel, and seen,  
 She was not of religioun. 3715  
 Nor I nil make mencion  
 Nor of [hir] robe, nor of tresour,  
 Of broche, þæt nor of hir riche attour ;  
 Ne of hir girdil aboute hir ayde,  
 For that I nil not long abyde. 3720  
 But knowith wel, that certeynly  
 She was arayed richely.  
 Devoyd of pryde certeyn she was ;  
 To Bialacoil she wente a pas,  
 And to him shortly, in a clause, 3725  
 She seide : 'Sir, what is the cause  
 Ye been of port so daungerous  
 Unto this lover, and deynous,  
 To graunte him no-thing but a kis ?  
 To werne it him ye doon amis ; 3730  
 Sith wel ye wote, how that he  
 Is Loves servaunt, as ye may see,  
 And hath beaute, wher-through [he] is  
 Worthy of love to have the blis.  
 How he is semely, biholde and see, 3735  
 How he is fair, how he is free,  
 How he is swote and debonair,  
 Of age yong, lusty, and fair.  
 Ther is no lady so hauteyne,  
 Duchesse, countesse, ne chasteleyne, 3740  
 That I nolde holde hir ungoodly  
 For to refuse him outery.  
 His breeth is also good and swete,  
 And eke his lippis rody, and mete  
 Only to þætpleyn, and to kisse. 3745  
 Graunte him a kis, of gentillesse !  
 His teeth arn also whyte and clene ;  
 Me thinkith wrong, withouten wene,  
 If ye now werne him, trustith me,  
 To graunte that a kis have he ; 3750  
 The lasse þætto helpe him that ye haste,

The more tyme shul ye waste.'

Whan the flawme of the verry brond,  
That Venus brought in hir right hond,  
Had Bialacoil with hete smete, 3755  
Anoon he þad, withouten lette,  
Graunte to me the rose kisse.  
Than of my peyne I gan to lisse,  
And to the rose anoon wente I,  
And kissid it ful feithfully. 3760  
Thar no man aske if I was blythe,  
Whan the savour soft and lythe  
Strook to myn herte withoute more,  
And me alegged of my sore,  
So was I ful of joye and blisse. 3765  
It is fair sich a flour to kisse,  
It was so swote and saverous.  
I might not be so anguissous,  
That I mote glad and joly be,  
Whan that I remembre me. 3770  
Yit ever among, sothly to seyn,  
I suffre noye and moche peyn.

The see may never be so stil,  
That with a litel winde it þnil  
Overwhelme and turne also, 3775  
As it were wood, in wawis go.  
Aftir the calm the trouble sone  
Mot folowe, and change as the mone.  
Right so fareth Love, that selde in oon  
Holdith his anker; for right anoon 3780  
Whan they in ese wene best to live,  
They been with tempest al fordrive.  
Who serveth Love, can telle of wo;  
The stoundemele joye mot overgo.  
Now he hurteth, and now he cureth, 3785  
For selde in oo poynt Love endureth.

Now is it right me to procede,  
How Shame gan medle and take hede,  
Thurgh whom felle angres I have had;  
And how the stronge wal was maad, 3790  
And the castell of brede and lengthe,  
That God of Love wan with his strengthe.  
Al this in romance wil I sette,  
And for no-thing ne wil I lette,  
So that it lyking to hir be, 3795  
That is the flour of beaute;  
For she may best my labour quyte,  
That I for hir love shal endyte.

Wikkid-Tunge, that the covyne  
Of every lover can devyne 3800  
Worst, and addith more somdel,  
(For Wikkid-Tunge seith never wel),

To me-ward bar he right gret hate,  
Espying me erly and late,  
Til he hath seen the gret[er] chere 3805  
Of Bialacoil and me y-fere.  
He mighte not his tunge withstonde  
Worse to reporte than he fonde,  
He was so ful of cursed rage;  
It sat him wel of his linage, 3810  
For him an Irish womman bar.  
His tunge was fyled sharp, and squar,  
Poignaunt and right korving,  
And wonder bitter in speking.  
For whan that he me gan espye, 3815  
He swoor, afferming sikirly,  
Bitwene Bialacoil and me  
Was yvel aquayntaunce and privee.  
He spak therof so folly,  
That he awakid Jelousy; 3820  
Which, al afrayed in his rysing,  
Whan that he herde [him] jangling,  
He ran anoon, as he wore wood,  
To Bialacoil ther that he stood;  
Which hadde lever in this caas 3825  
Have been at Reynes or Amyas;  
For foot-hoot, in his felonye  
To him thus seide Jelousye:—  
'Why hast thou been so negligent,  
To kepen, whan I was absent, 3830  
This verger here left in thy ward?  
To me thou haddist no reward,  
To truste (to thy confusioun)  
Him thus, to whom suspeccioun  
I have right greet, for it is nede; 3835  
It is wel shewed by the dede,  
Greet faute in thee now have I founde;  
By god, anoon thou shalt be bounde,  
And faste loken in a tour,  
Withoute refuyt or socour. 3840  
For Shame to long hath be thee fro;  
Over sone she was ago.  
Whan thou hast lost bothe drede and fere,  
It semed wel she was not here,  
She was [not] bisy, in no wyse, 3845  
To kepe thee and [to] chastyse,  
And for to helpen Chastitee  
To kepe the roser, as thinkith me.  
For than this boy-knave so boldly  
Ne sholde not have be hardy, 3850  
[Ne] in this þ-verger had such game,  
Which now me turneth to gret shame.'  
Bialacoil nist what to sey;



Ful fayn he wolde have fled away,  
 For fere han hid, nere than he 3855  
 Al sodeynly took him with me.  
 And when I saugh he hadde so,  
 This Jelousye, take us two,  
 I was astoned, and knew no rede,  
 But fledde away for verrey drede. 3860  
 Than Shame cam forth ful simply;  
 She wende have trespaced ful gretly;  
 Humble of hir port, and made it simple,  
 Wering a vayne in stede of wimple,  
 As nonnis doon in hir abbey. 3865  
 Bicause hir herte was in affray,  
 She gan to speke, within a throwe,  
 To Jelousye, right wonder lowe.  
 First of his grace she bisought,  
 And seide :— Sire, ne levesth nought 3870  
 Wikkid-Tunge, that fals espye,  
 Which is so glad to feyne and lye.  
 He hath you maad, thurgh flatering,  
 On Bialacoil a fals lesing.  
 His falsnesse is not now anew, 3875  
 It is to long that he him knew.  
 This is not the firste day;  
 For Wikkid-Tunge hath custom ay  
 Yonge folkis to bewreye,  
 And false lesinges on hem þleya 3880  
 ' Yit nevertheles I see among,  
 That the leigne it is so longe  
 Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure,  
 In Loves servise for to endure,  
 Drawing sache folk him to, 3885  
 That he had no-thing with to do;  
 But in sothnesse I trowe nought,  
 That Bialacoil hadde ever in thought  
 To do trespass or vilanye;  
 But, for his modir Curtesye 3890  
 Hath taught him ever [for] to be  
 Good of aqueyntaunce and privee;  
 For he loveth non hevinesse,  
 But mirthe and play, and al gladnesse;  
 He hateth alle þtrecherous, 3895  
 Soleyne folk and envious;  
 For [wel] ye witen how that he  
 Wol ever glad and joyful be  
 Honestly with folk to play.  
 I have be negligent, in good fey, 3900  
 To chastise him; therefore now I  
 Of herte þturye you here mercy,  
 That I have been so recheles  
 To tamen him, withouten lees.

Of my foly I me repente; 3905  
 Now wol I hool sette myn entente  
 To kepe, bothe þloude and stille,  
 Bialacoil to do your wille.  
 ' Shame, Shame,' seyde Jelousy,  
 ' To be bitrashed gret drede have I. 3910  
 Lecherye hath clombe so hye,  
 That almost blered is myn ye;  
 No wonder is, if that drede have I.  
 Over-al regnith Lechery,  
 Whos might [yit] growith night and day.  
 Bothe in cloistre and in abbey 3916  
 Chastite is werreyed over-al.  
 Therfore I wol with siker wal  
 Close bothe roses and roser.  
 I have to longe in this maner 3920  
 Left hem unclosid wilfully;  
 Wherefore I am right inwardly  
 Sorowful and repente me.  
 But now they shal no lenger be  
 Unclosid; and yit I drede sore, 3925  
 I shal repente furthermore,  
 For the game goth al amia.  
 Counsel I þmot [take] newe, y-wis.  
 I have to longe trusted thee,  
 But now it shal no lenger be; 3930  
 For he may best, in every cost,  
 Disceyve, that men tristen most.  
 I see wel that I am nygh shent,  
 But-if I sette my ful entent  
 Remedye to purveye. 3935  
 Therfore close I shal the weye  
 Fro hem that wol the rose espye,  
 And come to wayte me vilanye,  
 For, in good feith and in trouthe,  
 I wol not lette, for no slouthe, 3940  
 To live the more in sikirnesse,  
 þTo make anon a forterresse,  
 þTo enclose the roses of good savour.  
 In middis shal I make a tour  
 To putte Bialacoil in prisoun, 3945  
 For ever I drede me of tresoun.  
 I trowe I shal him kepe so,  
 That he shal have no might to go  
 Aboute to make companye  
 To hem that thenke of vilanye; 3950  
 Ne to no such as hath ben here  
 Afor, and founde in him good chere,  
 Which han assailed him to shende,  
 And with hir trowandyse to blende.  
 A fool is eyth [for] to bigyle; 3955

But may I lyve a litel while,  
He shal forthenke his fair semblaunt.'

And with that word cam Drede avaunt,  
Which was alasshed, and in gret fere,  
Whan he wiste Jelousye was there. 3960  
He was for drede in such affray,  
That not a word durste he say,  
But quaking stood ful stille aloon,  
Til Jelousye his wey was goon,  
Save Shame, that him not forsook ; 3965  
Bothe Drede and she ful sore quook ;  
[Til] that at laste Drede abreyde,  
And to his cosin Shame seyde :  
'Shame,' he seide, 'in sothfastnesse,  
To me it is gret hevinesse, 3970  
That the noyse so fer is go,  
And the sclaunder of us two.  
But sith that it is [so] bifalle,  
We may it not ageyn [do] calle,  
Whan onis sprongen is a fame. 3975  
For many a yeer withouten blame  
We han been, and many a day ;  
For many an April and many a May  
We han [y]-passed, not [a]shamed,  
Til Jelousye hath us blamed 3980  
Of mistrust and suspicioun  
Causeles, withouten enchesoun.  
Go we to Daunger hastily,  
And late us shewe him openly,  
That he hath not aright [y]-wrought, 3985  
Whan that he sette nought his thought  
To kepe better the purpryse ;  
In his doing he is not wyse.  
He hath to us [y]-do gret wrong,  
That hath suffred now so long 3990  
Bialacoil to have his wille,  
Alle his lustes to fulfill.  
He must amende it utterly,  
Or ellis shal he †vilaynly  
Exyled be out of this londe ; 3995  
For he the werre may not withstonde  
Of Jelousye, nor the greef,  
Sith Bialacoil is at mischeef.'

To Daunger, Shame and Drede anon  
The righte wey ben [bothe a]-goon. 4000  
The cherl they fouden hem afor  
Ligging undir an hawethorn.  
Undir his heed no pilowe was,  
But in the stede a trusse of gras.  
He slombred, and a nappe he took, 4005  
Til Shame pitously him shook,

And greet manace on him gan make.  
'Whyslepist thou whan thou shuld wake ?'  
Quod Shame ; 'thou dost us vilanye !  
Who tristith thee, he doth folye, 4010  
To kepe roses or botouns,  
Whan they ben faire in hir sesouns.  
Thou art woxe to familiere  
Where thou shulde be straunge of chere,  
Stout of thy port, redy to greve. 4015  
Thou dost gret foly for to leve  
Bialacoil here-in, to calle  
The yonder man to shenden us alle.  
Though that thou slepe, we may here  
Of Jelousie gret noyse here. 4020  
Art thou now late ? ryse up †in hy,  
And stoppe sone and deliverly  
Alle the gappis of the hay ;  
Do no favour, I thee pray.  
It fallith now-thing to thy name 4025  
†Make fair semblaunt, where thou maist  
blame.

'If Bialacoil be swete and free,  
Dogged and fel thou shuldist be ;  
Froward and outrageous, y-wis ;  
A cherl chaungeth that curteis is. 4030  
This have I herd ofte in seying,  
That man [ne] may, for no daunting,  
Make a sperhauke of a bosarde.  
Alle men wole holde thee for musarde,  
That debonair have fouden thee ; 4035  
It sit thee nought curteis to be ;  
To do men plesauce or servyse,  
In thee it is recreaundyse.  
Let thy werkis, fer and nere,  
Be lyke thy name, which is Daungere.'  
Than, al abawid in shewing, 4041  
Anoon spak Dreed, right thus seying,  
And seide, 'Daunger, I drede me  
That thou ne wolt [not] bisy be  
To kepe that thou hast to kepe ; 4045  
Whan thou shuldist wake, thou art aslepe.  
Thou shalt be grieved certeynly,  
If thee aspye Jelousy,  
Or if he finde thee in blame.  
He hath to-day assailed Shame, 4050  
And chased away, with gret manace,  
Bialacoil out of this place,  
And swereth shortly that he shal  
Enclose him in a sturdy wal ;  
And al is for thy wikkednesse, 4055  
For that thee failleth straungenesse.

Thyn herte, I trowe, be failed al ;  
 Thou shalt repente in special,  
 If Jelousye the sothe knewe ;  
 Thou shalt forthenke, and sore rewe, 4060

With that the chierl his clubbegan shake,  
 Frowning his eyen gan to make,  
 And hidous chere ; as man in rage,  
 For ire he brente in his visage.  
 Whan that he herde him blamed so, 4065  
 He seide, ' Out of my wit I go ;  
 To be discomfit I have gret wrong.  
 Certis, I have now lived to long,  
 Sith I may not this closer kepe ;  
 Al quik I wolde be dolven depe, 4070  
 If any man shal more repeiro  
 Into this garden, for foule or faire.  
 Myn herte for ire goth a-fere,  
 That I lete any entre here.  
 I have do foly, now I see, 4075  
 But now it shal amended be.  
 Who settith foot here any more,  
 Truly, he shal repente it sore ;  
 For no man mo into this place  
 Of me to entre shal have grace. 4080  
 Lever I hadde, with swerdis twayne,  
 Thurgh-out myn herte, in every veyne  
 Perced to be, with many a wounde,  
 Than slouthe shulde in me be founde.  
 From hennesforth, by night or day, 4085  
 I shal defende it, if I may,  
 Withouten any excepcioun  
 Of ech maner condicioun ;  
 And if I þany man it graunte,  
 Holdeth me for recreaunte, 4090

Than Daunger on his feet gan stonde,  
 And hente a burdoun in his hondo.  
 Wroth in his ire, ne lefte he nought,  
 But thurgh the verger he hath sought.  
 If he might finde hole or trace, 4095  
 Wher-thurgh that me[n] mot forthly pace,  
 Or any gappe, he hide it close,  
 That no man mighte touche a rose  
 Of the roser al aboute ;  
 He shitteth every man withoute. 4100

Thus day by day Daunger is wers,  
 More wondirful and more divers,  
 And feller eek than ever he was ;  
 For him ful oft I singe ' alas !'  
 For I ne may nought, thurgh his ire, 4105  
 Recover that I most desire.  
 Myn herte, alas, wol brest a-two,

For Bialacoil I wratthed so.  
 For certeynly, in every membre  
 I quake, whan I me remembre 4110  
 Of the botoun, which [that] I wolde  
 Fulle ofte a day seen and biholde.  
 And whan I thenke upon the kisse,  
 And how muche joye and blisse  
 I hadde thurgh the savour swete, 4115  
 For wanto of it I grone and grete.  
 Mo thenkith I fele yit in my nose  
 The swete savour of the rose.  
 And now I woot that I mot go  
 So fer the fresshe floures fro, 4120  
 To me ful welcome were the deeth ;  
 Absens therof, alas, me sleeth !  
 For whylom with this rose, alas,  
 I touched nose, mouth, and facc ;  
 But now the deeth I must abyde. 4125  
 But Love consente, another tyde,  
 That onis I touche may and kisse,  
 I trowe my peyne shal never lisse.  
 Theron is al my covetise,  
 Which brent myn herte in many wyse.  
 Now shal repaire agayn siglinge, 4131  
 Long wacche on nightis, and no slepinge ;  
 Thought in wissching, torment, and wo,  
 With many a turning to and fro,  
 That half my peyne I can not telle. 4135  
 For I am fallen into helle  
 From paradys and welthe, the more  
 My turment greveth ; more and more  
 Anoyeth now the bittirnesse,  
 That I toforn have felt swetnesse. 4140  
 And Wikkid-Tunge, thurgh his falshede,  
 Causeth al my wo and drede.  
 On me he leyeth a pitous charge,  
 Bicause his tunge was to large.

Now it is tyme, shortly that I 4145  
 Telle you som-thing of Jelousy,  
 That was in gret suscepcioun.  
 Aboute him lefte he no masoun,  
 That stoon coude leye, ne querrou ;  
 He hired hem to make a tour. 4150  
 And first, the roses for to kepe,  
 Aboute hem made he a diche depe,  
 Right wondir large, and also brood ;  
 Upon the whiche also stood  
 Of squared stoon a sturdy wal, 4155  
 Which on a cragge was founded al,  
 And right gret thikkenesse eek it bar.  
 Abouten, it was founded squar,

An hundred fadome on every syde,  
 It was al liche longe and wyde. 4160  
 Lest any tyme it were assayled,  
 Ful wel aboute it was batayled;  
 And rounde enviroon eek were set  
 Ful many a riche and fair touret.  
 At every corner of this wal 4165  
 Was set a tour ful principal;  
 And everich hadde, withoute fable,  
 A porte-colys defensable  
 To kepe of enemies, and to greve,  
 That there hir force wolde preve. 4170  
 And eek amidde this purpryse  
 Was maad a tour of gret maistryse;  
 A fairor saugh no man with sight,  
 Large and wyde, and of gret might.  
 They [ne] drede noon assaut 4175  
 Of ginne, gunne, nor skaffaut.  
 [For] the temprure of the mortere  
 Was maad of licour wonder dere;  
 Of quikke lyme persant and egre,  
 The which was tempered with vinegre.  
 The stoon was hard þas adement, 4181  
 Wherof they made the foundement.  
 The tour was rounde, maad in compas;  
 In al this world no richer was,  
 No better ordeigned therewithal. 4185  
 Aboute the tour was maad a wal,  
 So that, bitwixt that and the tour,  
 †Roses were set of swete savour,  
 With many roses that they bere.  
 And eek withiin the castel were 4190  
 Springoldes, gunnes, bows, archers;  
 And eek above, atte corners,  
 Men seyn over the walle stonde  
 Grete engynes, †whiche were nigh honde;  
 And in the kernels, here and there, 4195  
 Of arblasters gret plente were.  
 Noon armure might hir stroke with-  
 stonde,  
 It were foly to prece to honde.  
 Without the diche were listes made,  
 With walles batayled large and brade, 4200  
 For men and hors shulde not atteyne  
 To neigh the diche over the pleyne.  
 Thus Jelousye hath enviroon  
 Set aboute his garnisoun  
 With walles rounde, and diche depe, 4205  
 Only the roser for to kepe.  
 And Daunger [eek], erly and late  
 The keyes kepte of the utter gate,

The which openeth toward the eest.  
 And he hadde with him atte leest 4210  
 Thritty servauntes, echon by name,  
 That other gate kepte Shame,  
 Which openede, as it was couth,  
 Toward the parte of the south.  
 Toward the parte of the south.  
 Sergeauntes assigned were hir to 4215  
 Ful many, hir wille for to do.  
 Than Drede hadde in hir baillye  
 The keping of the conestablerye,  
 Toward the north, I undirstonde,  
 That opened upon the left honde, 4220  
 The which for no-thing may be sure,  
 But-if she do [hir] bisy cure  
 Erly on morowe and also late,  
 Strongly to shette and barre the gate.  
 Of every thing that she may see 4225  
 Drede is aferd, wher-so she be;  
 For with a puff of litel winde  
 Drede is astonied in hir minde.  
 Therfore, for steling of the rose,  
 I rede hir nought the yate unclose. 4230  
 A foulis flight wol make hir flee,  
 And eek a shadowe, if she it see.  
 Thanne Wikked-Tunge, ful of envye,  
 With soudiours of Normandye,  
 As he that causeth al the bate, 4235  
 Was keper of the fourthe gate,  
 And also to the tother three  
 He went ful ofte, for to see.  
 Whan his lot was to wake a-night,  
 His instrumentis wolde he dight, 4240  
 For to blowe and make soun,  
 Offer than he hath enchesoun;  
 And walken oft upon the wal,  
 Corners and wikettis over-al  
 Ful narwe serchen and espye; 4245  
 Though he nought fond, yit wolde he lye.  
 Discordaunt ever fro armonye,  
 And distoned from melodye,  
 Controve he wolde, and foule fayle,  
 With hornpypes of Cornewayle. 4250  
 In floytes made he discordaunce,  
 And in his musik, with mischaunce,  
 He wolde seyn, with notes newe,  
 That he [ne] fond no womman trewe,  
 Ne that he saugh never, in his lyf, 4255  
 Unto hir husbonde a trewe wyf;  
 Ne noon so ful of honestee,  
 That she nil laughe and mery be  
 Whan that she hereth, or may espye,

A man speken of lecherie.	4260	Defenced with the stronge walle.	430
Everich of hem hath somme vyce ;		Now Jelousye ful wel may be	
Oon is dishonest, another is nyce ;		Of drede devoid, in libertee,	
If oon be ful of vilanye,		Whether that he slepe or wake ;	
Another hath a likerous ye ;		For of his roses may noon be take.	
If oon be ful of wantonesse,	4265	But I, allas, now morne shal ;	4315
Another is a chideresse.		Bicause I was without tho wal,	
Thus Wikked-Tunge (god yeve him		Ful moche dole and mone I made.	
shame !)		Who hadde wist what wo I hadde,	
Can putte hom everichone in blame		I trowe he wolde have had pitee.	
Withoute desert and causeles ;		Love to deere had sold to me	4320
He lyeth, though they been gittles.	4270	The good that of his love hadde I.	
I have pite to seen the sorwe,		I þwende a bought it al queyntly ;	
That þwaketh bothe eve and morwe,		But now, thurgh doubling of my peyn,	
To innocents doth such grevaunce ;		I soo he wolde it selle ageyn,	
I pray god yeve him evel chaunce,		And me a newe bargeyn lere,	4325
That he ever so bisy is	4275	The which al-out the more is dere,	
Of any womman to seyn amis !		For the solace that I have lorn,	
Eek Jelousye god confounde,		Than I hadde it never afor.	
That hath [y]-maad a tour so rounde,		Certayn I am ful lyk, indeed,	
And made aboute a garisoun		To him that east in erthe his seed ;	4330
To sette Bialacoil in prisoun ;	4280	And hath joie of the newe spring,	
The which is shet there in the tour,		Whan it greneth in the ginning,	
Ful longe to holde there sojour,		And is also fair and fresh of flour,	
There for to live[n] in penaunce.		Lusty to seen, swote of odour ;	
And for to do him more grevaunce,		But er he it in sheves shere,	4335
þTher hath ordeyned Jelousye	4285	May falle a weder that shal it dere,	
An olde vekke, for to espye		And make[n] it to fade and falle,	
The maner of his governaunce ;		The stalk, the greyn, and floures alle ;	
The whiche devel, in hir enfaunce,		That to the þtilier is fordone	
Had lerned [much] of Loves art,		The hope that he hadde to sone.	4340
And of his pleyes took hir part ;	4290	I drede, certeyn, that so fare I ;	
She was þexpert in his servyse.		For hope and travaile sikerly	
She knew ech wrenche and every gye		Ben me biraft al with a storm ;	
Of love, and every [lovers] wyle,		The flour nil seden of my corn.	
It was [the] harder hir to gyle.		For Love hath so avaunced me,	4345
Of Bialacoil she took ay hede,	4295	Whan I bigan my privtee	
That ever he liveth in wo and drede,		To Bialacoil al for to telle,	
He keppe him coy and eek privtee,		Whom I ne fond froward ne felle,	
Lest in him she hadde see		But took a-gree al hool my play.	
Any foly countenaunce,		But Love is of so hard assay,	4350
For she knew al the olde daunce.	4300	That al at onis he reved me,	
And aftir this, whan Jelousye		Whan I þwend best aboven have be.	
Had Bialacoil in his baillie,		It is of Love, as of Fortune,	
And shette him up that was so free,		That chaungeth ofte, and nil contune ;	
For seure of him he wolde be,		Which whylom wol on folke smyle,	4355
He trusteth sore in his castel ;	4305	And gloumbe on hem another whyle ;	
The stronge werk him lyketh wel.		Now freend, now foe, [then] shalt hir fele,	
He dradde nat that no glotouns		For [in] a twinkling tourneth hir wheel.	
Shulde stele his roses or botouns,		She can wrythe hir heed away,	
The roses weren assured alle.		This is the concours of hir play ;	4360

She can areyze that doth morne,  
 And whirle adown, and overturne  
 Who sittith hieghst, þal as hir þlist ;  
 A fool is he that wol hir trist.  
 For it þam I that am com doun 4365  
 Thurgh þechange and revolucioun !  
 Sith Bialacoil mot fro me twinne,  
 Shot in the prisoun yond withinne,  
 His absence at myn herte I fele ;  
 For al my joye and al myn hele 4370  
 Was in him and in the rose,  
 That but yon þwal, which him doth close,  
 Open, that I may him see,  
 Love nil not that I cured be  
 Of the peynes that I endure, 4375  
 Nor of my cruel aventure.  
 A, Bialacoil, myn owne dere !  
 Though thou be now a prisonere,  
 Kepe atte leste thyn herte to me,  
 And suffre not that it daunted be ; 4380  
 Ne lat not Jelousye, in his rage,  
 Putten thyn herte in no servage.  
 Although he chastice thee withoute,  
 And make thy body unto him loute,  
 Have herte as hard as dyumaunt, 4385  
 Stedefast, and nought pliumt ;  
 In prisoun though thy body be,  
 At large kepe thyn herte free.  
 A trewe herte wol not plye  
 For no manace that it may drye. 4390  
 If Jelousye doth thee payne,  
 Qynte him his whyle thus agayne,  
 To venge thee, atte leest in thought,  
 If other way thou mayest nought ;  
 And in this wyse sotilly 4395  
 Worche, and winne the maistry.  
 But yit I am in gret affray  
 Lest thou do not as I say ;  
 I drede thou canst me greet maugree,  
 That thou emprisoned art for me ; 4400  
 But that [is] not for my trespass,  
 For thurgh me never discovered was  
 Yit thing that oughte be secree.  
 Wel more any [ther] is in me,  
 Than is in thee, of this mischaunce ; 4405  
 For I endure more hard penaunce  
 Than any [man] can seyn or thinke,  
 That for the sorwe almost I sinke.  
 Whan I remembre me of my wo,  
 Ful nygh out of my wit I go. 4410  
 Inward myn herte I fele blede,

For comfortles the deeth I drede.  
 Ow I not wel to have distresse,  
 Whan false, thurgh hir wikkednesse,  
 And traitours, that am envyous, 4415  
 To noyen me be so coragious ?  
 A, Bialacoil ! ful wel I see,  
 That they hem shape to disceyve thee,  
 To make thee buxom to hir lawe,  
 And with hir corde thee to drawe 4420  
 Wher-so hem lust, right at hir wil ;  
 I drede they have thee brought thartil.  
 Withoute comfort, thought me sleeth ;  
 This game wol bringe me to my deeth.  
 For if your þgode wille I lese, 4425  
 I mote be deed ; I may not chese.  
 And if that thou foryete me,  
 Myn herte shal never in lyking be ;  
 Nor elles-where finde solace,  
 If I be put out of your grace, 4430  
 As it shal never been, I hope ;  
 Than shulde I fulle[n] in wanhope.

*[Here, at l. 4070 of the French text,  
 ends the work of G. de Lorris ; and  
 begins the work of Jean de Meun.]*

Allas, in wanhope ?—nay, pardoe !  
 For I wol never dispeired be.  
 If Hope mo faile, than am I 4435  
 Ungracious and unworthy ;  
 In Hope I wol comforted be,  
 For Love, whan he bitaught hir me,  
 Seide, that Hope, wher-so I go,  
 Shulde ay be relees to my wo. 4440  
 But what and she my balis bete,  
 And be to me curteis and swete ?  
 She is in no-thing ful certeyn.  
 Lovers she put in ful gret payn,  
 And makith hem with wo to dele. 4445  
 Hir fair bihest disceyveth fele,  
 For she wol bihote, sikily,  
 And failen afir outrely.  
 A ! that is a ful noyous thing !  
 For many a lover, in loving, 4450  
 Hangeth upon hir, and trusteth fast,  
 Which leese hir travel at the last.  
 Of thing to comen she woot right nought ;  
 Therefore, if it be wysly sought,  
 Hir counseille, foly is to take. 4455  
 For many tymes, whan she wol make  
 A ful good syllogisme, I drede

That aftirward ther shal in dede  
 Folwe an evel conclusioun ;  
 This put me in confusioun. 4460  
 For many tymes I have it seen,  
 That many have bigyled been,  
 For trust that they have set in Hope,  
 Which fel hem aftirward a-slope.

But natheles yit, gladly she wolde, 4465  
 That he, that wol him with hir holde,  
 Hadde alle tymes þis purpos clere,  
 Withoute deceyte, or any were.  
 That she desireth sikirly ;  
 Whan I hir blamed, I did foly. 4470  
 But what awayleth hir good wille,  
 Whan she ne may staunche my stounde  
 ille ?

That helpith litel, that she may do,  
 Outake biheest unto my wo.  
 And heeste certeyn, in no wyse, 4475  
 Withoute yift, is not to þpryse.

Whan heest and deed a-sundir varie,  
 They doon [me have] a gret contrarie.  
 Thus am I possed up and down  
 With dool, thought, and confusioun ; 4480  
 Of my disce the is no nombre.  
 Daunger and Shame me encumbre,  
 Drede also, and Jelousye,

And Wikked-Tunge, ful of envye,  
 Of whiche the sharpe and cruel ire 4485  
 Ful oft me put in gret martira.  
 They han my joye fully let,  
 Sith Bialacoil they have bishet  
 Fro me in prisoun wikkidly,  
 Whom I love so entierly, 4490

That it wol my hane be,  
 But I the soner may him see.  
 And yit moreover, wurst of alle,  
 Ther is set to kepe, foule hir bifalle !  
 A rimpel velke, fer ronne in age, 4495

Frowning and yelowe in hir visage,  
 Which in awayte lyth day and night,  
 That noon of hem may have a sight.  
 Now moot my sorwe enforced be ;  
 Ful soth it is, that Love yaf me 4500

Three wonder yiftes of his grace,  
 Which I have lorn now in this place,  
 Sith they ne may, withoute drede,  
 Helpen but litel, who taketh hede.  
 For here availleth no Swete-Thought, 4505  
 And Swete-Speche helpith right nought.  
 The thridde was called Swete-Loking,

That now is lorn, without lesing.  
 [The] yiftes were fair, but not forthy  
 They helpe me but simp[il]ly, 4510  
 But Bialacoil [may] loosed be,  
 To gon at large and to be free.  
 For him my lyf lyth al in dout,  
 But-if he come the rather out.

Allas ! I trowe it wol not been ! 4515  
 For how shuld I evermore him seen ?  
 He may not out, and that is wrong,  
 Bicause the tour is so strong.  
 How shulde he out ? by whos prowesse,  
 Out of so strong a forteresse ? 4520  
 By me, certeyn, it nil be do ;  
 God woot, I have no wit therto !

But wel I woot I was in rage,  
 Whan I to Love dide homage.  
 Who was in cause, in sothfastnesse, 4525  
 But hir-silf, dame Idelnesse,  
 Which me conveyed, thurgh fair prayere,  
 To entre into that fair vergere ?

She was to blame me to leve,  
 The which now doth me sore greve. 4530  
 A foolis word is nought to trowe,  
 Ne worth an appel for to lowe ;  
 Men shulde him snibbe bittirly,  
 At pryme temps of his foly.

I was a fool, and she me leved, 4535  
 Thurgh whom I am right nought releved.  
 She accomplished al my wil,  
 That now me greveth wondir il.  
 Resoun me seide what shulde falle.

A fool my-silf I may wel calle, 4540  
 That love asyde I had not leyde,  
 And trowed that dame Resoun seyde.  
 Resoun had bothe skile and right,  
 Whan she me blamed, with al hir might,  
 To medle of love, that hath me shent ;  
 But certeyn now I wol repent. 4546

' And shulde I repent ? Nay, parde !  
 A fals traitour than shulde I be.  
 The develles engins wolde me take,  
 If I my þlorde wolde forsake, 4550  
 Or Bialacoil falsly bitraye.

Shulde I at mischief hate him ? nay,  
 Sith he now, for his curtesye,  
 Is in prisoun of Jelousye.  
 Curtesye certeyn dide he me, 4555  
 So þmuch, it may not yolden be,  
 Whan he the hay passen me lete,  
 To kisse the rose, faire and swete :

Shulde I therfore cunne him maugree ?  
 Nay, certeynly, it shal not be ; 4560  
 For Love shal never, †if god wil,  
 Here of me, thurgh word or wil,  
 Offence or complaynt, more or lesse,  
 Neither of Hope nor Idillesse ;  
 For certis, it were wrong that I 4565  
 Hated hom for hir curtesye.  
 Ther is not ellis, but suffre and thinke,  
 And waken whan I shulde winke ;  
 Abyde in hope, til Love, thurgh chaunce,  
 Sende me socour or allegaunce, 4570  
 Expectant ay til I may mete  
 To geten mercy of that swete.  
 ' Whylom I thinke how Love to me  
 Seyde he wolde take[n] att[e] gree  
 My servise, if unpacience 4575  
 Caused me to doon offence.  
 He seyde, " In thank I shal it take,  
 And high maister eek thee make,  
 If wikkednesse ne rove it thee ;  
 But sone, I trowe, that shal not be." 4580  
 These were his wordis by and by ;  
 It semed he loved me trewly.  
 Now is ther not but serve him welo,  
 If that I thinke his thank to fole.  
 My good, myn harm, lyth hool in me ;  
 In Love may no defaute be ; 4586  
 For trowe Love †failid never man.  
 Sothly, the faute mot nedis than  
 (As God forbede !) be founde in me,  
 And how it cometh, I can not see. 4590  
 Now lat it goon as it may go ;  
 Whether Love wol socoure me or slo,  
 He may do hool on me his wil,  
 I am so sore bounde him til,  
 From his servyse I may not fleen ; 4595  
 For lyf and deth, withouten wene,  
 Is in his hand ; I may not chese ;  
 He may me do bothe winne and lese.  
 And sith so sore he doth me greve,  
 Yit, if my lust he wolde acheve 4600  
 To Bialacoil goodly to be,  
 I yve no force what felle on me.  
 For though I dye, as I mot nede,  
 I praye Love, of his goodlihode,  
 To Bialacoil do gentilnesse, 4605  
 For whom I live in such distresse,  
 That I mote deyen for penaunce.  
 But first, withoute repentaunce,  
 I wol me confesse in good entent,

And make in haste my testament, 4610  
 As lovers doon that felen smerte :—  
 To Bialacoil leve I myn herte  
 Al hool, withoute departing,  
 Or doublesse of repenting.'

#### Coment Raisoun vient a L'amant.

Thus as I made my passage 4615  
 In compleynt, and in cruel rage,  
 And I †nist wher to finde a leche  
 That couthe unto myn helping eche,  
 Sodeynly agayn comen doun  
 Out of hir tour I saugh Rosoun, 4620  
 Discrete and wys, and ful plesaunt,  
 And of hir porte ful avenaunt.  
 The righte wey she took to me,  
 Which stood in greet perplexite,  
 That was possed in every side, 4625  
 That I nist where I might abyde,  
 Til she, demurely sad of chere,  
 Seide to me as she com nere :—  
 ' Myn owne freend, art thou yit greved ?  
 How is this quarrel yit achieved 4630  
 Of Loves syde ? Anoon me telle ;  
 Hast thou not yit of love thy fille ?  
 Art thou not wery of thy servyse  
 That thee hath [pyned] in sich wyse ?  
 What joye hast thou in thy loving ? 4635  
 Is it swete or bitter thing ?  
 Canst thou yit chese, lat me see,  
 What best thy socour mighte be ?  
 ' Thou servest a ful noble lord,  
 That maketh thee thral for thy reward,  
 Which ay reneweth thy turment, 4641  
 With foly so he hath thee blent.  
 Thou felle in mischeef thilke day,  
 Whan thou didest, the sothe to say,  
 Obeysaunce and eek homage ; 4645  
 Thou wroughtest no-thing as the sage.  
 Whan thou bicam his liege man,  
 Thou didist a gret foly than ;  
 Thou wistest not what fel therto,  
 With what lord thou haddist to do. 4650  
 If thou haddist him wel knowe,  
 Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe ;  
 For if thou wistest what it were,  
 Thou noldist serve him half a yeer,  
 Not a weke, nor half a day, 4655  
 Ne yit an hour withoute delay,  
 Ne never †han loved paramours,



His lordship is so ful of shoures.

Knowest him ought ?

*L'Amaunt.* 'Ye, dame, parde !'

*Raisoun.* 'Nay, nay.'

*L'Amaunt.* 'Yes, I.'

*Raisoun.* 'Wherof, lat see ?' 4660

*L'Amaunt.* 'Of that he seyde I shulde  
be

Glad to have sich lord as he,

And maister of sich seignory.'

*Raisoun.* 'Knowist him no more ?'

*L'Amaunt.* 'Nay, certis, I,  
Save that he yaf me rewlos thero, 4665  
And wente his wey, I niste where,  
And I abood bounde in balaunce.'

*Raisoun.* 'Lo, there a noble conisaunce !  
But I wil that thou knowe him now  
Ginning and ende, sith that thou 4670  
Art so anguissous and mate,  
Disfigured out of astate ;  
Ther may no wrecche have more of wo,  
Ne caitif noon endure so.

It were to every man sitting 4675

Of his lord have knowleching.

For if thou knewe him, out of dout,

Lightly thou shulde escapen out

Of the prison that marreth thee.'

*L'Amaunt.* 'Ye, dame ! sith my lord  
is he, 4680

And I his man, maad with myn honde,

I wolde right fayn undirstonde

To knowe[n] of what kinde he be,

If any wolde enforme me.'

*Raisoun.* 'I wolde,' seid Resoun, 'thee  
lere, 4685

Sith thou to lerne hast sich desire,

And shewe thee, withouten fable,

A thing that is not demonstrable.

Thou shalt [here lerne] without science,

And knowe, withoute experience, 4690

The thing that may not knownen be,

Ne wist ne shewid in no degree.

Thou mayst the sothe of it not witen,

Though in thee it were writen.

Thou shalt not knowe therof more 4695

Whye thou art reuled by his lore ;

But unto him that love wol flee,

The knotte may unclosed be,

Which hath to thee, as it is founde,

So long be knet and not unbounde. 4700

Now sette wel thyn antencion,

To here of love discripcioun.

'Love, it is an hateful pees,

A free acquitaunce, without releas,

†A trouthe, fret full of falshe, 4705

A sikernes, al set in drede ;

In herte is a despeiring hope,

And fulle of hope, it is wanhope ;

Wyso woodnesse, and wood resoun,

A swete peril, in to droune, 4710

An hevvy birthen, light to bere,

A wikked wave away to were.

It is Caribdis porilous,

Disagreable and gracious.

It is discordaunce that can accorde, 4715

And accordaunce to discorde.

It is cunning withoute science,

Wisdom withoute sapience,

Wit withoute discrecioun,

Havoir, withoute possession. 4720

It is †sike hele and hool siknesse,

A †thrust drowned †in dronkenesse,

†An helthe ful of maladye,

And charitee ful of envye,

†An hunger ful of habundaunce, 4725

And a gredy suffisaunce ;

Delyt right ful of hevynesse,

And dren[h]ed ful of gladnesse ;

Bitter swetnesse and swete errour,

Right evel savoured good savour ; 4730

†Sinne that pardoun hath withinne.

And pardoun spotted without [with]  
sinne ;

A peyne also it is, joyous,

And felonye right pitous ;

Also pley that selde is stable, 4735

And stedefast [stat], right mevable ;

A strongthe, weyked to stonde upright,

And feblenesse, ful of might ;

Wit unavyssed, sage folye,

And joye ful of turmentrye ; 4740

A laughter it is, weping ay,

Rest, that travyleth night and day ;

Also a swete helle it is,

And a sorowful Paradys ;

A plesaunt gayl and esy prisoun, 4745

And, ful of froste, somer sesoun ;

Pryme temps, ful of frostes whyte,

And May, devoide of al delyte,

With seer braunches, blossoms ungrene ;

And newe fruyt, fillid with winter tene.

It is a slowe, may not forbere 4751

Ragges, ribaned with gold, to were:  
 For al-so wel wol love be set  
 Under ragges as riche rochet;  
 And eek as wel þe amourettes 4755  
 In mourning blak, as bright burnettes.  
 For noon is of so mochol prys,  
 Ne no man founden [is] so wys,  
 Ne noon so high is of parage,  
 Ne no man founde of wit so sago, 4760  
 No man so hardy ne so wight,  
 Ne no man of so mochol might,  
 Noon so fulfilled of bounte,  
 †But he with love may daunted be.  
 Al the world holdith this way; 4765  
 Love makith alle to goon miswey,  
 But it be they of yvel lyf,  
 Whom Genius cursith, man and wyf,  
 That wrongly werke ageyn nature.  
 Noon suche I love, ne have no cure 4770  
 Of suche as Loves servaunts been,  
 And wol not by my counsel fleen.  
 For I ne preysse that loving,  
 Wher-thurgh man, at the laste ending,  
 Shal calle hem wrecchis fulle of wo, 4775  
 Love greveth hem and shendith so.  
 But if thou wolt wel Love eschewe,  
 For to escape out of his mewe,  
 And make al hool thy sorwe to slake,  
 No bettir counsel mayst thou take, 4780  
 Than thinke to fleen wel, y-wis;  
 May nought helpe elles; for wite thou  
 this:—  
 If thou flee it, it shal flee thee;  
 Folowe it, and folowen shal it thee.  
*L'Amaunt.* Whan I hadde herd al  
 Resoun seyn, 4785  
 Which hadde spilt hir speche in veyn:  
 'Dame,' seyde I, 'I dar wel sey  
 Of this avaunt me wel I may  
 That from your scole so deviaunt  
 I am, that never the more avaunt 4790  
 Right noughtam I, thurgh your doctryne;  
 I dulle under your disciplyne;  
 I wot no more than [I] wist þer,  
 To me so contrarie and so far  
 Is every thing that ye me lere; 4795  
 And yit I can it al †parcuere.  
 Myn herte forgetyth therof right nought,  
 It is so writen in my thought;  
 And depe †graven it is so tendir  
 That al by herte I can it rendre, 4800

And rede it over comunely;  
 But to my-silf lewedist am I.  
 'But sith ye love discreven so,  
 And lakke and praise it, bothe two,  
 Defyneth it into this lotter, 4805  
 That I may thenke on it the better  
 For I herde never †diffyne it ere,  
 And wilfully I wolde it lere.'  
*Raisoun.* 'If love be serched wel and  
 sought,  
 It is a sykenesse of the thought 4810  
 Annexed and †knet bitwixe tweyne,  
 †Which male and female, with oo cheyne,  
 So frely byndith, that they nil twinne,  
 Whether so therof they lese or winne.  
 The roote springith, thurgh hoot bren-  
 ning, 4815  
 Into disordinat desiring  
 For to kissen and embrace,  
 And at hor lust them to solace.  
 Of other thing love recchith nought,  
 But setteth hir herte and al hir thought  
 More for delectacioun 4821  
 Than any procreacioun  
 Of other fruyt by †engendring;  
 Which love to god is not plesing;  
 For of hir body fruyt to get 4825  
 They yeve no force, they are so set  
 Upon delyt, to play in-fere.  
 And somme have also this manere,  
 To feynen hem for love seke;  
 Sich love I praise not at a leke. 4830  
 For paramours they do but feyne;  
 To love truly they disdeyne.  
 They falsen ladies traitoursly,  
 And sweren hem othes utterly,  
 With many a lesing, and many a fable,  
 And al they finden deceyvable. 4836  
 And, whanne they þer lust han geten,  
 The hootes ernes they al foryeten.  
 Wimmen, the harm they byen ful sore;  
 But men this thenken evermore, 4840  
 That lasse harm is, so mote I thee,  
 Disceyve them, than disceyved be;  
 And namely, wher they ne may  
 Finde non other mene wey.  
 For I wot wel, in sothfastnesse, 4845  
 That †who doth now his bisynesse  
 With any womman for to dele,  
 For any lust that he may fele,  
 But-if it be for engendrure,

He doth trespasse, I you ensure.	4850	And halt him payed with noon estate.	
For he shulde setten al his wil		Within him-silf is such debate,	
To geten a likly thing him til,		He chaungith purpos and entent,	
And to sustene[n], if he might,		And yalt [him] into som covent,	
And kepe forth, by kinde right,		To liven aftir her emprise,	4905
His owne lyknesse and semblable,	4855	And lesith fredom and fraunchyse,	
For bicause al is corumpable,		That Nature in him hadde set,	
And faile shulde successioun,		The which ageyn he may not got,	
Ne were †ther generacioun		If he there make his mansioun	
Our sectis strene for to save.		For to abyde professioun.	4910
Whan fader or moder arn in grave,	4860	Though for a tyme his herte absente,	
Hirchildren shulde, whan they ben deede,		It may not fayle, he shal repente,	
Ful diligent ben, in hir steede,		And eke abyde thilke day	
To use that werke on such a wyse,		To leve his abit, and goon his way,	
That oon may thurgh another ryse.		And lesith his worship and his name,	
Therefore set Kinde †therin delyt,	4865	And dar not come ageyn for shame ;	4916
For men therin shulde hem delyte,		But al his lyf he doth so mourne,	
And of that dede be not erke,		Bicause he dar not hoom retournen,	
But ofte sythes haunt that werke.		Fredom of kinde so lost hath he	
For noon wolde drawe thorof a draught		That never may recured be,	4920
Ne were delyt, which hath him caught.		†But-if that god him graunte grace	
This hadde sotil dame Nature ;	4871	That he may, or he hennes pace,	
For noon goth right, I thee ensure,		Conteyne undir obedience	
Ne hath entent hool ne parfyt ;		Thurgh the vertu of pacience,	
For hir desir is for delyt,		For Youthe set man in al folye,	4925
The which fortene crece and eke	4875	In unthrift and in ribaudye,	
The play of love for-ofte seke,		In lecherye, and in outrage,	
And thralle hem-silf, they be so nyce,		So ofte it chaungith of corage.	
Unto the prince of every vyce.		Youthe ginneth ofte sich bargeyn,	
For of ech sinne it is the rote,		That may not end withouten peyn.	4930
Unfulle lust, though it be sote,	4880	In gret perel is set youth-hede,	
And of al yvel the racyne,		Delyt so doth his bridil lede,	
As Tullius can determyne,		Delyt †thus hangith, drede thee nought,	
Which in his tyme was ful sage,		Bothe mannis body and his thought,	
In a boke he made of Age,		Only thurgh †Youthe, his chamberere,	
Wher that more he preyseth Elde,	4885	That to don yvel is customere,	4936
Though he be croked and unwelde,		And of nought elles taketh hede	
And more of commendacioun,		But only folkes for to lede	
Than Youthe in his discripcioun.		Into disporte and wildenesse,	
For Youthe set bothe man and wyf		So is [she] froward from sadnesse.	4940
In al perel of soule and lyf ;	4890	‘ But Elde drawith hem therfro ;	
And perel is, but men have grace,		Who wot it nought, he may wel go	
The †tyme of youthe for to pace,		†Demand of hem that now arn olde,	
Withoute any deth or distresse,		That whylom Youthe hadde in holde,	
It is so ful of wildenesse ;		Which yit †remembre of tendir age,	4945
So ofte it doth shame or damage	4895	How it hem brought in many a rage,	
To him or to his linage.		And many a foly therin wrought.	
It ledith man now up, now down,		But now that Elde hath †hem thurgh-	
In mochel dissolucioun,		sought,	
And makith him love yvel company,		They repente hem of her folye,	
And lede his lyf disrewilly,	4900	That Youthe hem putte in jupardye,	4950

In perel and in muche wo,  
And made hem ofte amis to do,  
And suen yvel companye,  
Riot and avouterye.

'But Elde þan ageyn restreyne 4955  
From suche foly, and refreyne,  
And set men, by hir ordinaunce,  
In good reule and in governaunce.  
But yvel she spendith hir servyse,  
For no man wol hir love, þne pryse; 4960  
She is hated, this wot I wele.

Hir acquyntaunce wolde no man fele,  
Ne han of Elde companye,  
Men hate to be of hir alye.

For no man wolde bicomene olde, 4965  
Ne dye, whan he is yong and bolde.  
And Elde merveilith right gretly,  
Whan they remembre hem inwardly  
Of many a perelous emprise,  
Whiche that they wrought in sondry  
wyse, 4970

How ever they might, withoute blame,  
Escape away withoute shame,  
In youthe, withoute[n] damage  
Or reproof of her linage,  
Losse of membre, sheding of blode, 4975  
Perel of deth, or losse of good.

'Wost thou nought where Youthe  
abit,

That men so preisen in her wit?  
With Delyt she halt sojour,  
For bothe they dwellen in oo tour. 4980  
As longe as Youthe is in sesoun,  
They dwellen in oon mansioun.  
Delyt of Youthe wol have servyse  
To do what so he wol devyse;  
And Youthe is redy evermore 4985  
For to obey, for smerte of sore,  
Unto Delyt, and him to yive  
Hir servise, whyl that she may live.

'Where Elde abit, I wol thee telle  
Shortly, and no whylle dwelle, 4990  
For thider bihoveth thee to go.  
If Deth in youthe thee not slo,  
Of this journey thou maist not faile.  
With hir Labour and Travaile  
Logged been, with Sorwe and Wo, 4995  
That never out of hir courte go.  
Payne and Distresse, Syknesse and Ire,  
And Malencoly, that angry sire,  
Ben of hir paleys senatours;

Groning and Grucching, hir herber-  
geours, 5000

The day and night, hir to turment,  
With cruel Deth they hir present,  
And tellen hir, erliche and late,  
That Deth þstant armed at hir gate.

Than bringe they to hir remembraunce  
The foly dedis of hir infaunce, 5006

Which causen hir to mourne in wo  
That Youthe hath hir bigiled so,  
Which soodeynly away is hasted.

She þwepeth the tyme that she hath  
wasted, 5010

Compleyning of the preterit,  
And the present, that not abit,  
And of hir olde vanitee,  
That, but aforin hir she may see

In the future som socour, 5015

To leggen hir of hir dolour,  
To graunt hir tyme of repentaunce,  
For hir sinnes to do penance,

And at the laste so hir governe

To winne the joy that is eterne, 5020  
Fro which go bakward Youthe þhair made,  
In vanitee to drotene and wade.

For present tyme abidith nought,  
It is more swift than any thought;  
So litel whyle it doth endure 5025

That ther nis compte ne mesure.

'But how that ever the game go,  
Who list þhave joye and mirth also  
Of love, be it he or she,

High or lowe, who[so] it be, 5030

In fruyt they shulde hem delyte;

Hir part they may not elles quyte,

To save hem-silf in honestee.

And yit ful many oon I see

Of wimmen, sothly for to seyne, 5035

That [ay] desire and wolde fayne

The pley of love, they be so wilde,

And not coveite to go with childe.

And if with child they be perchaunce,

They wole it holde a gret mischaunce;

But what-som-ever wo they fele, 5041

They wol not pleyne, but concele;

But-if it be any fool or nyce,

In whom that shame hath no justyce.

For to delyt echon they drawe, 5045

That haunte this werk, bothe high and

lawe,

Save sich that ar[e]n worth right nought,

That for money wol be bought.  
 Such love I preise in no wyse,  
 Whan it is  $\dagger$ given for covoitise. 5050  
 I preise no womman, though  $\dagger$ she be wood,  
 That yeveth hir-silf for any good.  
 For litel shulde a man telle  
 Of hir, that wol hir body selle,  
 Be she mayde, be she wyf, 5055  
 That quik wol selle hir, by hir lyf.  
 How faire chere that ever she make,  
 He is a wrecche, I undirtake,  
 That  $\dagger$ loveth such one, for swete or sour,  
 Though she him calle hir paramour, 5060  
 And laugheth on him, and makith him  
 feeste.  
 For certeynly no suche [a] beeste  
 To be loved is not worthy,  
 Or bere the name of dru[er]y.  
 Noon shulde hir please, but he were wood,  
 That wol dispoile him of his good. 5066  
 Yit nevertheles, I wol not sey  
 $\dagger$ But she, for solace and for play,  
 May a jewel or other thing  
 Take of her loves free yeving ; 5070  
 But that she aske it in no wyse,  
 For drede of shame of coveityse.  
 And she of hirs may him, certeyn,  
 Withoute sclaundre, yeven ageyn,  
 And joyne hor hertes togidre so 5075  
 In love, and take and yeve also.  
 Trowe not that I wolde hem twinne,  
 Whan in her love ther is no sinne ;  
 I wol that they togedre go,  
 And doon al that they han ado, 5080  
 As curteis shulde and debonaire,  
 And in her love beren hem faire,  
 Withoute vyce, bothe he and she ;  
 So that alway, in honestee,  
 Fro foly love  $\dagger$ they kepe hem clere 5085  
 That brenneth hertis with his fare ;  
 And that her love, in any wyse,  
 Be devoid of coveityse.  
 Good love shulde engendrid be  
 Of trewe herte, just, and secrete, 5090  
 And not of such as sette her thought  
 To have her lust, and ellis nought,  
 So are they caught in Loves lace,  
 Truly, for bodily solace.  
 Fleishly delyt is so present 5095  
 With thee, that sette al thyn entent,  
 Withoute more (what shulde I glose ?)

For to gete and have the Rose ;  
 Which makith thee so mate and wood  
 That thou desirest noon other good. 5100  
 But thou art not an inche the nerre,  
 But ever abydest in sorwe and werre,  
 As in thy face it is sene ;  
 It makith thee bothe pale and lone ;  
 Thy might, thy vertu goth away. 5105  
 A sory gest, in goode fay,  
 Thou  $\dagger$ herberedest than in thyn inne,  
 The God of Love whan thou let inne !  
 Wherfore I rede, thou shette him out,  
 Or he shal greve thee, out of doute ; 5110  
 For to thy profit it wol turne,  
 If he nomore with thee sojourne.  
 In gret mischoef and sorwe sonken  
 Ben hertis, that of love arn dronken,  
 As thou peraventure knowen shal, 5115  
 Whan thou hast lost  $\dagger$ thy tyme al,  
 And spent  $\dagger$ thy youthe in ydilnesse,  
 In waste, and woful lustinesse ;  
 If thou maist live the tyme to see  
 Of love for to delivered be, 5120  
 Thy tyme thou shalt biwepe soro  
 The whiche never thou maist restore.  
 (For tyme lost, as men may see,  
 For no-thing may recured be).  
 And if thou scape yit, atto laste, 5125  
 Fro Love, that hath thee so faste  
 Knit and bounden in his lace,  
 Certeyn, I holde it but a grace.  
 For many oon, as it is seyn,  
 Have lost, and spent also in veyn, 5130  
 In his servyse, withoute socour,  
 Body and soule, good, and tresour,  
 Wit, and strengthe, and eek richesse,  
 Of which they hadde never redresse.  
 Thus taught and preached hath Resoun,  
 But Love spilte hir sermoun, 5136  
 That was so impeded in my thought,  
 That hir doctrine I sette at nought.  
 And yit ne seide she never a dale,  
 That I ne understode it welo, 5140  
 Word by word, the mater al.  
 But unto Love I was so thral,  
 Which callith over-al his pray,  
 He chasith so my thought  $\dagger$ alway,  
 And holdith myn herte undir his sele,  
 As trust and trow as any stele ; 5146  
 So that no devocioun  
 Ne hadde I in the sermoun

Of dame Resoun, ne of hir rede;  
 It toke no sojour in myn hede. 5150  
 For alle yede out at oon ere  
 That in that other she dide lere;  
 Fully on me she lost hir lore,  
 Hir speche me greved wondir sore.  
 †Than unto hir for ire I seide, 5155  
 For anger, as I dide abraide:  
 'Dame, and is it your wille algate,  
 That I not love, but that I hate  
 Alle men, as ye me teche?  
 For if I do aftir your speche, 5160  
 Sith that ye seyn love is not good,  
 Than must I nedis say with mood,  
 If I it leve, in hatrede ay  
 Liven, and voide love away  
 From me, [and been] a sinful wrecche,  
 Hated of all that [love that] tecche. 5166  
 I may not go noon other gate,  
 For either must I love or hate.  
 And if I hate men of-newe  
 More than love, it wol me rewe, 5170  
 As by your preching semeth me,  
 For Love no-thing no preisith thee.  
 Ye yeve good counseil, sikirly,  
 That prechith me al-day, that I  
 Shulde not Loves lore alowe; 5175  
 He were a fool, wolde you not trowe!  
 In speche also ye han me taught  
 Another love, that knowen is naught,  
 Which I have herd you not repreve,  
 To love ech other; by your leve, 5180  
 If ye wolde diffyne it me,  
 I wolde gladly here, to see,  
 At the leost, if I may lere  
 Of sondry loves the manere.'  
*Raison.* 'Certis, freend, a fool art  
 thou 5185  
 Whan that thou no-thing wolt allowe  
 That I [thee] for thy profit say.  
 Yit wol I sey thee more, in fay;  
 For I am redy, at the leste,  
 To accomplishe thy requeste, 5190  
 But I not wher it wol awayle;  
 In veyne, peranture, I shal travayle.  
 Love ther is in sondry wyse,  
 As I shal thee here devyse.  
 For som love leful is and good; 5195  
 I mene not that which makith thee wood,  
 And bringith thee in many a fit,  
 And ravissith fro thee al thy wit,

It is so mervellous and queynt;  
 With such love be no more aqueynt. 5200

Comment Raisoun diffinist  
 †Amistie.

'Love of Frendshipe also ther is,  
 Which makith no man doon amis,  
 Of wille knit bitwixe two,  
 That wol not breke for wele ne wo;  
 Which long is lykly to contune, 5205  
 Whan wille and goodis ben in comune;  
 Grounded by goddis ordinaunce,  
 Hool, withoute discordeunce;  
 With hem holding comutee  
 Of al her goode in charitee, 5210  
 That ther be noon excepcioun  
 Thurgh chaunging of entencioun;  
 That ech helps othre at hir neede,  
 And wysly hele bothe word and dede;  
 Trewe of mening, devoid of slouth, 5215  
 For wit is nought withoute trouthe;  
 So that the ton dar al his thought  
 Seyn to his freend, and spare nought,  
 As to him-silf, without dreding  
 To be discovered by wreying. 5220  
 For glad is that conjuncioun,  
 Whan ther is noon suspicioun  
 [Ne lak in hem], whom they wolde prove  
 That trew and parfitt weren in love.  
 For no man may be amiable, 5225  
 But-if he be so ferme and stable,  
 That fortune chaunge him not, ne blinde,  
 But that his freend alwey him finde,  
 Bothe pore and riche, in oof[n] [e]state.  
 For if his freend, thurgh any gate, 5230  
 Wol compleyne of his povertie,  
 He shulde not hyde so long, til he  
 Of his helping him requere;  
 For good deed, don [but] thurgh prayere,  
 Is sold, and bought to dere, y-wis, 5235  
 To hert that of gret valour is.  
 For hert fulfilled of gentilnesse  
 Can yvel demene his distresse.  
 And man that worthy is of name  
 To asken often hath gret shame. 5240  
 A good man brenneth in his thought  
 For shame, whan he axeth ought.  
 He hath gret thought, and dredith ay  
 For his disese, whan he shal pray  
 His freend, lest that he warned be, 5245

Til that he preve his stabiltee.  
 But whan that he hath founden oon  
 That trusty is and trow as stone,  
 And [hath] assayed him at al,  
 And found him stedefast as a wal, 5250  
 And of his frendship be certeyne,  
 He shal him shewe bothe joye and payne,  
 And al that [he] dar thinko or sey,  
 Withoute shame, as he wel may.  
 For how shulde he ashamed be 5255  
 Of sich oon as I tolde thee?  
 For whan he woot his secree thought,  
 The thridde shal knowe ther-of right  
 nought;  
 For tweyn in nombre is bet than three  
 In every counsel and secree, 5260  
 Repreve he dredeth never a del,  
 Who that biset his wordis wol;  
 For every wys man, out of drede,  
 Can kepe his tunge til he see nede;  
 And foolles can not holde hir tunge; 5265  
 A foolles belle is sone runge.  
 Yit shal a trewe freend do more  
 To helpe his felowe of his sore,  
 And socoure him, whan he hath nede,  
 In al that he may doon in dode; 5270  
 And gladder [be] that he him plesith  
 Than [is] his felowe that he esith.  
 And if he do not his requeste,  
 He shal as mochel him moleste  
 As his felow, for that he 5275  
 May not fulfille his voluntee  
 [As] fully as he hath requered.  
 If þoþthe hertis Love hath fered,  
 Joy and wo they shul depart,  
 And take evenly ech his part. 5280  
 Half his anoy he shal have ay,  
 And comfort [him] what that he may;  
 And of þis blisse parte shal he,  
 If love wol departed be.  
 'And whilom of this þamitee 5285  
 Spak Tullius in a ditee;  
 þ" A man shulde maken his request  
 Unto his freend, that is honest;  
 And he goodly shulde it fulfille,  
 But it the more were out of skile, 5290  
 And otherwise not graunt therto,  
 Except only in þcases two:  
 If men his freend to deth wolde dryve,  
 Lat him be bisy to save his lyve.  
 Also if men wolen him assaile, 5295

Of his wurship to make him faille,  
 And hindren him of his renoun,  
 Lat him, with ful entencioun,  
 His dever doon in ech degree  
 That his freend ne shamed be, 5300  
 In this two þcases with his might,  
 Taking no kepe to skile nor right,  
 As ferre as love may him excuse;  
 This oughte no man to refuse."  
 This love that I have told to thee 5305  
 Is no-thing contrarie to me;  
 This wol I that thou folowe wel,  
 And love the tother everydel.  
 This love to vertu al attendith, 5309  
 The tothir foolles blent and shendith.  
 'Another love also there is,  
 That is contrarie unto this,  
 Which desyre is so constreyned  
 That [it] is but wille feyned;  
 Away fro trouthe it doth so varie, 5315  
 That to good love it is contrarie;  
 For it maymeth, in many wyse,  
 Syke hertis with covetyse;  
 Al in winning and in profyt  
 Sich love settith his delyt. 5320  
 This love so hangeth in balaunce  
 That, if it lese his hope, perchaunce,  
 Of incre, that he is set upon,  
 It wol faille, and quenche anon;  
 For no man may be amorous, 5325  
 Ne in his living vertuous,  
 But-[if] he love more, in mood,  
 Men for hem-silf than for hir good.  
 For love that profit doth abyde  
 Is fals, and bit not in no tyde. 5330  
 [This] love cometh of dame Fortune,  
 That litel whyle wol contune;  
 For it shal chaungen wonder sone,  
 And take eclips right as the mone,  
 Whan þshe is from us [y]-let 5335  
 Thurgh eithe, that bitwixe is set  
 The sonne and hir, as it may falle,  
 Be it in party, or in alle;  
 The shadowe maketh her bemis merke,  
 And hir hornes to shewe derke, 5340  
 That part where she hath lost þthe lyght  
 Of Phebus fully, and the sight;  
 Til, whan the shadowe is overpast,  
 She is enlumined ageyn as faste, 5344  
 þThurgh brightnesse of the sonne bemis  
 That yeveth to hir ageyn hir limes.

That love is right of sich nature ;  
 Now is [it] fair, and now obscure,  
 Now bright, now clippy of manere,  
 And whylom dim, and whylom clere. 5350  
 As sone as Poverté ginneth take,  
 With mantel and [with] wedis blake  
 [It] hidith of Love the light away,  
 That into night it turneth day ;  
 It may not see Richesse shyne 5355  
 Til the blakke shadowes fyne.  
 For, when Richesse shyneth bright,  
 Love recovereth ageyn his light ;  
 And when it failith, he wol flit,  
 And as she †groweth, so groweth it. 5360  
 'Of this love, here what I sey :—  
 The riche men are loved ay,  
 And namely tho that sparand bene,  
 That wol not wasshe hir hertes clene  
 Of the filthe, nor of the vyce 5365  
 Of gredy bronning avaryce.  
 The riche man ful fond is, y-wis,  
 That weneth that he loved is.  
 If that his herte it undirstood,  
 It is not he, it is his good ; 5370  
 He may wel witen in his thought,  
 His good is loved, and he right nought.  
 For if he be a nigard eke,  
 Men wole not sette by him a leke,  
 But haten him ; this is the soth. 5375  
 Lo, what profit his catel doth !  
 Of every man that may him see,  
 It geteth him nought but enmittee.  
 But he amende †him of that vyce,  
 And knowe him-silf, he is not wys. 5380  
 'Certis, he shulde ay frendly be,  
 To gete him love also ben free,  
 Or ellis he is not wyse ne sage  
 No more than is a gote ramage.  
 That he not loveth, his dede proveth,  
 Whan he his richesse so wel loveth, 5386  
 That he wol hyde it ay and spare,  
 His pore frendis seen forfare ;  
 To kepe †it ay is his purpose,  
 Til for drede his eyen close, 5390  
 And til a wikked deth him take ;  
 Him hadde lever asondre shake,  
 And late †his limes asondre ryve,  
 Than leve his richesse in his lyve.  
 He thenkith parte it with no man ; 5395  
 Certayn, no love is in him than.  
 How shulde love within him be,

Whan in his herte is no pite ?  
 That he trespasseth, wel I wat,  
 For ech man knowith his estat ; 5400  
 For wel him †oughte be reproved  
 That loveth nought, ne is not loved.  
 'But sith we arn to Fortune comen,  
 And †han our sermoun of hir nomen,  
 A wondir wil I telle thes now, 5405  
 Thou herdist never sich oon, I trow.  
 I not wher thou me leven shal,  
 Though sothfastnesse it be †in al,  
 As it is writen, and is sooth,  
 That unto men more profit doth 5410  
 The froward Fortune and contraire,  
 Than the swote and debonaire ;  
 And if thee thinke it is doutable,  
 It is thurgh argument provable.  
 For the debonaire and softe 5415  
 Falsith and bigylith ofte ;  
 For liche a moder she can cherishe  
 And milken as doth a norys ;  
 And of hir goode to †hem deles,  
 And yeveth †hem part of her joweles,  
 With grete richesse and dignitee ; 5420  
 And hem she hoteth stabilitee  
 In a state that is not stable,  
 But chaunging ay and variable ;  
 And fedith †hem with glorie veyne, 5425  
 And worldly blisse noncerteyne.  
 Whan she †hem settith on hir whele,  
 Than wene they to be right wele,  
 And in so stable state withalle,  
 That never they wene for to falle. 5430  
 And whan they set so high[e] be,  
 They wene to have in certainte  
 Of hertly frendis †so gret noubre,  
 That no-thing mighte her stat encombre ;  
 They truste hem so on every syde, 5435  
 Wening with †hem they wolde abyde  
 In every perel and mischaunce,  
 Withoute chaunge or variaunce,  
 Bothe of catel and of good ;  
 And also for to spende hir blood 5440  
 And alle hir membris for to spille,  
 Only to fulfille hir wille.  
 They maken it hole in many wyse,  
 And hoten hem hir ful servyse,  
 How sore that it do hem smerte, 5445  
 Into hir very naked sherte !  
 Herte and al, so hole they yeve,  
 For the tyme that they may live,



So that, with her flattery,  
They maken foolis glorifye 5450  
Of hir wordis [greet] speking,  
And han þthere-of a rejoyssing,  
And trowe hem as the Evangyle;  
And it is al falsheed and gyle,  
As they shal afterwarde[s] see, 5455  
Whan they arn falle in poverttee,  
And been of good and catel bare;  
Than shulde they seen who freendis  
ware.

For of an hundred, certeynly,  
Nor of a thousand ful scarsly, 5460  
Ne shal they fynde unnothis oon,  
Whan poverttee is comen upon.  
For þthis Fortune that I of telle,  
With men whan hir lust to dwelle,  
Makith hem to lese hir conisaunce, 5465  
And nourishith hem in ignoraunce.

‘But froward Fortune and porverse,  
Whan high estatiss she doth reverse,  
And maketh hem to tumble doun  
Of hir whele, with sodeyn tourn, 5470  
And from hir richesse doth hem fleo,  
And plongeth hem in poverttee,  
As a stepmoder envyous,  
And leyeth a plastro dolorous  
Unto her hertis, wounded egre, 5475  
Which is not tempre with vinegre,  
But with povertte and indigence,  
þShe sheweth, by experience,  
That she is Fortune verely  
In whom no man shulde affy, 5480  
Nor in hir yettis have fiance,  
She is so ful of variaunce.

Thus can she maken high and lowe,  
Whan they from richesse ar[e]n throwe,  
Fully to knowen, withouten were, 5485  
Freend of þeffect, and freend of chere;  
And which in love weren trow and stable,  
And whiche also weren variable,  
After Fortune, hir goddesse,  
In povertte, outhur in richesse; 5490  
For al þshe yeveth, out of drede,  
Unhappe bereveth it in dede;  
For Infortune þlat not oon  
Of freendis, whan Fortune is goon;  
I mene tho freendis that wol fleo 5495  
Anoon as entreth poverttee.  
And yit they wol not leve hem so,  
But in ech place where they go

They calle hem “wrecche,” scorne and  
blame,  
And of hir mishappe hem diffame, 5500  
And, namely, siche as in richesse  
Protendith most of stablenesse,  
Whan that they sawe lim set onlofte,  
And weren of him socoured ofte,  
And most y-holpe in al hir nede: 5505  
But now they take no maner hede,  
But seyn, in voice of flattery,  
That now apperith hir folye,  
Over-al where-so they fare,  
And singe, “Go, farewell feldefare.” 5510  
Alle suche freendis I beshrewe,  
For of [the] trewe thir be to fewe;  
But sothfast freendis, what so bityde,  
In every fortune wolen alyde;  
They han hir hertis in suche noblesse  
That they nil love for no richesse; 5516  
Nor, for that Fortune may hem sende,  
They wolen hem socoure and defende;  
And chaunge for softe ne for sore,  
For who is freend, loveth evermore. 5520  
Though men draweswerd his freend to slo,  
He may not hewe hir love atwo.  
But, in [the] case that I shal sey,  
For pride and ire lese it he may,  
And for reprove by nyceete, 5525  
And discovering of privitee,  
With tonge wounding, as feloun,  
Thurgh venomous detraccioun.  
Freend in this case wol gon his way,  
For no-thing greve him more ne may,  
And for nought ellis wol he fleo, 5531  
If that he love in stabilitee.  
And certeyn, he is wel bigoon  
Among a thousand that fyndith oon.  
For ther may be no richesse, 5535  
Ageyns frendship, of worthlinesse;  
For it ne may so high atteigne  
As may the valoure, sooth to seyne,  
Of him that loveth trow and wel;  
Frendship is more than is catol. 5540  
For freend in court ay better is  
Than peny in [his] purs, certis;  
And Fortune, mishapping,  
Whan upon men she is þfalling,  
Thurgh misturning of hir chaunce, 5545  
And þcasteth hem oute of balaunce,  
She makith, thurgh hir adversitee,  
Men ful cleerly for to see

Him that is freend in existence  
 From him that is by apparence. 5550  
 For Infortune makith anoon  
 To knowe thy freendis fro thy foom,  
 By experience, right as it is ;  
 The which is more to preyse, y-wis,  
 Than þis miche richesse and tresour ;  
 For more þ doth profit and valour 5556  
 Poverté, and such adversitee,  
 Before than doth prosperitee ;  
 For the toon yeveth conisaunce,  
 And the tother ignoraunce. 5560  
 ' And thus in poverté is in dede  
 Trouthe declared fro falschede ;  
 For feynte frondis it wol declare,  
 And trewe also, what wey they fare.  
 For whan he was in his richesse, 5565  
 These freendis, ful of doublonesso,  
 Offrid him in many wyse  
 Hert and body, and servyse.  
 What wolde he than ha þyeve to ha  
 bought  
 To knowne openly her thought, 5570  
 That he now hath so clerly seen ?  
 The lasse bigyled he sholde have been  
 And he hadde than perceyved it,  
 But richesse nold not late him wit.  
 Wel more avauntage doth him than, 5575  
 Sith that it makith him a wys man,  
 The greet mischeef that he þreceyvet,  
 Than doth richesse that him deceyvet.  
 Richesse riche ne makith nought  
 Him that on tresour set his thought ;  
 For richesse stout in suffisaunce 5581  
 And no-thing in habundaunce ;  
 For suffisaunce al-only  
 Makith men to live richely.  
 For he that hath [but] miches tweyne,  
 Ne [more] value in his domeigne, 5586  
 Liveth more at ese, and more is riche,  
 Than doth he that is [so] cluche,  
 And in his bern hath, soth to seyn,  
 An hundred þ muwis of whete greyn, 5590  
 Though he be chapman or marchaunt,  
 And have of golde many besaunt.  
 For in the geting he hath such wo,  
 And in the keping drede also,  
 And set evermore his bisynesse 5595  
 For to encrease, and not to lesse,  
 For to augment and multiply.  
 And though on hepis þit lye him by,

Yit never shal make his richesse  
 Asseth unto his gredinesse. 5600  
 But the povre that recchith nought,  
 Save of his lyfode, in his thought,  
 Which that he getith with his travaile,  
 He dredith nought that it shal faile,  
 Though he have lytel worldis good, 5605  
 Mete and drinke, and esy food,  
 Upon his travel and living,  
 And also suffisaunt clothing.  
 Or if in syknesse that he falle,  
 And lotho mete and drink withalle, 5610  
 Though he have nought, his mete to by,  
 He shal bihynke him hastely,  
 To putte him out of al daunger,  
 That he of mete hath no master ;  
 Or that he may with litel eke 5615  
 Be founden, whyl that he is seke ;  
 Or that men shul him þbero in laust,  
 To live, til his syknesse be past,  
 To somme maysondewe bisyde ; 5619  
 He cast nought what shal him bityde.  
 He thenkith nought that ever he shal  
 Into any syknesse falle.  
 ' And though it falle, as it may be,  
 That al betyme spare shal he  
 As mochel as shal to him suffyce, 5625  
 Whyl he is syke in any wyse,  
 He doth [it], for that he wol be  
 Content with his poverté  
 Withoute nede of any man.  
 So miche in litel have he can, 5630  
 He is apayed with his fortune ;  
 And for he nil be importune  
 Unto no wight, ne onerous,  
 Nor of hir goodes covetous ;  
 Therefore he spareth, it may wel been,  
 His pore estat for to sustene. 5636  
 ' Or if him lust not for to spare,  
 But suffrith forth, as nought ne ware,  
 Atte last it hapneth, as it may,  
 Right unto his laste day, 5640  
 And þtaketh the world as it wolde be ;  
 For ever in herte thenkith he,  
 The soner that [the] doeth him slo,  
 To paradys the soner go  
 He shal, there for to live in blisse, 5645  
 Where that he shal no good misse.  
 Thider he hopith god shal him sende  
 Affir his wroccid lyves ende.  
 Pictagoras himsilf rehersed,

In a book that the Golden Verses	5650	That it quik brenneth [more] to get,	5700
Is clepid, for the nobilitie		Ne never shal tenough have geten ;	
Of the honourable ditee :—		Though he have gold in garners yeten,	
“ Than, whan thou gost thy body fro,		For to be nedy he dredith sore.	
Free in the air thou shalt up go,		Wherfore to geten more and more	
And leven al humanitee,	5655	He set his herte and his desire ;	5705
And purely live in deitee.”—		So hote he brennith in the fire	
He is a fool, withouten were,		Of coveitise, that makith him wood	
That trowith have his countro here.		To purchase other mennes good.	
“ In erthe is not our countree,”		He undirfongith a gret peyne,	
That may these clerkis seyn and see	5660	That undirtakith to drinke up Seyne ;	
In Boece of Consolacioun,		For the more he drinkith, ay	5711
Where it is naked mencion		The more he leveth, the soth to say.	
Of our countree pleynt at the eye,		† This is the thirst of fals geting,	
By teching of philosophye,		That last ever in coveiting,	
Where lewid men might lere wit,	5665	And the anguishe and distresse	5715
Who-so that wolde translaten it,		With the fire of gredinesse.	
If he be sich that can wel live		She fighteth with him ay, and stryveth,	
Aftir his rente may him yive,		That his herte asondre ryveth ;	
And not desyreth more to have,		Such gredinesse him assaylith,	
That may fro povertie him save :	5670	That whan he most hath, most he saylith.	
A wys man seide, as we may seen,		‘ Phisiciens and advocates	5721
Is no man wretched, but he it wene,		Gon right by the same yates ;	
Be he king, knight, or ribaud.		They selle hir science for winning,	
And many a ribaud is mery and band,		And haunte hir crafte for gret geting.	
That swinkith, and berith, bothe day and		Hir winning is of such swetnesse,	5725
night,	5675	That if a man falle in sikennesse,	
Many a burthen of gret might,		They are ful glad, for hir encrease ;	
The whiche doth him lasse offense,		For by hir wille, withoute lees,	
For he suffrith in pacience.		Everiche man shulde be seke,	5729
They laugh and daunce, trippe and singe,		And though they dye, they set not a leke.	
And ley not up for her living,	5680	After, whan they the gold have take,	
But in the tavern al dispendith		Ful litel care for hem they make.	
The winning that god hem sendith.		They wolde that forty were seke at onis,	
Than goth he, fardels for to bere,		Ye, two hundred, in flesh and bonis,	
With as good chere as he dide ere ;		And yit two thousand, as I gesse,	5735
To swinke and traveile he not feynith,		For to encreson her richesse.	
For for to robben he disdeynith ;	5686	They wol not worchen, in no wyse,	
But right anon, aftir his swinke,		But for lucre and coveityse ;	
He goth to tavern for to drinke.		For fysyk ginneth first by fy,	
Alle these ar riche in abundaunce,		The fysycien also sothely ;	5740
That can thus have suffisaunce	5690	And sithen it goth fro fy to † sy ;	
Wel more than can an usurer,		To truste on hem, it is foly ;	
As god wel knowith, withoute were.		For they nil, in no maner gree,	
For an usurer, so god me see,		Do right nought for charitee.	
Shal never for richesse riche bee,		‘ Eke in the same secte are set	5745
But evermore pore and indigent,	5695	Alle tho that prechen for to get	
Scarce, and gredy in his entent.		Worshipes, honour, and richesse.	
‘ For soth it is, whom it displese,		Her hertis arn in gret distresse,	
Ther may no marchaunt live at ese ;		That folk [ne] live not holly.	
His herte in sich a † were is set,		But aboven al, specially,	5750

Sich as prechen [for] veynglorie,  
 And toward god have no memorie,  
 But forth as ypocrites trace,  
 And to her soules deth purchace,  
 And outward †shewen holynesse, 5755  
 Though they be fulle of cursidnesse.  
 Not liche to the apostles twelve,  
 They deceyve other and hem-selve;  
 Bigyled is the gyler than,  
 For preching of a cursed man, 5760  
 Though [it] to other may profyte,  
 Himsilf availleth not a myte;  
 For oft good predicacioun  
 Cometh of evel entencioun.  
 To him not vailith his preching, 5765  
 Al helpe he other with his teching;  
 For where they good ensauple take,  
 There is he with veynglorie shake.  
 'But lat us leven these prechoures,  
 And speke of hem that in her toures 5770  
 Hepe up her gold, and faste shette,  
 And sore theron her herte sette.  
 They neither love god, ne drede  
 They kepe more than it is nede,  
 And in her bagges sore it binde, 5775  
 Out of the sonne, and of the winde;  
 They putte up more than nede ware,  
 When they seen pore folk forfare,  
 For hunger dye, and for cold quake;  
 God can wel vengeaunce therof take. 5780  
 †Three gret mischeves hem assailith,  
 And thus in gadring ay travaylith;

With moche payne they winne richesse;  
 And drede hem holdith in distresse,  
 To kepe that they gadre faste; 5785  
 With sorwe they leve it at the laste;  
 With sorwe they bothe dye and live,  
 That †to richesse her hertis yive,  
 And in defaute of love it is,  
 As it shewith ful wel, y-wis. 5790  
 For if these gredy, the sothe to seyn,  
 Loveden, and were loved ageyn,  
 And good love regned over-alle,  
 Such wikkidnesse ne shulde fallo;  
 But he shulde yeve that most good had  
 To hem that weren in nede bistad, 5796  
 And live withoute fals usure,  
 For charitee ful clene and pure.  
 If they hem yeve to goodnesse,  
 Defending hem from ydelnesse, 5800  
 In al this world than pore noon  
 We shulde finde, I trowe, not oon.  
 But chaunged is this world unstable,  
 For love is over-al vendable.  
 We see that no man loveth now 5805  
 But for winning and for prow;  
 And love is thrallid in servage  
 When it is sold for avauntage;  
 Yit wommen wol hir bodies selle; 5809  
 Suche soules goth to the devel of helle.'

*[Here ends l. 5170 of the F. text. A  
 great gap follows. The next line an-  
 swers to l. 10717 of the same.]*

## FRAGMENT C.

When Love had told hem his entente,  
 The baronage to councei wente;  
 In many sentences they fille,  
 And dyversly they seide hir wille:  
 But aftir discord they accorded, 5815  
 And hir accord to Love recorded.  
 'Sir,' seiden they, 'we been at oon,  
 By even accord of everichoon,  
 Out-take Richesse al-only,  
 That sworn hath ful hauteynly, 5820  
 That she the castel †nil assaile,  
 Ne smyte a stroke in this bataille,  
 With dart, ne mace, spere, ne knyf,

For man that speketh or bereth the lyf,  
 And blameth your empyrse, y-wis, 5825  
 And from our hoost departed is,  
 (At leeste wey, as in this plyte,)
 So hath she this man in dispyte;  
 For she seith he ne loved hir never,  
 And therfor she wol hate him ever. 5830  
 For he wol gadre no tresore,  
 He hath hir wrath for evermore.  
 He agilde hir never in other caas,  
 Lo, here al hoolly his trespas!  
 She seith wel, that this other day 5835  
 He asked hir leve to goon the way

That is clepid To-moche-Yeving,  
 And spak ful fuire in his praying ;  
 But whan he prayde hir, pore was he,  
 Therefore she warned him the entree. 5840  
 Ne yit is he not thriven so  
 That he hath geten a peny or two,  
 That quytly is his owne in hold,  
 Thus hath Richesse us alle told ;  
 And whan Richesse us this recorded, 5845  
 Withouten hir we been accorded.

' And we finde in our accordaunce,  
 That False-Semblant and Abstinaunce,  
 With alle the folk of hir bataile,  
 Shulle at the hinder gate assayle, 5850  
 That Wikkid-Tunge hath in keping,  
 With his Normans, fulle of jangling.  
 And with hem Curtesie and Largesse,  
 That shulle shewe hir hardinesse  
 To the olde wyf that þkepeþ so harde  
 Fair-Welcoming within her warde. 5856  
 Than shal Delyte and Wel-Ielinge  
 Fonde Shame adoun to bringe ;  
 With al hir hoost, eily and late,  
 They shulle assailen þthilke gate. 5860  
 Agaynes Drede shal Hardinesse  
 Assayle, and also Sikernesse,  
 With al the folk of hir leding,  
 That never wist what was fleing.

' Fraunchyse shal fighte, and eek Pitee,  
 With Daunger ful of crueltee. 5866  
 Thus is your hoost ordeyned wel ;  
 Doun shal the castel every del,  
 If everiche do his entente,  
 So that Venus be presente, 5870  
 Your moder, ful of vassalage,  
 That can y-nough of such usage ;  
 Withouten hir may no wight spede  
 This werk, neither for word ne dede.  
 Therefore is good ye for hir sende, 5875  
 For thurgh hir may this werk amende.'

Amour. ' Lordinges, my moder, the  
 goddesse,  
 That is my lady, and my maistresse,  
 Nis not [at] al at my willing,  
 Ne doth not al my desyring. 5880  
 Yit can she som-tyme doon labour,  
 Whan that hir lust, in my socour,  
 þAl my nedes for to aheve,  
 But now I thenke hir not to greve.  
 My moder is she, and of childhede 5885  
 I bothe worshippe hir, and eek drede ;

For who that dredeth sire ne dame  
 Shal it abyge in body or name.  
 And, natheles, yit cunne we  
 Sende after hir, if nede be ; 5890  
 And were she nigh, she comen wolde,  
 I trowe that no-thing might hir holde.

' My moder is of greet prowessse ;  
 She hath tan many a forteresse,  
 That cost hath many a pound er this, 5895  
 Ther I nas not present, y-wis ;  
 And yit men seide it was my dede ;  
 But I come never in that stede ;  
 Ne me ne lyketh, so mote I thee,  
 Such þtours take withoute me. 5900  
 For-why me thenketh that, in no wyse,  
 It may ben cleped but marchandise.

' Go bye a courser, blak or whyte,  
 And pay therfor ; than art thou quyte  
 The marchaunt oweth thee ight nought,  
 No thou him, whan thou [hast] it bought.  
 I wol not selling clepe yeving, 5907  
 For selling axeth no guerdoning ;  
 Here lyth no thank, ne no meryte,  
 That oon goth from that other al quyte.  
 But this selling is not semblable ; 5911  
 For, whan his hors is in the stable,  
 He may it selle ageyn, pardee,  
 And winne on it, such hap may be ;  
 Al may the man not lese, y-wis, 5915  
 For at the leest the skin is his.  
 Or elles, if it so bytyde  
 That he wol kepe his hors to ryde,  
 Yit is he lord ay of his hors.

But thilke chaffare is wel wors, 5920  
 There Venus entremeteth nought ;  
 For who-so such chaffare hath bought,  
 He shal not worchen so wysly,  
 That he ne shal lese al outerly  
 Botho his money and his chaffare ; 5925  
 But the seller of the waro  
 The prys and profit have shal.  
 Corteyn, the byer shal lose al ;  
 For he ne can so dere it bye  
 To have lordship and ful maistrye, 5930  
 Ne have power to make letting  
 Neither for yift ne for preching,  
 That of his chaffare, maugre his,  
 Another shal have as moche, y-wis,  
 If he wol yeve as moche as he, 5935  
 Of what contrey so that he be ;  
 Or for right nought, so happe may,

If he can flater hir to hir pay.  
 Ben than suche marchaunts wyse?  
 No, but foolen in every wyse, 5940  
 When they bye such thing wilfully,  
 Ther-as they lese her good fully,  
 But natheles, this dar I saye,  
 My moder is not wont to paye,  
 For she is neither so fool ne nyce, 5945  
 To entremete hir of sich vyce.  
 But truste wel, he shal paye al,  
 That repente of his bargeyn shal,  
 When Poverte put him in distresse,  
 Al were he scolar to Richesse, 5950  
 That is for me in gret yorning,  
 When she assenteth to my willing.  
 'But, [by] my moder seint Venus,  
 And by hir fader Saturnus,  
 That hir engendrid by his lyf, 5955  
 But not upon his wedded wyf!  
 Yit wol I more unto you swere,  
 To make this thing the seurere;  
 Now by that feith, and that fleautee  
 I owe to alle my brethren free, 5960  
 Of which ther nis wight under heven  
 That can her fadres names nevon,  
 So dyvers and so many ther be  
 That with my moder have be privee!  
 Yit wolde I swere, for sikernesse, 5965  
 The pole of helle to my wisesse,  
 Now drinke I not this yeeer claree,  
 If that I lye, or forsworn be!  
 (For of the goddes the usage is,  
 That who-so him forswereth amis, 5970  
 Shal that yeeer drinke no claree).  
 Now have I sworn y-nough, pardee;  
 If I forswere me, than am I lorn,  
 But I wol never be forsworn.  
 Sith Richesse hath me failed here, 5975  
 She shal abyge that trespas +dere,  
 At leeste wey, but [she] hir arme  
 With swerd, or sparth, or gisarme.  
 For certes, sith she loveth not me,  
 Fro thilke tyme that she may see 5980  
 The castel and the tour to-shake,  
 In sory tyme she shal awake.  
 If I may grype a riche man,  
 I shal so pulle him, if I can,  
 That he shal, in a fewe stoundes, 5985  
 Lese alle his markes and his poundes.  
 I shal him make his pens outslinge,  
 But-[if] they in his gerner springe;

Our maydens shal eek plukke him so,  
 That him shal neden fetheres mo, 5990  
 And make him selle his lond to spende,  
 But he the bet cunne him defende.  
 'Pore men han maad hir lord of me;  
 Although they not so mighty be,  
 That they may fede me in delyt, 5995  
 I wol not have hem in despyt.  
 No good man hateth hem, as I gesse;  
 For chinchie and feloun is Richesse,  
 That so can chase hem and dispyse,  
 And hem defoule in sondry wyse, 6000  
 They loven ful bet, so god me spede,  
 Than doth the riche, chinchy +gnede,  
 And been, in good feith, more stable  
 And trewer, and more serviable;  
 And therfore it suffyseth me 6005  
 Hir goode herte, and hir fleautee.  
 They han on me set al hir thought,  
 And therfore I forgete hem nought.  
 I +wolde hem bringe in gret noblesse,  
 If that I were god of Richesse, 6010  
 As I am god of Love, sothly,  
 Such routhe upon hir pleynt have I.  
 Therfore I must his socour be,  
 That peyneth him to serven me;  
 For if he deyde for love of this, 6015  
 Than semeth in me no love ther is.'  
 'Sir,' seide they, 'sooth is, every del,  
 That ye reherce, and we wot wel  
 Thilk oth to holde is resonable;  
 For it is good and covenable, 6020  
 That ye on riche men han sworn.  
 For, sir, this wot we wel biforn;  
 If riche men doon you homage,  
 That is as foolen doon outrage;  
 But ye shul not forsworen be, 6025  
 Ne let therfore to drinke claree,  
 Or piment maked fresh and newe.  
 Ladyes shulle hem such pepir brewen,  
 If that they falle into hir laas,  
 That they for wo mowe seyn 'Allas!'  
 Ladyes shuln ever so curteis be, 6031  
 That they shal quyte your oth al free.  
 Ne soketh never other vicaire,  
 For they shal speke with hem so faire  
 That ye shal holde you payed ful wel,  
 Though ye you medle never a dol, 6036  
 Lat ladies worche with hir thinges,  
 They shal hem telle so fele tydinges,  
 And move hem eke so many requestis

By flatery, that not honest is, 6040  
 And therto yeve hem such thankinges,  
 What with kissing, and with talkinges,  
 That certes, if they trowed be,  
 Shal never leve hem lond ne fee  
 That it nil as the moeble fare, 6045  
 Of which they first delivered are.  
 Now may ye telle us al your wille,  
 And we your hestes shal fulfille.

'But Fals-Semblant dar not, for drede  
 Of you, sir, medle him of this dede, 6050  
 For he seith that ye been his fo ;  
 He not, if ye wol worche him wo.  
 Wherefore we pray you alle, beau-sire,  
 That ye forgive him now your ire,  
 And that he may dwelle, as your man,  
 With Abstinence, his dere lemman ; 6056  
 This our accord and our wil now.'

'Parfay,' seide Love, 'I graunte it yow ;  
 I wol wel holde him for my man ; 6059  
 Now lat him come.' and he forth ran.  
 'Fals-Semblant,' quod Love, 'in this wyse  
 I take thee here to my serveyse,  
 That thou our freendis helpe alway,  
 And þindre hem neither night ne day, 6065  
 But do thy might hem to releve,  
 And eek our enemies that thou greve.  
 Thyn be this might, I graunt it thee,  
 My king of harlotes shalt thou be ;  
 We wol that thou have such honour.  
 Certeyn, thou art a fals traitour, 6070  
 And eek a thief ; sith thou were born,  
 A thousand tyme thou art forsworn.  
 But, natheles, in our hering,  
 To putte our folk out of douting,  
 I bid thee teche hem, wostow how ? 6075  
 By somme general signe now,  
 In what place thou shalt founden be,  
 If that men had mister of thee ;  
 And how men shal thee best espye,  
 For thee to knowe is greet maistrye ; 6080  
 Tel in what place is thyn haunting.'

*F. Sem.* 'Sir, I have fele dyvers woning,  
 That I kepe not rehersed be,  
 So that ye wolde respyten me.  
 For if that I telle you the sothe, 6085  
 I may have harm and shame bothe.  
 If that my felowes wisten it,  
 My tales shulden me be quit ;  
 For certeyn, they wolde hate me,  
 If ever I knewe hir cruelte ; 6090

For they wolde over-al holde hem stille  
 Of trouthe that is ageyn hir wille ;  
 Suche tales kepen they not here.  
 I might eftsome bye it ful dere,  
 If I seide of hem any thing, 6095  
 That ought displeseth to hir hering.  
 For what word that hem prikke or byteth,  
 In that word noon of hem delyteth,  
 Al were it gospel, the evangyle,  
 That wolde reprove hem of hir gyle, 6100  
 For they are cruel and hauteyn.  
 And this thing wot I wel, certeyn,  
 If I speke ought to peire hir loos,  
 Your court shal not so wel be cloos,  
 That they ne shal wite it atte last. 6105  
 Of good men am I nought agast,  
 For they wol taken on hem no-thing,  
 Whan that they knowe al my mening ;  
 But he that wol it on him take,  
 He wol himself suspicious make, 6110  
 That he his lyf let covertly,  
 In Gyle and in Ipocrisy,  
 That me engendred and yaf fostring.'

'They made a ful good engendring,'  
 Quod Love, 'for who-so soothly telle, 6115  
 They engendred the devel of helle !

'But nedely, how-so-ever it be,'  
 Quod Love, 'I wol and charge thee,  
 To telle anon thy woning-places,  
 Hering ech wight that in this place is ;  
 And what lyf that thou livest also, 6121  
 Hyde it no lenger now ; wherto ?  
 Thou most discover al thy wurching,  
 How thou servest, and of what thing,  
 Though that thou shuldest for thy soth-  
 sawe 6125

Ben al to-beten and to-drawe ;  
 And yit art thou not wont, pardee.  
 But natheles, though thou beten be,  
 Thou shalt not be the first, that so  
 Hath for soth-sawe suffred wo.' 6130

*F. Sem.* 'Sir, sith that it may lyken  
 you,  
 Though that I shulde be slayn right now,  
 I shal don your comaundement,  
 For therto have I gret talent.' 6134

Withouten wordes mo, right than,  
 Fals-Semblant his sermon bigan,  
 And seide hem thus in audience :—  
 'Barouns, tak hede of my sentence !  
 That wight that list to have knowing

Of Fals-Semblant, ful of flatering, 6140  
 He must in worldly folk him seke,  
 And, certes, in the cloistres eke;  
 I wone no-where but in hem tweye;  
 But not lyk even, sooth to seye;  
 Shortly, I wol herberwe me 6145  
 There I hope best to hulstred be;  
 And certeynly, sikerehyd  
 Is underneth humblest clothing.  
 'Religious folk ben ful covert;  
 Seculer folk ben more apert. 6150  
 But natheles, I wol not blame  
 Religious folk, ne hem diffame,  
 In what habit that ever they go:  
 Religious humble, and trewe also,  
 Wol I not blame, ne dispyse, 6155  
 But I nil love it, in no wyse.  
 I mene of fals religious,  
 That stoute ben, and malicious;  
 That wolen in an abit go,  
 And setten not hir herte therto 6160  
 'Religious folk ben al pitous;  
 Thou shalt not seen oon dispitous.  
 They loven no pryde, ne no stryf,  
 But humbly they wol lede hir lyf;  
 With þwisch folk wol I never be. 6165  
 And if I dwelle, I feyne me  
 I may wel in her abit go;  
 But me were lever my nekke atwo,  
 Than þlete a purpose that I take,  
 What covaunant that ever I make. 6170  
 I dwelle with hem that proude be,  
 And fulle of wyles and subtelte;  
 That worship of this world coveyten,  
 And grete þnedes cunne espleyten; 6174  
 And goon and gadren greet pitaunces,  
 And purchase hem the acquyntaunces  
 Of men that mighty lyf may leden;  
 And feyne hem pore, and hem-self feden  
 With gode moreels delicious,  
 And drinken good wyn precions, 6180  
 And preche us povert and distresse,  
 And fisshen hem-self greet richesse  
 With wylly nettis that they caste:  
 It wol come foul out at the laste.  
 They ben fro clene religioun went; 6185  
 They make the world an argument  
 That hath a foul conclusion.  
 "I have a robe of religioun,  
 Than am I al religious:"  
 This argument is al roignous; 6190

It is not worth a croked brere;  
 Habit ne maketh þmonk ne frere,  
 But clene lyf and devocioun  
 Maketh gode men of religioun.  
 Nathelesse, ther can noon answer, 6195  
 How high that ever his heed he shere  
 With rasour whetted never so kene,  
 That Gyle in braunches cut thrittene;  
 Ther can no wight distincte it so,  
 That he dar sey a word therto. 6200  
 'But what herberwe that ever I take,  
 Or what semblant that ever I make,  
 I mene but gyle, and folowe that;  
 For right no mo than Gibbe our cat  
 [þFro myce and rattes went his wyle],  
 Ne entende I [not] but to þbegyle, 6206  
 Ne no wight may, by my clothing,  
 Wite with what folk is my dwelling,  
 Ne by my wordis yet, pardee,  
 So softe and so plesant they be. 6210  
 Bihold the dedes that I do;  
 But thou be blind, thou oughtest so;  
 For, varie hir wordis fro hir dede,  
 They thenke on gyle, without[en] drede,  
 What maner clothing that they were,  
 Or what estat that ever they bere, 6216  
 Lered or lowd, lord or lady,  
 Knight, squier, burgeis, or bayly.'  
 Right thus whyl Fals-Semblant ser-  
 moneth,  
 Eftsones Love him aresoneth, 6220  
 And brak his tale in the speking  
 As though he had him told lesing;  
 And seide: 'What, devel, is that I here?  
 What folk hast thou us nempned here?  
 May men finde religioun 6225  
 In worldly habitacioun?'  
 F. Sem. 'Ye, sir; it foloweth not that  
 they  
 Shulde lede a wikked lyf, parfey,  
 Ne not therfore her soules lese,  
 That hem to worldly clothes chese; 6230  
 For, certes, it were gret pitee.  
 Men may in seculer clothes see  
 Florisshen holy religioun.  
 Ful many a seynt in feeld and toun,  
 With many a virgin glorious, 6235  
 Devout, and ful religious,  
 Had deyed, that þcommun clothe ay beren,  
 Yit seyntes never-the-les they weren.  
 I coude reken you many a ten;



Ye, wel nigh alle theso holy wimmen,  
 That men in chirches herie and seke, 6241  
 Bothe maydens, and theso wyves eke,  
 That baren þatmany a fair child here,  
 Wered alwey clothis seculere,  
 And in the same dyden they, 6245  
 That seyntes weren, and been alwey.  
 The eleven thousand maydens dere,  
 That beren in heven hir cierges clere,  
 Of which men rede in chircho, and singe,  
 Were take in seculer clothing, 6250  
 When they resseyved martirdom,  
 And wounen heven unto her loom.  
 Good herte maketh the gode thought ;  
 The clothing yeveth ne reveth nought.  
 The gode thought and the worching, 6255  
 That maketh þatreligioun flowring,  
 Ther lyth the good religioun  
 After the right entencionn.  
 ' Who-so toke a wethers skin,  
 And wrapped a gredy wolf therin, 6260  
 For he shulde go with lambes whyte,  
 Wenest thou not he wolde hem hyte ?  
 Yis ! never-the-las, as he were wood,  
 He wolde hem wery, and drinke the  
 blood ;  
 And wel the rather hem disceyve, 6265  
 For, sith they coude not perceyve  
 His treget and his crueltee,  
 They wolde him folowe, al wolde he flee.  
 ' If ther be wolves of sich hewe  
 Amonges these apostilis newe, 6270  
 Thou, holy chircho, thou mayst be wayled !  
 Sith that thy citee is assayed  
 Thourgh knightes of thyn owne table,  
 God wot thy lordship is doutable !  
 If they enforce [hem] it to winne, 6275  
 That shulde defende it fro withinne,  
 Who might defence ayens hem make ?  
 Without[en] stroke it not be take  
 Of trepet or mangonel ;  
 Without displaying of pensel, 6280  
 And if god nil don it socour,  
 But lat [hem] renne in this colour,  
 Thou moost thyn heestes laten be,  
 Than is ther nought, but yelde thee,  
 Or yeve hem tribute, douteles, 6285  
 And holde it of hem to have pees :  
 But gretter harm biyde thee,  
 That they al maister of it be.  
 Wel conne they scorne thes withal ;

By day stuffen they the wal, 6290  
 And al the night they mynen there.  
 Nay, thou þatmost planten elleswhere  
 Thyn impes, if thou wolt fruyt have ;  
 Abyd not there thy-self to save.  
 ' But now pees ! here I turne ageyn ;  
 I wol no more of this thing þatseyn, 6296  
 If I may passen me herby ;  
 I mighte maken you wery.  
 But I wol heten you alway  
 To helpe your freendes what I may, 6300  
 So they wollen my company ;  
 For they be shent al-outerly  
 But-if so falle, that I be  
 Oft with hem, and they with me.  
 And eek my lemman mot they serve, 6305  
 Or they shul not my love deserve.  
 Forsothe, I am a fals traitour ;  
 God jugged me for a thief trichour ;  
 Forsworn I am, but wel nygh non  
 Wot of my gyle, til it be don, 6310  
 ' Thourgh me hath many oon deth  
 resseyved,  
 That my treget never aperceyved ;  
 And yit resseyveth, and shal resseyve,  
 That my falsnesse þatnever aperceyve :  
 But who-so doth, if he wys be, 6315  
 Him is right good be war of me.  
 But so slich is the [þat]deceyving  
 That to hard is the [aper]ceyving.  
 For Prothens, that coude him chaunge  
 In every shap, hoonly and straunge, 6320  
 Coude never sich gyle ne tresoun  
 As I ; for I com never in toun  
 Ther-as I mighte knowen be,  
 Though men me bothe might here and see.  
 Ful wel I can my clothes chaunge, 6325  
 Take oon, and make another straunge.  
 Now am I knight, now chasteleyn ;  
 Now prelat, and now chapeleyn ;  
 Now prest, now clerk, and now forstere ;  
 Now am I maister, now scolere, 6330  
 Now monk, now chanoun, now baily ;  
 What-ever mister man am I.  
 Now am I prince, now am I page,  
 And can by herte every langage.  
 Som-tyme am I hoor and old ; 6335  
 Now am I yong, [and] stout, and bold ;  
 Now am I Robert, now Robyn ;  
 Now frere Menour, now Iacobyn ;  
 And with me folweth my loteby,

To don me solas and company, 6340  
 That hight dame †Abstinence-Streyned,  
 In many a queynt array [y]-feyned.  
 Right as it cometh to hir lyking,  
 I fulfille al hir desiring.  
 Somtyme a wommans cloth take I; 6345  
 Now am I mayde, now lady.  
 Somtyme I am religious;  
 Now lyk an anker in an hous.  
 Somtyme am I prioresse,  
 And now a nonne, and now abbesse; 6350  
 And go thurgh alle regiouns,  
 Seking alle religiouns.  
 But to what ordre that I am sworn,  
 I take the strawe, and †lete the corn;  
 To †blynde folk [ther] I onhabite, 6355  
 I axe no-more but hir abite.  
 What wol ye more? in every wyse,  
 Right as me list, I me disgyse.  
 Wel can I bere me under weed;  
 Unlyk is my word to my deed. 6360  
 Thus make I in my trappes falle,  
 Thurgh my pryvileges, alle  
 That ben in Cristendom alyve.  
 I may assoile, and I may shrive,  
 That no prelat may lette me, 6365  
 Al folk, wher-ever they founde be:  
 I moot no prelat may don so,  
 But it the pope be, and no mo,  
 That made thilk establisshing.  
 Now is not this a propre thing? 6370  
 But, were my sleightes aperceyved,  
 [†Ne shulde I more been receyved]  
 As I was wont; and wostow why?  
 For I dide hem a tregetry;  
 But therof yve I litel tale, 6375  
 I have the silver and the male;  
 So have I preched and eek shriven,  
 So have I take, so have †me yiven,  
 Thurgh hir foly, husbond and wyf,  
 That I lede right a joly lyf, 6380  
 Thurgh simplese of the prelacye;  
 They know not al my tregetrye.  
 'But for as moche as man and wyf  
 Shuld shewe hir parochie-prest hir lyf  
 Ones a year, as seith the book, 6385  
 Er any wight his housel took,  
 Than have I pryvileges large,  
 That may of moche thing discharge;  
 For he may seye right thus, pardee:—  
 "Sir Preest, in shrift I telle it thee, 6390

c.c.

That he, to whom that I am shriven,  
 Hath me assoiled, and me yiven  
 Penance soothly, for my sinne,  
 Which that I fond me gilty inne;  
 Ne I ne have never entencioun 6395  
 To make double confessioun,  
 Ne reherce eft my shrift to thee;  
 O shrift is right y-nough to me.  
 This oughte thee suffice wel,  
 Ne be not rebel never-a-del; 6400  
 For certes, though thou haddest it sworn,  
 I wot no prest ne prelat born  
 That may to shrift eft me constreynen.  
 And if they don, I wol me pleyne;  
 For I wot where to pleyne wel. 6405  
 Thou shalt not streyne me a del,  
 Ne enforce me, ne †yt me trouble,  
 To make my confessioun double.  
 Ne I have none affeccoun  
 To have double absolucioun. 6410  
 The firste is right y-nough to me,  
 This latter assoiling quyte I thee.  
 I am unbounde; what mayst thou finde  
 More of my sinnes me to unbinde?  
 For he, that might hath in his hond, 6415  
 Of alle my sinnes me unbond.  
 And if thou wolt me thus constreynen,  
 That me mot nedis on thee pleyne,  
 There shal no jugge imperial,  
 Ne bisshop, ne official, 6420  
 Don jugement on me; for I  
 Shal gon and pleyne me openly  
 Unto my shrift-fader newe,  
 (That hight not Frere Wolf untrowe!)  
 And he shal †chevise him for me, 6425  
 For I trowe he can hampre thee.  
 But, lord! he wolde be wrooth withalle,  
 If men him wolde Frere Wolf calle!  
 For he wolde have no pacience,  
 But don al cruel vengeance! 6430  
 He wolde his might don at the leest,  
 [Ne] no-thing spare for goddes heest.  
 And, god so wis be my socour,  
 But thou yve me my Saviour  
 At Ester, whan I lyketh me, 6435  
 Withoute presing more on thee,  
 I wol forth, and to him goon,  
 And he shal housel me anon.  
 For I am out of thy grucching;  
 I kepe not dele with thee no-thing. 6440  
 Thus may he shryve him. that forsaketh

His parochie-prest, and to me taketh.  
And if the prest wol him refuse,  
I am ful redy him to accuse,  
And him punisshes and hampre so, 6445  
That he his chirche shal forgo.

'But who-so hath in his feling  
The consequence of such shryvving,  
Shalseen that prest may never have might  
To knowe the conscience aright 6450  
Of him that is under his cure.

And this ageyns holy scripture,  
That biddeth every herde honeste  
Have verry knowing of his beste.  
But pore folk that goon by strete, 6455  
That have no gold, ne sommes grete,  
Hem wolde I lete to hir prelates,  
Or lete hir prestes knowe hir states,  
For to me right nought yeve they.'

*Amour.* 'And why 'tis it?'

*F. Sem.* 'For they ne may. 6460

They ben so bare, I take no keep;  
But I wol have the fatte sheep;—  
Lat parish prestes have the lene,  
I yeve not of hir harm a bene!  
And if that prelates grucchen it, 6465  
That ougten 'twroth be in hir wit,  
To lese her fatte bestes so,  
I shal yeve hem a stroke or two,  
That they shal lesen with [the] force,  
Ye, bothe hir mytre and hir croce. 6470  
Thus jape I hem, and have do longe,  
My priveleges been so stronge.'

Fals-Semblant wolde have stinted here,  
But Love ne made him no such chere  
That he was wery of his sawe; 6475  
But for to make him glad and fawe,  
He seide:—'Tel on more specialy,  
How that thou servest untrewly.  
Tel forth, and shame thee never a del;  
For as thyn abit shewith wel, 6480  
Thou 'semest an holy heremyte.'

*F. Sem.* 'Soth is, but I am an ypocryte.'

*Amour.* 'Thou gost and prechest pover-  
tee?'

*F. Sem.* 'Ye, sir; but richesse hath  
pouste.'

*Amour.* 'Thou prechest abstinence  
also?' 6485

*F. Sem.* 'Sir, I wol fillen, so mote I go,  
My paunche of gode mete and wyne,  
As shulde a maister of divyne;

For how that I me pover feyne,  
Yit alle pore folk I disdeyne. 6490

'I love 'tбет the acquyntaunce  
Ten tymes, of the king of Fraunce,  
Than of 'tpore man of mylde mode,  
Though that his soule be also gode.  
For whan I see beggers quaking, 6495  
Naked on mixens al stinking,  
For hungre crye, and eek for care,  
I entremete not of hir fare.  
They been so pore, and ful of pyne,  
They might not ones yeve me 'tdyne, 6500  
For they have no-thing but hir lyf;  
What shulde he yeve that likketh his  
knyf?

It is but foly to entremete,  
To seke in houndes nest fat mete.  
Let bere hem to the spital anoon, 6505  
But, for me, comfort gete they noon.

But a riche sike usurere  
Wolde I visyte and drawe nere;  
Him wol I comforte and rehete,  
For I hope of his gold to gete. 6510  
And if that wikked deth him have,  
I wol go with him to his grave.  
And if ther any reprove me,  
Why that I lete the pore be,  
Wostow how I 'tmot ascape? 6515

I sey, and swerē him ful rape,  
That riche men han more tecches  
Of sinne, than han pore wrecches,  
And han of counseil more mistere;  
And therefore I wol drawe hem ner. 6520  
But as gret hurt, it may so be,  
Hath 'tsoul in right gret povertē,  
As soul in gret richesse, forsothe,  
Al-be-it that they hurten bothe.  
For richesse and mendicitees 6525  
Ben cleped two extremitēes;  
The mene is cleped suffisaunce,  
Ther lyth of vertu the aboundaunce.

For Salamon, ful wel I woot,  
In his Parables us wroot, 6530  
As it is knowe of many a wight,  
In his 'tthritethe chapitre right:

"God, thou me kepe, for thy poustee,  
Fro richesse and mendicitee;  
For if a riche man him dresse 6535  
To thanke to moche on [his] richesse,  
His herte on that so fer is set,  
That he his creatour foryet;

And him, that þe begging wol ay greve,  
 How shulde I by his word him leve? 6540  
 Unnethe that he nis a micher,  
 Forsworn, or elles þe god is lyer."  
 Thus seith Salamon[es] sawes;  
 Ne we finde writen in no lawes,  
 And namely in our Cristen lay— 6545  
 (Who seith 'ye,' I dar sey 'nay')—  
 That Crist, ne his apostles dere,  
 Whyll that they walkede in erthe here,  
 Were never seen her bred begging,  
 For they nolde beggen for no-thing. 6550  
 And right thus were men wont to teche;  
 And in this wyse wolde it preche  
 The maistres of divinitee  
 Somtyme in Paris the citee.

'And if men wolde ther-geyn appose  
 The naked text, and lete the glose, 6556  
 It mighte sone assailed be;  
 For men may wel the sothe see,  
 That, parde, they mighte axe a thing  
 Pleyntly forth, without begging. 6560  
 For they weren goddes herdes dere,  
 And cure of soules hadden here,  
 They nolde no-thing begge hir fode;  
 For after Crist was don on rode,  
 With þair propre hondes they wrought,  
 And with travel, and elles nought, 6566  
 They wonnen all hir sustenance,  
 And liveden forth in hir penaunce,  
 And the remenaunt þe we away  
 To other pore þe folk alwey. 6570  
 They neither bilden tour ne halle,  
 But þey in houses smale withalle,  
 A mighty man, that can and may,  
 Shulde with his honde and body alway  
 Winne him his food in laboring, 6575  
 If he ne have rent or sich a thing,  
 Although he be religious,  
 And god to serven curious.  
 Thus mote he don, or do trespas,  
 But-if it be in certeyn cas, 6580  
 That I can reherce, if mister be,  
 Right wel, whan the tyme I see.  
 'Seke the book of Seynt Austin,  
 Be it in paper or perchemin, 6584  
 There-as he writ of these worchinges,  
 Thou shalt seen that non excusinges  
 A parfit man ne shulde seke  
 By wordes, ne by dedes eke,  
 Although he be religious,

And god to serven curious, 6590  
 That he ne shal, so mote I go,  
 With propre hondes and body also,  
 Gete his food in laboring,  
 If he ne have propretee of thing.  
 Yit shulde he selle al his substaunce, 6595  
 And with his swink have sustenance.  
 If he be parfit in bountee.  
 Thus han tho bookes tolde me:  
 For he that wol gon ydilly,  
 And useth it ay besily 6600  
 To haunten other mennes table,  
 He is a trechour, ful of fable;  
 Ne he ne may, by gode resoun,  
 Excuse him by his orisoun.  
 For men bihoveth, in som gyse, 6605  
 þe Som-tyme leven goddes servyse  
 To gon and purchasen her nede.  
 Men mote eten, that is no drede,  
 And slepe, and cek do other thing;  
 So longe may they leve praying. 6610  
 So may they eek hir prayer bliinne,  
 While that they werke, hir mete to winne  
 Seynt Austin wol therto accorde,  
 In thiike book that I recorde.  
 Justinian eek, that made lawes, 6615  
 Hath thus forboden, by olde dawes,  
 "No man, up peyne to be deed,  
 Mighty of body, to begge his breed,  
 If he may awinke, it for to gete;  
 Men shulde him rather mayme or bete,  
 Or doon of him apert justice, 6621  
 Than suffren him in such malice."  
 They don not wel, so mote I go,  
 That taken such almesse so,  
 But if they have som privelege, 6625  
 That of the peyne hem wol allege.  
 But how that is, can I not see,  
 But-if the prince disseyved be;  
 Ne I ne wene not, sikerly,  
 That they may have it rightfully. 6630  
 But I wol not determyne  
 Of princes power, ne defyne,  
 Ne by my word comprende, y-wis,  
 If it so far may strecche in this.  
 I wol not entremete a del; 6635  
 But I trowe that the book seith wel,  
 Who that taketh almesses, that be  
 Dewe to folk that men may see  
 Lame, foble, wery, and bare,  
 Pore, or in such maner care, 6640

(That conne winne hem nevermo,  
 For they have no power therto),  
 He eteth his owne dampning,  
 But-if he lye, that made al thing.  
 And if ye such a truaunt finde, 6645  
 Chastise him wel, if ye be kinde.  
 But they wolde hate you, percas,  
 And, if ye fillen in hir laas,  
 They wolde eftsones do you scathe,  
 If that they mighte, late or rathe ; 6650  
 For they be not ful pacient,  
 That han the world thus foule blent.  
 And witeth wel, [wher] that god bad  
 The good man selle al that he had,  
 And folowe him, and to pore it yive, 6655  
 He wolde not tharfore that he live  
 To serven him in mendience,  
 For it was never his sentence ;  
 But he bad wirken whan that nede is,  
 And folwe him in goode dedes. 6660  
 Seynt Poule, that loved al holy chirche,  
 He bade th'apostles for to wirche,  
 And winnen hir lyfode in that wyse,  
 And hem defended traundyse, 6664  
 And seide, "Wirketh with your honden ;"  
 Thus shulde the thing be understonden.  
 He nolde, y-wis, þ bidde hem begging,  
 Ne sellen gospel, ne preching,  
 Lest they berafte, with hir asking,  
 Folk of hir catel or of hir thing. 6670  
 For in this world is many a man  
 That yeveth his good, for he ne can  
 Werne it for shame, or elles he  
 Wolde of the asker delivered be ;  
 And, for he him encombreth so, 6675  
 He yeveth him good to late him go :  
 But it can him no-thing profyte,  
 They lese the yift and the meryte.  
 The goode folk, that Poule to preched,  
 Proffed him ofte, whan he hem teched,  
 Som of hir good in charite ; 6681  
 But therof right no-thing took he ;  
 But of his hondwerk wolde he gete  
 Clothes to wryen him, and his mete.'

*Amour.* 'Tel me than how a man may  
 liven, 6685  
 That al his good to pore hath yiven,  
 And wol but only bidde his bedes,  
 And never with þond labour his nedes :  
 May he do so ?'

*F. Sem.* 'Ye, sir.'

*Amour.* 'And how ?'

*F. Sem.* 'Sir, I wol gladly telle yow :—  
 Seynt Austin seith, a man may be 6691  
 In houses that han proprete,  
 As templers and hospitlers,  
 And as these chanouns regulers,  
 Or whyte monkes, or these blake— 6695  
 (I wole no mo ensamples make)—  
 And take therof his sustening,  
 For therinne lyth no begging ;  
 But other-weyes not, y-wis,  
 †Yif Austin gabbeth not of this. 6700  
 And yit ful many a monk laboureth,  
 That god in holy chirche honoureth ;  
 For whan hir swinking is agoon,  
 They rede and singe in chirche anon.  
 And for thor hath ben greet discord,  
 As many a wight may bere record, 6706  
 Upon the estate of †mendience,  
 I wol shortly, in your presence,  
 Telle how a man may begge at nede,  
 That hath not wherwith him to fede, 6710  
 Maugre his felones jangelinges,  
 For sothfastnesse wol non hidinges ;  
 And yit, percas, I may abyge  
 That I to yow sothly thus seye.

'Lo, here the caas especial : 6715  
 If a man be so hestial  
 That he of no craft hath science,  
 And nought desyreth ignorance,  
 Than may he go a-begging yerne,  
 Til he som maner cra't can lerne, 6720  
 Thurgh which, without[e] trauaunding,  
 He may in trouthe have his living.  
 Or if he may don no labour,  
 For elde, or syknesse, or langour,  
 Or for his tendre age also, 6725  
 Than may he yit a-begging go.

'Or if he have, peraventure,  
 Thurgh usage of his noriture,  
 Lived over deliciously,  
 Than ougten good folk comunly 6730  
 Han of his mischeef som pitee,  
 And suffren him also, that he  
 May gon aboute and begge his breed,  
 That he be not for hungur deed.  
 Or if he have of craft cunning,  
 And strengthe also, and desiring  
 To wirken, as he hadde what,  
 But he finde neither this ne that,  
 Than may he begge, til that he

Have geten his necessitea. 6740  
 ' Or if his winning be so lyte,  
 That his labour wol not acypte  
 Sufficiently al his living,  
 Yit may he go his breed begging ;  
 Fro dore to dore he may go trace, 6745  
 Til he the remenaunt may purchace.  
 Or if a man wolde undertake  
 Any emprise for to make,  
 In the rescous of our lay,  
 And it defenden as he may, 6750  
 Be it with armes or lettrure,  
 Or other covenable cure,  
 If it be so he pore be,  
 Than may he begge, til that he  
 May finde in trouthe for to swinke, 6755  
 And gete him clothe[s], mote, and drinke.  
 Swinke he with hondes corporel,  
 And not with hondes espirituel.  
 ' In al this[e] caas, and in semblables,  
 If that ther ben mo resonables, 6760  
 He may begge, as I telle you here,  
 And elles nought, in no manere ;  
 As William Seynt Amour wolde preche,  
 And ofte wolde dispute and teche  
 Of this matere alle openly 6765  
 At Paris ful solem[n]ly.  
 And al-so god my soule blesse,  
 As he had, in this distastnesse,  
 The accord of the universitee,  
 And of the puple, as semeth me. 6770  
 ' No good man oughte it to refuse,  
 Ne oughte him therof to excuse,  
 Be wrooth or blythe who-so be ;  
 For I wol speke, and telle it thee,  
 Al shulde I dye, and be put down, 6775  
 As was seynt Poul, in derk prisoun ;  
 Or be exiled in this caas  
 With wrong, as maister William was,  
 That my moder Ypocrisie  
 Banished for hir greet envye. 6780  
 ' My moder flemed him, Seynt Amour :  
 This noble dide such labour  
 To susteyne ever the loyaltee,  
 That he to moche aglite me.  
 He made a book, and leet it wryte, 6785  
 Wherin his lyf he dide al wryte,  
 And wolde ich reneyed begging,  
 And lived by my traveyling,  
 If I ne had rent ne other good.  
 What? wened he that I were wood? 6790

For labour might me never please,  
 I have more wil to been at ese ;  
 And have wel lever, sooth to sey,  
 Bifore the puple patre and prey,  
 And wrye me in my foxerye 6795  
 Under a cope of papelardye.  
 Quod Love, ' What devel is this I here?  
 What wordes tellest thou me here ?'  
 F. Sem. ' What, sir ?'  
 Amour. ' Falsnesse, that apert is ;  
 Than dredest thou not god ?'  
 F. Sem. No, certes : 6800  
 For selde in greet thing shal he spede  
 In this world, that god wol drede.  
 For folk that hem to vertu given,  
 And truly on her owne liven,  
 And hem in goodnesse ay contene, 6805  
 On hem is litel thrift y-sene ;  
 Such folk drinken gret misese ;  
 That lyf [ne] may me never please.  
 But see what gold han usurers,  
 And silver eek in [hir] garners, 6810  
 Taylagiers, and these monyours,  
 Bailifs, bedels, provost, countours ;  
 These liven wel nygh by ravynne ;  
 The smale puple hem mote enclyne,  
 And they as wolves wol hem eten. 6815  
 Upon the pore folk they geten  
 Ful moche of that they spende or kepe ;  
 Nis none of hem that he nil strepe,  
 And þwryen him-self wel atte fulle ;  
 Without[e] scalding they hem pulle. 6820  
 The stroinge the fable overgoth ;  
 But I, that were my simple cloth,  
 Robbe bothe þrobbed and robours,  
 And gyle þgyled and gylours.  
 By my treget, I gadre and threaste 6825  
 The greet tresour into my cheste,  
 That lyth with me so faste bounde.  
 Myn highe paleys do I founde,  
 And my delytes I fulfille  
 With wyne at feestes at my wille, 6830  
 And tables fulle of entremees ;  
 I wol no lyf, but ese and pees,  
 And winne gold to spende also.  
 For whan the grete bagge is go,  
 It cometh right [eft] with my japes. 6835  
 Make I not wel tumble myn apes ?  
 To winne is alway myn entent ;  
 My purchas is better than my rent ;  
 For though I shulde beten be,

Over-al I entremete me ; 6840  
 Without[e] me may no wight dura.  
 I walke soules for to cure.  
 Of al the worldre cure have I  
 In brede and lengthe ; boldely  
 I wol bothe preche and eek counceilen ;  
 With hondes wille I not traveilen, 6846  
 For of the pope I have the bulle ;  
 I ne holde not my wittes dulle.  
 I wol not stinten, in my lyve,  
 These emperoures for to shryve, 6850  
 Or kynges, dukes, and lordes grete ;  
 But pore folk al quyte I lete.  
 I love no such shryving, pardee,  
 But it for other cause be.  
 I rekke not of pore men, 6855  
 Hir astate is not worth an hen.  
 Where fyndest thou a swinker of labour  
 Have me unto his confessour ?  
 But emperesses, and duchesses,  
 Thise quenes, and eek [thise] countesses,  
 Thise abbesses, and eek Bigyns, 6861  
 These grete ladyes palasyns,  
 These joly knightes, and baillyves,  
 Thise nonnes, and thise bourgeois wyves,  
 That riche been, and eek plesing, 6865  
 And thise maidens sawefaring,  
 Wher-so they clad or naked be,  
 Uncounceiled goth ther noon fro me.  
 And, for her soules savetee,  
 At lord and lady, and hir meynee, 6870  
 I axe, whan they hem to me shryve,  
 The propretees of al hir lyve,  
 And make hem trowe, bothe meest and  
 leest,  
 Hir paroch-prest nis but a beest  
 Ayens me and my company, 6875  
 That shrewes been as greet as I ;  
 For whiche I wol not hyde in hold  
 No privetee that me is told,  
 That I by word or signe, y-wis,  
 †Nil make hem knowe what it is, 6880  
 And they wolen also tellen me ;  
 They hele fro me no privetee.  
 And for to make yow hem perceyven,  
 That usen folk thus to disceyven,  
 I wol you seyn, withouten drede, 6885  
 What men may in the gospel rede  
 Of Seynt Mathew, the gospelere,  
 That seith, as I shal you sey here.  
 ' Upon the chaire of Moyses—

Thus is it glosed, douteles : 6890  
 That is the olde testament,  
 For therby is the chaire ment-  
 Sitte Scribes and Pharis[i]en ;—  
 That is to seyn, the cursed men  
 Whiche that we ypocrites calle— 6895  
 Doth that they preche, I rede you alle,  
 But doth not as they don a del,  
 That been not wery to seye wel,  
 But to do wel, no wille have they ;  
 And they wolde binde on folk alwey,  
 That ben to [be] begyled able, 6901  
 †Burdens that ben importable ;  
 On folkes shuldres thinges they couchen  
 That they nil with her fingres touchen.  
*Amour.* ' And why wol they not touche  
 it ?'  
*F. Sem.* ' Why ? 6905  
 For hem no list not, sikerly ;  
 For sadde †burdens that men taken  
 Make folkes shuldres aken.  
 And if they do ought that good be,  
 That is for folk it shulde see : 6910  
 Her †borders larger maken they,  
 And make hir hemmes wyde alwey,  
 And loven setes at the table,  
 The firste and most honourable ;  
 And for to han the first chaires 6915  
 In synagoges, to hem ful dere is ;  
 And willen that folk hem loute and greta,  
 Whan that they passen thurgh the strete,  
 And wolen be cleped ' Maister ' also.  
 But they ne shulde not willen so ; 6920  
 The gospel is ther-ageyns, I gesse :  
 That sheweth wel hir wikkidnesse.  
 ' Another custom use we :—  
 Of hem that wol ayens us be,  
 We hate †hem deedly everichoon, 6925  
 And we wol werry †hem, as oon.  
 Him that oon hateth, hate we alle,  
 And conjecte how to doon him falle,  
 And if we seen him winne honour,  
 Richesse or preys, thurgh his valour, 6930  
 Provende, rent, or dignitee,  
 Ful fast, y-wis, compassen we  
 By what ladder he is clomben so ;  
 And for to maken him down to go,  
 With traisoun we wole him defame, 6935  
 And doon him lese his gode name.  
 Thus from his ladder we him take,  
 And thus his freendes foes we make ;

But word ne wite shal he noon,  
 Til alle his freendes been his foon. 6940  
 For if we dide it openly,  
 We might have blame redily;  
 For hadde he wist of our malyce,  
 He hadde him kept, but he were nyce.  
 'Another is this, that, if so falle 6945  
 That ther be oon among us alle  
 That doth a good turn, out of drede,  
 We seyn it is our alder dede.  
 Ye, sikerly, though he it feyned,  
 Or that him list, or that him deyned 6950  
 A man thurgh him avauunced be;  
 Therof alle parceners be we,  
 And tellen folk, wher-so we go,  
 That man thurgh us is sprongen so.  
 And for to have of men preysing, 6955  
 We purchase, thurgh our flatering,  
 Of riche men, of gret poustees,  
 Lettres, to witnesse our bountee;  
 So that man weneth, that may us see,  
 That alle vertu in us be. 6960  
 And alway þere we us feyne;  
 But how so that we begge or pleyne,  
 We ben the folk, without lesing,  
 That al thing have without having.  
 Thus be we dred of the puple, y-wis. 6965  
 And gladly my purpos is this:—  
 I dele with no wight, but he  
 Have gold and treour gret plantee;  
 Hir acqueyntaunce wel love I;  
 This is moche my desyr, shortly. 6970  
 I entremete me of brocages,  
 I make pees and mariages,  
 I am gladly executour,  
 And many tymes procuratur;  
 I am somtyme messenger; 6975  
 That falleth not to my mister.  
 And many tymes I make enquestes;  
 For me that office not honest is;  
 To dele with other mennes thing,  
 That is to me a gret lyking. 6980  
 And if that ye have ought to do  
 In place that I repire to,  
 I shal it speden thurgh my wit,  
 As sone as ye have told me it.  
 So that ye serve me to pay, 6985  
 My servise shal be your alway.  
 But who-so wol chastyse me,  
 Anoon my love lost hath he;  
 For I love no man in no gyse,

That wol me repreve or chastyse; 6990  
 But I wolde al folk undertake,  
 And of no wight no teching take;  
 For I, that other folk chastye,  
 Wol not be taught fro my folye.  
 'I love noon hermitage more; 6995  
 Alle desertes, and holtes hore,  
 And grete wodes everichoon,  
 I lete hem to the Baptist Iohan.  
 I quethe him quyte, and him relese  
 Of Egipt al the wildirnesse; 7000  
 To for were alle my mansiouns  
 Fro alle citees and goode townes.  
 My paleis and myn hous make I  
 There men may renne in openly,  
 And sey that I the world forsake. 7005  
 But al amide I bilde and make  
 My hous, and swimme and pley therinne  
 Bet than a fish doth with his finne.  
 'Of Antecristes men am I,  
 Of whiche that Crist seith openly, 7010  
 They have abit of holinesse,  
 And liven in such wikkednesse.  
 Outward, lambren semen we,  
 Fulle of goodnesse and of pitee,  
 And inward we, withouten fable, 7015  
 Ben gredy wolves ravisable.  
 We envioune bothe londe and see;  
 With al the world þwerreyen we;  
 We wol ordeyne of alle thing,  
 Of folkes good, and her living. 7020  
 'If ther be castel or citee  
 Wherin that any bougerons be,  
 Although that they of Milayne were,  
 For ther-of ben they blamed there:  
 Or if a wight, out of mesure, 7025  
 Wolde lene his gold, and take usure,  
 For that he is so coveitous:  
 Or if he be to lecherous,  
 Or þthese, or haunte simonye;  
 Or provost, ful of trecherye, 7030  
 Or prelat, living jolily,  
 Or prest that halt his quene him by;  
 Or olde hores hostilers,  
 Or other bawdes or bordillers,  
 Or elles blamed of any vyce, 7035  
 Of whiche men shulden doon justyce:  
 By alle the seyntes that we pray,  
 But they defende þem with lamprey,  
 With luce, with eles, with samouns,  
 With tendre gees and with capouns, 7040



With tartes, or with tcheses fat,  
 With deynte flawnes, brode and flat,  
 With caleweys, or with pullaille,  
 With coninges, or with fyn vitaille,  
 That we, under our clothes wyde, 7045  
 Maken thurgh our golet glyde :  
 Or but he wol do come in haste  
 Roo-venisoun, [y]-bake in paste :  
 Whether so that he loure or groine,  
 He shal have of a corde a loigne, 7050  
 With whiche men shal him binde and  
 lede,  
 To brenne him for his sinful dede,  
 That men shulle here him crye and rore  
 A myle-wey aboute, and more.  
 Or elles he shal in prisoun dye, 7055  
 But-if he wol [our] frendship bye,  
 Or smerten that that he hath do,  
 More than his gilt amounteth to.  
 But, and he couthe thurgh his sleight  
 Do maken up a tour of height, 7060  
 Noughtroughte I whether of stone or trec,  
 Or erthe, or tarves though it be,  
 Though it were of no vounde stone  
 Wrought with squyre and scantilone,  
 So that the tour were stuffed wel 7065  
 With alle richesse temporel ;  
 And thanne, that he wolde updresse  
 Engyns, bothe more and lesse,  
 To caste at us, by every syde—  
 To bere his goode name wyde— 7070  
 Such sleighes [as] I shal yow nevene,  
 Barelles of wyne, by sixe or sevene,  
 Or gold in sakkis gret plente,  
 He shulde sone delivered be  
 And if he have noon sich pitaunces, 7075  
 Late him study in equipolences,  
 And lete lyes and fallaces,  
 If that he wolde deserve our graces ;  
 Or we shal bere him such witness  
 Of sinne, and of his wrecchidnesse, 7080  
 And doon his loos so wyde renne,  
 That al quik we shulde him brenne,  
 Or elles yeve him suche penaunce,  
 That is wel wors than the pitaunce  
 'For thou shalt never, for no-thing,  
 Con known aright by her clothing 7086  
 The traitours fulle of trecherye,  
 But thou her werkes can aspye.  
 And ne hadde the good keping be  
 Whylom of the universitee, 7090

That kepeth the key of Cristandome,  
 †They had been turmented, alle and some.  
 Suche been the stinking [fals] prophets ;  
 Nis non of hem, that good prophete is ;  
 For they, thurgh wikked entencioun, 7095  
 The yeer of the incarnacioun  
 A thousand and two hundred yeer,  
 Fyve and fifty, ferther ne ner,  
 Broughten a book, with sory grace,  
 To yeven ensample in comune place, 7100  
 That seide thus, though it were fable :—  
 " This is the Gospel Perdurable,  
 That fro the Holy Goost is sent."  
 Wel were it worth to ben [y]-brent !  
 Entitled was in such manere 7105  
 This book, of which I telle here.  
 Ther nas no wight in al Parys,  
 Biforn Our Lady, at parvys,  
 †That [he] ne mighte bye the book,  
 †To copy, if him talent took, 7110  
 Ther might he see, by greet tresoun,  
 Ful many fals comparisoun :—  
 " As moche as, thurgh his grete might,  
 Be it of hete, or of light,  
 The sunne surmounteth the mone, 7115  
 That troubler is, and chaungeth sone,  
 And the note-kernel the shelle—  
 (I scorne nat that I yow telle)—  
 Right so, withouten any gyle,  
 Surmounteth this noble Evangyle 7120  
 The word of any evangelist."  
 And to her title they token Christ ;  
 And many such comparisoun,  
 Of which I make no inencioun,  
 Might men in that boke finde, 7125  
 Who-so coude of hem have minde.  
 'Th' universitee, that tho was aselepe,  
 Gan for to braide, and taken kepe ;  
 And at the noys the heed up-caste,  
 No never sithen slepte it fasto, 7130  
 But up it starte, and armes took  
 Ayens this fals horrible book,  
 Al redy batail for to make,  
 And to the juge the book to take.  
 But they that broughten the book there  
 Hente it anon away, for fere ; 7136  
 They nolde shewe it more a del,  
 But thenne it kepte, and kepen wil,  
 Til such a tyme that they may see  
 That they so stronge woxen be, 7140  
 That no wight may hem wel withstonde ;

For by that booke they durst not stonde,  
 Away they gonne it for to bere,  
 For they ne durste not answer  
 By expositioun þne glose 7145  
 To that that clerkes wole appose  
 Ayens the cursdnesse, y-wis,  
 That in that boke written is.  
 Now wot I not, ne I can not see  
 What maner ende that there shal be 7150  
 Of al this [boke] that they hyde ;  
 But yit algate they shal abyde  
 Til that they may it bet defende ;  
 This trowe I best, wol be hir ende.

‘ Thus Antecrist abyden we, 7155  
 For we ben alle of his meynne ;  
 And what man that wol not be so,  
 Right sone he shal his lyf forgo.  
 We wol a puple þon him areyse,  
 And thurgh our gyle doon him seise, 7160  
 And him on sharpe spores ryve,  
 Or other-weyes bringe him fro lyve,  
 But-if that he wol folowe, y-wis,  
 That in our boke written is.  
 Thus moche wol our book signifye, 7165  
 That whyl [that] Peter hath maistrye,  
 May never Johan shewe wel his might.

‘ Now have I you declared right  
 The mening of the bark and rinde  
 That maketh the entenciouns blinde, 7170  
 But now at erst I wol biginne  
 To expowne you the pith withinne :—  
 [†And first, by Peter, as I wene,  
 The Pope himself we wolden mene,]  
 And [cek] the seculers comprehende, 7175  
 That Cristes lawe wol defende,  
 And shulde it kepen and mayntenen  
 Ayeines hem that al sustenen,  
 And falsly to the puple tochen.  
 †And Johan bitokeneth hem †that pre-  
 chen, 7180

That ther nis lawe covenable  
 But thilke Gospel Perdurable,  
 That fro the Holy Gost was sent  
 To turne folk that been miswent.  
 The strengthe of Johan they undirstonde  
 The grace in which, they seye, they  
 stonde, 7186

That doth the sinful folk converta,  
 And hem to Jesus Crist reverte.

‘ Ful many another horriblete  
 May men in that boke see, 7190

That ben comaunded, douteles,  
 Ayens the laws of Rome expres ;  
 And alle with Antecrist they holden,  
 As men may in the booke biholden.  
 And than comaunden they to sleen 7195  
 Alle tho that with Peter been ;  
 But they shal nevere have that might,  
 And, god toforn, for stryf to fight,  
 That they ne shal y-nough [men] finde  
 That Peters lawe shal have in minde, 7200  
 And ever holde, and so mayntene,  
 That at the last it shal be sene,  
 That they shal alle come therto,  
 For ought that they can speke or do.

And thilke lawe shal not stonde, 7205  
 That they by Johan have undirstonde ;  
 But, maugre hem, it shal adoun,  
 And been brought to confusioun.  
 But I wol stinte of this matere,  
 For it is wonder long to here ; 7210  
 But hadde that ilke book endured,  
 Of better estate I were ensured ;  
 And freendes have I yit, pardee,  
 That han me set in greet degree.

‘ Of al this world is emperour 7215  
 Gyle my fader, the trechour,  
 And empe[re]sse my moder is,  
 Maugre the Holy Gost, y-wis.  
 Our mighty linage and our route  
 Regneth in every regne aboute ; 7220  
 And wel is †worth we maistres be,  
 For al this world governe we,  
 And can the folk so wel disceyve,  
 That noon our gyle can perceyve ;  
 And though they doon, they dar not  
 saye ; 7225

The sothe dar no wight biwreya.  
 But he in Cristis wrath him ledeth,  
 That more than Crist my bretheren dre-  
 deth.

He nis no ful good champioun,  
 That dredeth such simulacioun ; 7230  
 Nor that for payne wole refusen  
 Ue to correcten and accusen.  
 He wol not entremete by right,  
 Ne have god in his eye-sight,  
 And therefore god shal him punyce ; 7235  
 But me ne rekketh of no vyce,  
 Sithen men us loven comunably,  
 And holden us for so worthy,  
 That we may folk repreve ocheon,

And we nil have reпреf of noon. 7240  
 Whom shulden folk worshipen so  
 But us, that stinten never mo  
 To patren why! that folk us see,  
 Though it not so bihinde hem be?  
 'And where is more wood folye, 7245  
 Than to enhaunce chivalrye,  
 And love noble men and gay,  
 That joly clothes weren alway?  
 If they be sich folk as they semen,  
 So clene, as men her clothes demen, 7250  
 And that her wordes folowe her dede,  
 It is gret pite, out of drede,  
 For they wol be noon ypocrites!  
 Of hem, me thinketh [it] gret spite is;  
 I can not love hem on no syde. 7255  
 But Beggars with these hodes wyde,  
 With sleighe and pale faces lene,  
 And greye clothes not ful clene,  
 But fretted ful of tatarwaggas,  
 And highe shoes, knopped with dagges,  
 That frouncen lyke a quaille-pype, 7261  
 Or botes riving as a gype;  
 To such folk as I you devyse  
 Shulde princes and these lordes wyse  
 Take alle her londes and her thinges, 7265  
 Bothe werre and pees, in governinges;  
 To such folk shulde a prince him yive,  
 That wolde his lyf in honour live.  
 And if they be not as they seme,  
 That serven thus the world to queme, 7270  
 There wolde I dwelle, to disceyve  
 The folk, for they shal not perceyve.  
 'But I ne speke in no such wyse,  
 That men shulde humble abit dispyse,  
 So that no pryde ther-under be. 7275  
 No man shulde hate, as thinketh me,  
 The pore man in sich clothing.  
 But god ne preiseth him no-thing,  
 That seith he hath the world forsake,  
 And hath to worldly glorie him take, 7280  
 And wol of siche delyces use;  
 Who may that Begger wel excuse?  
 That papelard, that him yeldeth so,  
 And wol to worldly ese go,  
 And seith that he the world hath left,  
 And gredily it grypeth eft, 7286  
 He is the hound, shame is to seyn,  
 That to his casting goth ageyn.  
 'But unto you dar I not lye:  
 But mighte I felen or aspye 7290

That ye perceyved it no-thing,  
 Ye shulde[n] have a stark lesing  
 Right in your hond thus, to biginne,  
 I nolde it lette for no sinne.'  
 The god lough at the wonder tho, 7295  
 And every wight gan laughe also,  
 And seide:—'Lo here a man aright  
 For to be trusty to every wight!'  
 'Fals Semblant,' quod Love, 'sey to me,  
 Sith I thus have avanued thee, 7300  
 That in my court is thy dwelling,  
 And of ribaudes shalt be my king,  
 Wolt thou wel holden my forwardes?'  
 F. Sem. 'Ye, sir, from hennes fore-  
 wardes;  
 Hadde never your fader here-biform 7305  
 Servaunt so trewe, sith he was born.'  
 Amour. 'That is ayeines al nature.'  
 F. Sem. 'Sir, put you in that av-  
 nature;  
 For though ye borowes take of me,  
 The sikerer shal ye never be 7310  
 For ostages, ne sikirnesse,  
 Or chartres, for to bere witness.  
 I take your-self to record here,  
 That men ne may, in no manore,  
 Teren the wolt out of his hyde, 7315  
 Til he be tflayn, bak and syde,  
 Though men him bete and al defyle;  
 What? wone ye that I wole bigyle?  
 For I am clothed mekely,  
 Ther-under is al my trechery; 7320  
 Myn herte chaungeth never the mo  
 For noon abit, in which I go.  
 Though I have chore of simplenesse,  
 I am not wery of shrewednesse,  
 My lemman, Streyned-Abstinence, 7325  
 Hath mister of my purveaunce;  
 She hadde ful longe ago be deed,  
 Nere my councel and my reed;  
 Lete hir allone, and you and me.'  
 And Love answerde, 'I truste thee 7330  
 Without[e] borowe, for I wol noon.'  
 And Fals-Semblant, the theef, anon,  
 Right in that ilke same place,  
 That hadde of tresoun al his face 7334  
 Right blak withinne, and whyt withoute,  
 Thankoth him, gan on his knees loute.  
 Than was ther nought, but 'Every man  
 Now to assant, that sailen can,'  
 Quod Love, 'and that ful hardily.'

Than armed they hem comunly 7340  
 Of sich armour as to hem fel.  
 Whan they were armed, fers and fel,  
 They wente hem forth, alle in a route,  
 And sette the castel al aboute ;  
 They wil nought away, for no drede, 7345  
 Til it so be that they ben dede,  
 Or til they have the castel take.  
 And foure batels they gan make,  
 And parted hem in foure anon,  
 And toke her way, and forth they goon,  
 The foure gates for to assaile, 7351  
 Of whiche the keepers wol not faile ;  
 For they ben neither syke no dede,  
 But hardy folk, and stronge in dede.

Now wole I seyn the countenaunce 7355  
 Of Fals-Semblant, and Abstinence,  
 That ben to Wikkid-Tonge went.  
 But first they helde her parlement,  
 Whether it to done were  
 To maken hem be knownen there, 7360  
 Or elles walken forth disgyed.  
 But at the laste they devysed,  
 That they wold goon in tapinage,  
 As it were in a pilgrimage,  
 Lyk good and holy folk unfeyned 7365  
 And Dame Abstinence-Streyned  
 Took on a robe of camelyne,  
 And gan hir ¶graithe as a Begyne.  
 A large coverchief of threde  
 She wrapped al aboute hir hede, 7370  
 But she forgat not hir sautere ;  
 A peire of bedes eck she bere  
 Upon a lace, al of whyt threde,  
 On which that she hir bedes bede ;  
 But she ne boughte hem never a del, 7375  
 For they were geven her, I wot wel,  
 God wot, of a ful holy frere,  
 That seide he was hir fader dere,  
 To whom she hadde offer went  
 Than any frere of his covent. 7380  
 And he visyted hir also,  
 And many a sermoun seide hir to ;  
 He nolde lette, for man on lyve,  
 That he ne wolde hir ofte shryve.  
 And with so gret devocion 7385  
 They made[n] her confession,  
 That they had ofte, for the nones,  
 Two hedes in one hood at ones.

Of fair shape I ¶devyse her thee,  
 But pale of face somtyme was she ; 7390

That false traitouresse untrewes  
 Was lyk that salowe hors of hewe,  
 That in the Apocalips is shewed,  
 That signifyeth ¶tho folk beshrewed,  
 That been al ful of trecherye, 7395  
 And pale, thurgh hypocryse ;  
 For on that hors no colour is,  
 But only deed and pale, y-wis.  
 Of suche a colour enlangoured  
 Was Abstinence, y-wis, coloured ; 7400  
 Of her estat she her repented,  
 As her visage represented.

She had a burdoun al of Thefte,  
 That Gyle had yeve her of his yette ;  
 And a scrippe of Fainte Distresse, 7405  
 That ful was of elengenesse,  
 And forth she walked sobriely :  
 And False-Semblant saynt, *ie vous dy*,  
 ¶Had, as it were for such mistere,  
 Don on the cope of a frere, 7410  
 With chere simple, and ful pitous ;  
 His looking was not disdeinous,  
 Ne proud, but meke and ful pesible.  
 About his nekke he bar a bible,  
 And squierly forth gan he gon ; 7415  
 And, for to reste his limmes upon,  
 He had of Treson a potente ;  
 As he were feble, his way he wente.  
 But in his sleve he gan to thringe  
 A rasour sharp, and wel bytinge, 7420  
 That was forged in a forge,  
 Which that men clepen Coupe-gorge.

So longe forth hir way they nomen,  
 Til they to Wikkid-Tonge comen,  
 That at his gate was sitting, 7425  
 And saw folk in the way passing.  
 The pilgrimes saw he faste by,  
 That beren hem ful mekoly.  
 And ¶humbely they with him mette.  
 Dame Abstinence first him grette, 7430  
 And sith him False-Semblant salued,  
 And he hem : but he not ¶remued,  
 For he ne dredde hem not a-del.  
 For when he saw hir faces wel,  
 Alway in herte him thoughte so, 7435  
 He shulde knowe hem bothe two ;  
 For wel he knew Dame Abstinence,  
 But he ne knew not Constreynance.  
 He knew nat that she was constrayned,  
 Ne of her theves lyfe feyned, 7440  
 But wende she com of wil al free :

But she com in another degree ;  
And if of good wil she began,  
That wil was failed her [as] than.

And Fals-Semblant had he seyn als,  
But he knew nat that he was fals. 7446  
Yet fals was he, but his falsnesse  
Ne coude he not espye, nor gesse ;  
For Semblant was so slye wrought,  
That falsnesse he ne espyed nought. 7450  
But haddest thou knowen him befor,  
Thou woldest on a boke have sworn,  
Whan thou him saugh in thilke aray  
That he, that whylom was so gay,  
And of the daunce Joly Robin, 7455  
Was tho become a Jacobin.  
But sothely, what so men him calle,  
Frere[s] Prechours been good men alle ;  
Hir order wickedly they beren,  
Suche minstrelles if [that] they weren.  
So been Augustins and Cordileres, 7461  
And Carmes, and eek Sakked Frores,  
And alle freres, shodde and bare,  
(Though some of hem ben grete and  
square)

Ful holy men, as I hem deme ; 7465  
Everich of hem wolde good man seme.  
But shalt thou never of apparence  
Seen conclude good consequence  
In none argument, y-wis,  
If existence al failed is. 7470  
For men may finde alway sophyme  
The consequence to envynyme,  
Who-so that hath the subtiltee  
The double sentence for to see.

Whan the pilgrymes commen were 7475  
To Wicked-Tonge, that dwelled there,  
Hir harneis nigh hem was algate ;  
By Wicked-Tonge adoun they sate,  
That bad hem ner him for to come,  
And of tydings telle him some, 7480  
And sayde hem :— ' What cas maketh  
yow

' To come into this place now ? '  
' Sir,' seyde Strained-Abstinaunce,  
' We, for to drye our penaunce,  
With hertes pitous and devoute, 7485  
Are commen, as pilgrimes gon aboute ;  
Wel nigh on fote alway we go ;  
Ful dusty been our heles two ;  
And thus bothe we ben sent  
Thurghout this world that is miswent,

To yeve ensample, and preche also. 7491  
To fischsen sinful men we go,  
For other fishing ne fische we.  
And, sir, for that charitee,  
As we be wont, herberwe we crave, 7495  
Your lyr' to amende ; Crist it save !  
And, so it shulde you nat displese,  
We wolden, if it were your ese,  
A short sermoun unto you seyn.  
And Wikked-Tonge answerde ageyn,  
' The hous,' quod he, ' such as ye see, 7501  
Shal nat be warned you for me,  
Sei what you list, and I wol here.'  
' Graunt mercy, swote sire dere ! '  
Quod alderfirst Dame Abstinance, 7505  
And thus began she hir sentence :

*Const. Abstinance.* ' Sir, the first vertue  
certeyn,  
The gretest, and most sovereyn  
That may be founde in any man,  
For having, or for wit he can, 7510  
That is, his tonge to refreync ;  
Therto ought every wight him payne.  
For it is better stille be  
Than for to speken harm, pardee !  
And he that herkeneth it gladly, 7515  
He is no good man, sikerly  
And, sir, aboven al other sinne,  
In that art thou most gilty inne  
Thou spake a jape not long ago,  
(And, sir, that was right yvel do) 7520  
Of a yong man that here repaired,  
And never yet this place apaired.  
Thou sevdest he awaited nothing  
But to disceyve Fair-Welcoming.  
Ye seyde nothing sooth of that ; 7525  
But, sir, ye lye ; I tell you plat ;  
He ne cometh no more, ne goth, pardee !  
I trow ye shal him never see.  
Fair-Welcoming in prison is,  
That ofte hath played with you, er this,  
The fairest games that he coude, 7531  
Withoute filthe, stille or loud ;  
Now dar þe nat himself solace.  
Ye han also the man do chace,  
That he dar neither come ne go. 7535  
What meveth you to hate him so  
But properly your wikked thought,  
That many a fals lesing hath thought ?  
That meveth your foole eloquence,  
That jangleth ever in audience, 7540

And on the folk areyseth blame,  
 And doth hem dishonour and shame,  
 For thing that may have no preving,  
 But lyklinesse, and contriving.  
 For I dar seyn, that Reson demeth, 7545  
 It is not al sooth thing that semeth  
 And it is sinne to controve  
 Thing that is [for] to reprove ;  
 This wot ye wel ; and, sir, therefore  
 Ye arn to blame [wel] the more, 7550  
 And, nathelesse, he rekkeþ lyte ;  
 He yeveth nat now thereof a myte ;  
 For if he thoughte harm, parfay,  
 He wolde come and gon al day ;  
 He coude him-selfe nat abstene. 7555  
 Now cometh he nat, and that is sene,  
 For he ne taketh of it no cure,  
 But-if it be through aventure,  
 And lasse than other folk, algate.  
 And thou here watchest at the gate, 7560  
 With spere in thyne arest alway ;  
 There muse, musard, al the day.  
 Thou wakest night and day for thought ;  
 Y-wis, thy travayl is for nought.  
 And Jelousye, withouten faile, 7565  
 Shal never quyte thee thy travayl.  
 And scathe is, that Fair-Welcoming,  
 Without[on] any trespassing,  
 Shal wrongfully in prison be,  
 Ther wepeth and languissheth he. 7570  
 And though thou never yet, y-wis,  
 Agiltest man no more but this,  
 (Take not a-greef) it were worthy  
 To putte thee out of this haily,  
 And afterward in prison lye, 7575  
 And fetre thee til that thou dye ;  
 For thou shalt for this sinne dwelle  
 Right in the devils ers of helle,  
 But-if that thou repente thee.' 7579  
 'Ma fay, thou lyst falsly !' quod he.  
 'What ? welcome with mischaunce now !  
 Have I therfore herbered you  
 To seye me shame, and oek reprove ?  
 With sory happe, to your bihove,  
 Am I to-day your herberger !' 7585  
 Go, herber you elleswhere than here,  
 That han a lyer called me !  
 Two tregetours art thou and he,  
 That in myn hous do me this shame,  
 And for my soth-sawe ye me blame. 7590  
 Is this the sermoun that ye make ?

To alle the develles I me take,  
 Or elles, god, thou me confounde !  
 But er men didnen this castel founde,  
 It passeth not ten dayes or twelve, 7595  
 But it was told right to my-selve,  
 And as they seide, right so tolde I,  
 He kiste the Rose privily !  
 Thus seide I now, and have seid yore ;  
 I not wher he hided any more. 7600  
 Why shulde men sey me such a thing,  
 If it hadde been gabbing ?  
 Right so seide I, and wol seye yit ;  
 I trowe, I lyed not of it ;  
 And with my bernes I wol blowe 7605  
 To alle neighboris a-rowe,  
 How he hath bothe comen and gon.'  
 Tho spak Fals-Semblant right anon,  
 'Al is not gospel, out of doute,  
 That men seyn in the tounne aboute ; 7610  
 Ley no deefere to my speking ;  
 I swere yow, sir, it is gabbing !  
 I trowe ye wot wel certeynly,  
 That no man loveth him tenderly  
 That seith him harm, if he wot it, 7615  
 Al be he never so pore of wit.  
 And sooth is also sikerly  
 (This knowe ye, sir, as wel as I),  
 That lovers gladly wol visyten  
 The places ther hir loves habytten. 7620  
 This man you loveth and eek honoureth ;  
 This man to serve you laboureth ;  
 And clepeth you his freend so dere,  
 And this man maketh you good chere,  
 And every-where that [he] you metoth,  
 He you sawleth. and he you greteth, 7626  
 He preseth not so ofte, that ye  
 Ought of his come encombred be ;  
 Ther presen other folk on yow  
 Ful oftter than [that] he doth now. 7630  
 And if his herte him streyned so  
 Unto the Rose for to go,  
 Ye shulde him seen so ofte nedo,  
 That ye shulde take him with the dedo  
 He coude his coming not forbere, 7635  
 Though ye him thrilled with a spere ;  
 It nere not thanne as it is now.  
 But trusteth wel, I swere it yow,  
 That it is cleue out of his thought.  
 Sir, certes, he ne thenketh it nought ;  
 No more ne doth Fair-Welcoming, 7641  
 That sore abyeth al this thing.

And if they were of oon assent,  
 Ful sone were the Rose hent ;  
 The maugre youre wolde be. 7645  
 And sir, of o thing herkeneth me :—  
 Sith ye this man, that loveth yow,  
 Han seid such harm and shame now,  
 Witeth wel, if he gessed it,  
 Ye may wel demen in your wit, 7650  
 He nolde no-thing love you so,  
 Ne callen you his freend also,  
 But night and day he þwolde wake,  
 The castel to destroye and take,  
 If it were sooth as ye devyse ; 7655  
 Or som man in som maner wyse  
 Might it warne him everydel,  
 Or by him-self perceyven wel ;  
 For sith he might not come and gon  
 As he was whylom wont to don, 7660  
 He might it sone wite and see ;  
 But now al other-wyse þdoth he  
 Than have þye, sir, al-outerly  
 Deserved helle, and jolyly  
 The deth of helle, douteles, 7665  
 That thrallen folk so gilteles.  
 Fals-Semblant proveth so this thing  
 That he can noon answering,  
 And seoth alwey such apparaunce,  
 That nygh he fol in repentaunce, 7670  
 And seide him :—‘ Sir, it may wel be,

Semblant, a good man semen ye ;  
 And, Abstinence, ful wyse ye seme ;  
 Of o talent you bothe I deme. 7674  
 What counceill wole ye to me yeven ?  
 F. Sem. ‘ Right here anon thou shalt  
 be shriven,  
 And sey thy sinne withoute more ;  
 Of this shalt thou repente sore ;  
 For I am preest, and have poustee  
 To shryve folk of most dignitee 7680  
 That been, as wyde as world may dura.  
 Of al this world I have the cure,  
 And that had never yit persoun,  
 No vicarie of no maner toun.  
 And, god wot, I have of thee 7685  
 A thousand tymes more pitee  
 Than hath thy preest parochial,  
 Though he thy freend be special.  
 I have avauntage, in o wyse,  
 That your prelates ben not so wyse 7690  
 Ne half so lettred as am I.  
 I am licenced boldely  
 In divinitee to rede,  
 And to confessen, out of drede.  
 If ye wol you now confesse, 7695  
 And leve your sinnes more and lesse,  
 Without abood, knele down anon,  
 And you shal have absolucion.’ 7698

Explicit.

# THE MINOR POEMS.



## I. AN A. B. C.

*Incipit carmen secundum ordinem literarum Alphabeti.*

ALMIGHTY and al merciable quene,  
To whom that al this world fleeth for  
    **socour,**

To have relees of sinne, sorwe and tene,  
Glorious virgine, of alle floures flour,  
To thee I flee, confounded in errour ! 5  
Help and releve, thou mighty debonaire,  
Have mercy on my perilous langour !  
Venquished m' hath my cruel adversaire.

Bountee so fix hath in thyn herte his  
    tente,

That wel I wot thou wolt my socour be, 10  
Thou canst not warne him that, with  
    good entente,

Axeth thyn help. Thyn herte is ay so free,  
Thou art largesse of pleyne felicitie,  
Haven of refut, of quiete and of reste.

Lo, how that theves seven chasen me ! 15  
Help, lady bright, er that my ship to-  
    breste !

Comfort is noon, but in yow, lady dere ;  
For lo, my sinne and my confusioun,  
Which oughten not in thy presence ap-  
    pere,

Han take on me a grevous accioun 20  
Of verrey right and desperacioun ;  
And, as by right, they mighten wel sus-  
    tene

That I were worthy my dampnacioun,  
Nere mercy of you, blisful hevене quene.

Doute is ther noon, thou queen of miseri-  
    corde, 25

That thou n'art cause of grace and mercy  
    here ;

God vouchd sauþ thurgh thee with us  
    t'acorde.

For certes, Cristes blisful moder dere,  
Were now the bowe bent in swich manere,  
As it was first, of justice and of yre, 30  
The rightful God nolde of no mercy here ;  
But thurgh thee han we grace, as we  
    desyre.

Ever hath myn hope of refut been in thee,  
For heer-biforn ful ofte, in many a wyse,  
Hast thou to misericorde receyved me. 35  
But mercy, lady, at the grete assyse,  
Whan we shul come bifore the hye jus-  
    tysse !

So litel fruit shal thanne in me be founde,  
That, but thou er that day me þ wel  
    chastyse,

Of verrey right my werk me wel con-  
    founde. 40

Fleesing, I flee for socour to thy tente  
Me for to hyde from tempest ful of drede,  
Biseching you that ye you not absente,  
Though I be wikke. O help yit at this nede !  
Al have I been a beste in wille and dede,  
Yit, lady, thou me clothe with thy grace.  
Thyn enemy and myn (lady, tak hede) 47  
Un-to my deeth in poynt is me to chace.



Glorious mayde and moder, which that  
never

Were bitter, neither in erthe nor in see, 50  
But ful of swetnesse and of mercy ever,  
Help that my fader be not wroth with me!  
Spek thou, for I no dar not him y-see.  
So have I doon in erthe, allas ther-whyle!  
That certes, but-if thou my socour be, 55  
To stink eterne he wol my gost exyle.

He vouched sauf, tel him, as was his wille,  
Bicome a man, to have our alliaunce,  
And with his precious blood he wroot the  
bille

Up-on the crois, as general acquitaunce,  
To every penitent in ful creaunce; 61  
And therfor, lady bright, thou for us  
praye.

Than shalt thou bothe stinte al his grev-  
aunce,  
And make our foo to failen of his praye

I wot it wel, thou wolt ben our socour, 65  
Thou art so ful of bountee, in certeyn.  
For, whan a soule falleth in errour,  
Thy pitee goth and haleth him ayeyn.  
Than makest thou his pees with his  
sovereyn,

And bringest him out of the crooked  
strete. 70

Who-so thee loveth he shal not love in  
veyn,  
That shal he finde, as he the lyf shal lete.

Kalenderes enlumined ben they  
That in this world ben lighted with thy  
name,

And who-so goth to you the righte wey, 75  
Him thar not drede in soule to be lame.  
Now, queen of comfort, sith thou art that  
same

To whom I seche for my medicyne,  
Lat not my foo no more my wounde en-  
tame,

Myn hele in-to thyn hand al I resigne. 80

Lady, thy sorwe can I not portreie  
Under the cros, ne his grevous penaunce.  
But, for your bothes peynes, I you preye,  
Lat not our alder foo make his bobance,  
That he hath in his listes of mischaunce 85  
Conviet that ye bothe have bought so  
dera.

As I seide erst, thou ground of our sub-  
staunce,

Continuo on us thy pitous eyen clere!

Moises, that saugh the bush with flaumes  
rede

Brenninge, of which ther never a stikke  
brende, 90

Was signe of thyn unwemmed maiden-  
heda,

Thou art the bush on which ther gan  
descende

The Holy Gost, the which that Moises  
wende

Had ben a-fyr; and this was in figure.  
Now lady, from the fyr thou us defende 95  
Which that in helle eternally shal dure.

Noble princesse, that never haddest pere,  
Certes, if any comfort in us be,  
That cometh of thee, thou Cristes moder  
dere,

We han non other melodye or glee 100  
Us to rejoyse in our adversitee,  
N' advocat noon that wol and dar so preye  
For us, and that for litel hyre as ye,  
That helpen for an Ave-Marie or tweye,

O verrey light of eyen that ben blinde, 105  
O verrey lust of labour and distresse,  
O tresorere of bountee to mankinde,  
Thee whom God chees to moder for  
humblesse!

From his ancille he made thee maistresse  
Of hevene and erthe, our bille up for to  
bede. 110

This world awaiteth ever on thy good-  
nesse,

For thou ne failest never wight at nede.

Purpos I have sum tyme for t'enquere,  
Wherfore and why the Holy Gost thee  
soughte,

Whan Gabrielles vois cam to thyn ere. 115  
He not to werre us swich a wonder  
wroughte,

But for to save us that he sithen boughte.  
Than nedeth us no wepen us for to save,  
But only ther we did not, as us oughte,  
Do penitence, and mercy axe and have. 120

Queen of comfort, yit whan I me bithink  
That I agilt have bothe. him and thee,

And that my soule is worthy for to sinke,  
 Allas, I, caitif, whider may I flee?  
 Who shal un-to thy sone my mene be? 125  
 Who, but thy-self, that art of pitee welle?  
 Thou hast more reuthe on our adversitee  
 Than in this world mighte any tungetelle.

Redresse me, moder, and me chastyse,  
 For, certeynly, my fadres chastisinge 130  
 That dar I nought abyden in no wyse:  
 So hidous is his rightful rekeninge.  
 Moder, of whom our mercy gan to springe,  
 Both ye my jage and eek my soules leche;  
 For ever in you is pitee haboundinge 135  
 To ech that wol of pitee you biseche.

Soth is, that God ne graunteth no pitee  
 With-oute thee; for God, of his goodnesse,  
 Forgiveth noon, but it lyke un-to thee.  
 He hath thee maked vicaire and mais-  
 tresse 140

Of al the world, and eek governeresse  
 Of hevене, and he represseth his justyse  
 After thy wille, and therefore in witness  
 He hath thee crowned in so ryal wyse.

Temple devout, ther god hath his won-  
 inge, 145

Fro which these misbileded pryved been,  
 To you my soule penitent I bringe.  
 Receyve me! I can no ferther flee!  
 With thornes venomous, O hevене queen,  
 For which the erthe acursed was ful yore,  
 I am so wounded, as ye may wel seen, 151  
 That I am lost almost;—it smert so sore.

Virgine, that art so noble of appaile,  
 And ledest us in-to the hye tour 154

Of Paradys, thou me wisse and counsaile,  
 How I may have thy grace and thy socour;  
 Al have I been in filthe and in errour.  
 Lady, un-to that court thou me ajourne  
 That cleped is thy bench, O fresshe flour!  
 Ther-as that mercy ever shal sojourne. 160

Kristus, thy sone, that in this world  
 alighte,  
 Up-on the cros to suffre his passioun,  
 And þee, that Longius his herte pighte,  
 And made his herte blood to renne adoun;  
 And al was this for my salvacioun; 165  
 And I to him am fals and eek unkinde,  
 And yit he wol not my dampnacioun—  
 This thanke I you, socour of al mankinde.

Ysaac was figure of his deeth, certeyn,  
 That so fer-forth his fader wolde obeye 170  
 That him ne roughete no-thing to be slayn;  
 Right so thy sone list, as a lamb, to deye.  
 Now lady, ful of mercy, I you preye,  
 Sith he his mercy mesured so large,  
 Be ye not skant; for alle we singe and  
 seye 175  
 That ye ben from vengeance ay our targe.

Zacharie you clepeth the open welle  
 To washe sinful soule out of his gilt.  
 Therefore this lessoun oughte I wel to telle  
 That, nere thy tender herte, we weren  
 spilt. 180  
 Now lady brighte, sith thou canst and wilt  
 Ben to the seed of Adam merciable,  
 So bring us to that palais that is bilt  
 To penitents that ben to mercy able.  
 Amen. 184

*Explicit carmen.*

## II. THE COMPLEYNT UNTO PITE.

PITE, that I have sought so yore ago,  
 With herte sore, and ful of besy payne,  
 That in this world was never wight so wo  
 With-oute dothe; and, if I shal not feyne,  
 My purpos was, to Pite to compleyne 5  
 Upon the crueltee and tirannye  
 Of Love, that for my trouthe doth me dye.

And when that I, by lengthe of certeyn  
 yeres,  
 Had ever in oon a tyme sought to speke,  
 To Pite ran I, al bespreynt with teres, 10  
 To preyn hir on Crueltee m' awreke.  
 But, er I might with any worde out-  
 breke,

Or tellen any of my peynes smerte,  
I fond hir deed, and buried in an herte.

Adoun I fel, when that I saugh the herse,  
Deed as a stoon, whyl that the swogh me  
laste ; 16

But up I roos, with colour ful diverse,  
And pitously on hir myn yēn caste,  
And ner the corps I gan to presen faste,  
And for the soule I shoop me for to  
preye ; 20  
I †nas but lorn ; ther †nas no more to  
seye.

Thus am I slayn, sith that Pite is deed ;  
Allas ! that day ! that ever hit shulde  
falle !

What maner man dar now holde up his  
heed ?

To whom shal any sorrowful herte calle ? 25  
Now Crueltee hath cast to sleen us alle,  
In ydel hope, folk redelees of peyne—  
Sith she is deed—to whom shul we com-  
pleyne ?

But yet encreseth me this wonder newe,  
That no wight woot that she is deed, but I ;  
So many men as in hir tyme hir knewe,  
And yet she dyed not so sodeynly ; 32  
For I have sought hir ever ful besily  
Sith first I hadde wit or mannes minde ;  
But she was deed, er that I conde hir  
finde, 35

Aboute hir herse ther stoden lustily,  
Withouten any wo, as thoughte me,  
Bountee parfit, wel armed and richely,  
And fresshe Beautee, Lust, and Jolitee,  
Assured Maner, Youthe, and Honestee, 40  
Wisdom, Estaat, [and] Dreed, and Go-  
vernaunce,  
Confedred bothe l y bonde and alliaunce.

A compleynt hadde I, written, in myn  
hond,

For to have put to Pite as a bille,  
But whan I al this companye ther fond,  
That rather wolden al my cause spille 46  
Than do me help, I held my pleynte stille ;  
For to that folk, withouten any faile,  
Withoute Pite may no bille availa.

Then leve I al thise virtues, sauf Pite, 50  
Keping the corps, as ye have herd me seyn,

Confedred alle by bonde of Crueltee,  
And been assented that I shal be sleyn.  
And I have put my compleynt up ageyn ;  
For to my foos my bille I dar not shewe,  
Theffect of which seith thus, in wordes  
fewe :— 56

*The Bille.*

¶ ‘ Humblest of herte, hiest of reverence,  
Benigne flour, corouns of vertues alle,  
Sheweth unto your rial excellence  
Your servaunt, if I durste me so calle, 60  
His mortal harm, in which he is y-falle,  
And nocht al only for his evel fare,  
But for your renoun, as he shal declare.

‘ Hit stondeh thus : your contraire,  
Crueltee,

Allyed is ageynst your regalye 65  
Under colour of womanly Beautee,  
For men [ne] shuld not knowe hir  
tirannye,

With Bountee, Gentillesse, and Curtesye,  
And hath depyrved you now of your place  
That hight “Beautee, apertenant to  
Grace.” 70

‘ For kindly, by your heritage right,  
Ye been annexed ever unto Bountee ;  
And verrayly ye oughte do your might  
To helpe Trouthe in his adversitee.  
Ye been also the corouns of Beautee ; 75  
And certes, if ye wanten in thise tweyne,  
The world is lore ; ther †nis no more to  
seyne.

¶ ‘ Eek what availleth Maner and Gen-  
tillesse

Withoute you, benigne creature ?  
Shal Crueltee be your governeresse ? 80  
Allas ! what herte may hit longe endure ?  
Wherfor, but ye the rather take cure  
To breke that perilous alliaunce,  
Ye sleen hem that ben in your obeisaunce.

‘ And further over, if ye suffre this, 85  
Your renoun is fordo than in a throwe ;  
Ther shal no man wite wel what Pite is.  
Allas ! that your renoun shuld be so lowe !  
Ye be than fro your heritage y-throwe  
By Crueltee, that occupieth your place ; 90  
And we despaired, that seken to your  
grace

'Have mercy on me, thou Herenus quene,  
That you have sought so tenderly and  
yore ;

Let somstrem of your light on me be sene  
That love and drede you, ay longer the  
more. 95

For, sothly for to seyne, I bere the sore,  
And, though I be not cunning for to  
pleyne,

For goddes love, have mercy on my peyne !

¶ 'My peyne is this, that what so I desire  
That have I not, ne no-thing lyk therto ;  
And ever set Desire myn herte on fire ;  
Eek on that other syde, wher-so I go, 102  
What maner thing that may encrease wo  
That have I redy, unsoght, everywhere ;  
Me [ne] lakketh but my deth, and than  
my bere. 105

'What nedeth to shewe parcel of my  
peyne ?

Sith every wo that herte may bethinke  
I suffre, and yet I dar not to you pleyne ;  
For wel I woot, al-though I wake or  
winke,

Ye rekke not whether I flete or sinke, 110  
But natheles, my trouthe I shal sustene  
Unto my deeth, and that shal wel be  
sene.

'This is to seyne, I wol be youre ever ;  
Though ye me slee by Crueltee, your fo,  
Algate my spirit shal never dissever 115  
Fro your servyse, for any peyne or wo.  
Sith ye be deed—allas ! that hit is so !—  
Thus for your deth I may wel wepe and  
pleyne 118  
With herte sore and ful of besy peyne.'

*Here endeth the exclamacion of the Deth of Pyte.*

### III. THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESS.

#### *The Proem.*

I HAVE gret wonder, by this lighte,  
How that I live, for day ne nighte  
I may nat slepe wel nigh noght ;  
I have so many an ydel thought  
Purely for defaute of slepe, 5  
That, by my trouthe, I take þkepe  
Of no-thing, how hit cometh or goth,  
Ne me nis no-thing leef nor loth.  
Al is y-liche good to me—  
Joye or sorowe, wherso hit be— 10  
For I have feling in no-thing,  
But, as it were, a mased thing,  
Alway in point to falle a-doun ;  
For þsory imaginacioun  
Is alway hoolly in my minde.

And wel ye woot, agaynes kinde  
Hit were to liven in this wyse ;  
For nature wolde nat suffyse  
To noon erthely creature  
Not longe tyme to endure 20

Withoute slepe, and be[en] in sorwe ;  
And I ne may, ne night ne morwe,  
Slepe ; and þthus melancolye,  
And dreed I have for to dye,  
Defaute of slepe, and hevynesse 25  
Hath sleyn my spirit of quiknesse,  
That I have lost al lustihede.  
Suche fantasyes ben in myn hede  
So I not what is best to do.

But men mighte axe me, why so 30  
I may not slepe, and what me is ?  
But natheles, who aske this  
Leseth his asking trewely.  
My-selven can not telle why  
The sooth ; but trewely, as I gesse, 35  
I hold8 hit be a siknesse  
That I have suffred this eight yere,  
And yet my bote is never the nere ;  
For ther is phisicien but oon,  
That may me hole ; but that is doon. 40  
Passe we over until eft ;  
That wil not be, moot nede be left ;

Our first matere is good to kepe.

So whan I saw I might not slepe,  
Til now late, this other night, 45  
Upon my bedde I sat upright,  
And had oon reche me a book,  
A romaunce, and he hit me took  
To rede and dryve the night away;  
For me thoughte it better play 50  
Then playe[n] either at chesse or tables.

And in this boke were written fables  
That clerkes hadde, in olde tyme,  
And other poets, put in ryme  
To rede, and for to be in minde 55  
Whyl men loved the lawe of kinde.  
This book ne spak but of such thinges,  
'Of queenes lyves, and of kinges,  
And many othere thinges smale.  
Amonge al this I fond a tale 60  
That me thoughte a wonder thing.

This was the tale: Ther was a king  
That highte Seys, and hadde a wyf,  
The beste that mighte bere lyf;  
And this queene highte Aleycone. 65  
So hit befel, therafter sone,  
This king wolde wenden over see.  
To tellen shortly, whan that he  
Was in the see, thus in this wyse,  
Soche a tempest gan to ryse 70  
That brak hir mast, and made it falle,  
And clefte hir ship, and dreinte hem alle,  
That never was founden, as it telles,  
Bord ne man, ne nothing elles.  
Right thus this king Seys loste his lyf. 75

Now for to speken of his wyf:—  
This lady, that was left at home,  
Hath wonder, that the king ne come  
Hoom, for hit was a longe terme.  
Anon her herte gan to erme; 80  
And for that hir thoughte evermo  
Hit was not wel the dwelte so,  
She longed so after the king  
That certes, hit were a pitous thing  
To telle hir hertely sorwful lyf 85  
That hadde, alas! this noble wyf;  
For him she loved alderbest.  
Anon she sente bothe east and west  
To seke him, but they founde nought.

'Alas!' quoth she, 'that I was wrought!  
And wher my lord, my love, be deed? 91  
Certes, I nil never cte breed,  
I make a-vowe to my god here,

But I mowe of my lorde here!' 95  
Such sorwe this lady to her took  
That trewely I, which made this book,  
Had swich pite and swich rowthe  
To rede hir sorwe, that, by my trowthe,  
I ferde the worse al the morwe  
After, to thenken on her sorwe. 100

So whan she coude here no word  
That no man mighte finde hir lord,  
Ful oft she swouned, and seide 'alas!'  
For sorwe ful nigh wood she was,  
Ne she coude no reed but oon; 105  
But doun on knees she sat anon,  
And weep, that pite was to here.

'A! mercy! swete lady dere!' 110  
Quod she to Juno, hir goddesse;  
'Help me out of this distresse,  
And yeve me grace my lord to see  
Sone, or wite wher-so he be,  
Or how he fareth, or in what wyse,  
And I shal make you sacrifice,  
And hoolly youre become I shal 115  
With good wil, body, herte, and al;  
And but thou wilt this, lady swete,  
Send me grace to slepe, and mote  
In my slepe som certeyn sweven,  
Wher-through that I may knowen even  
Whether my lord be quik or deed.' 121  
With that word she heng doun the heed,  
And fil a-swoun as cold as ston;  
Hir women caughte her up anon,  
And broghten hir in bed al naked, 125

And she, forweped and forwaked,  
Was wery, and thus the dede sleep  
Fil on her, or she toke keep,  
Through Juno, that had herd hir bone,  
That made hir [for] to slepe sone; 130  
For as she prayde, so was don,  
In dede; for Juno, right anon,  
Called thus her messagere  
To do her erande, and he com nere.  
Whan he was come, she bad him thus: 135  
'Go bet,' quod Juno, 'to Morpheus,  
Thou knowest him wel, the god of sleep;  
Now understand wel, and tak keep.  
Sey thus on my halfs, that he  
Go faste into the grette see, 140  
And bid him that, on alle thing,  
He take up Seys body the king,  
That lyth ful pale and no-thing rody.  
Bid him crepe into the body,

And do it goon to Alcyone 145  
The quene, ther she lyth alone,  
And shewe hir shortly, hit is no nay,  
How hit was dreynt this other day;  
And do the body speke þso  
Right as hit was wont to do, 150  
The whyles that hit was on lyve.  
Go now faste, and hy thee blyve !'

This messenger took leve and wente  
Upon his wey, and never ne stente  
Til he com to the derke valeye 155  
That stant bytwene roches tweye,  
Ther never yet grew corn ne gras,  
No tree, ne þnothing that ought was,  
Beste, ne man, ne þnothing elles,  
Save ther were a fewe wellos 160  
Came renning fro the clifles adoun,  
That made a deedly sleping soun,  
And ronnen doun right by a cave  
That was under a rokke y-grave  
Amid the valey, wonder depe. 165  
Ther thise goddes laye and slepe,  
Morpheus, and Eclompasteyre,  
That was the god of slepes heyre,  
That slepe and did non other werk.

This cave was also as derk 170  
As helle pit over-al aboute;  
They had good leyser for to route  
To envye, who might slepe beste;  
Some honge hir chin upon hir breste  
And þslepe upright, hir heed y-hed, 175  
And some lay[e] naked in hir bed,  
And slepe whyles the dayes laste.

This messenger com flying faste,  
And cryed, 'O ho ! awak anon !' 170  
Hit was for noght; ther herde him non.  
'Awak !' quod he, 'who is, lyth there ?'  
And blew his horn right in hir ore,  
And cryed 'awaketh !' wonder hyð.  
This god of slepe, with his oon yð  
Cast up, þaxed, 'who clepeth there ?' 185  
'Hit am I,' quod this messagere;  
'Juno bad thou shuldest goon'—  
And tolde him what he shulde doon  
As I have told yow here-tofore;  
Hit is no need reherse hit more; 190  
And wente his wey, whan he had sayd.

Anon this god of slepe a-brayd  
Out of his slepe, and gan to goon,  
And did as he had bede him doon;  
Took up the dreynthe body sone, 195

And bar hit forth to Alcyone,  
His wyf the quene, ther-as she lay,  
Right even a quarter before day,  
And stood right at hir beddes fete,  
And called hir, right as she hete, 200  
By name, and seyde, 'my swete wyf,  
Awak ! let be your sorrowful lyf !  
For in your sorwe ther lyth no reed;  
For certes, swete, I þnam but deed;  
Ye shul me never on lyve y-see. 205  
But good swete herte, [look] that ye  
Bury my body, þat whiche a tyde  
Ye mowe hit finde the see beayde;  
And far-wel, swete, my worldes blisse !  
I praye god your sorwe lisse; 210  
To litel whyl our blisse lasteth !'

With that hir eyen up she casteth,  
And saw noght; 'þA !' quod she, 'for  
sorwe !'

And deyed within the thridde morwe,  
But what she sayde more in that swow  
I may not telle yow as now, 216  
Hit were to longe for to dwelle;  
My first matere I wil yow telle,  
Wherfor I have told this thing  
Of Aleione and Seys the king. 220

For thus moche dar I say[e] wel,  
I had be dolven everydel,  
And deed, right through defaute of sleep,  
If I nad red and take[n] keep 225  
Of this tale next before;  
And I wol telle yow wherfore;  
For I ne might, for bote ne bale,  
Slepe, or I had red this tale  
Of this dreynthe Seys the king,  
And of the goddes of sleping. 230  
Whan I had red this tale wel,  
And over-loked hit everydel,  
Me thoughte wonder if hit were so;  
For I had never herd speke, or tho,  
Of no goddes that coude make 235  
Men [for] to slepe, ne for to wake;  
For I ne knew never god but oon.  
And in my game I sayde anon—  
And yet me list right evel to playe—  
'Rather then that I shulde deye 240  
Through defaute of sleping thus,  
I wolde yive thilke Morpheus,  
Or his goddesse, dame Juno,  
Or som wight elles, I ne roghte who—  
To make me slepe and have som reste—

I wil yive him the alder-beste 246  
 Yift that ever he abood his lyve,  
 And here on warde, right now, as blyve ;  
 If he wol make me slepe a lyte,  
 Of downe of pure dowves whyte 250  
 I wil yive him a fether-bed,  
 Rayed with golde, and right wel cled  
 In fyn blak satin doutremere,  
 And many a pilow, and every bere  
 Of clothe of Reynes, to slepe softe ; 255  
 Him thar not nede to turnen ofte.  
 And I wol yive him al that falles  
 To a chambre ; and al his halles  
 I wol do peynte with pure golde,  
 And tapite hem ful many folde 260  
 Of oo sute ; this shal he have,  
 If I wiste wher were his cave,  
 If he can make me slepe sone,  
 As did the goddesse †Alcione.  
 And thus this ilke god, Morpheus, 265  
 May winne of me mo fees thus  
 Than ever he wan ; and to Juno,  
 That is his goddess, I shal so do,  
 I trow that she shal holde her payd.  
 I hadde unneth that word y-sayd 270  
 Right thus as I have told hit yow,  
 That sodeynly, I niste how,  
 Swich a lust anon me took  
 To slepe, that right upon my book  
 I fl alepe, and therwith even 275  
 Me mette so inly swete a sweven,  
 So wonderful, that never yit  
 I trowe no man hadde the wit  
 To conne wel my sweven rede ;  
 No, not Joseph, withoute drede, 280  
 Of Egipte, he that redde so  
 The kinges meting Pharaou  
 No more than coude the leste of us ;  
 Ne nat scarsly Macrobenus,  
 (He that wroot al th'avisoun 285  
 That he mette, king Scipioun,  
 The noble man, the Affrican—  
 Swiche mervayles fortunad than)  
 I trowe, a-rede my dremes even.  
 Lo, thus hit was, this was my sweven. 290

*The Dream.*

Me thoughte thus :—that hit was May,  
 And in the dawning ther I lay,  
 Me mette thus, in my bed al naked :—

†I loked forth, for I was waked  
 With smale foules a gret hepe, 295  
 That had affrayed me out of †slepe  
 Through noyse and swetnesse of hir song ;  
 And, as me mette, they sate among,  
 Upon my chambre-roof withoute,  
 Upon the tyles, †al a-boute, 300  
 And songen, everich in his wyse,  
 The moste solempne servyse  
 By note, that ever man, I trowe,  
 Had herd ; for som of hem song lowe,  
 Som hye, and al of oon acorde. 305  
 To telle shortly, at oo worde,  
 Was never y-herd so swete a steven,  
 But hit had be a thing of heven ;—  
 So mery a soun, so swete entunes,  
 That certes, for the toun of Tewnnes, 310  
 I nolde but I had herd hem singe ;  
 For al my chambre gan to ringe  
 Through singing of hir armonye.  
 For instrument nor melodye  
 Was nowher herd yet half so swete, 315  
 Nor of acorde half so meto ;  
 For ther was noon of hem that feyned  
 To singe, for ech of hem him peyned  
 To finde out mery crafty notes ;  
 They ne spared not hir throtes. 320  
 And, sooth to seyn, my chambre was  
 Ful wel depeynted, and with glas  
 Were al the windowes wel y-glased,  
 Ful clere, and nat an hole y-crased,  
 That to beholde hit was gret joye. 325  
 For hoolly al the storie of Troye  
 Was in the glasing y-wrought thus,  
 Of Ector and †king Priamus,  
 Of Achilles and †Lamedon,  
 Of †Meden and of Jason, 330  
 Of Paris, Eleyne, and Lavyne.  
 And †alle the walles with colours fyne  
 Were peynted, bothe text and glose,  
 †Of al the Romaunce of the Rose.  
 My windowes weren shet echon, 335  
 And through the glas the sunne shon  
 Upon my bed with brighte bemes,  
 With many glade gilden streemes ;  
 And eek the welken was so fair,  
 Blew, bright, clere was the air, 340  
 And ful atempre, for sothe, hit was ;  
 For nother †cold nor hoot hit nas,  
 Ne in al the welken was a cloude.  
 And as I lay thus, wonder loude

Me thoughte I herde an hunte blowe 345  
 T' assaye his horn, and for to knowe  
 Whether hit were clere or hors of sounne.  
 †I herde goinge, up and doune,  
 Men, hors, houndes, and other thing;  
 And al men spoken of hunting, 350  
 How they wolde slee the hert with  
 strengthe,  
 And how the hert had, upon lengthe,  
 So moche embosed, I not now what.  
 Anon-right, when I herde that,  
 How that they wolde on hunting goon,  
 I was right glad, and up anon; 356  
 [I] took my hors, and forth I wente  
 Out of my chambre; I never stente  
 Til I com to the feld withoute.  
 Ther overtook I a gret route 360  
 Of huntes and eek of foresteres,  
 With many relayes and lymeres,  
 And hyed hem to the forest faste,  
 And I with hem;—so at the laste  
 I asked oon, ladde a lymere:— 365  
 'Say, felow, who shal hunte[n] here?'  
 Quod I; and he answerde ageyn,  
 'Sir, th'empour Octovien,'  
 Quod he, 'and is heer faste by.'  
 'A goddes halfe, in good tyme,' quod I,  
 'Go we faste!' and gan to ryde. 371  
 Whan we came to the forest-syde,  
 Every man dide, right anon,  
 As to hunting fil to doon.  
 The mayster-hunte anon, fot-hoot, 375  
 With a gret horne blew three moot  
 At the uncoupling of his houndes.  
 Within a whyl the hert [y]-founded is,  
 Y-halowed, and rechased faste  
 Longe tyme; and †at the laste, 380  
 This hert rused and stal away  
 Fro alle the houndes a prevy way.  
 The houndes had overshots hem alle,  
 And were on a defeaute y-falle;  
 Therwith the hunte wonder faste 385  
 Blew a forloyn at the laste.  
 I was go walked for my tree,  
 And as I wente, ther cam by me  
 A whelp, that fauned me as I stood,  
 That hadde y-folowed, and coude no good.  
 Hit com and creep to me as lowe, 391  
 Right as hit hadde me y-knowe,  
 Hild down his heed and joynd his eres,  
 And leyde al smothe doun his heres.

I wolde han caught hit, and anon 395  
 Hit fledde, and was fro me goon;  
 And I him folwed, and hit forth wente  
 Doun by a floury grene wente  
 Ful thikke of gras, ful softe and swete,  
 With floures fele, faire under fete, 400  
 And litel used, hit seemed thus;  
 For bothe Flora and Zephirus,  
 They two that make floures growe,  
 Had mad hir dwelling ther, I trowe;  
 For hit was, on to beholde, 405  
 As thogh the erthe envye wolde  
 To be gayer than the heven,  
 To have mo floures, swiche seven  
 As in the welken sterres be.  
 Hit had forgete the povertes 410  
 That winter, through his colde morwes,  
 Had mad hit suffre[n], and his sorwes;  
 Al was forgotten, and that was sene.  
 For al the wode was waxen grene,  
 Swetnesse of dewe had mad it waxe. 415  
 Hit is no need eek for to axe  
 Whether ther were many grene groves,  
 Or thikke of trees, so ful of leves;  
 And every tree stood by him-selve  
 Fro other wel ten foot or twelve. 420  
 So grette trees, so huge of strengthe,  
 Of fourty or fifty fadme lengthe,  
 Clene withoute bough or stikke,  
 With croppes brode, and eek as thikke—  
 They were nat an inche a-sonder— 425  
 That hit was shadwe over-al under;  
 And many an hert and many an hinde  
 Was both before me and bihinde.  
 Of founes, soures, bukkes, does  
 Was ful the wode, and many roes, 430  
 And many squirelles, that sete  
 Ful hye upon the trees, and ete,  
 And in hir maner made festes.  
 Shortly, hit was so ful of bestes,  
 That thogh Argus, the noble countour,  
 Sete to rekene in his countour, 436  
 And rekene[d] with his figures ten—  
 For by the figures mowe al ken,  
 If they be crafty, rekene and noubre,  
 And telle of every thing the noubre—  
 Yet shulde he fayle to rekene even 441  
 The wondres, me mette in my sweven.  
 But forth they romed †wonder faste  
 Doun the wode; so at the laste  
 I was war of a man in blak, 445



That sat and had y-turned his bak  
 To an oke, an huge tree.  
 'Lord,' thought I, 'who may that be?  
 What ayleth him to sitten here?'  
 Anoon-right I wente nere; 450  
 Than fond I sitte even upright  
 A wonder wel-faring knight—  
 By the maner me thoughte so—  
 Of good mochel, and þyong therto,  
 Of the age of four and twenty year. 455  
 Upon his berde but litel heer,  
 And he was clothed al in blakke.  
 I stalked even unto his bakke,  
 And ther I stood as stille as ought,  
 That, sooth to saye, he saw me nought,  
 For-why he heng his heed adoun. 461  
 And with a deedly sorwful soun  
 He made of ryme ten vers or twelve,  
 Of a compleynt to him-selve,  
 The moeste pite, the moeste rowthe, 465  
 That ever I herde; for, by my trowthe,  
 Hit was gret wonder that nature  
 Might suffre[n] any creature  
 To have swich sorwe, and be not deed.  
 Ful pitous, pale, and nothing reed, 470  
 He sayde a lay, a maner song,  
 Withoute note, withoute song,  
 And hit was this; for þwel I can  
 Reherse hit; right thus hit began.—  
 ¶ 'I have of sorwe so gret woon, 475  
 That joye gete I never noon,  
 Now that I see my lady bright,  
 Which I have loved with al my might,  
 Is fro me deed, and is a-goon.† 479  
 ¶ 'Allas, [o] deeth! what ayleth thee, 481  
 That thou noldest have taken me,  
 Whan that thou toke my lady swete?  
 That was so fayr, so fresh, so free,  
 So good, that men may wel [y]-see 485  
 Of al goodnesse she had no mete!'—  
 Whan he had mad thus his complaynte,  
 His sorwful herte gan faste faynte,  
 And his spiritus wexen dede;  
 The blood was fled, for pure drede, 490  
 Doun to his herte, to make him warm—  
 For wel hit feled the herte had harm—  
 To wite eek why hit was a-drad  
 By kinde, and for to make hit glad;  
 For hit is membre principal 495  
 Of the body; and that made al  
 His hewe chaunge and wexe grene

And pale, for þno blood was sene  
 In no maner lime of his.  
 Anoon therwith whan I saw this, 500  
 He ferde thus evl ther he sete,  
 I wente and stood right at his fete,  
 And grettē him, but he spak nought,  
 But argued with his owne thought,  
 And in his witte disputed faste 505  
 Why and how his lyf might laste;  
 Him thoughte his sorwes were so smerte  
 And lay so colde upon his herte;  
 So, through his sorwe and hevly thought,  
 Made him that he ne herde me nought;  
 For he had wel nigh lost his minde, 511  
 Thogh Pan, that men clope god of kinde,  
 Were for his sorwes never so wrooth.  
 But at the laste, to sayn right sooth,  
 He was war of me, how I stood 515  
 Before him, and dide of myn hood,  
 And þgrettē him, as I best coude.  
 Debonairly, and no-thing loude,  
 He sayde, 'I prey thee, be not wrooth,  
 I herde thee not, to sayn the sooth, 520  
 Ne I saw thee not, sir, trewely.'  
 'A! goode sir, no fors,' quod I,  
 'I am right sory if I have ought  
 Destroubled yow out of your thought;  
 For-yive me if I have mis-take.' 525  
 'Yis, th' amendes is light to make,'  
 Quod he, 'for ther lyth noon ther-to;  
 Ther is no-thing missayd nor do.'  
 Lo! how goodly spak this knight,  
 As it had been another wight; 530  
 He made it nouthur tough ne queynste.  
 And I saw that, and gan me aqueeunte  
 With him, and fond him so trowable,  
 Right wonder skilful and resonable,  
 As me thoughte, for al his bale. 535  
 Anoon-right I gan finde a tale  
 To him, to loke wher I might ought  
 Have more knowing of his thought.  
 'Sir,' quod I, 'this game is doon;  
 I holde that this hert be goon; 540  
 Thise huntis conne him nowher see.'  
 'I do no fors therof,' quod he,  
 'My thought is ther-on never a del.'  
 'By our lord,' quod I, 'I trow yow wel,  
 Right so me thinketh by your chere. 545  
 But, sir, oo thing wol ye here?  
 Me thinketh, in gret sorwe I yow see  
 But certes, [good] sir, yif that ye

Wolde ought discure me your wo,  
I wolde, as wis god helpe me so, 550  
Amende hit, yif I can or may;  
Ye mowe preve hit by assay.  
For, by my trouthe, to make yow hool,  
I wol do al my power hool;  
And telleth me of your sorwes smerte,  
Paraventure hit may ese your herte, 556  
That semeth ful seke under your syde.'

With that he lokod on me asyde,  
As who sayth, 'nay, that wol not be.'  
'Graunt mercy, gode frend,' quod he,  
'I thanke thee that thou woldest so, 561  
But lit may never the rather be do.  
No man may my sorwe glade,  
That maketh my hewe to falle and  
fude,

And hath myn understanding lorn, 565  
That me is wo that I was born!  
May noght make my sorwes slyde,  
Nought the remedies of Ovyde;  
Ne Orpheus, god of melodye,  
Ne Dedalus, with þplays slye; 570  
Ne hele me may þphisicien,  
Noght Ipcras, ne Galien;  
Me is wo that I live houres twelve;  
But who so wol assaye him-selve  
Whether his herte can have pite 575  
Of any sorwe, lat him see me.  
I wrecche, that deeth hath mad al naked  
Of alle blisse that was ever maked,  
Y-worthe worste of alle wightes,  
That hate my dayes and my nightes; 580  
My lyf, my lustes be me lothe,  
For al welfare and I be wrothe.  
The pure deeth is so þmy fo,  
þThogh I wolde deye, hit wolde not so;  
For when I folwe hit, hit wol fle; 585  
I wolde have þhit, hit nil not me.  
This is my peyne withoute reed,  
Alway deyng, and be not deed,  
That þSesiphus, that lyth in helle,  
May not of more sorwe telle. 590  
And who so wiste al, by my trouthe,  
My sorwe, but he hadde routhie  
And pite of my sorwes smerte,  
That man hath a feendly herte.  
For who so seeth me first on morwe 595  
May seyn, he hath [y]-met with sorwe;  
For I am sorwe and sorwe is I.

'Allas! and I wol telle the why;

My þsong is turned to pleyning,  
And al my laughter to weping, 600  
My glade thoghtes to hevynesse,  
In travaille is myn ydelnesse  
And eek my reste; my wele is wo.  
My good is harm, and ever-mo  
In wrathe is turned my pleyng, 605  
And my delyt in-to sorwing.  
Myn hele is turned into seeknesse,  
In drede is al my sikernessee.  
To derke is turned al my light,  
My wit is foly, my day is night, 610  
My love is hate, my sleep waking,  
My mirthe and moles is fasting,  
My countenance is nycete,  
And al abaved wher-so I be,  
My pees, in plying and in werre; 615  
Allas! how mighte I fare werre?  
'My boldnesse is turned to shame,  
For fals Fortune hath pleyd a game  
Atte ches with me, alas! the whye!  
The trayteresse fals and ful of gyle, 620  
That al behoteth and no-thing halt,  
She goth upright and yet she halt,  
That baggeth foule and loketh faire,  
The dispituous debonaire,  
That scorneth many a creature! 625  
An ydole of fals portraiture  
Is she, for she wil some wryen;  
She is the monstres heed y-wryen,  
As filth over y-strawed with floures;  
Hir moste worship and hir þflour is 630  
To lyen, for that is hir nature;  
Withoute feyth, lawe, or mesure  
She is fals; and ever laughinge  
With oon eye, and that other wepinge.  
That is brought up, she set al doun. 635  
I lykne hir to the scorpioun,  
That is a fals flatering beste;  
For with his hede he maketh feste,  
But al amid his flatering  
With his tayle he wol stinge, 640  
And envenyme; and so wol she.  
She is th'envyous charite  
That is ay fals, and semeth wele;  
So turneth she hir false whele  
About, for it is no-thing stable, 645  
Now by the fyre, now at table;  
Ful many oon hath she thus y-blent.  
She is pley of enchauntement,  
That semeth oon and is nat so,

- The false theef! what hath she do, 650  
Trowest thou? by our lord, I wol thee  
seye.  
Atte ches with me she gan to pleye :  
With hir false draughtes divers  
She stal on me, and took my fers  
And whan I saw my fers awaye, 655  
Alas! I couthe no lenger pleye,  
But seyde, "farwel, swete, y-wis,  
And farwel al that ever ther is!"  
Therwith Fortune seyde "chek here!"  
And "mate!" in tmid pointe of the  
chekkere 660  
With a poune erraunt, alas!  
Ful craftier to pley she was  
Than Athalus, that made the game  
First of the ches: so was his name.  
But god wolde I had ones or twyes 665  
Y-koud and knowe the jeopardyes  
That coude the Grek Pithagores!  
I shulde have pleyd the bet at ches,  
And kept my fers the bet therby;  
And thogh wherto? for trewely 670  
I hold that wish nat worth a stree.  
Hit had be never the bet for me.  
For Fortune can so many a wyle,  
Ther be but fewe can hir begyle,  
And eek she is the las to blame; 675  
My-self I wolde have do the same,  
Before god, hadde I been as she;  
She oghte the more excused be.  
For this I say yet more therto,  
Hadde I be god and mighte have do 680  
My wille, whan tmy fers she caughte,  
I wolde have drawe the same draughte.  
For, also wis god give me reste,  
I dar wel swere she took the beste!  
'But through that draughte I have  
lorn 685  
My blisse; alas! that I was born!  
For evermore, I trowe trewly,  
For al my wil, my lust hoolly  
Is turned; but yet, what to done?  
By our lord, hit is to deye sone! 690  
For no-thing I [ne] leve it noght,  
But live and deye right in this thoght.  
tTher nis planete in firmament,  
Ne in air, ne in erthe, noon element,  
That they ne yive me a yift echoon 695  
Of weping, whan I am aloon.  
For whan that I avyse me wel,  
And bethenke me every-del,  
How that ther lyth in rekenyng,  
In my sorwe, for no-thing; 700  
And how ther leveth no gladnesse  
May gladd me of my distresse,  
And how I have lost suffisance,  
And therto I have no plesance,  
Than may I say, I have right noght. 705  
And whan al this falleth in my thoght,  
Allas! than am I overcome!  
For that is doon is not to come!  
I have more sorowe than Tantale.'  
And whan I herde him telle this tale  
Thus pitously, as I yow telle, 711  
Unnethe mighte I lenger dwelle,  
Hit dide myn herte so moche wo.  
'A! good sir!' quod I, 'say not so!  
Have som pite on your nature 715  
That formed yow to creature;  
Remembre yow of Socrates;  
For he ne counted nat three strees  
Of noght that Fortune coude do.'  
'No,' quod he, 'I can not so.' 720  
'Why so? good sir! tparde!' quod I;  
'Ne say noght so, for trewely,  
Thogh ye had lost the ferses twelve,  
And ye for sorwe mordred your-selve,  
Ye sholde be dampned in this cas 725  
By as good right as Medea was,  
That slow hir children for Jason;  
And Phyllis tals for Demophon  
Heng hir-self, so weylaway!  
For he had broke his terme-day 730  
To come to hir. Another rage  
Had Dydo, tquene eek of Cartage,  
That slow hir-self, for Eneas  
Was fals; [a!] whiche a fool she was!  
And Ecquo dyed for Narcissus 735  
Nolde nat love hir; and right thus  
Hath many another folly don.  
And for Dalida dyed Sampson,  
That slow him-self with a pilere.  
But ther is tnoon a-lyvo here 740  
Wolde for a fers make[n] this wo!'  
'Why so?' quod he; 'hit is nat so;  
Thou wost ful litel what thou menest;  
I have lost more than thou wenest.'  
'Lo, tair, how may that be?' quod I; 745  
'Good sir, tel me al hoolly  
In what wyse, how, why, and wherfore  
That ye have thus your blisse lorn.'

'Blythly,' quod he, 'com sit adoun;  
I telle thee up condicioun 750  
That thou þhoolly, with al thy wit,  
Do thyn entent to herkene hit.'  
'Yis, sir,' 'Swere thy trouthe ther-to,'  
'Gladly.' 'Do than holde her-to!'  
'I shal right blythly, so god me save, 755  
Hoolly, with al the witte I have,  
Here yow, as wel as I can.'  
'A goddes half!' quod he, and began:—  
'Sir,' quod he, 'sith first I couthe  
Have any maner wit fro youthe, 760  
Or kindly understanding  
To comprehende, in any thing,  
What love was, in myn owne wit,  
Dredeles, I have ever yit  
Be tributary, and given rente 765  
To love hoolly with gode entente,  
And through plesaunce become his thral,  
With good wil, body, herte, and al  
Al this I putte in his servage,  
As to my lorde, and dide homage; 770  
And ful devoutly þprayde him to,  
He shulde besette myn herte so,  
That it plesaunce to him were,  
And worship to my lady dere.  
'And this was longe, and many a yeer  
Or that myn herte was set o-wher, 776  
That I did thus, and niste why;  
I trowe hit cam me kindly.  
Paraunter I was therto þable  
As a whyt wal or a table; 780  
For hit is redy to cacche and take  
Al that men wil therin make,  
Wher-so men wol portreye or peynte,  
Be the werkes never so queynte.  
'And thilke tyme I ferde þso 785  
I was able to have lerned tho,  
And to have coud as wel or better,  
Paraunter, other art or letter.  
But for love cam first in my thought,  
Therefore I forgot it nought, 790  
I chees love to my firste craft,  
Therfor hit is with me [y]-laft.  
Forwhy I took hit of so yong age,  
That malice hadde myn corage  
Nat that tyme turned to no-thing 795  
Through to mochel knowleching.  
For that tyme Youthe, my maistresse,  
Governed me in ydelnesse;  
For hit was in my firste youthe,

And tho ful litel good I couthe; 800  
For al my werkes were flittinge,  
þAnd al my thoghtes varyinge;  
Al were to me y-liche good,  
That I knew tho; but thus hit stood.  
'Hit happed that I cam þa day 805  
Into a place, ther þI say,  
Trewly, the fayrest companye  
Of ladies, that ever man with yþ  
Had seen togedres in oo place,  
Shal I clepe hit hap other grace 810  
That broghte me ther? nay, but Fortune,  
That is to lyen ful comune,  
The false trayteresse, pervers,  
God wolde I coude clepe hir wers!  
For now she worceth me ful wo, 815  
And I wol telle sone why so.  
'Among this ladies thus echoon,  
Soth to seyn, I saw [ther] oon  
That was lyk noon of [al] the route;  
For I dar swere, withoute doute, 820  
That as the someres sonne bright  
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more light  
Than any þplanete, [is] in heaven,  
The mone, or the sterres seven,  
For al the worlde, so had she 825  
Surmounted hem alle of beaute,  
Of maner and of comliness,  
Of stature and þwel set gladnesse,  
Of goodlihede þso wel beseye—  
Shortly, what shal I more seye? 830  
By god, and by his halwes twelve,  
It was my swete, right as hir-selve!  
She had so stedfast countenaunce,  
So noble port and meyntenaunce,  
And Love, that had herd my bone, 835  
Had espyed me thus sone,  
That she ful sone, in my thought,  
As helpe me god, so was y-caught  
So sodenly, that I ne took  
No maner þreed but at hir look 840  
And at myn herte; for-why hir eyen  
So gladly, I trow, myn herte seyen,  
That purely tho myn owne thought  
Seyde hit were þbet serve hir for noght  
Than with another to be wel, 845  
And hit was sooth, for, everydel,  
I wil anoon-right telle thee why.  
'I saw hir daunce so comilly,  
Carole and singe so swetely,  
Laughe and playe so womanly, 850

And loke so debonairly,  
 So goodly speke and so frendly,  
 That certes, I trow, that evermore  
 Nas seyn so blisful a tresore.  
 For every heer [uppon hir hede, 855  
 Soth to seyn, hit was not rede,  
 No nouthur yelw, ne broun hit nas;  
 Me thoghte, most lyk gold hit was.  
 And whiche eyen my lady hadde!  
 Debonair, goode, glade, and sadde, 860  
 Simple, of good mochel, noght to wyde;  
 Therto hir look nas not a-syde,  
 Ne overthwert, but beset so wel,  
 Hit drew and took up, everydel,  
 Alle that on hir gan beholde. 865  
 Hir eyen semed anoon she wolde  
 Have mercy; foolas wenden so;  
 But hit was never the rather do.  
 Hit nas no countrefeted thing,  
 It was hir owne pure loking, 870  
 That the goddesse, dame Nature,  
 Had made hem opene by mesure,  
 And close; for, were she never so glad,  
 Hir loking was not foly sprad,  
 Ne wildely, thogh that she pleyde; 875  
 But ever, me thoghte, hir eyen seide,  
 "By god, my wrathe is al for-yive!"  
 'Therwith hir liste so wel to live,  
 That dulnesse was of hir a-drad.  
 She nas to sobre no to glad; 880  
 In alle thinges more mesure  
 Had never, I trowe, creature.  
 But many oon with hir loke she herte,  
 And that sat hir ful lyte at herte,  
 For she knew no-thing of hir thoght; 885  
 But whether she knew, or knew hit noght,  
 Algate she ne roghte of hem a stree!  
 To gete hir love no ner nas he  
 That woned at home, than he in Inde;  
 The formest was alway behinde. 890  
 But gode folk, over al other,  
 She loved as man may do his brother;  
 Of whiche love she was wonder large,  
 In skilful places that bere charge.  
 '†Which a visage had she ther-to! 895  
 Allas! myn herte is wonder wo  
 That I ne can discryven hit!  
 Me lakketh bothe English and wit  
 For to undo hit at the fulle;  
 And eek my spirits be so dulle 900  
 So greet a thing for to devyse.

I have no wit that can suffyse  
 To comprehend[en] hir beaute;  
 But thus moche dar I seyn, that she  
 Was †rody, fresh, and lyvely hewed; 905  
 And every day hir beaute newed.  
 And negh hir face was alder-best;  
 For certes, Nature had swich lest  
 To make that fair, that trewly sho  
 Was hir cheef patron of beautee, 910  
 And cheef ensample of al hir werke,  
 And moustre; for, be hit never so dorke,  
 Me thinketh I see hir ever-mo.  
 And yet more-over, thogh alle tho  
 That ever lived were now a-lyve, 915  
 [They] ne sholde have founde to discryve  
 In al hir face a wikked signe;  
 For hit was sad, simple, and benigne.  
 'And which a goodly softe speche  
 Had that swete, my lyves loche! 920  
 So frendly, and so wel y-grounded,  
 Up al resoun so wel y-founded,  
 And so tretable to alle gode,  
 That I dar swere †by the rode,  
 Of eloquence was never founde 925  
 So swete a sowninge facounde,  
 Ne trewer tonged, ne scorned lasse,  
 Ne bet coude hele; that, by the masso  
 I durste swere, thogh the pope hit songe,  
 That ther was never †through hir tonge  
 Man no woman gretly harmed; 931  
 As for hir, [ther] was al harm hid;  
 Ne lasse flatering in hir worde,  
 That purely, hir simple recorde  
 Was founde as trewe as any bonde, 935  
 Or trouthe of any mannes hondo.  
 Ne chyde she coude never a del,  
 That knoweth al the world ful wel.  
 'But swich a fairnesse of a nekke  
 Had that swete, that boon nor brekke  
 Nas ther non sene, that mis-sat. 941  
 It was whyt, smothe, streght, and †flat,  
 Withouten hole; †and canel-boon,  
 As by seming, had she noon.  
 Hir throte, as I have now memoire, 945  
 Semed a round tour of yvoire,  
 Of good gretnesse, and noght to greta.  
 'And gode faire Whurr she hete,  
 That was my lady name right,  
 She was bothe fair and bright, 950  
 She hadde not hir name wrong.  
 Right faire shuldres, and body long

She hadde, and armes, every lith  
Fattish, flesshy, not greet thorwith;  
Right whyte handes, and nayles rede, 955  
Rounde brestes; and of good brede  
Hir hippes were, a stroight flat bak.  
I knew on hir non other lak  
That al hir limmes nere †sewing,  
In as fer as I had knowing. 960

‘Therto she coude so wel pleye,  
Whan that hir liste, that I dar seye,  
That she was lyk to torche bright,  
That every man may take of light  
Ynogh, and hit hath never the lesse. 965

‘Of maner and of comliness  
Right so ferde my lady dere;  
For every wight of hir manere  
Might caccho ynogh, if that he wolde,  
If he had eyen hir to beholde. 970

For I dar †sweren, if that she  
Had among ten thousand be,  
She wold have be, at the leste,  
A cheef mirour of al the feste,  
Thogh they had stonden in a rowe, 975  
To mennes eyen that coude have knowe.

For wher-so men had pleyd or waked,  
Me thoghte the fellowship as naked  
Withouten hir, that saw I ones,  
As a coroune withoute stones. 980

To wel she was, to myn ye,  
The soleyf fenix of Arabye,  
For ther liveth never but oon;  
Ne swich as she ne knew I noon.

‘To speke of goodnesse; trewly she 985

Had as moche debonaite  
As ever had Hester in the bible,  
And more, if more were possible.  
And, soth to seyne, therwith-al  
She had a wit so general, 990

So hool enclyned to alle gode,  
That al hir wit was set, by the rode,  
Withoute malice, upon gladnesse;  
†Therto I saw never yet a lesse  
Harmful, than she was in doing. 995

I sey nat that she no had knowing  
What †was harm; or elles she  
Had coud no gool, so thinketh me.

‘And trewly, for to speke of trouthe,  
But she had had, hit had be routhe. 1000  
Therof she had so moche hir del—  
And I dar seyn and swere hit wel—  
That Trouthe him-self, over al and al,

Had chose his maner principal  
In hir, that was his resting-place, 1005  
Ther-to she hadde the moste grace,  
To have stedfast perseveraunce,  
And esy, atempre governaunce,  
That ever I knew or wiste yit;  
So pure suffraunt was hir wit, 1010  
And reson gladly she understood,  
Hit folowed wel she coude good.  
She used gladly to do wel;  
These were hir maners every-del.

‘Therwith she loved so wel right, 1015  
She wrong do wolde to no wight;  
No wight might do hir no shame,  
She loved so wel hir owne name.

Hir luste to holde no wight in honde;  
No, be thou siker, she †nolde fonde 1020  
To holde no wight in balaunce,  
By half word ne by countenaunce,

But-if men wolde upon hir lye;  
Ne sende men in-to Walakye,  
To Pruyse and in-to Tartarye, 1025  
To Alisaundre, ne in-to Turkye,

And bidde him faste, anon that he  
Go hoodles †to the drye see,  
And come hoom by the Carrenare;  
And seye, “Sir, be now right ware 1030

That I may of yow here seyn  
Worship, or that ye come ageyn!”  
She ne used no suche knakkes smale.

‘But wherfor that I telle my tale?  
Right on this same, as I have seyde, 1035  
Was hoolly al my love leyde;

For certes, she was, that swete wyf,  
My suffisaunce, my lust, my lyf,  
Myn hap, myn hele, and al my blisse,  
My worldes welfare and my lisse, 1040  
And I hirs hoolly, everydel.’

‘By our lord,’ quod I, ‘I trowe yow wel!  
Hardely, your love was wel besot,  
I not how ye mighte have do bet.’

‘Bet? ne no wight so wel!’ quod he, 1045  
‘I trowe hit, sir,’ quod I, ‘parde!’  
‘Nay, leve hit wel!’ ‘Sir, so do I;  
I leve yow wel, that trewly

Yow thoghte, that she was the beste,  
And to beholde the alderfaireste, 1050  
Who so had loket †with your eyen.’

‘With myn? nay, alle that hir seyen  
Seyde, and swore[n] hit was so.  
And thogh they ne hadde, I wolde tho

- Have loved best my lady fre, 1055  
 Thogh I had had al the beautee  
 That ever had Alcipyades,  
 And al the strengthe of Erceles,  
 And therto had the worthinesse  
 Of Alisaundre, and al the richesse 1060  
 That ever was in Babiloyne,  
 In Cartage, or in Macedoynne,  
 Or in Rome, or in Ninive;  
 And therto al-so hardy be  
 As was Ector, so have I joye, 1065  
 That Achilles slow at Troye—  
 And therfor was he slayn also  
 In a temple, for bothe two  
 Were slayn, he and †Antilogus,  
 And so seyth Dares Frigius, 1070  
 For love of [hir] Polixena—  
 Or been as wys as Minerva,  
 I wolde ever, withoute drede,  
 Have loved hir, for I moste nede!  
 “Nede!” nay, †I gabbe now, 1075  
 Noght “nede,” and I wol telle how,  
 For of good wille myn herte hit wolde,  
 And eek to love hir I was holde  
 As for the fairest and the beste.  
 ‘She was as good, so have I reste, 1080  
 As ever was Penelope of Grece,  
 Or as the noble wyf Lucrece,  
 That was the beste—he telleth thus,  
 The Romain Tytus Livius—  
 She was as good, and no-thing lyke, 1085  
 Thogh hir stories be autentyke;  
 Algate she was as trewe as she,  
 ‘But wherfor that I telle thee  
 When I first my lady sey?  
 I was right yong, [the] sooth to sey, 1090  
 And ful gret need I hadde to lerne;  
 When my herte wolde yerne  
 To love, it was a greet emprise.  
 But as my wit coude best suffyse,  
 After my yonge childly wit, 1095  
 Withoute drede, I besette hit  
 To love hir in my beste wyse,  
 To do hir worship and servyse  
 That I †tho coude, by my trouthe,  
 Withoute feynyn outhur slouthes; 1100  
 For wonder fayn I wolde hir see.  
 So mochel hit amended me,  
 That, when I saw hir first a-morwe,  
 I was warished of al my sorwe  
 Of al day after, til hit were eve; 1105
- Me thoghte no-thing mighte me greve,  
 Were my sorwes never so smarte.  
 And yit she sit so in myn herte,  
 That, by my trouthe, I nolde noght,  
 For al this worlde, out of my thought 1110  
 Leve my lady; no, trewly!’  
 ‘Now, by my trouthe, sir,’ quod I,  
 ‘Me thinketh ye have such a chaunce  
 As shrift withoute repentaunce.’  
 ‘Repentaunce! nay fy,’ quod he; 1115  
 ‘Shulde I now repente me  
 To love? nay, certes, than were I wel  
 Wers than was Achitofel,  
 Or Anthenor, so have I joye,  
 The traytour that betrayned Troye, 1120  
 Or the false Genelon,  
 He that purchased the treson  
 Of Rowland and of Olivera.  
 Nay, whyl I am a-lyve here  
 I nil foryete hir never-mo.’ 1125  
 ‘Now, gode sir,’ quod I [right] tho,  
 ‘Ye han wel told me her-before.  
 It is no need. Therse hit more  
 How ye sawe hir first, and where;  
 But wolde ye telle me the manere, 1130  
 To hir which was your firste speche—  
 Therof I wolde yow be-seche—  
 And how she knewe first your thoght,  
 Whether ye loved hir or noght,  
 And telleth me eek what ye have lore;  
 I herde yow telle her-before.’ 1136  
 ‘Ye,’ seyde he, ‘thou nost what thou  
 menest;  
 I have lost more than thou wenest.’  
 ‘What los is that, [sir]?’ quod I tho;  
 ‘Nil she not love yow? is hit so? 1140  
 Or have ye oght [y-]doon amis,  
 That she hath left yow? is hit this?  
 For goddes love, tel me al.’  
 ‘Before god,’ quod he, ‘and I shal.  
 I saye right as I have seyd, 1145  
 On hir was al my love leyd;  
 And yet she niste hit †never a del  
 Noght longe tyme, leve hit wel.  
 For be right siker, I durste noght 1149  
 For al this worlde telle hir my thoght,  
 Ne I wolde have wratthed hir, trewly.  
 For wostow why? she was lady  
 Of the body; she had the herte,  
 And who hath that, may not asterte.  
 ‘But, for to kepe me fro ydelnesse, 1155

Trewly I did my businesse  
 To make songes, as I best coude,  
 And ofte tyme I song hem loude ;  
 And made songes a gret del,  
 Al-though I coude not make so wel 1160  
 Songes, ne knowe the art al,  
 As coude Lamekes sone Tubal,  
 That fond out first the art of songe ;  
 For, as his brothers hamers ronge  
 Upon his anvelt up and down, 1165  
 Therof he took the firste soun ;  
 But Grekes seyn, Pictagoras,  
 That he the firste finder was  
 Of the art ; Aurora telleth so,  
 But therof no fors, of hem two. 1170  
 Algates songes thus I made  
 Of my feling, myn herte to glade ;  
 And lo ! this was [the] alther-firste,  
 I not wher [that] hit were the werste.—  
 ¶ “ Lord, hit maketh myn herte light,  
 Whan I thinke on that swete wight 1176  
 That is so semely on to see ;  
 And wisse to god hit might so be,  
 That she wolde holde me for hir knight,  
 My lady, that is so fair and bright ! ”—  
 ‘ Now have I told thee, sooth to saye,  
 My firste song. Upon a daye 1182  
 I bethoghte me what wo  
 And sorwe that I suffred tho  
 For hir, and yet she wiste hit noght, 1185  
 Ne telle hir durste I nat my thought.  
 “ Allas ! ” thoghte I, “ I can no reed ;  
 And, but I telle hir, I þnam but deed ;  
 And if I telle hir, to seye þsooth,  
 I am a-dred she wol be wrooth ; 1190  
 Allas ! what shal I thanne do ? ”  
 ‘ In this debat I was so wo,  
 Me thoghte myn herte braste a-tweyn !  
 So atte laste, soth to seyn,  
 I me bethoghte that nature 1195  
 Ne formed never in creature  
 So moche beaute, trewely,  
 And bounte, withouten mercy.  
 ‘ In hope of that, my tale I tolde  
 With sorwe, as that I never sholde, 1200  
 For nedes ; and, maugree my heed,  
 I moste have told hir or be deed.  
 I not wel how that I began,  
 Ful evel rehearse[n] hit I can ;  
 And eek, as helpe me god with-al, 1205  
 I trowe hit was in the dismal,

That was the ten woundes of Egipte :  
 For many a word I over-skipte  
 In my tale, for pure fere  
 Lest my wordes mis-set were. 1210  
 With sorweful herte, and woundes dede,  
 Softe and quaking for pure drede  
 And shame, and stinting in my tale  
 For ferde, and myn hewe al pale,  
 Ful ofte I wex bothe pale and reed ; 1215  
 Bowing to hir, I heng the heed ;  
 I durste nat ones loke hir on,  
 For wit, manere, and al was gon.  
 I seyde “ mercy ! ” and no more ;  
 Hit nas no game, hit sat me sore 1220  
 ‘ So atte laste, sooth to seyn,  
 Whan that myn herte was come ageyn,  
 To telle shortly al my speche,  
 With hool herte I gan hir beseche  
 That she wolde be my lady swete ; 1225  
 And swor, and gan hir hertely hete  
 Ever to be stedfast and trewe,  
 And love hir alwey freshly newe,  
 And never other lady have,  
 And al hir worship for to save 1230  
 As I best coude ; I swor hir this—  
 “ For youre is al that ever ther is  
 For evermore, myn herte swete !  
 And never þfalse yow, but I mete,  
 I nil, as wis god helpe me so ! ” 1235  
 ‘ And whan I had my tale y-do,  
 God wot, she accounted nat a stree  
 Of al my tale, so thoghte me.  
 To telle shortly þas hit is,  
 Trewly hir answer, hit was this ; 1240  
 I can not now wel counterfete  
 Hir wordes, but this was the grete  
 Of hir answer ; she sayde, “ nay ”  
 Al-outerly. Allas ! that day  
 The sorwe I suffred, and the wo ! 1245  
 That trewly Cassandra, that so  
 Bewayled the destruccioun  
 Of Troye and of Ilioun,  
 Had never swich sorwe as I tho.  
 I durste no more say therto 1250  
 For pure fere, but stal away ;  
 And thus I lived ful many a day :  
 That trewely, I hadde no need  
 Ferther than my beddes heed  
 Never a day to seche sorwe ; 1255  
 I fond hit redy every morwe,  
 For-why I loved hir in no gere.



'So hit befel, another yere,  
 I thoughte ones I wolde fonde 1260  
 To do hir knowe and understonde  
 My wo; and she wel understood  
 That I ne wilned thing but good,  
 And worship, and to kepe hir name  
 Over þat thing, and drede hir shame,  
 And was so besy hir to serve;— 1265  
 And pite were I shulde sterve,  
 Sith that I wilned noon harm, y-wis.  
 So whan my lady knew al this,  
 My lady yaf me al hoolly  
 The noble yift of hir mercy, 1270  
 Saving hir worship, by al weyes;  
 Dredles, I mene noon other weyes.  
 And therwith she yaf me a ring;  
 I trowe hit was the firste thing;  
 But if myn herte was y-waxe 1275  
 Glad, that is no need to axe!  
 As helpe me god, I was as blyve,  
 Reysed, as fro dethe to lyve,  
 Of alle happes the alder-beste,  
 The gladdest and the moste at reste. 1280  
 For trewely, that swete wight,  
 Whan I had wrong and she the right,  
 She wolde alwey so goodely  
 For-yeve me so debonairly.  
 In alle my youthe, in alle chaunce, 1285  
 She took me in hir governaunce.  
 'Therwith she was alway so trewe,  
 Our joye was ever y-liche newe;  
 Our hertes wern so even a payre,  
 That never nas that oon contrayre 1290  
 To that other, for no wo.  
 For sothe, y-liche they suffred tho  
 Oo blisse and eek oo sorwe bothe;  
 Y-liche they were bothe gladdes and  
 wrothe;  
 Al was us oon, withoute were. 1295  
 And thus we lived ful many a yere

So wel, I can nat telle how.  
 'Sir,' quod I, 'wher is she now?'  
 'Now!' quod he, and stinte anon.  
 Therwith he wax as deed as stoon, 1300  
 And seyde, 'allas! that I was bore!  
 That was the los, that her-before  
 I tolde thee, that I had lorn.  
 Bethenk how I seyde her-before, 1304  
 "Thou wost ful litel what thou menest;  
 I have lost more than thou wenest"—  
 God wot, alas! right that was she!  
 'Allas! sir, how? what may that be?'  
 'She is deed!' 'Nay!' 'Yis, by my  
 trouthe!'  
 'Is that your los? by god, hit is rounthe!'  
 And with that worde, right anon, 1311  
 They gan to strake forth; al was doon,  
 For that tyme, the hert-hunting.  
 With that, me thoughte, that this king  
 Gan [quikly] hoomward for to ryde 1315  
 Unto a place þer besyde,  
 Which was from us but a lyte,  
 A long castel with walles whyte,  
 By seynt Johan! on a riche lill,  
 As me mette; but thus it fil. 1320  
 Right thus me mette, as I yow telle,  
 That in the castel þwas a belle,  
 As hit had smiten houres twelve.—  
 Therwith I awook my-selve,  
 And fond me lying in my bed; 1325  
 And the book that I had red,  
 Of Alcyone and Seys the king,  
 And of the goddess of sleping,  
 I fond it in myn honde ful even.  
 Thoghte I, 'this is so queynt a sweven,  
 That I wol, by processe of tyme, 1331  
 Fonde to putte this sweven in ryme  
 As I can best; and that anon.'—  
 This was mysweven; now hit is doon. 1334

Explicit the Boke of the Duchesse.

## IV. THE COMPLEYNT OF MARS.

*The Proem.*

'GLADETH, ye foules, of the morow gray,  
Lo! Venus risen among yon rowes rede!  
And floures fresshe, honoureth ye this  
day;

For when the sonne uprist, then wol ye  
sprede.

But ye lovers, that lye in any drede, 5  
Fleeth, lest wikked tonges yow espye;  
Lo! yond the sonne, the candel of jelosye!

With teres blewe, and with a wounded  
herte

Takeh your leve; and, with seynt John  
to borow,

Apeseth somwhat of your sorowes smerte,  
Tyme cometh eft, that cese shal your  
sorrow; 11

The glade night is worth an hevvy  
morow!'

(Seynt Valentyne! a foul thus herde I  
singe

Upon thy day, er sonne gan up-springe).—

Yet sang this foul—'I rede yow al a-wake,  
And ye, that han not chosen in humble  
wyse, 16

Without repenting cheseth yow your  
make.

And ye, that han ful chosen as I devyse,  
Yet at the leste renoveleth your servyse;  
Confermeth it perpetuely to dure, 20  
And paciently takeh your aventure.

And for the worship of this hye feste,  
Yet wol I, in my briddes wyse, singe  
The sentence of the compleynt, at the  
leste,

That woful Mars made atto departinge 25  
Fro fresshe Venus in a morweninge,  
Whan Phebus, with his fyry torches rede,  
Ransaked every lover in his drede.

*The Story.*

¶ Whylom the thridde hevenes lord  
above,

As wel by hevenish revolucioun 30

G.C.

As by desert, hath wonne Venus his love,  
And she hath take him in subjeccioun,  
And as a maistresse taught him his  
lessoun,

Comaunding him that never, in hir ser-  
vyse,

He nere so bold no lover to despyse. 35

For she forbad him jelosye at allo,  
And cruelte, and bost, and tyrannye;  
She made him at hir lust so humble and  
tallo,

That when hir deyned caste on him hir yȝ,  
He took in pacience to live or dye; 40

And thus sho brydeleth him in hir man-  
ere,

With no-thing but with scourging of hir  
chere.

Who regneth now in blisse but Venus,  
That hath this worthy knight in govern-  
aunce?

Who singeth now but Mars, that serveth  
thus 45

The faire Venus, causer of plesaunce?

He bynt him to perpetual obeisaunce,  
And she bynt hir to loven him for ever,  
But so be that his trespass hit dissever.

Thus be they knit, and regnen as in heven  
By loking most; til hit fil, on a tyde, 51  
That by hir bothe assent was set a steven,  
That Mars shal entre, as faste as he may  
glyde,

Into hir nexte paleys, to alyde,  
Walking his cours til she had him a-take,  
And he preyde hir to haste hir for his  
sake, 56

Then seyde he thus—"myn hertes lady  
swete,

Ye knowe wel my mischef in that place;  
For sikerly, til that I with yow mete, 59  
My lyf stant ther in aventure and grace;

But when I see the beaute of your face,  
Ther is no dreed of deeth may do me  
smerte,

For al your lust is ese to myn herte."

E

She hath sogret compassion of hir knight,  
That dwelleth in solitude til she come; 65  
For hit stood so, that ilke tyme, no wight  
Counseyled him, ne seyde to him welcome,  
That nigh hir wit for wo was overcome;  
Wherefore she spedde hir as faste in hir  
weye,

Almost in oon day, as he dide in tweye. 70

The grete joye that was betwix hem two,  
Whan they be met, ther may no tunge  
telle,

Ther is no more, but unto bed they go,  
And thus in joye and blisse I lete hem  
dwelle;

This worthy Mars, that is of knightthod  
welle, 75

The flour of fairnes lappeth in his armes,  
And Venus kisseth Mars, the god of armes.

Sojourned hath this Mars, of which I rede,  
In chambre amid the paleys prively  
A certeyn tyme, til him fel a drede, 80  
Through Phebus, that was comen hastily  
Within the paleys-yates sturdely,  
With torche in honde, of which the  
stremes brighte

On Venus chambre knockeden ful lighte.

The chambre, ther as lay this fresshe  
quene, 85

Depeynt was with whyte boles grete,  
And by the light she knew, that shoon  
so shene,

That Phebus cam to brenne hem with his  
hete;

This sely Venus, †dreynt in teres wete,  
Enbraceth Mars, and seyde, "alas! I dye!  
The torch is come, that al this world wol  
wrye." 91

Up sterte Mars, him liste not to slepe,  
Whan he his lady herde so compleyne;  
But, for his nature was not for to wepe,  
In stede of teres, fro his eyen tweyne 95  
The fyry sparkes brosten out for payne;  
And hente his hauberk, that lay him be-  
syde;

Flee wolde he not, ne mighte him-selven  
hyde.

He throweth on his helm of huge wighte,  
And girt him with his swerde; and in  
his honde 100

His mighty spere, as he was wont to  
fghte,

He shaketh so that almost it to-wonde;  
Ful hevvy he was to walken over londe;  
He may not holde with Venus companye,  
But bad hir fleen, lest Phebus hir espye.

O woful Mars! alas! what mayst thou  
seyn, 106

That in the paleys of thy disturbaunce  
Art left behinde, in peril to be sleyn?  
And yet ther-to is double thy penaunce,  
For she, that hath thyn herte in govern-  
aunce, 110

Is passed halfe the stremes of thyn yē;  
That thou nere swift, wel mayst thou  
wepe and cryen.

Now fleeth Venus un-to Cylenius tour,  
With voide cours, for fere of Phebus light.  
Alas! and ther ne hath she no socour, 115  
For she ne fond ne saw no maner wight;  
And eek as ther she had but litil might;  
Wher-for, hir-selven for to hyde and save,  
Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Derk was this cave, and smoking as the  
helle, 120

Not but two pas within the gate hit stood;  
A naturel day in derk I lete hir dwelle.

Now wol I speke of Mars, furious and  
wood;

For sorow he wolde have seen his herte  
blood;

Sith that he mighte †hir don no com-  
panye, 125

He ne roghte not a myte for to dye.

So feble he wex, for hete and for his wo,  
That nigh he swelt, he mighte unnethes  
endure;

He passeth but oo steyre in dayes two,  
But ner the les, for al his hevvy armure, 130  
He foloweth hir that is his lyves cure;  
For whos departing he took gretter yre  
Thanne for al his brenning in the fyre.

After he walketh softly a pas,  
Compleynyn, that hit pite was to here, 135  
He seyde, "O lady bright, Venus! alas!  
That ever so wyde a compas is my spere!  
Alas! whan shal I mete yow, herte dere,  
This twelfte day of April I endure,  
Through jelous Phebus, this misaventure."

Now þhelpe god sely Venus allone! 141  
But, as god wolde, hit happed for to be,  
That, whyl that Venus weping made hir  
mone,

Cylenius, ryding in his chevauchè, 144  
Fro Venus valance mighte his paleys see,  
And Venus he salueth, and maketh chere,  
And hir receyveth as his frend ful dere.

Mars dwelleth forth in his adversitee,  
Complayning ever on hir departinge;  
And what his complaynt was, remem-  
breth me; 150  
And therefore, in this lusty morweninge,  
As I best can, I wol hit seyn and singe,  
And after that I wol my leve take;  
And god yeve every wight joye of his  
make!

### *The Complaynt of Mars.*

#### *The Proem of the Complaynt.*

¶ The ordre of complaynt requireth skil-  
fully, 155  
That if a wight shal playne pitously,  
Ther mot be cause wherfor that men  
playne;

Or men may deme he playneth folily  
And causeles; alas! that am not I!

Wherfor the ground and cause of al  
my payne, 160

So as my troubled wit may hit ateyne,  
I wol reherse; not for to have redresse,  
But to declare my ground of hevinesse.

#### *Devotion.*

¶ The firste tyme, alas! that I was wrought,  
And for certeyn effectes hider brought 165

By him that lordeth ech intelligence,  
I yaf my trewe servise and my thought,  
For evermore—how dere I have hit  
bought!—

To hir, that is of so gret excellence,  
That what wight that first sheweth his  
presence, 170

When she is wroth and taketh of him no  
cure,

He may not longe in joye of love endure.

This is no feyned mater that I telle;  
My lady is the verrey sours and well

Of beaute, lust, fredom, and gentil-  
nesse, 175

Of riche aray—how dere men hit selle!—  
Of al disport in which men frendly dwelle,  
Of love and pley, and of benigne hum-  
blesse,

Of soune of instruments of alswetnesse;  
And therto so wel fortunèd and thewed,  
That through the world hir goodnesse is  
y-shewed. 181

What wonder is then, thogh that I be-  
sette

My servise on suche oon, that may me  
knette

To wele or wo, sith hit lyth in hir  
might? 184

Therfor my herte for ever I to hir hotte;  
Ne trewly, for my dethe, I shal not lette

To ben hir trewest servaunt and hir  
knight.

I flater noght, that may wite every  
wight;

For this day in hir servise shal I dye;  
But grace be, I see hir never with yé. 190

#### *A Lady in fear and woe.*

¶ To whom shal I than playne of my dis-  
tresse?

Who may me helpe, who may my harm  
redress? 195

Shal I complayne unto my lady free?  
Nay, certes! for she hath such hevinesse,

For fere and eek for wo, that, as I gesse,  
In litil tyme hit wol hir bane be. 196

But were she sauf, hit wer no fors of me,  
Alas! that ever lovers mote endure,  
For love, so many a perilous aventure!

For thogh so be that lovers be as trewe 200  
As any metal that is forged newe,

In many a cas hem tydeth ofte sorow,  
Somytyme hir ladies will not on hem rewe,  
Somytyme, yif that jelosye hit knewe,

They mighten lightly leye hir heed to  
borowe; 205

Somytyme envyyous folke with tungen  
horowe

Depraven hem; alas! whom may they  
plese?

But he be fals, no lover hath his ese.

But what availeth suche a long sermoun  
Of adventures of lovè, up and down ? 210

I wol returne and spoken of my payne ;  
The point is this of my destrucioun,  
My righte lady, my salvacioun,  
Is in affray, and not to whom to playne.  
O herte swete, O lady sovereyne ! 215  
For your disese, wel oughte I swoune and  
rwalte,  
Thogh I non other harm ne drede felte.

*Instability of Happiness.*

¶ To what fyn made the god that sit so  
hye,  
Benethen him, love other companye,  
And streyneth folk to love, malgre hir  
hede ? 220  
And then hir joye, for ought I can espye,  
Ne lasteth not the twinkeling of an ye,  
And somme han never joye til they be  
dede.  
What meneth this ? what is this misti-  
hede ?

Wherto constreyneth he his folk so faste  
Thing to desyre, but hit shulde laste ? 226  
And thogh he made a lover love a thing,  
And maketh hit seme stedfast and during,  
Yet putteth he in hit such misaventure,  
That reste nis ther noon in his yeving. 230  
And that is wonder, that so just a king  
Doth such hardnesse to his creature.

Thus, whether love breke or elles dure,  
Algates he that hath with love to done  
Hath offer wo then changed is the mone.  
Hit semeth he hath to lovers enmitye, 236  
And lyk a fisher, as men alday may see,  
Baiteth his angle-hook with som ples-  
sunce,

Til mony a fish is wood til that he be 239  
Sesed ther-with ; and then at erst hath he  
Al his desyr, and ther-with al mis-  
chaunce ;  
And thogh the lyne breke, he hath  
penaunce ;  
For with the hoke he wounded is so sore,  
That he his wages hath for ever-more.

*The Brooch of Thebes.*

¶ The broche of Thebes was of suche a  
kinde, 245  
So ful of rubies and of stones Inde,

That every wight, that sette on hit an  
yè,  
He wende anon to worthe out of his  
minde ;  
So sore the beaute wolde his herte binde,  
Til he hit hadde, him thoughte he moste  
dye ; 250  
And whan that hit was his, than shulde  
he drye  
Such wo for drede, ay whyl that he hit  
hadde,  
That welnigh for the fore he shulde  
madde.

And whan hit was fro his possessioun,  
Than had he double wo and passioun 255  
For he so fair a tresor had forgo ;  
But yet this broche, as in conclusioun,  
Was not the cause of this confusioun,  
But he that wroghte hit enfortuned hit  
so,  
That every wight that had hit shuld  
have wo ; 260  
And therfor in the worcher was the vyce,  
And in the covetour that was so nyce.

So fareth hit by lovers and by me ;  
For thogh my lady have so gret beaute,  
That I was mad til I had gete hir  
grace, 265  
She was not cause of myn adversitee,  
But he that wroghte hir, also mot I  
thee,  
That putte suche a beaute in hir face,  
That made me to covete and purchace  
Myn owne deth ; him wyte I that I  
dye, 270  
And myn unwitting, that ever I clomb so  
hye

*An Appeal for Sympathy.*

¶ But to yow, hardy knyghtes of renown,  
Sin that ye be of myn divisioun,  
Al be I not worthy þo grete a name,  
Yet, seyn these clerkes, I am your pa-  
troun ; 275  
Ther-for ye oughte have som compassioun  
Of my disese, and take it noght a-game.  
The proudest of yow may be mad ful  
tame ;  
Wharfor I prey yow, of your gentilesse,  
That ye compleyne for myn hevynesse. 280

And ye, my ladies, that ben trewe and  
stable,

By way of kinde, ye oghten to be able

To have pite of folk that be in payne :

Now have ye cause to clothe yow in sable ;

Sith that your emperice, the honorable,

Is desolat, wel oghte ye to playne ; 286

Now shuld your holy teres falle and  
reyne.

Alas ! your honour and your emperice,

Nigh deed for drede, ne can hir not  
chevise.

Compleyneth eek, ye lovers, al in-fere, 290

For hir that, with unfeyned humble chere,

Was ever redy to do yow socour ;

Compleyneth hir that ever hath had yow  
dere ;

Compleyneth beaute, fredom, and manere ;

Compleyneth hir that endeth your la-

bour ; 295

Compleyneth thilke ensample of al

honour,

That never dide but al gentillesse ; 297

Kytheth therfor on hir som kindenesse.'

## V. THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES.

*The Proem.*

Ther lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,  
Th'assay so hard, so sharp the conquering,  
The dredful joye, that alwey slit so yerne,  
Al this mene I by love, that my feling 4  
Astonyeth with his wonderful worching  
So sore y-wis, that whan I on him thinke,  
Nat wot I wel wher that I wake or winke.

For al be that I knowe not love in dede,  
Ne wot how that he quyeth folk hir hyre,  
Yet happeth me ful ofte in bokes rede 10  
Of his miracles, and his cruel yre ;  
Ther rede I wel he wol be lord and syre,  
I dar not seyn, his strokes been so sore,  
But god save swich a lord ! I can no  
more.

Of usage, what for luste what for lore, 15  
On bokes rede I ofte, as I yow tolde.  
But wherfor that I speke al this ? not yore  
Agon, hit happed me for to beholde  
Upon a boke, was write with lettres olde ;  
And ther-upon, a certeyn thing to lerne, 20  
The longe day ful faste I radde and yerne.

For out of olde felde, as men seith,  
Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yere ;  
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,  
Cometh al this newe science that men  
lere. 25

But now to purpos as of this matere—

To rede forth hit gan me so delyte,

That al the day me thoughte but a lyte.

This book of which I make mencionn,

Entitled was al thus, as I shal telle, 30

'Tullius of the dreame of Scipioun' ;

Chapitres seven hit hadde, of hevne and  
helle,

And erthe, and soules that theriune  
dwelle,

Of whiche, as shortly as I can hit trete, 34

Of his sentence I wol you seyn the grete.

First telleth hit, whan Scipioun was come

In Afrik, how he mette Massinisse,

That him for joye in armes hath y-nomē

Than telleth þat hit hir speche and al the  
blisse

That was betwix hem, til the day gan  
misse ; 40

And how his auncestre, African so dere,  
Gan in his slepe that night to him appere.

Than telleth hit that, fro a sterre place,

How African hath him Cartage shewed,

And warned him before of al his grace, 45

And seyde him, what man, lered other  
lewed,

That loveth comun profit, wel y-thewed,

He shal unto a blisful place wende,

Ther as joye is that last withouten ende.

Than asked he, if folk that heer be dede  
Have lyf and dwelling in another place; 51  
And African seyde, 'ye, withoute drede,'  
And that our present worldes lyves space  
Nis but a maner deth, what wey we trace,  
And rightful folk shal go, after they dye,  
To heven; and shewed him the galaxye. 56

Than shewed he him the litel erthe, that  
heer is,

At regard of the hevenes quantite;  
And after shewed he him the nyne speres,  
And after that the melodye herde he 60  
That cometh of thilke speres thryes three,  
That welle is of musyke and melodye  
In this world heer, and cause of armonye.

Than bad he him, sin erthe was so lyte,  
And ful of torment and of harde grace, 65  
That he ne shulde him in the world  
delyte.

Than tolde he him, in certeyn yeres space,  
That every sterre shulde come into his  
place

Ther hit was first; and al shulde out of  
minde 69  
That in this worlde is don of al mankinde.

Than prayde him Scipioun to telle him al  
The wey to come un-to that hevene blisse;  
And he seyde, 'know thy-self first im-  
mortal,

And loke ay besily thou werke and wisse  
To comun profit, and thou shalt nat misse  
To comen swiftly to that place dere, 76  
That ful of blisse is and of soules clere.

But brekers of the lawe, soth to seyne,  
And lecherous folk, after that they be  
dede, 79

Shul alwey whirle aboute th'erthe in payne,  
Til many a world be passed, out of drede,  
And than, for-yeven alle hir wikked dede,  
Than shul they come unto that blisful  
place,

To which to comen god thee sende his  
grace!—

The day gan failen, and the derke night,  
That reveth bestes from hir businesse, 86  
Berafte me my book for lakke of light,  
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,  
Fulfil of thought and besy hevinesse;

For bothe I hadde thing which that I  
nolde, 90  
And eek I ne hadde that thing that I  
wolde.

But fynally my spirit, at the laste,  
For-wery of my labour al the day,  
Took rest, that made me to slepe faste,  
And in my slepe I mette, as I lay, 95  
How African, right in that selfe aray  
That Scipioun him saw before that  
tyde,

Was comen, and stood right at my beddes  
syde.

The very hunter, slepinge in his bed,  
To wode ayein his minde goth anon; 100  
The juge dremeth how his ples ben  
sped;

The carter dremeth how his cartes goon;  
The riche, of gold; the knight fight with  
his foon,

The seke met he drinketh of the tonne;  
The lover met he hath his lady wonne. 105

Can I nat seyn if that the cause were  
For I had red of African beforne,  
That made me to mete that he stood  
there;

But thus seyde he, 'thou hast thee so  
wel born

In loking of myn olde book to-torn, 110  
Of which Macrobie roghte nat a lyte,  
That somdel of thy labour wolde I  
quyte!—

Citherea! thou blisful lady swete,  
That with thy fyr-brand dauntest whom  
thee lest,

And madest me this sweven for to mete,  
Be thou my help in this, for thou mayst  
best; 116

As wisly as I saw thee north-north-west,  
When I began my sweven for to wryte,  
So yif me might to ryme hit and endyte!

#### The Story.

This forseid African me hente anon, 120  
And forth with him unto a gate broghte  
Right of a park, walled with grene stoon;  
And over the gate, with lettres large  
y-wroghte,  
Ther weren vers y-written, as me thoghte,

On eyther halfe, of ful gret difference, 125  
Of which I shal yow sey the playn sen-  
tence.

'Thorgh me men goon in-to that blisful  
place

Of hertes hele and dedly woundes cure ;  
Thorgh me men goon unto the welle of  
Grace,

Ther grene and lusty May shal ever  
endure ; 130

This is the way to al good aventure ;  
Be glad, thou rede, and thy sorwe of-  
caste,

Al open am I ; passe in, and hy the  
faste !'

'Thorgh me men goon,' than spak that  
other syde,

'Unto the mortal strokes of the spere, 135  
Of which Disdayn and Daunger is the  
gyde,

Ther tree shal never fruit ne leves bere.  
This stream you ledeth to the sorful  
were,

Ther as the fish in prison is al drye ;  
Th'eschewing is only the remedye.' 140

Thisevers of gold and blak y-written were,  
The whiche I gan a stounde to beholde,  
For with that oon encreased ay my fere,  
And with that other gan myn herte bolde ;  
That oon me hette, that other did me  
colde, 145

No wit had I, for errour, for to chese,  
To entre or flee, or me to save or lese.

Right as, betwixen adamauntes two  
Of even might, a pece of iren y-set, 149  
That hath no might to meve to ne fro—  
For what that on may hale, that other  
let—

Ferde I, that niste whether me was bet,  
To entre or leve, til African my gyde  
Me hente, and shoof in at the gates  
wyde,

And seyde, 'hit stondeth writen in thy  
face, 155

Thyn errour, though thou telle it not to  
me ;

But dred thee nat to come in-to this  
place,

For this wryting is no-thing ment by  
thee,

Ne by noon, but he Loves servant be ;  
For thou of love hast lost thy tast, I  
gesse, 160

As seek man hath of swete and bitter-  
nesse.

But natheles, al-though that thou be  
dulle,

Yit that thou canst not do, yit mayst  
thou see ;

For many a man that may not stonde  
a pulle,

Yit lyketh him at the wrastling for  
to be, 165

And demeth yit wher he do bet or he ;  
And if thou haddest cunning for t'endyte,  
I shal thee shewen mater of to wryte.'

With that my hond in his he took anon,  
Of which I comfort caughte, and wente  
in faste ; 170

But lord ! so I was glad and wel begoon !  
For over-al, wher that I myn eyen caste,  
Were trees clad with leves that ay shal  
laste,

Eche in his kinde, of colour fresh and  
grene

As emeraude, that joye was to sene. 175

The bilder ook, and eek the hardy asshe ;  
The piler elm, the cofre unto careyne ;  
The boxtree piper ; holm to whippes  
lasshe ;

The sayling firr ; the cipres, deth to  
pleyne ; 179

The shoter ew, the asp for shaftes pleyne ;  
The olyve of pees, and eek the drunken  
vyne,

The victor palm, the laurer to devyne.

A garden saw I, ful of blosmy bowes,  
Upon a river, in a grene mede, 184  
Ther as that swetnesse evermore y-now is,  
With floures whyte, blew, yelow, and  
rede ;

And colde welle-stremes, no-thing dede,  
That swommen ful of smale fisses lighte,  
With finnes rede and scales silver-brighte.

On every bough the briddes herde I singe  
With voys of aungel in hir armonye, 191



Som beayed hem hir briddes forth to  
bringe;

The litel conyes to hir pley gunne hye,  
And further al aboute I gan espye  
The drefful roo, the buk, the hert and  
hinde, 195  
Squerels, and bestes smale of gentil kinde.

Of instruments of strenges in acord  
Herde I so pleye a ravissing swetnesse,  
That god, that maker is of al and lord,  
Ne herde never better, as I gesso; 200  
Therwith a wind, unnethe hit might be  
lesse,

Made in the leves grene a noise softe  
Acordant to the foules songe on-lofte.

The air of that place so attempre was  
That never was grevaunce of hoot ne  
cold; 205  
Ther wex eek every holsom spyoe and  
tras,

Ne no man may ther wexe seek ne old;  
Yet was ther joye more a thousand fold  
Then man can telle; ne never wolde it  
nighte,  
But ay cleer day to any mannes sighte.

Under a tree, besyde a welle, I say 211  
Cupyde our lord his arwes forge and fyle;  
And at his fete his bowe al redy lay,  
And wel his doghter tempred al the whyle  
The hedes in the welle, and with hir  
wyle 215  
She couched hem after as they shulde  
serve,

Som for to slee, and som to wounde and  
kerve.

Tho was I war of Plesaunce anon-right,  
And of Aray, and Lust, and Curtesye;  
And of the Craft that can and hath the  
might 220

To doon by force a wight to do folye—  
Disfigurat was she, I nil not lye; 225  
And by him-self, under an ok, I gesse,  
Sawe I Delyt, that stood with Gentil-  
nesse.

I saw Beoutes, withouten any atyr, 225  
And Yonthe, ful of game and Iolyte,  
Fool-hardynesse, Flattery, and Desyr,  
Messagerye, and Mede, and other three—  
Hir names shul noght here betold forme—

And upon pilers grete of jasper longe 230  
I saw a temple of bras y-founded stronge.

Aboute the temple daunceden alway  
Wommen y-nowe, of whiche somme ther  
were

Faire of hem-self, and somme of hem  
wore gay;

In kirtels, al disshevele, wente they  
there— 235

That was hir office alway, yeer by yere—  
And on the temple, of doves whyte and  
faire

Saw I sittinge many a hundred paire

Before the temple-dore ful soberly  
Dame Pees sat, with a curteyn in hir  
hond: 240

And hir besyde, wonder discretly,  
Dame Pacience sitting ther I fond  
With face pale, upon an hille of sond;  
And alder-next, within and eek with-  
oute, 245  
Behest and Art, and of hir folke a route.

Within the temple, of syghes hote as fyr  
I herde a swogh that gan aboute renne;  
Which syghes were engendred with desyr,  
That maden every auter for to brenne  
Of newe flaume; and wel aspyed I thenne  
That al the cause of sorwes that they  
drye 251

Com of the bitter goddesse Jalousye.

The god Priapus saw I, as I wente,  
Within the temple, in soverayn place  
stonde,

In swich aray as whan the asse him  
shente 255

With crye by night, and with his ceptre  
in honde;

Ful besily men gunne assaye and fonde  
Upon his hede to sette, of sondry hewe,  
Garlondes ful of fresshe floures newe.

And in a privee corner, in disporte, 260  
Fond I Venus and hir porter Richesse,  
That was ful noble and hauteyn of hir  
porte;

Derk was that place, but afterward light-  
nesse

I saw a lyte, unnethe hit might be lesse,  
And on a bed of golde she lay to reste, 265  
Til that the hote sonne gan to weste.

Hir gilte heres with a golden threde  
Y-bounden were, untressed as she lay,  
And naked fro the breste unto the hede  
Men might hir see; and, sothly for to  
say, 270

The remenant wel kevered to my pay  
Right with a subtil kerchief of Valence,  
Ther was no thikker cloth of no de-  
fence.

The place yaf a thousand savours swote,  
And Bacchus, god of wyn, sat hir besyde,  
And Ceres next, that doth of hunger  
bote; 276

And, as I seide, amiddes lay Cipryde,  
To whom on knees two yonge folkes  
cryde

To ben hir help; but thus I leet hir lye,  
And ferther in the temple I gan espye

That, in dispyte of Diane the chaste, 281  
Ful many a bowe y-broke heng on the  
wal

Of maydens, suche as gunne hir tymes  
waste

In hir servyse; and peynted over al  
Of many a story, of which I touche shal  
A fowe, as of Calixte and Athalaunte, 286  
And many a mayde, of which the name I  
wante;

Somyramus, Candace, and Ercules,  
Biblis, Dido, Tisbe and Pirusus,  
Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles, 290  
Eleyne, Cleopatre, and Troilus,  
Silla, and eek the moder of Romulus—  
Alle these were peynted on that other  
syde,

And al hir love, and in what plyte they  
dyde.

Whan I was come ayen into the place 295  
That I of spak, that was so swote and  
grene,

Forth walk I tho, my-selven to solace.  
Tho was I war wher that ther sat a  
quene

That, as of light the somer-sonne shene  
Passeth the sterre, right so over mesure  
She fairer was than any creature. 301

And in a launde, upon an hille of floures,  
Was set this noble goddess Nature;

Of brannches were hir halles and hir  
bours,

Y-wrought after hir craft and hirmesure;  
Ne ther nas foul that cometh of en-  
gendrure, 306

That they ne were prest in hir presence,  
To take hir doom and yeve hir audience.

For this was on seynt Valentynes day,  
Whan every foul cometh ther to chese  
his make, 310

Of every kinde, that men thenke may;  
And that so huge a noyse gan they  
make,

That erthe and see, and tree, and every  
lake

So ful was, that unnethe was ther space  
For me to stonde, so ful was al the place.

And right as Aleyn, in the Pleynt of  
Kinde, 316

Devyseth Nature of aray and face,  
In swich aray men mighte[n] hir ther  
finde.

This noble emperesse, ful of grace,  
Bad every foul to take his owne place, 320  
As they were wont alwey fro yeer to  
yere,  
Seynt Valentynes day, to stonden there.

That is to sey, the foules of ravyne  
Were hyst set; and than the foules  
smale,

That eten as hem nature wolde enclyne,  
As worm, or thing of whiche I telle no  
tale; 326

But water-foul sat lowest in the dale;  
And foul that liveth by seed sat on the  
grene,

And that so fele, that wonder was to  
sene.

Ther mighte men the royal egle finde,  
That with his sharpe look perceth the  
sonne; 331

And other egles of a lower kinde,  
Of which that clerkes wel devyssen conne.  
Ther was the tyraunt with his fethres  
donne

And greye, I mene the goshaunk, that  
doth pyne 335  
To briddes for his outrageous ravyne.

The gentil faucon, that with his feet  
distreyneth  
The kinges hond ; the hardy sperhawk  
eke,  
The quayles foo ; the merlion that peyneth  
Him-self ful ofte, the larks for to seke ;  
Ther was the douve, with hir eyen  
make ; 341  
The jalous swan, ayens his deth that  
singeth ;  
The oule eek, that of dethe the bode  
bringeth ;  
The crane the geaunt, with his trompes  
sounes ;  
The theef, the chogh ; and eek the jang-  
ling pye ; 345  
The scorning jay ; the eles foo, the  
heroune ;  
The false lapwing, ful of trocherye ;  
The stare, that the counseyl can bewrye ;  
The tame ruddok ; and the coward kyte ;  
The cok, that orloge is of thorpes lyte ; 350  
The sparrow, Venus sone ; the nightin-  
gale,  
That clepeth forth the fresshe leves newe ;  
The swallow, mordrer of the flyes smale  
That maken hony of floures fresshe of  
hewe ;  
The wedded turtel, with hir herte trewe ;  
The pecok, with his aungels fethres  
brighte ; 356  
The fesaunt, scorner of the cok by night ;  
The waker goos ; the cukkow ever un-  
kinde ;  
The popinjay, ful of delicasye ;  
The drake, stroyer of his owne kinde ; 360  
The stork, the wreker of avouterie ;  
The hote corneraunt of glotonye ;  
The raven wys, the crow with vois of  
care ;  
The throstel olde ; the frosty feldefare.  
What shulde I seyn ? of foules every  
kinde 365  
That in this worlde han fethres and  
stature,  
Men mighten in that place assembled  
finde  
Before the noble goddesse Natura.  
And everich of hem did his besy cure

Benignely to chese or for to take, 370  
By hir acord, his formel or his make.  
But to the poynt—Nature held on hir  
honde  
A formel egle, of shap the gentileste  
That ever she among hir werkis fonde,  
The most benigne and the goodlieste ;  
In hir was every vertu at his reste, 376  
So ferforth, that Nature hir-self had  
blisse  
To loken on hir, and ofte hir bek to kisse.  
Nature, the vicaire of th'almyghty lorde,  
That hoot, cold, hevvy, light, [and] moist  
and dreye 380  
Hath knit by even noumbre of acorde,  
In esy vois began to speke and seye,  
'Foules, tak hede of my sentence, I  
preye,  
And, for your ese, in furthering of your  
nede, 384  
As faste as I may speke, I wol me spede.  
Ye know wel how, seynt Valentynes day,  
By my statut and through my gover-  
naunce,  
Ye come for to chese—and flee your way—  
Your makes, as I prik yow with plessaunce.  
But natheles, my rightful ordenaunce 390  
May I not lete, for al this world to winne,  
That he that most is worthy shal beginne.  
The tercel egle, as that ye knowen wel,  
The foul royal above yow in degree,  
The wyse and worthy, secree, trewe as  
stel, 395  
The which I formed have, as ye may see,  
In every part as hit best lyketh me,  
Hit nedeth noght his shap yow to devyse,  
He shal first chese and speken in his  
gyse.  
And after him, by order shul ye chese, 400  
After your kinde, everich as yow lyketh,  
And, as your hap is, shul ye winne or  
lese ;  
But which of yow that love most en-  
tryketh,  
God sende him hir that sorest for him  
syketh.'  
And therewithal the tercel gan she calle,  
And seyde, 'my sone, the choys is to  
thee falle 406

But natheles, in this condicioun  
 Mot be the choyes of everich that is here,  
 That she agree to his eleccioun, 409  
 Who-so he be that shulde been hir fere;  
 This is our usage alwey, fro yeer to yere;  
 And who so may at this time have his  
 grace,

In blisful tyme he com in-to this place.'

With hed enclyned and with ful humble  
 chere

This royal tercel spak and taried nought;  
 'Unto my sovereyn lady, and noght my  
 fere, 416

I chese, and chese with wille and herte  
 and thought,

The formel on your hond so wel y-  
 wrought,

Whos I am al and ever wol hir serve,  
 Do what hir list, to do me live or sterve.

Beseching hir of mercy and of grace, 421  
 As she that is my lady sovereyne;  
 Or let me dye present in this place.  
 For certes, long may I not live in peyne;  
 For in myn herte is corven every veine;  
 Having reward[al] only to my trouth, 426  
 My dere herte, have on my wo som  
 routhe.

And if that I to hir be founde untrew, e,  
 Disobeysaunt, or wilful negligent,  
 Avauntour, or in proces love a newe, 430  
 I pray to you this be my judgement,  
 That with these foules I be al to-rent,  
 That ilke day that ever she me finde  
 To hir untrew, or in my gilte unkinde.

And sin that noon loveth hir so wel as I,  
 Al be she never of love me behette, 436  
 Than oghte she be myn thorough hir  
 mercy,

For other bond can I noon on hir knette.  
 For never, for no wo, ne shal I lette 439  
 To serven hir, how fer so that she wende;  
 Sey what yow list, my tale is at an ende.'

Right as the fresshe, rode rose newe  
 Aven the somer-sonne coloured is,  
 Right so for shame al wexen gan the  
 hewe

Of this formel, whan she herde al this;  
 She neyther answerde 'wel,' ne seyde  
 amis. 446

So sore abasshed was she, til that Nature  
 Seyde, 'doghter, drede yow noght, I yow  
 assure.'

Another tercel egle spak anon  
 Of lower kinde, and seyde, 'that shal  
 not be; 450

I love hir bet than ye do, by seynt John,  
 Or atte leste I love hir as wel as ye;  
 And lenger have served hir, in my degree,  
 And if she shulde have loved for long  
 loving, 454

To me allone had been the guerdoning.

I dar eek seye, if she me finde fals,  
 Unkinde, jangler, or rebel any wyse,  
 Or jalous, do me hongen by the hals!  
 And but I bere me in hir servyse  
 As wel as that my wit can me suffyse, 460  
 Fro poynt to poynt, hir honour for to  
 save,

Tak she my lyf, and al the good I have.'

The thriddle tercel egle answerde tho,  
 'Now, sirs, ye seen the lital leysur here;  
 For every foul cryeth out to been a-go 465  
 Forth with his make, or with his lady  
 dere;

And eek Nature hir-self ne wol nought  
 here,

For taryng here, noght half that I wolde  
 seye;

And but I speke, I mot for sorwe deye.

Of long servyse avaunte I me no-thing,  
 But as possible is me to dye to-day 471  
 For wo, as he that hath ben languisshing  
 These twenty winter, and wel happen may  
 A man may serven bet and more to pay  
 In half a yere, al-though hit were no more,  
 Than som man doth that hath served ful  
 yore. 476

I ne say not this by me, for I ne can  
 Do no servyse that may my lady plesse;  
 But I dar seyn, I am hir trewest man  
 As to my dome, and feynest wolde hir ese;  
 At shorte wordes, til that deth me sese, 481  
 I wol ben hires, whether I wake or winke,  
 And trewe in al that herte may bethinke.'

Of al my lyf, sin that day I was born,  
 So gentil plee in love or other thing 485  
 Ne herde never no man me befor,

Who-[so] that hadde leyser and cunning  
For to reherse hir chere and hirspeking;  
And from the morwe gan this speche laste  
Til downward drow the sonne wonder faste.

The noyse of foules for to bendelivered 491  
So loude rong, 'have doon and let us  
wende!'

That wel wende I the wode had al to-  
shivered.

'Come of!' they cryde, 'allas! ye wil us  
shende!

Whan shal your cursed pleding have an  
ende? 495

How shulde a juge eyther party leve,  
For yee or nay, with-uten any preve?'

The goos, the cokkow, and the doke also  
So cryden 'kek, kek!' 'kukkow!' 'quek,  
quek!' hye,

That thorgh myn eres the noyse wente tho.  
The goos seyde, 'al this nis not worth a  
fye! 501

But I can shape hereof a remedye,  
And I wol sey my verdit faire and swythe  
For water-foul, who-so be wrooth or  
blythe.'

'And I for worm-foul,' seyde the fool  
cukkow, 505

'For I wol, of myn owne auctorite,  
For comune spede, take the charge now,  
For to delivere us is gret charite.'

'Ye may abyde a while yet, parde!'  
Seide the turtel, 'if hit be your wille 510  
A wight may speke, him were as good be  
stille.

I am a seed-foul, oon the unworthieste,  
That wot I wol, and litel of kunninge;  
But bet is that a wighes tonge reste  
Than entremeten him of such doinge 515  
Of which he neyther rede can nor singe.  
And who-so doth, ful foule himself acloy-  
eth,  
For office uncommitted ofte anoyeth.'

Nature, which that alway had an ere  
To murmur of the lewednes behinde, 520  
With facound voys seyde, 'hold your  
tonges there!

And I shal sone, I hope, a counseyl finde  
You to delivere, and fro this noyse un-  
binde;

I juge, of every folk men shal oon calle  
To seyn the verdit for you foules alle.' 525

Assented were to this conclusioun  
The briddes alle; and foules of ravyne  
Han chosen first, by playn eleccioun,  
The tercelet of the faucon, to diffyne 529  
Al hir sentence, and as him list, tormyne;  
And to Nature him gonnen to presente,  
And she accepteth him with glad entente.

The tercelet seide than in this manere:  
'Ful hard were hit to preve hit by resoun  
Who loveth best this gentil formel here;  
For everich hath swich replicacioun, 536  
That noon by skilles may be brought  
a-doun;

I can not seen that arguments avayle;  
Than semeth hit ther moste be batayle.'

'Al redy!' quod these egles tercelles tho.  
'Nay, sirs!' quod he, 'if that I dorste it  
seye, 541

Ye doon me wrong, my tale is not y-do!  
For sirs, ne taketh noght a-gref, I praye,  
It may noght gon, as ye wolde, in this  
weye;

Oure is the voys that han the charge in  
honde, 545  
And to the juges dome ye moten stonde;

And therfor pees! I seye, as to my wit,  
Me wolde thinke how that the worthieste  
Of knighthode, and lengest hath used hit,  
Moste of estat, of blode the gentileste, 550  
Were sittingest for hir, if that hir leste;  
And of these three shewot hir-self, it rowe,  
Which that he be, for hit is light to  
knowe.'

The water-foules han her hedes leyd  
Togeder, and of short avysement, 555  
Whan everich had his large golee seyde,  
They seyden sothly, al by oon assent,  
How that 'the goos, with hir facounde  
gent,  
That so desyreth to pronounce our node,  
Shal telle our tale,' and preyde 'god hir  
spede.' 560

And for these water-foules tho began  
The goos to speke, and in hir cakelingo  
She seyde, 'pees! now tak kepe every  
man,

And herkeneth which a reson I shal  
bringe;

My wit is sharp, I love no taryinge; 565  
I seye, I rode him, though he were my  
brother,

But she wol love him, lat him love  
another!

'Lo here! a parfit reson of a goos!'  
Quod the sperhawk; 'never mot she thee!  
Lo, swich hit is to have a tonge loos! 570  
Now parde, fool, yet were hit bet for  
thee

Have holde thy pees, than shewed thy  
nyeete!

Hit lyth not in his wit nor in his wille,  
But sooth is seyde, "a fool can noght be  
stille."

The laughter aroos of gentil foules allo,  
And right anon the seed-foul chosen  
hadde 576

The turtel trewe, and gunne hir to hem  
calle,

And preyden hir to seye the sothe sadde  
Of this matere, and asked what she radde;  
And she answerde, that pleynly hir en-  
tente 580

She wolde shewe, and sothly what she  
mente.

'Nay, god forbede alover shulde chaunge!'  
The turtel seyde, and wex for shame al  
reed;

'Though that his lady ever-more be  
straunge, 584

Yet let him serve hir ever, til he be deed;  
For sothe, I preyse noght the gooses reed;  
For thogh she deyed, I wolde non other  
make,

I wol ben hires, til that the deth me take.'

'Wel bourded!' quod the doke, 'by my  
hat! 589

That men shulde alwey loven, causeles,  
Who can a reson finde or wit in that?  
Daunceth he mury that is mirtheles?

Who shulde recche of that is reccheles?  
Ye, quak!' yit quod the doke, ful wel and  
faire,

'There been mo sterres, god wot, than a  
paire!' 595

'Now fy, cherl!' quod the gentil tercelet,  
'Out of the dunghil com that word ful  
right,

Thou canst noght see which thing is wel  
be-set:

Thou farest by love as onles doon by light,  
The day hem blent, ful wel they see by  
night; 600

Thy kind is of so lowe a wretchednesse,  
That what love is, thou canst nat see ne  
gesse.'

The gan the cukkow putte him forth in  
proes

For foul that eteth worm, and seide blyve,  
'So I,' quod he, 'may have my make in  
pees, 605

I recche not how longe that ye stryve;  
Lat ech of hem be soleyn al hir lyve,  
This is my reed, sin they may not acorde;  
This shorte lesson nedeth noght recorde.'

'Ye! have the glotoun fild ynogh his  
paunche, 610

Than are we wel!' seyde the merlioun;  
'Thou morider of the heysugge on the  
braunche

That broghte thee forth, thou trowthelees  
glotoun!

Live thou soleyn, wormes corrupcioun!  
For no fors is of lakke of thy nature; 615  
Go, lewed be thou, whyl the world may  
dure!'

'Now pees,' quod Nature, 'I comaunde  
here;

For I have herd al your opinioun,  
And in effect yet be we never the nere;  
But fynally, this is my conclusioun, 620  
That she hir-self shal han the eleccioun  
Of whom hir list, who-so be wrooth or  
blythe,

Him that she cheest, he shal hir have as  
swythe.

For sith hit may not here discussed be  
Who loveth hir best, as seide the tercelet,  
Than wol I doon hir this favour, that  
she 626

Shal have right him on whom hir herte  
is set,

And he hir that his herte hath on hir  
knet

This juge I, Nature, for I may not ly8;  
To noon estat I have non other y8. 630

But as for counseyl for to chese a make,  
If hit were reson, certes, than wolde I  
Counseyle yow the royal tercel take,  
As seide the tercelet ful skilfully,  
As for the gentilest and most worthy, 635  
Which I have wroght so wel to my ples-  
saunce;

That to yow oghte been a suffisaunce.'

With dredful vois the formel hir an-  
swerde,

'My rightful lady, goddesse of Nature,  
Soth is that I am ever under your yerde,  
Lyk as is everiche other creature, 641  
And moot be youres whyl my lyf may  
dure;

And therfor graunteth me my firste bone,  
And myn entente I wol yow sey right  
sone.'

'I graunte it you,' quod she; and right  
anoon 645

This formel egle spak in this degree,  
'Almighty quene, unto this yeer be doon  
I aske respit for to avysen me.

And after that to have my choys al  
free;

This al and som, that I wolde speke and  
seye; 650

Ye gete no more, al-though ye do me deye.

I wol noght serven Venus ne Cupyde  
For sothe as yet, by no manere wey.'

'Now sin it may non other wyse betyde,'  
Quod the Nature, 'here is no more to  
sey; 655

Than wolde I that these foules were a-wey  
Ech with his make, for taryng lenger  
here—

And seyde hem thus, as ye shul after here.

'To you speke I, ye terceleys,' quod  
Nature,

'Beth of good herte and serveth, alle  
three; 660

A yeer is not so longe to endure,  
And ech of yow payne him, in his degree,  
For to do wel; for, god wot, quit is she

Fro yow this yeer; what after so befallé,  
This entremes is dressed for you alle.' 665

And whan this werk al broght was to an  
ende,

To every foule Nature yaf his make  
By even acorde, and on hir wey they  
wende.

A! lord! the blisse and joye that they  
make! 669

For ech of hem gan other in winges take,  
And with hir nekkes ech gan other winde,  
Thanking alwey the noble goddesse of  
kinde.

But first were chosen foules for to singe,  
As yeer by yeer was alwey hir ussaunce  
To singe a roundel at hir departinge, 675  
To do Nature honour and plesaunce.

The note, I trowe, makid was in Fraunce;  
The wordes were swich as ye may heer  
finde,

The nexte vers, as I now have in minde.

*Qui bien aime a tard oublie.*

'Now welcom somer, with thy sonne  
softe, 680

That hast this wintres weders over-shake,  
And driven away the longe nightes blake!  
Seynt Valentyn, that art ful hy on-  
lofte;—

Thus singen smale foules for thy sake—  
*Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe, 685*  
*That hast this wintres weders over-shake.*

Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,  
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make;  
Ful blisful may they singen when they  
wake;

*Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe, 690*  
*That hast this wintres weders over-shake,*  
*And driven away the longe nightes blake.'*

And with the showting, whan hir song  
was do,

That foules maden at hir flight a-way,  
I wook, and other bokes took me to 695  
To rede upon, and yet I rede alway;

I hope, y-wis, to rede so som day  
That I shal mete som thing for to fare 698  
The bet; and thus to rede I nil not spara.

## VI. A COMPLAINT TO HIS LADY.

I. (*In seven-line stanzas.*)

THE longe night, whan every creature  
 Shulde have hir rest in somewhat, as by  
 kinde,  
 Or elles no may hir lyf nat long endure,  
 Hit falleth most in-to my woful minde  
 How I so fer have broght my-self be-  
 hinde, 5  
 That, sauf the deeth, ther may no-thing  
 me lisse,  
 So desespaiied I am from alle blisse.

This same thought me lasteth til the  
 morwe,  
 And from the morwe forth til hit be eve;  
 Ther nedeth me no care for to borwe, 10  
 For bothe I have good leyser and good  
 leve;  
 Ther is no wight that wol me wo bereve  
 To wepe y-nogh, and wailen al my fille;  
 The sore spark of peyne † doth me spille.

II. (*In Terza Rima ; imperfect.*)

[†The sore spark of peyne doth me spille;  
 This Love hath [cek] me set in swich a  
 place 16  
 That my desyr [he] never wol fulfille;  
 For neither pitee, mercy, neither grace  
 Can I nat finde; and †fro my sorful  
 herte,  
 For to be deed, I can hit nat arace. 20  
 The more I love, the more she doth me  
 smerte;  
 Through which I see, with-oute remedye,  
 That from the deeth I may no wyse  
 asterte;  
 [†For this day in hir servise shal I dye].

III. (*In Terza Rima ; imperfect.*)

[†Thus am I slain, with sorwes ful dy-  
 verse; 25  
 Ful longe agoon I oghte have taken  
 hede]

Now sothly, what she hight I wol re-  
 herse;  
 Hir name is Bountee, set in womanhede,  
 Sadnesse in youthe, and Beautee pryde-  
 lees,  
 And Plesaunce, under governaunce and  
 drede; 30  
 Hir surname eek is Faire Rewthelees,  
 The Wyse, y-knit un-to Good Adventure,  
 That, for I love hir, †sleeth me giltelees.  
 Hir love I best, and shal, whyl I may  
 dure,  
 Bet than my-self an hundred thousand  
 deel, 35  
 Than al this worldes richesse or crea-  
 ture.  
 Now hath nat Lovē me bestowed weel  
 To lovē, ther I never shal have part?  
 Allas! right thus is turned me the wheel,  
 Thus am I slayn with loves fyry dart. 40  
 I can but love hir best, my swete fo;  
 Love hath me taught no more of his art  
 But serve alwey, and stinte for no wo.

IV. (*In ten-line stanzas.*)

[With]-in my trewe careful herte ther is  
 So moche wo, and [cek] so litel blis, 45  
 That wo is me that ever I was bore;  
 For al that thing which I desyre I mis,  
 And al that ever I wolde nat, I-wis,  
 That finde I redy to me evermore;  
 And of al this I not to whom me peyne. 50  
 For she that mighte me out of this  
 bringe  
 Ne reccheth nat whether I wepe or  
 singe;  
 So litel rewthe hath she upon my peyne.  
 Allas! whan sleping-time is, than I wake,  
 Whan I shulde daunce, for fere than I  
 quake; 55  
 [†Yow rekketh never wher I flete or  
 synke;]  
 This hevyl yf I lede for your sake,  
 Thogh ye ther-of in no wyse hede take,



†For on my wo yow deyneth not to  
 thinke.] 50  
 My hertes lady, and hool my lyves quene!  
 For trewly dorste I seye, as that I fele,  
 Me semeth that your swete herte of stelo  
 Is whetted now ageynes me to kene.  
 My dere herte, and best beloved fo,  
 Why lyketh yow to do me al this wo, 65  
 What have I doon that groveth yow, or  
 sayd,  
 But for I serve and love yow and no mo?  
 And whylst I live, I wol †do ever so;  
 And therfor, swete, ne beth nat evil  
 apayd.  
 For so good and so fair as [that] ye be, 70  
 Hit were [a] right gret wonder but ye  
 hadde  
 Of alle servants, bothe goode and badde;  
 And leest worthy of alle hem, I am he.  
 But never-the-les, my righte lady swete,  
 Thogh that I be unconning and unmete 75  
 To serve as I best coude ay your hy-  
 nesse,  
 Yit is ther fayner noon, that wolde I hete,  
 Than I, to do †yow ese, or elles bete  
 What-so I wiste were to †yow distresse.  
 And hadde I might as good as I have wille,  
 Than shulde ye fele wher it wer so or  
 noon; 81  
 For †in this world living is ther noon  
 That fayner wolde your hertes wil fulfille.  
 For bothe I love, and eek droed yow so  
 sore,  
 And algates moot, and have doon yow,  
 ful yore, 85  
 That bet loved is noon, ne never shal;  
 And yit I wolde beseche yow of no more  
 But leveh wel, and be nat wrooth ther-  
 fore,  
 And lat me serve yow forth; lo! this  
 is al.  
 For I am nat so hardy ne so wood 90  
 For to desire that ye shulde love me;  
 For wel I wot, alas! that may nat be;  
 I am so litel worthy, and ye so good.  
 For ye be oon the worthiest on-lyve,  
 And I the most unlykly for to thryve; 95  
 Yit, for al this, [now] witeth ye right  
 wele,

That ye ne shul me from your service  
 dryve  
 That I nil ay, with alle my wittes fyve,  
 Serve yow trewly, what wo so that I fele.  
 For I am set on yow in swich manere 100  
 That, thogh ye never wil upon me rewe,  
 I moste yow love, and †ever been as  
 tiewe  
 As any can or may on-lyve [here].  
 †The more that I love yow, goodly free  
 The lasse finde I that ye loven me; 105  
 Allas! when shal that harde wit a-  
 mende?  
 Wher is now al your wommanly pitee,  
 Your gentillesse and your debonaitee,  
 Wil ye no thing ther-of upon me  
 spende?  
 And so hool, swete, as I am youres al, 110  
 And so gret wil as I have yow to serve,  
 Now, cortes, and ye lete me thus sterve,  
 Yit have ye wonne ther-on but a smal.  
 For, at my knowing, I do †no-thing  
 why,  
 And this I wol beseche yow hertely, 115  
 That, ther ever ye finde, whyl ye live,  
 A trewer servant to yow than am I,  
 Leveh [me] thanne, and sleeth me  
 hardely,  
 And I my deeth to you wol al forgive.  
 And if ye finde no trewer †man than me,  
 [Why] will ye suffre than that I thus  
 spille, 121  
 And for no maner gilt but my good  
 wille?  
 As good wer thanne untrews as trewe  
 to be.  
 But I, my lyf and deeth, to yow obeye,  
 And with right buxom herte hoolly I  
 prey, 125  
 As [is] your moste plesure, so doth by me;  
 †Wel lever is me lyken yow and deye  
 Than for to any thing or thinke or seye  
 That †mighte yow offende in any tyme.  
 And therfor, swete, rewe on my peynes  
 snerte, 130  
 And of your grace granteth me som  
 drope;  
 For elles may me laste †blis ne hope,  
 Ne †dwellen in my trouble careful herte

## VII. ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

**The Complaynt of feire Anelida  
and fals Arcite.***Proem.*

Thou ferse god of armes, Mars the rede,  
That in the frosty country called Trace,  
Within thy grisly temple ful of drede  
Honoured art, as patroun of that place!  
With thy Bellona, Pallas, ful of grace, 5  
Be present, and my song continue and  
gve;

At my beginning thus to thee I crye.

For hit ful depe is sonken in my minde,  
With pitous herte in English for t'endyte  
This olde storie, in Latin which I finde, 10  
Of quene Anelida and fals Arcite,  
That elde, which that al can frete and  
byte,

As hit hath freten mony a noble storie,  
Hath nigh devoured out of our memorie.

Be favorable eek, thou Polymnia, 15  
On Parnaso that, with thy sustres glade,  
By Elicon, not fer from Cirrea,  
Singest with vois memorial in the shade,  
Under the laurer which that may not  
fade,

And do that I my ship to haven winne; 20  
First solow I Stace, and after him  
Corinne.

*The Story.*

*Iamque domos patrias, &c.*; Statii Thebais,  
xii. 519.

Whan Theseus, with werres longo and  
grete,

The aspre folk of Cithe had over-come,  
With laurer crowned, in his char gold-  
bele,

Hoom to his contre-houses is y-come;— 25  
For which the peple blisful, al and somme,  
So cryden, that unto the sterres hit wente,  
And him to honouren dide al hir en-  
tente;—

Beform this duk, in signe of hy victorie,  
The trompes come, and in his baner large  
The image of Mars; and, in token of  
glorie, 31

Men mighten seen of tresor many a  
charge,

Many a bright helm, and many a spere  
and targe,

Many a fresh knight, and many a blisful  
route,

On hors, on fote, in al the felde aboute. 35

Ipolita his wyf, the hardy quene  
Of Cithia, that he conquered hadde,  
With Emelye, hir yonge suster shene,  
Faire in a char of golde he with him ladde,  
That al the ground aboute hir char she  
spradde 40

With brightnesse of the beantes in hir  
face,

Fulfilde of largesse and of alle grace.

With his triumpe and laurer-crowned  
thus,

In al the floure of fortunes yevinge,  
Iete I this noble pryncce Theseus 45  
Toward Athenes in his wey rydinge,  
And founde I wol in shortly for to bringe  
The slye wey of that I gan to wryte,  
Of quene Anelida and fals Arcite.

Mars, which that through his furious  
course of yre, 50

The olde wrath of Juno to fulfille,  
Hath set the peples hertes bothe on fyre  
Of Thebes and Grece, everich other to  
kille

With bloddy speres, ne rested never stille,  
But throug now her, now ther, among  
hem bothe, 55

That everich other slough, so wer they  
wrothe.

For whan Amphiorax and Tydeus,  
Ipomedon, Parthonopee also  
Were dede, and slayn [was] proud Cam-  
paneus,

And whan the wrecches Thebans, breth-  
eren two, 60  
Were slayn, and king Adrastus loom  
a-go,  
So desolat stood Thebes and so bare,  
That no wight coude remedie of his care.

And whan the olde Creon gan espye  
How that the blood roial was brought  
adoun, 65

He held the cite by his tyrannye,  
And did the gentils of that regioun  
To beon his frendes, and dwellen in the  
toun.

So what for love of him, and what for awe,  
The noble folk wer to the toun y-drawe.

Among al these, Anelida the quene 71  
Of Ermony was in that toun dwellinge,  
That fairer was then is the sonne shene;  
Through-out the world so gan hir name  
springe,

That hir to seen had every wight lykinge;  
For, as of trouthe, is ther noon hirliche, 76  
Of al the women in this worlde riche.

Yong was this quene, of twenty yeer of  
elde,

Of midel stature, and of swich fairnesse,  
That nature had a joye hir to behelde; 80  
And for to speken of hir stedfastnesse,  
She passed hath Penelope and Lucresse,  
And shortly, if she shal be comprehended,  
In hir ne mighte no-thing been amended.

This Theban knight [Arcite] eek, sooth to  
seyn, 85

Was yong, and ther-with-al a lusty knight,  
But he was double in love and no-thing  
pleyn,

And subtil in that crafte over any wight,  
And with his cunning wan this lady  
bright;

For so ferforth he gan hir trouthe assure,  
That she him trust over any creature. 91

What shuld I seyn? she loved Arcite so,  
That, whan that he was absent any throwe,  
Anon hir thoughte hir herte brast a-two;  
For in hir sight to hir he bar him lowe, 95  
So that she wende have al his herte  
y-knowe;

But he was fals; it nas but feyned chere,  
As nedeth not to men such craft to lere

But never-the-les ful mikel besinesse  
Had he, er that he mighte his lady winne,  
And swoor he wolde dyen for distrosse, 101  
Or from his wit he seyde he wolde twinne.  
Alas, the why! for hit was routhe and  
sinne,

That she upon his sorowes wolde rewe,  
But no-thing thenketh the fals as doth  
the trewa. 105

Hir fredom fond Arcite in swich manere,  
That al was his that she hath, moche or  
lyte,

Ne to no creature made she chere  
Ferther than that hit lyked to Arcite;  
Ther was no lak with which he mighte  
hir wyte, 110

She was so ferforth yeven him to plesse,  
That al that lyked him, hit did hir ese.

Ther nas to hir no maner lettre y-sent  
That touched love, from any maner  
wight,

That she ne showed hit him, er hit was  
brent; 115

So pleyn she was, and did hir fulle might,  
That she nil hyden nothing from hir  
knight,

Lest he of any untrouthe hir upbreyde;  
Withouten bode his heste she obeyde.

And eek he made him jelous over here, 120  
That, what that any man had to hir seyde,  
Anoon he wolde preyen hir to swere  
What was that word, or make him evel  
apayd;

Than wende she out of hir wit have brayd;  
But al this nas but sleight and flaterye,  
Withouten love he feyned joloseye. 126

And al this took she so debonerly,  
That al his wille, hir thoughte hit skilful  
thing,

And ever the lenger loved him tenderly,  
And did him honour as he were a king. 130  
Hir herte was wedded to him with a ring;  
So ferforth upon trouthe is hir entente,  
That wher he goth, hir herte with him  
wente.

Whan she shal ete, on him is so hir  
thought, 134  
That wel unnethes of mete took she keep;

And whan that she was to hir reste  
brought,  
On him she thoghte alwey til that she  
sleep;  
Whan he was absent, prevely she weep;  
Thus liveth fair Anelida the quene 139  
For fals Arcite, that did hir al this tene.

This fals Arcite, of his new-fangelnesse,  
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,  
Took lesse deyntee for hir stedfastnesse,  
And saw another lady, proud and newe,  
And right anon he cladde him in hir  
hewe— 145  
Wot I not whether in whyte, rede, or  
grene—

And falsed fair Anelida the quene.

But never-the-les, gret wonder was hit  
noon  
Thogh he wer fals, for hit is kinde of  
man, 149

Sith Lamek was, that is so longe agoon,  
To been in love as fals as ever he can;  
He was the firste fader that began  
To loven two, and was in bigamy;  
And he found tentes first, but-if men lye.

This fals Arcite sumwhat moste he feyne,  
Whan he wex fals, to covere his trai-  
torye, 156

Right as an hors, that can both byte and  
pleyne;

For he bar hir on honde of trecherye,  
And swoor he coude hir doublenesse  
espye,

And al was falsnes that she to him mente;  
Thus swoor this theef, and forth his way  
he wente. 161

Alas! what herte might endure hit,  
For routhe or wo, hir sorow for to telle?  
Or what man hath the cunning or the  
wit?

Or what man might with-in the chambre  
dwelle, 165

If I to him rehersen shal the belle,  
That suffreth fair Anelida the quene  
For fals Arcite, that did hir al this tene?

She wepeth, wailleth, swowneth pitously,  
To grounde deed she falleth as a stoon;  
Al crampisheth hir limes crokedy, 171  
She speketh as hir wit were al agoon;

Other colour then asshen hath she noon,  
Noon other word +she speketh moche or  
lyte,

But 'mercy, cruel herte myn, Arcite!' 175

And thus endureth, til that she was so  
mate

That she ne hath foot on which she may  
sustene;

But forth languishshing ever in this estate,  
Of which Arcite hath nother routhe ne  
tene;

His herte was elles-where, newe and  
grene, 180

That on hir wo ne deyneth him not to  
thinke,

Him rekketh never wher she flete or  
sinke.

His newe lady holdeth him so narowe  
Up by the brydel, at the staves ende,  
That every word, he dradde hit as an  
arowe; 185

Hir daunger made him bothe bowe and  
bende,

And as hir liste, made him turne or  
wende;

For also ne graunted him in hir livinge  
No grace, why that he hath lust to singe;

But drof him forth, unnethes liste hir  
knowe 190

That he was servaunt +to hir ladyshippe,  
But lest that he wer proude, she held  
him lowe;

Thus serveth he, withouten fee or shipe,  
She sent him now to londe, now to  
shippe; 194

And for she yaf him daunger al his fille,  
Therfor she had him at hir owne wille.

Ensampler of this, ye thrifty wimmen alie,  
Take here Anelida and fals Arcite,

That for hir liste him 'dere herte' calle,  
And was so meek, therfor he loved hir  
lyte; 200

The kinde of mannes herte is to deleyte  
In thing that straunge is, also god me  
save!

For what he may not gete, that wolde he  
have.

Now turne we to Anelida ageyn,  
That pyneth day by day in languishshing;

But whan she saw that hir ne gat no  
geyn, 206

Upon a day, ful sorowfully weping,  
She caste hir for to make a compleyning,  
And with hir owne honde she gan hit  
wryte;

And sente hit to hir Theban knight  
Arcite, 210

**The Complaynt of Anelida the queene  
upon fals Arcite.**

*Poem.*

So thirleth with the poynt of remem-  
braunce,

The sword of sorowe, y-whet with fals  
plesaunce,

Myne herte, bare of blis and blak of  
hewe,

That turned is in quaking al my daunce,  
My suretee in a-whaped countenaunce; 215

Sith hit availleth not for to ben trewe;  
For who-so trewest is, hit shal hir  
rewe,

That serveth love and doth hir observ-  
aunce

Alwey to oon, and chaungeth for no  
newe.

*(Strophe.)*

1.

I wot my-self as wel as any wight; 220  
For I loved oon with al my herte and  
might

More then my-self, an hundred thou-  
sand sythe,

And called him my hertes lyf, my knight,  
And was al his, as fer as hit was right;

And whan that he was glad, than was  
I blythe, 225

And his disese was my deeth as swythe;  
And he ayein his trouth me had plight  
For ever-more, his lady me to kythe.

2.

Now is he fals, alas! and causeles,  
And of my wo he is so routhles, 230

That with a worde him list not ones  
dayne

To bring ayein my sorowful herte in pees,  
For he is caught up in a-nother lees.

Right as him list, he laugheth at my  
peyne, 234

And I ne can myn herte not restreine,  
That I ne love him alwey, never-the-les;  
And of al this I not to whom me pleyne.

3.

And shal I pleyne—alas! the harde  
stounde—

Un-to my foo that yaf my herte a wounde,  
And yet desyreth that myn harm be  
more? 240

Nay, certes! ferther wol I never ffounde  
Non other help, my sores for to sounde.

My destinee hath shapen it ful yore;

I wil non other medecyne ne lore;

I wil ben ay ther I was ones bounde, 245  
That I have seid, be seid for ever-more!

4.

Alas! wher is become your gentillesse!

Your wordes fulle of plesaunce and hum-  
blesse?

Your observaunces in so low manere,  
And your awayting and your besinesse 250

Upon me, that ye calden your maistresse,  
Your sovereyn lady in this world here?

Alas! and is ther nother word ne chere

Ye vouchesauf upon myn hevynesse?

Alas! your love, I bye hit al to dere. 255

5.

Now certes, swete, thogh that ye

Thus causeles the cause be

Of my dedly adversitee,

Your manly reson oghte it to respyte

To slee your frend, and namely me, 260

That never yet in no degree

Offended yow, as wisly he,

That al wot, out of wo my soule quyte!

¶ But for I shewed yow, Arcite,

Al that men wolde to me wryte, 265

And was so besy, yow to delyte—

My honour save—meke, kinde, and free,

Therfor ye putte on me the wyte,

And of me recche not a myte,

Thogh that the sword of sorow byte 270

My woful herte through your crueltee,

6.

My swete foo, why do ye so, for shame?  
And thanke ye that furthered be your  
name,

To love a newe, and been untrewē?  
 nay!  
 And putte yow in sclaunder now and  
 blame, 275  
 And do to me aduersitee and grame,  
 That love yow most, god, wel thou  
 wost! alway?  
 Yet turn ayeyn, and be al pleyne som  
 day,  
 And than shal this that now is mis be  
 game, 279  
 And al for-yive, whyl that I live may.

(Antistrophe.)

## 1.

Lo! herte myn, al this is for to seyne,  
 As whether shal I preye or elles pleyne?  
 Whiche is the way to doon yow to be  
 trewe?  
 For either mot I have yow in my cheyne,  
 Or with the detho ye mot departe us  
 tweyne, 285  
 Ther ben non other mene weyes newe;  
 For god so wisly on my soule rewe,  
 As verily ye sleen me with the peyne;  
 That may ye see unfeyned of myn hewe.

## 2.

For thus ferforth have I my deth [y]-  
 soght, 290  
 My-self I mordre with my prevy thoght;  
 For sorow and routhe of your unkind-  
 nesse  
 I wepe, I wake, I faste; al helpeth noght;  
 I weyve joye that is to speke of oght,  
 I voyde companye, I fleo gladnesse; 295  
 Who may avaunte hir bet of hevynesse  
 Then I? and to this plyte have ye me  
 brought,  
 Withoute gilt, me nedeth no witness.

## 3.

And sholdo I preye, and weyve woman-  
 hede?  
 Nay! rather deth then do so foul a dede,  
 And axe mercy gilteles! what nede? 301  
 And if I pleyne what lyf that I lede,  
 Yow rekketh not; that know I, out of  
 drede;  
 And if I unto yow myn othes bede

For myn excuse, a scorn shal be my  
 mede; 305  
 Your chere floureth, but hit wol not sede;  
 Ful longe agoon I oghte have take hede.

## 4.

For thogh I hadde yow to-morow ageyn,  
 I might as wel holde Averill fro reyn,  
 As holde yow, to make yow stedfast. 310  
 Almighty god, of trouthe sovereyn,  
 Wher is the trouthe of man? who hath  
 hit sleyn?  
 Who that hem loveth shal hem fynde  
 as fast  
 As in a tempest is a roten mast.  
 Is that a tame best that is ny feyn 315  
 To renne away, when he is leest agast?

## 5.

Now mercy, swete, if I misseye,  
 Have I seyde oght amis, I preye?  
 I not; my wit is al aweye.  
 I fare as doth the song of *Chaunte-pleure*.  
 For now I pleyne, and now I pleye, 321  
 I am so mased that I deye,  
 Arcite hath born away the keye  
 Of al my worlde, and my good aventure!  
 "For in this worlde nis creature 325  
 Wakinge, in more discomfituro  
 Then I, no more sorow endure;  
 And if I slepe a furlong wey or tweye,  
 Than thinketh me, that your figure  
 Before me stant, clad in asure, 330  
 To profren eft a newe assure  
 For to be trewe, and mercy me to preye.

## 6.

The longe night this wonder sight I  
 drye,  
 And on the day for this afay I dye, 334  
 And of al this right noght, y-wis, ye  
 recche.  
 Ne never mo myn yē two be drye,  
 And to your routhē and to your trouthe  
 I crye.  
 But welaway! to fer be they to fecche;  
 Thus holdeth me my destinee a  
 wrecche. 339  
 But me to rede out of this drede or gye  
 Ne may my wit, so weyk is hit, not  
 strecche.

*Conclusion.*

Than ende I thus, sith I may do no  
more,  
I yeve hit up for now and ever-more ;  
For I shal never eft putten in balaunce  
My sekernes, ne lerne of love the  
lore. 345  
But as the swan, I have herd seyde ful  
yore,  
Ayeins his deth shal singe in his  
penaunce,  
So singe I here my destiny or chaunce,

How that Arcite Anelida so sore  
Hath thirled with the poynt of remem-  
braunce ! 350

*The story continued.*

Whan that Anelida this woful quene  
Hath of hir hande writen in this wyse,  
With face deede, betwixe pale and grene,  
She fel a-swowe ; and sith she gan to ryse,  
And unto Mars avoweth sacrifyse 355  
With-in the temple, with a sorowful  
chere,  
That shapen was as ye shal after here. 357

*(Unfinished.)*

## VIII. CHAUCERS WORDES UNTO ADAM, HIS OWNE SCRIVEYN.

ADAM scriveyn, if ever it thee bifalle  
Boece or Troilus to wryten newe,  
Under thy lokkes thou most have the  
scalle,  
But after my making thou wryte trewe.

So ofte a daye I mot thy werk renewe, 5  
Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and  
scrape ;  
And al is through thy negligence and  
rape.

## IX. THE FORMER AGE.

A BLISFUL lyf, a paisible and a swete  
Ledden the peples in the former age ;  
They helde hem payed of fruites, that  
they ete,  
Which that the feldes gave hem by usage ;  
They ne were nat forpampred with out-  
rage ; 5  
Unknown was the quern and eek the  
melle ;  
They eten mast, hawes, and swich poun-  
age,  
And dronken water of the colde wells.

Yit nas the ground nat wounded with  
the plough,  
But corn up-sprong, unsowe of mannes  
hond, 10  
The which they tgniden, and eete nat  
half y-nough.  
No man yit knew the forwes of his lond ;  
No man the fyr out of the flint yit  
fond ;  
Un-korven and un-grobbed lay the vyne ;  
No man yit in the mortar spyces grond ; 15  
To clarre, ne to sause of galantyna.

No mader, welde, or wood no listere  
 Ne knew; the flees was of his former  
 hewe;  
 No flesh ne wiste offence of egge or spere;  
 No coyn ne knew man which was fals or  
 trewe; 20  
 No ship yit karf the wawes grene and  
 blewe;  
 No marchaunt yit no fette outlandish  
 ware;  
 No †trompes for the werres folk ne knewe,  
 No toures heye, and walles rounde or  
 square.  
 What sholde it han avayled to werreye? 25  
 Ther lay no profit, ther was no richesse,  
 But cursed was the tyme, I dar wel seye,  
 That men first dide hir swety bysinesse  
 To grobbe up metal, lurking in dark-  
 nesse,  
 And in the riveres first gemmes soghte. 30  
 Allas! than sprong up al the cursednesse  
 Of covetyse, that first our sorwe broghte!  
 Thise tyrants putte hem gladly nat in  
 pres,  
 No †wildnesse, ne no busshes for to winne  
 Ther poverté is, as seith Diogenes, 35  
 Ther as vitaille is eek so skars and thinne  
 That noght but mast or apples is ther-  
 inne.  
 But, ther as bagges been and fit vitaille,  
 Ther wol they gon, and spare for no sinne  
 With al hir ost the cite for t'assaille. 40

Yit were no paleis-chaumbres, ne non  
 halles;  
 In caves and [in] wodes softe and swete  
 Slepton this blissed folk with-out walle,  
 On gras or leves in parfit †quite.  
 No doun of fetheres, ne no bleched  
 shete 45  
 Was kid to hem, but in seurtee they  
 slepte;  
 Hir hortes were al oon, with-out galles,  
 Everich of hem his feith to other kepte.  
 Unforged was the hauberk and the plate;  
 The lambish peple, voyd of alle vyce, 50  
 Hadden no fantasye to debate,  
 But ech of hem wolde other wel cheryce;  
 No pryde, non envye, non avaryce,  
 No lord, no taylage by no tyrannye;  
 Humblesse and pees, good feith, the em-  
 perice, 55  
 [†Fulfilled erthe of olde curtesye.]  
 Yit was not Jupiter the likerous,  
 That first was fader of delicacye,  
 Come in this world; ne Nembrot, de-  
 sirous  
 To reynen, had nat maad his toures  
 hye. 60  
 Allas, allas! now may men wepe and  
 crye!  
 For in our dayes nis but covetyse  
 [And] donblesse, and tresoun and envye,  
 Poyssoun, manslauhtre, and mordre in  
 sondry wyse. 64

Finit Etas prima. Chaucers.

## X. FORTUNE.

*Balades de visage sanz peinture.*

### I. Le Pleintif countre Fortune.

This wrecched worldes transmutacioun,  
 As wele or wo, now povre and now  
 honour,  
 With-uten ordre or wys discrecioun  
 Governed is by Fortunes error; 5  
 But natheles, the lak of hir favour

Ne may nat don me singen, though I dye  
 'Iay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour.'  
 For fynally, Fortune, I thee defy!

Yit is me left the light of my resoun,  
 To knowen frend fro fo in thy mirour. 10  
 So muche hath yit thy whirling ap and  
 doun  
 Y-taught me for to knowen in an hour  
 But trewely, no force of thy reddour



To him that over him-self hath the maystrye!

My suffisaunce shal be my socour : 15  
For fynally, Fortune, I thee defy!

O Socrates, thou stedfast champioun,  
She never mighte be thy tormentour ;  
Thou never drestdest hir oppressioun,  
Ne in hir chere founde thou no savour. 20  
Thou knewe wel deceit of hir colour,  
And that hir moste worshippe is to lye.  
I knowe hir eek a fals dissimulour :  
For fynally, Fortune, I thee defy!

## II. La response de Fortune au Pleintif.

No man is wrecched, but him-self hit wene, 25  
And he that hath him-self hath suffisaunce.

Why seystow thanne I am to thee so kene,

That hast thy-self out of my governaunce?  
Sei thus : 'Graunt mercy of thyn haboundaunce

That thou hast lent or this.' Why wolt thou stryve? 30

What wostow yit, how I thee wol avaunce?

And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve!

I have thee taught divisioun bi-twene  
Friend of effect, and frend of countenance;

Thee nedeth nat the galle of noon hyene, 35

That cureth eyen derke fro hir penaunce;  
Now seestow cleer, that were in ignorance.

Yit halt thyn ancre, and yit thou mayst arryve

Ther bountee berth the keye of my substaunce : 39

And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve.

How many have I refused to sustene,  
Sin I thee fostred have in thy plesaunce!  
Woltow than make a statut on thy quene  
That I shal been ay at thyn ordinaunce?  
Thou born art in my regne of variaunce,

Aboute the wheel with other most thou dryve. 46

My lore is bet than wikke is thy grevaunce,

And eek thou hast thy beste frend alyve.

## III. La response du Pleintif countre Fortune.

Thy lore I dampne, hit is adversitee.  
My frend maystow nat reven, blind goddesse! 50

That I thy frendes knowe, I thanke hit thee.

Tak hem agayn, lat hem go lye on presse!

The negardye in keping hir richesse

Prenostik is thou wolt hir tour assaile,

Wikke appotyt comth ay before seknesse:

In general, this reule may nat fayle. 56

## La response de Fortune countre le Pleintif.

Thou pinchest at my mutabilitee,  
For I thee lente a droppe of my richesse,  
And now me lyketh to with-drawe me.

Why sholdestow my realtee oppresse? 60  
The see may ebbe and flowen more or lesse;

The welkne hath might to shyne, reyne, or hayle;

Right so mot I kythen my brotlesnesse.  
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

Lo, th'excecucion of the magestee 65  
That al purveyeth of his right wisesnesse,

That same thing 'Fortune' clepen ye,  
Ye blinde bestes, ful of lewednesse!

The hevne hath propretee of sikernesce,  
This world hath ever resteles travayle; 70

Thy laste day is ende of myn intresse:  
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

## Lenvoy de Fortune.

Princes, I prey you of your gentillesse,  
Lat nat this man on me thus crye and pleyne,

And I shal quyte you your bisinesse 75  
At my requeste, as thre of you or tweyne;

And, but you list releve him of his peyne,  
Preyeth his beste frend, of his noblesse.

That to som beter estat he may atteyne. 79

XI. MERCILES BEAUTE: A TRIPLE ROUNDEL.

I. *Captivity.*

Your yēn two wol slee me sodenly,  
I may the beautē of hem not sustene,  
So woundeth hit through-out my herte  
kene.

And but your word wol helen hastily  
My hertes wounde, whyl that hit is grene,  
*Your yēn two wol slee me sodenly,* 6  
*I may the beautē of hem not sustene.*

Upon my trouthe I sey yow feithfully,  
That ye ben of my lyf and deeth the quene;  
For with my deeth the trouthe shal besene.  
*Your yēn two wol slee me sodenly,* 11  
*I may the beautē of hem not sustene,*  
*So woundeth hit through-out my herte kene.*

II. *Rejection.*

So hath your beautē fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne;  
For Daunger halt your mercy in his  
cheyne. 16

Giltles my deeth thus han ye me pur-  
chaced;  
I sey yow sooth, me nedeth not to feyne;

*So hath your beautē fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne.* 20

Allas! that nature hath in yow com-  
passed  
So greet beautē, that no man may atteyne  
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyne.  
*So hath your beautē fro your herte chaced  
Pitee, that me ne availeth not to pleyne;* 25  
*For Daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.*

III. *Escape.*

Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,  
I never thenk to ben in his prison lene;  
Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene.  
He may answer, and seye this or that; 30  
I do no fors, I speke right as I mene.  
*Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,*  
*I never thenk to ben in his prison lene.*

Love hath my name y-strike out of his  
scat,  
And he is strike out of my bokes clene 35  
For ever-mo; †ther is non other mene.  
*Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat,*  
*I never thenk to ben in his prison lene;*  
*Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene.* 39

*Explicit.*

XII. TO ROSEMOUNDE. A BALADE.

MADAME, ye ben of al beautē shryne  
As fer as cerclēd is the mappemounde;  
For as the cristal glorious ye shyne,  
And lyke ruby ben your chekes rounde  
Therwith ye ben so mery and so jocounde,  
That at a revel whan that I see you  
daunce, 6  
It is an oynement unto my wounde,  
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

For thogh I wepe of teres ful a tyne,  
Yet may that wo myn herte nat con-  
founde; 10  
Your †seemly voys that ye so †smaal out-  
twyne  
Maketh my thought in joye and blis  
habounde.  
So curteisly I go, with lovē bounde,  
That to my-self I sey, in my penaunce,

Suffyseth me to love you, Rosemounde, 15  
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

Nas never pyk walwed in galauntyn  
As I in love am walwed and y-wounde;  
For which ful ofte I of my-self divyne

Tregentil.

That I am trewe Tristam the secounde, 20  
My love may not refreyd be nor afounde;  
I brenne ay in an amorous plesaunce.

Do what you list, I wil your thral be  
founde,

Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce. 24

Chaucer.

### XIII. TRUTH.

#### Balade de bon conseyl.

FLEE fro the prees, and dwelle with soth-  
fastnesse,

Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be  
smal;

For hord hath hate, and climbing tikel-  
nesse,

Prees hath envye, and welo blent overal;  
Savour no more than thee bihove shal; 5  
Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst  
rede;

And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse,  
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:

Gret resto stant in litel besinesse; 10

And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al;  
Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with  
the wal.

Daunte thy-self, that daunttest otheres  
dede;

And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,  
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a  
fal. 16

Her nis non hoom, her nis but wilder-  
nesse:

Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out  
of thy stal!

Know thy contree, look up, thank God  
of al;

Hold the hye way, and lat thy gost thee  
lede: 20

And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

#### Envoy.

Therefore, thou vache, leve thyn old  
wrecchednesse

Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;

Crye him mercy, that of his hy goodnesse

Made thee of noght, and in especial 25

Draw unto him, and pray in general

For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich  
made; 27

And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Explicit Le bon counseil de G. Chaucer.

### XIV. GENTILESSE.

#### Moral Balade of Chaucer.

THE firste stok, fader of gentilesse—

What man that claymeth gentil for to be,  
Must folowe his trace, and alle his wittes  
dresse

Vertu to sewe, and vyces for to flee.

For unto vertu longeth dignitee, 5

And noght the revers, sauffy dar I deme,  
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

This firste stok was ful of rightwisnesse,  
Trewe of his word, sobre, pitous, and  
free,

Clene of his goste, and loved besinesse, 10  
Against the vyce of slouth, in honestee;

And, but his heir love vertu, as dide he,  
He is noght gentil, thogh he riche seme,  
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

Vyce may wel be heir to old richesse; 15  
But ther may no man, as men may wel see,

[illegible]

## XV. LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE

### Balade.

Som tyme this world was so stedfast and  
stable.

That mannes word was obligacioun,  
And now hit is so fals and deceivable,  
That word and deed, as in conclusioun,  
Ben no-thing lyk, for turned up so down 5  
Is al this world for mede and wilfulnesse,  
That al is lost for lak of stedfastnesse.

What maketh this world to be so variable,  
But lust that folk haue in dissensioun ?  
Among us now a man is holde unable, 10  
But-if he can, by som collusion,  
Don his neighbour wrong or oppressioun.  
What causeth this, but wilful wrecched-  
nesse,  
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse ?

Trouthe is put down, resoun is holden  
fable: 15

Vertu hath now no dominacioun,  
Pitee exyled, no man is merciable.  
Through covetyse is blent discrecioun;  
The world hath mad a permutacioun  
Fro right to wrong, fro trouthe to fikel-  
nesse, 20  
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse.

**Lenvoy to King Richard.**

O prince, desyre to be honourable,  
Cherish thy folk and hate extorcious !  
Suffre no thing, that may be reprevable  
To thy estat, don in thy region. 25  
Shew forth thy sward of castigacioun,  
Dred God, dolaw, love troutheand worthi-  
nesse, 27  
And wed thy folk agein to stedfastnesse.

*Explicit.*

## XVI. LENVOY DE CHAUCER A SCOGAN.

To-BROKEN been the statuts hye in hevene  
That creat were eternally to dure,  
Sith that I see the brighte goddes sevene  
Mow wepe and wayle, and passioun en-  
dure,  
As may in erthe a mortal creature.      5  
Allas, fro whennes may this thing pro-  
cede?  
Of whiche errour I deve almost for drede.

By worde eterne whylom was hit shape  
That fro the fiftē cercele, in no manere,  
Ne mighte a drope of teres doun es-  
cape. 10  
But now so wepeth Venus in hir spere,  
That with hir teres she wol drenche us  
here.  
Allas, Scogan ! this is for thyñ offence !  
Thou causest this deluge of pestilence,

Hast thou not seyd, in blaspheme of this  
 goddes, 15  
 Through pryde, or through thy grete  
 rakelnesse,  
 Swich thing as in the lawe of love for-  
 bode is?  
 That, for thy lady saw nat thy distresse,  
 Therfor thou yave hir up at Michelmesse!  
 Allas, Scogan! of olde folk no yonge 20  
 Was never erst Scogan blamed for his  
 tonge!

Thou drowe in scorn Cupyde eek to record  
 Of thilke rebel word that thou hast spoken,  
 For which he wol no longer be thy lord.  
 And, Scogan, thogh his bowe be nat  
 broken, 25  
 He wol nat with his arwes been y-wroken  
 On thee, ne me, ne noon of our figure;  
 Weshul of him have neyther hurt ne cure.  
 Now certes, frend, I drede of thyn un-  
 happe,  
 Lest for thy gilt the wreche of Love pro-  
 ceede 30  
 On alle hem that ben hore and rounde of  
 shape,

That ben so lykly folk in love to spede.  
 Than shul we for our labour han no mede;  
 But wel I wot, thou wilt answer and seye:  
 'Lo! olde Grisel list to ryme and playe!'

Nay, Scogan, sey not so, for I m'excuse, 36  
 God help me so! in no rym, doutelooes,  
 Ne thinko I never of slepe wak my muse,  
 That rustoth in my shethe stille in pees.  
 Why! I was yong, I putte hir forth in  
 prees, 40  
 But al shal passe that men prose or ryme;  
 Take every man his turn, as for his tyme.

#### Envoy.

Scogan, that knelest at the streames heed<sup>1</sup>  
 Of grace, of alle honour and worthinesse,  
 In th'ende of which streame<sup>2</sup> I am dul as  
 dead, 45  
 Forgete in solitarie wilderness;  
 Yet, Scogan, thanke on Tullius kinde-  
 nesse,  
 Minne thy frend, ther it may fructifye!  
 Far-wel, and lok thou never eft Love  
 defyoe! 49

<sup>1</sup> I. e. Windesore.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. Greenwich.

### XVII. LENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON.

The counsell of Chaucer touching  
 Mariage, which was sent to Bukton.

My maister Bukton, whan of Criste our  
 kinge  
 Was axed, what is trouthe or sothfast-  
 nesse,  
 He nat a word answerde to that axinge,  
 As who saith: 'no man is al trewe,'  
 I gesse.  
 And therfor, thogh I highte to expresse  
 The sorwe and wo that is in mariage, 6  
 I dar not wryte of hit no wikkednesse,  
 Lest I my-self falle eft in swich dotage.

I wol nat seyn, how that hit is the cheyne  
 Of Sathanas, on which he gnaweth ever, 10

But I dar seyn, were he out of his payne,  
 As by his wille, he wolde be bounde  
 never.

But thilke doted fool that eft hath lever  
 Y-cheynod be than out of prisoun crepe,  
 God lote him never fro his wo dissevor, 15  
 Ne no man him bewayle, though he wepe.

But yit, lest thou do worse, tak a wyf;  
 Bet is to wedde, than brenne in worse  
 wyse.

But thou shalt have sorwe on thy flesh,  
 thy lyf,  
 And been thy wyves thral, as seyn these  
 wyse; 20

And if that holy writ may nat suffyse,  
 Experience shal thee teche, so may happe,

That thee were lever to be take in Fryse  
Than eft to falle of wedding in the trappe.

**Envoy.**

This litel writ, proverbes, or figure 25  
I sende you, tak kepe of hit, I rede :

Unwys is he that can no wele endure,  
If thou be siker, put thee nat in drede.  
The Wyf of Bathe I pray you that ye rede  
Of this matere that we have on honde. 30  
God graunte you your lyf frely to lede  
In fredom; for ful hard is to be bonda

*Explicit.*

## XVIII. THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

### I. (*The Lover's worthiness.*)

Ther nis so hy comfort to my plesaunce,  
Whan that I am in any hevynesse,  
As for to have leyser of remembraunce  
Upon the manhod and the worthynesse,  
Upon the trouthe, and on the stedfastnesse  
Of him whos I am al, whyl I may dure; 6  
Ther oghte blame me no creature,  
For every wight preiseth his gentilesso.

In him is bountee, wisdom, governaunce  
Wel more then any mannes wit can gesse;  
For grace hath wold so ferforth him  
avaunce 11

That of knighthode he is parfit richesse.  
Honour honoureth him for his noblesse;  
Therto so wel hath formed him Nature,  
That I am his for ever, I him assure, 15  
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.

And not-withstanding al his suffisaunce,  
His gentil herte is of so greet humblesse  
To me in worde, in werke, in contaunce,  
And me to serve is al his besynesse, 20  
That I am set in verrey sikernesse.  
Thus oghte I blesse wel myn aventure,  
Sith that him list me serve and honoure;  
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.

### II. (*Disquietude caused by Jealousy.*)

Now certes, Love, hit is right covenable  
That mon ful dere bye thy noble thing, 26  
As wake a-bedde, and fasten at the table,  
Weping to laughe, and singe in com-  
pleyning,  
And down to caste visage and loking

Often to chaungen hewe and contaunce,  
†Pleyne in sleping, and dremen at the  
daunce, 31

Al the revers of any glad feling.

Jalousye be hanged by a cable!  
She wolde al knowe through hir espying;  
Ther doth no wight no-thing so resonable,  
That al nis harm in hir imagening. 36  
Thus dere abought is lovè, in yeving,  
Which ofte he yiveth with-oute ordin-  
aunce,

As sorow ynogh, and litel of plesaunce,  
Al the revers of any glad feling. 40

A litel tyme his yift is agreable,  
But ful encomberous is the using;  
For sotel Jalousye, the deceyvable,  
Ful often-tyme causeth destourbing.  
Thus be we ever in drede and suffering,  
In nouncerteyn we languishe in pen-  
aunce, 46  
And han ful often many an hard mes-  
chaunce,  
Al the revers of any glad feling.

### III. (*Satisfaction in Constancy.*)

But certes, Love, I sey nat in such wyse  
That for t'escape out of your lace I mente;  
For Iso longe have been in your servyse 51  
That for to lete of wol I never assente;  
No force thogh Jalousye me tormente;  
Suffyceth me to see him whan I may, 54  
And therefore certes, to myn ending-day  
To love him best ne shal I never repenta

And certes, Love, whan I me wel avyse  
On any estat that man may represente.

Than have ye maked me, through your  
franchyse,

Chese the best that ever on erthe wente.  
Now love wel, herte, and look thou never  
stente ; 61

And let the jelous putte hit in assay  
That, for no payne wol I nat sey nay ;  
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

Herte, to thee hit oghte y-nogh suffyse 65  
That Love so hy a grace to thee sente,  
To chese the worthiest in alle wyse  
And most agreable unto myn entente.  
Seche no farther, neyther wey ne wente,  
Sith I have suffisaunce unto my pay. 70  
Thus wol I ende this compleynt or lay ;  
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

### Lenvoy.

Princess, receyveth this compleynt in  
gree,

Unto your excellent benignitee  
Direct after my lital suffisaunce. 75

For eld, that in my spirit dulleth me,  
Hath of endyting al the soteltee

Wel ny bereft out of my remem-  
braunce ;

And eek to me hit is a greet pen-  
aunce,

Sith rym in English hath swich scarsitee,  
To folowe word by word the curiositee 81

Of Graunson, flour of hem that make  
in Fraunce.

## XIX. THE COMPLEINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to non other wight  
Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere !  
I am so sory, now that ye be light ;  
For certes, but ye make me hevy chere,  
Me were as leef be leyd up-on my bere ; 5  
For whiche un-to your mercy thus I crye :  
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

Now voucheth sauf this day, or lit be  
night,

That I of you the blisful soun may here,  
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright,  
That of yelownesse hadde never pere. 11  
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere,  
Quene of comfort and of good companye :  
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

Now purs, that be to me my lyves light, 15  
And saveour, as doun in this worlde here,  
Out of this tounne help me through your  
might,

Sin that ye wole nat been my tresorare ;  
For I am shave as nye as any frere.

But yit I pray un-to your curtesye : 20  
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye !

### Lenvoy de Chaucer.

O conquerour of Brutes Albioun !  
Which that by lyne and free eleccioun  
Ben verray king, this song to you I sende ;  
And ye, that mowen al our harm amende,  
Have minde up-on my supplicacioun ! 26

## XX. PROVERBS.

### Proverbe of Chaucer.

#### I.

WHAT shul these clothes many-fold,  
Lo ! this hote somers day ?—  
After greet heet cometh cold ;  
No man caste his pilche away. 4

#### II.

Of al this world the wyde compas  
Hit wol not in myn armes tweyna.—  
Who-so mochel wol embrace  
Litel therof he shal distreyna.

## APPENDIX.

[The following Poems are also probably genuine ; but are placed here  
for lack of external evidence.]

## XXI. AGAINST WOMEN UNCONSTANT.

## Balade.

MADAME, for your newe-fangelnesse,  
Many a servaunt have ye put out of grace,  
I take my leve of your unstedfastnesse,  
For wel I wot, whyl ye have lyves space,  
Ye can not love ful half yeer in a place ; 5  
To newe thing your lust is ever kene ;  
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al  
grene.

Right as a mirour nothing may enpresse,  
But, lightly as it cometh, so mot it pace,  
So fareth your love, your werkes bereth  
witness. 10

Ther is no feith that may your herte en-  
brace ;

But, as a wedercok, that turneth his face  
With every wind, ye fare, and that is  
sene ;  
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al  
grene.

Ye might be shryned, for your brotelnesse,  
Bet than Dalyda, Creseide or Candace ; 16  
For ever in chaunging †stant your siker-  
nesse,  
That tache may no wight fro your herte  
arace ;

If ye lese oon, ye can wel tweyn purchase ;  
Al light for somer, ye woot wel what I  
mene, 20

In stede of blew, thus may ye were al  
grene.

*Explicit.*

XXII. AN AMOROUS COMPLEINT. (COMPLEINT  
DAMOURS.)An amorous Complot, made at  
Windsor.

I, WHICH that am the sorwefulleste  
man

That in this world was ever yit livinge,  
And leest recoverer of him-selven can,  
Beginne †thus my deedly compleininge  
On hir, that may to lyf and deeth me  
bringe, 5

Which hath on me no mercy ne no rewthe  
That love hir best, but sleeth me for my  
trewthe.

Can I noght doon ne seye that may yow  
lyke, 6

†For certes, now, alas ! alas ! the whyle !  
Your plesaunce is to laughen whan I  
syke, 10

And thus ye me from al my blisse exyle



Ye han me cast in thilke spitous yle  
 Ther never man on lyve mighte asterte ;  
 This have I for I lovè you, swete herte !

Sooth is, that wol I woot, by lyklinesse,  
 If that it were thing possible to do 16  
 T'acompte youre beutee and goodnesse,  
 I have no wonder thogh ye do me wo ;  
 Sith I, th'unworthiest that may ryde or go,  
 Durste ever thinke in so hy a place, 20  
 What wonder is, thogh ye do me no grace ?

Allas ! thus is my lyf brought to an ende,  
 My deeth, I see, is my conclusioun ;  
 I may wel singe, 'in sory tyme I spende  
 My lyf ;' that song may have confusioun !  
 For mercy, pitee, and deep affeccioun, 26  
 I sey for me, for al my deedly chere,  
 Alle thise diden, in that, me love yow dere.

And in this wyse and in dispayre I live  
 In lovè ; nay, but in dispayre I dye ! 30  
 But shal I thus [to] yow my deeth for-give,  
 That causeles doth me this sorow drye ?  
 Ye, certes, I ! For she of my folye  
 Hath nought to done, although she do me  
 sterve ;

Hit is nat with hir wil that I hir serve ! 35  
 Than sith I am of my sorowe the cause  
 And sith that I have this, withoute hir  
 reed,

Than may I seyn, right shortly in a clause,  
 It is no blame unto hir womanheed  
 Though swich a wrecche as I be for hir  
 deed ; 40

[And] yet alwey two things doon me dye,  
 That is to seyn, hir beutee and myn yè.

So that, algates, she is the verray rote  
 Of my dise, and of my dethe also ;  
 For with oon word she mighte be my bote,  
 If that she vouches sauf for to do so. 46  
 But [why] than is hir gladnesse at my wo ?  
 It is hir wone plessaunce for to take,  
 To seen hir servaunts dyen for hir sako !

But certes, than is al my wonderinge, 50  
 Sithen she is the fayrest creature  
 As to my dome, that ever was livinge,  
 The benignest and beste eek that nature  
 Hath wrought or shal, whyl that the  
 world may dure,

Why that she lefte pite so behinde ? 55  
 It was, y-wis, a greet defaute in kinde.

Yit is al this no lak to hir, pardee,  
 But god or nature sore wolde I blame ;  
 For, though she shewe no pite unto me,  
 Sithen that she doth othre men the same,  
 I ne oughte to despyse my ladies game ; 61  
 It is hir pley to laughen whan mon syketh,  
 And I assente, al that hir list and lyketh !

Yit wolde I, as I dar, with sorweful herte  
 Diseche un-to your meke womanhede 65  
 That I now dorste my sharpe scowes  
 smerte

Showe by worde, that ye wolde ones rede  
 The pleynte of me, the which ful sore  
 drede

That I have seid here, through myn un-  
 conninge,

In any worde to your displeinge. 70

Lothest of anything that ever was loth  
 Were me, as wisly god my soule save !  
 To seyn a thing through which ye might  
 be wroth ;

And, to that day that I be leyd in grave,  
 A trewer servannt shulle ye never have ;  
 And, though that I on yow have pleynded  
 here, 76

Forgiveth it me, myn owne lady dere !

Ever have I been, and shal, how-so I  
 wende,

Outher to live or dye, your humble trewe ;  
 Ye been to me my ginning and myn ende,  
 Sonne of the sterre bright and clere of  
 hewe, 81

Alwey in oon to love yow freshly newe,  
 By god and by my trouthe, is myn entente ;  
 To live or dye, I wol it never repente !

This compleynt on seint Valentynes day,  
 Whan every foul [ther] chesen shal his  
 make, 86

To hir, whos I am hool, and shal alwey,  
 This woful song and this compleynt I  
 make,

That never yit wolde me to mercy take ;  
 And yit wol I [for] evermore her serve 90  
 And love hir best, although she do me  
 sterve.

## XXIII. A BALADE OF COMPLEYNT.

[This is added as being a good example of a Complaynt in Chaucer's style.]

COMPLEYNE ne coude, ne might myn herte  
never

My peynes halve, ne what torment I have,  
Though that I sholde in your presence  
ben ever,

My hertes lady, as wisly he me save  
That bountee made, and bentee list to  
grave 5

In your persone, and bad hem bothe inferre  
Ever t'awayte, and ay be wher ye were.

As wisly he gye alle my joyes here  
As I am youre, and to yow sad and trewe,  
And ye, my lyf and cause of my good  
chere, 10

And deeth also, whan ye my peynes newe,  
My worldes joye, whom I wol serve and  
sewe,  
My haven hool, and al my suffisaunce,  
Whom for to serve is set al my plesaunce.

Beseching yow in my most humble wyse  
T'accepte in worth this litel povre dyte, 16  
And for my trouthe my service nat despye,

Myn observaunce eek have nat in despyte,  
Ne yit to long to suffren in this plyte;  
I yow beseche, myn hertes lady, here, 20  
Sith I yow serve, and so wil yeer by  
yere.

## XXIV. WOMANLY NOBLESSE.

[This genuine poem was first printed in June, 1894.]

## Balade that Chaucier made.

So hath my herte caught in remembrance  
Your beauté hool, and stedfast govern-  
aunce,

Your vertues all, and your hy noblesse,  
That you to serve is set al my plesaunce;  
So wel me lykth your womanly conten-  
aunce, 5

Your fresshe fetures and your com-  
liness,

That, whyl I live, my herte to his  
maistresse,

You hath ful chose, in trew perséverance,  
Never to chaunge, for no maner dis-  
tresse.

And sith I [you] shal do this ob-  
servaunce 10

Al my lyf, withouten displeaunce,  
You for to serve with al my besynesse,  
[Taketh me, lady, in your obeisaunce]  
And have me somewhat in your souven-  
aunce.

My woful hertesuffreth greet duresse; 15  
And [loke] how humbl[ely], with al  
simplesse,

My wil I cónforme to your ordenaunce,  
As you best list, my peynes + to redressa

Considering eek how I hange in balaunce  
In your servycé; swich, lo! is my  
chaunce, 20

Abyding grace, whan that your gentil-  
nesse

Of my gret wo list doon allegeaunce,  
And with your pity me som wyae avaunce,  
In ful rebating of my hevynesse;

And think + resoun, that womanly  
noblesse 25

Shuld nat desyre + for to doon outrance  
Ther-as she findeth noon unluxurynesse

## Lenvoye.

Aunctour of norture, lady of plesaunce,  
Sovereine of beauté, flour of womman-  
hede,

Take ye non hede unto myn ignoraunce, 30  
But this receyveth of your goodlihede,  
Thinking that I have caught in re-  
membrance

Your beauté hool, your stedfast govern-  
aunce.

# BOETHIUS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE.

## BOOK I.

METRE I. *Carmina qui quondam studio  
florete peregi.*

ALLAS! I, weping, am constrained to  
biginnen vers of sorowful matere, that  
whylom in florischng studie made delit-  
able ditees. For lo! rendinge Muses of  
5 poetes endyten to me thinges to be  
writen; and drery vers of wrecchednesse  
weten my face with verray teres. At  
the leeste, no drede ne mighte over-  
comen tho Muses, that they ne weren  
10 felawes, and folweden my wey, *that is*  
*to seyn, whan I was cryled*; they that  
weren glorie of my youthe, whylom wele-  
ful and grene, comforten now the sorow-  
ful werdes of me, olde man. For elde  
15 is comen unwarly upon me, hasted by  
the harmes that I have, and sorow hath  
comaunded his age to be in me. Heres  
hore ben shad overtymeliche upon myn  
heved, and the slake skin trembleth upon  
20 myn empted body. Tilke deeth of men  
is weful that ne cometh not in yeres  
that ben swete, but cometh to wrecches,  
often y-cleped. Allas! allas! with how  
deef an ere deeth, cruel, torneth away  
25 fro wrecches, and naiteth to closen  
wepinge eyen! Whyl Fortune, unfeith-  
ful, favored me with lighte goodes, the  
sorowful houre, *that is to seyn, the deeth,*  
hadde almost dreyn myn heved. But  
30 now, for Fortune cloudy hath changed

hir deceyvable chere to me-ward, myn  
unpitous lyf draweth a-long unagreable  
dwellinges in me. O ye, my frendes, what  
or wherto avantede ye me to ben waleful?  
for he that hath fallen stood nat in 35  
stedefast degree.

PROSE I. *Hec dum mecum tacitus ipse  
reputarem.*

Whyle that I stille recordede thise  
thinges with my-self, and markede my  
weeply compleynte with office of pointel,  
I saw, stondinge aboven the heighte of  
myn heved, a woman of ful greet re- 5  
verence by semblaunt, hir eyen bren-  
ninge and cleer-seinge over the comune  
might of men; with a lyfly colour, and  
with swich vigour and strengthe that it  
ne mighte nat ben empted; al were it 10  
so that she was ful of so greet age, that  
men ne wolde nat trowen, in no manere,  
that she were of oure elde. The stature  
of hir was of a doutous judgement; for  
som-tyme she constrainede and shronk 15  
hir-selven lyk to the comune mesure of  
men, and sum-tyme it semede that she  
touchede the hevene with the heighte of  
hir heved; and whan she heef hir heved  
hyer, she percede the selve hevene, so 20  
that the sighte of men looking was in  
ydel. Hir clothes weren maked of right  
delye thredes and subtil crafte, of per-  
durable matere; the whiche clothes she

25 hadde woven with hir owene hondes, as  
I knew wel after by hir-self, declaringo  
and shewing to me the beautee; the  
whiche clothes a derknesse of a forleten  
and dyspysed elde hadde dusked and  
30 derked, as it is wont to derken bi-  
smokede images. In the nethereste  
hem or bordure of this clothes men  
redden, y-woven in, a Grekissh P, that  
*signifyeth the lyf Actif*; and aboven that  
35 lettre, in the heyeste bordure, a Grekissh  
T, that *signifyeth the lyf Contemplatif*.  
And bi-twixen these two lettres ther  
weren seyn degrees, nobly y-wrought in  
manere of ladders; by whiche degrees  
40 men mighten climben fro the nethereste  
lette to the uppreste. Natheles, handes  
of some men hadde corven that cloth  
by violence and by strengthe; and  
everiche man of hem hadde born away  
45 swiche peces as he mighte geten. And  
forsothe, this forseide woman bar smale  
bokes in hir right hand, and in hir left  
hand she bar a ceptre. And whan she  
say thiso poetical Muses aprochen aboute  
50 my bed, and endytinge wordes to my  
wepinges, she was a litel amoved, and  
glowede with cruol eyen. 'Who,' quod  
she, 'hath suffred aprochen to this syke  
man thise comune strompetes of swich  
55 a place that men clepen the theatre?  
The whiche nat only ne asswagen nat  
hise sorwes with none remedies, but they  
wolden feden and norisshen hem with  
swete venom. Forsothe, thise ben tho  
60 that with thornes and prikkings of  
talents or affecciouns, whiche that ne  
ben no-thing fructefynges nor profitable,  
destroyen the corn plentevous of fruites  
of resoun; for they holden the hertes  
65 of men in usage, but they ne delivere  
nat folk fro maladye. But if ye Muses  
hadden withdrawn fro me, with your  
flateryes, any uncunninge and unprofit-  
able man, as men ben wont to finde  
70 comunly amonges the poeple, I wolde  
wene suffre the lasse grevously; for-why,  
in swiche an unprofitable man, myn  
ententes ne weren no-thing endamaged.  
But ye withdrawen from me this man,  
75 that hath be norisshed in the studies or

scoles of Eleaticis and of Achademicis in  
*Grece*. But goth now rather away, ye  
mermaidenes, whiche that ben swete til  
it be at the laste, and suffreth this man  
to be cured and heled by myne Muses,' 80  
*that is to seyn, by notable sciences*. And  
thus this companye of Muses y-blamed  
casten wrothly the chere downward to  
the erthe; and, shewing by reednesse  
hir shame, they passeden sorowfully the 85  
threshfold. And I, of whom the sighte,  
plounged in teres, was derked so that  
I ne mighte not knowen what that  
womman was, of so imperial auctorites,  
I wex al abaished and astoned, and caste 90  
my sighte down to the erthe, and bigan  
stille for to abyde what she wolde don  
afterward. Tho com she ner, and sette  
hir down up-on the uttereste corner of  
my bed; and she, biholdinge my chere, 95  
that was cast to the erthe, hevly and  
grevous of wepinge, compleinede, with  
these wordes that I shal seyn, the per-  
turbacioun of my thought.

METRE II. *Heu quam precipiti meror  
profundo.*

'Allas! how the thought of man, dreint  
in over-throwinge deepnesse, dulleth, and  
forleteth his propre cleernesse, mintinge  
to goon in-to foreine derknesse, as ofte  
as his anoyous businesse wexeth with- 5  
oute mesure, that is driven to and fro  
with worldly windes! This man, that  
whylom was free, to whom the hevene  
was open and knowen, and was wont  
to goon in heveneliche pathes, and saugh 10  
the lightnesse of the rede sonne, and  
saugh the sterres of the colde mone, and  
whiche sterre in hevene useth wandering  
recourses, y-flit by dyverse speres—this  
man, overcomer, hadde comprehended 15  
al this by noumbre of *accountinge in astro-  
nomye*. And over this, he was wont to  
seken the causes whennes the souning  
windes moeven and bisien the smothe  
water of the see; and what spirit torneth 20  
the stable hevene; and why the sterre  
aryseth out of the rede east, to fallen in  
the westrene wawes; and what atempreth

the lusty houres of the firste somer  
 15 season, that highteth and apparailth  
 the erthe with rosene flowres; and who  
 maketh that plantevouse autumpne, in  
 fulle yores, fleteth with hevy grapes.  
 And eek this man was wont to telle the  
 30 dyverse causes of nature that weren  
 y-hidde. Allas! now lyeth he emptied of  
 light of his thought; and his nekke is  
 pressed with hevy cheynes; and bereth  
 his chere enclyned adoun for the grette  
 35 weichte, and is constrained to looken on  
 the fool erthe!

PROSE II. *Set medicine, inquit, tempus est.*

But tyme is now,' quod she, 'of medicine more than of compleinte.' Forsothe than she, entendinge to me-ward with alle the lookings of hir eyen, seide:—'Art  
 5 nat thou he,' quod she, 'that whylom y-norished with my milk, and fostered with myne metes, were escaped and comen to corage of a parfit man? Certes, I yuf thee swiche armures that, yif thou  
 10 thy-self ne haddest first cast hem a-vey, they shulden han defended thee in sikernesse that may nat ben over-comen. Knowest thou me nat? Why art thou stille? Is it for shame or for astoninge?  
 15 It were me lever that it were for shame; but it semeth me that astoninge hath oppressed thee.' And whan she say me nat only stille, but with-uten office of tunge and al doubt, she leide hir hand  
 20 softly upon my brest, and seide: 'Here nis no peril,' quod she; 'he is fallen into a litargie, whiche that is a comune syknes to hertes that ben deceived. He hath a litel foryeten him-self, but certes  
 25 he shal lightly remembren him-self, yif so be that he hath knowen me or now; and that he may so don, I wil wypen a litel his eyen, that ben derked by the cloude of mortal thinges.' Thisse wordes  
 30 seide she, and with the lappe of hir garment, y-plyed in a frounce, she dryede myn eyen, that weren fulle of the wawes of my wepinges.

METRE III. *Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebra.*

Thus, whan that night was discussed and chased a-vey, darknesses forloften me, and to myn eyen repeired ayein hir firste strengthe. And, right by ensaumple as the sonne is hid whan the sterres ben  
 5 clustred (*that is to seyn, whan sterres ben covered with cloudes*) by a swifte winde that highte Chorus, and that the firmament stant derked by wete plouny cloudes, and that the sterres nat apperen  
 10 up-on hevене, so that the night semeth sprad up-on erthe: yif thanne the wind that highte Borias, y-sent out of the caves of the contres of Trace, betoth this night  
 15 (*that is to seyn, chaseth it a-vey*), and discovereth the closed day: than shyneth Phebus y-shaken with sokein light, and smyteth with his bones in merveling eyeen.

PROSE III. *Haud aliter tristicie nebulis dissolutis.*

Right so, and non other wyse, the cloudes of sorwe dissolved and don a-vey, I took hevене, and receivde minde to knowen the face of my fysicien; so that I sette myn eyen on hir, and fastnode my  
 5 lookinge. I beholde my norice Philosophie, in whos houses I hadde conversed and haunted fro my youthe; and I seide thus. 'O thou maistresse of alle vertues, descended from the sovereign sete, why  
 10 artow comen in-to this solitarie place of myn exile? Artow comen for thou art maked conpable with me off false blames?'

Phil. 'O,' quod she, 'my norry, sholde I forsaken thee now, and sholde I nat  
 15 parten with thee, by comune travaile, the charge that thou hast suffred for envie of my name? Certes, it nere not loveful ne sittinge thing to Philosophie, to leten with-uten companye the way of him that  
 20 is innocent. Sholde I thanne redoute my blame, and agrysen as though ther were bifallen a newe thing? *quasi diceret, non.* For trowestow that Philosophie be now alderfirst assailed in perils by folk of  
 25 wikkede maneres? Have I nat striven

with ful greet stryf, in olde tyme, bfore  
the age of my Plato, aynes the foolhardi-  
nesse of folye? And eek, the same Plato  
30 livinge, his maister Socrates deservede  
victorie of unrightful deeth in my pre-  
sence. The heritage of which Socrates—  
*the heritage is to seyn the doctrine of the*  
*whiche Socrates in his opinioun of Felicitee,*  
35 *that I clepe welcfulness*—whan that the  
poeple of Epicuriens and Stoiciens and  
many othre enforceden hem to go ravisshe  
everich man for his part—that is to seyn,  
*that everich of hem wolde drawn to the*  
40 *defence of his opinioun the wordes of*  
*Socrates*—they, as in partie of hir preye,  
to-drown me, cryinge and debatinge  
thor-ayeins, and corven and to-renten my  
clothes that I hadde woven with myn  
45 handes; and with the cloutes that they  
hadden araced out of my clothes they  
wenten away, weninge that I hadde gon  
with hem everydel. In whiche *Epi-*  
*curiens and Stoiciens*, for as moche as ther  
50 semede some traces or steppes of myn  
habite, the folye of men, weuninge tho *Epi-*  
*curiens and Stoiciens* my famuleres, per-  
verted (sc. *persequendo*) some through the  
error of the wikkede or uncunninge  
55 multitude of hem. *This is to seyn that,*  
*for they semede philosophres, they weren*  
*pursued to the deeth and slayn.* So yif thou  
hast nat knowen the exilinge of Anaxo-  
gore, ne the enpoysoninge of Socrates, ne  
60 the tourments of Zeno, for they weren  
straungers: yit mightestow han knowen  
the Seneciens and the Canios and the  
†Soranos, of whiche folk the renoun is  
neither over-olde ne unsolompne. The  
65 whiche men, no-thing elles ne broughto  
hem to the deeth but only for they weren  
enfourmed of myne maneres, and seme-  
den most unlyke to the studies of wik-  
kede folk. And forthy thou oughtest nat  
70 to wondren though that I, in the bitre  
see of this lyf, be fordriven with tem-  
pestes blowinge aboute, in the whiche  
tempestes this is my most purpos, *that is*  
*to seyn*, to displesen to wikkede men. Of  
75 whiche shrewes, al be the ost never so  
greet, it is to dispyse; for it nis governed  
with no leder of rescoun, but it is ravissed

only by fletinge errour folyly and lightly.  
And if they som-tyme, makinge an ost  
ayeins us, assaile us as strenger, our leder 80  
draweth to-gidero hise richesses in-to his  
tour, and they ben ententif aboute sar-  
pulers or sachels unprofitable for to taken.  
But we that ben heye aboven, siker fro  
alle tumulte and wode noise, warnestored 85  
and enclosed in swich a palis, whider as  
that chateringe or anyoyngs folye ne may  
nat atayne, we scorne swiche ravinere;  
and henteres of fouleste thinges.

METRE IV. *Quisquis composito serenus euo.*

Who-so it be that is cleer of vertu, sad,  
and wel ordinat of livinge, that hath put  
under foot the proude werdes and looketh  
upright up-on either fortune, he may  
holde his chere undiscomfited. The rage 5  
no the manaces of the see, commoevinge  
or chasinge upward hete fro the botme,  
ne shal nat moeve that man; ne the  
unstable mountaigne that highte Vesevus,  
that wrytheth out through his brokene 10  
chiminees smokinge fyres. No the way  
of †thunder-leyt, that is wont to smyte  
heye toures, ne shal nat moeve that man.  
Wher-to thanne, o wrecches, drede ye  
tirauntes that ben wode and felonous 15  
with-oute any strengthe? Hope after  
no-thing, ne drede nat; and so shaltow  
desarmen the ire of thilke unmighty  
tiraunt. But who-so that, quakinge,  
dredeth or desirith thing that nis nat 20  
stable of his right, that man that so doth  
hath cast away his sheld and is removed  
fro his place, and enlacet him in the  
cheyne with the which he may ben  
drawen. 25

PROSE IV. *Sentime, inquit, hec.*

Falestow,' quod she, 'thise thinges,  
and entren they aught in thy corage?  
Artow lyke an asse to the harpe? Why  
wepestow, why spillestow teres? Yif  
thou abydest after help of thy leche, thee 5  
bihoveth discovere thy wounde.' Tho  
I, that hadde gadered strengthe in my  
corage, answered and seide: 'And  
nedeth it yit,' quod I, 'of rehersinge or  
of amonicioun; and sheweth it nat 10

y-nough by him-self the sharpnesse of Fortune, that wexeth wood ayeins me? Ne moeveth it nat thee to seen the face or the manere of this place (*i. prison*)? 15 Is this the librarie whiche that thou haddest chosen for a right certain sete to thee in myn hous, ther-as thou desputeddest ofte with me of the sciences of thinges touchinge divinitee and touchinge man- 20 kinde? Was thanne myn habite swich as it is now? Was than my face or my chere swiche as now (*quasi diceret, non*), whan I soughte with thee secrets of nature, whan thou enformedest my man- 25 neres and the resoun of alle my lyf to the ensaumple of the ordre of hevens? Is nat this the guerdoun that I referre to thee, to whom I have be obeisant? Certes, thou conferredest, by the mouth of Plato, 30 this sentence, *that is to seyn*, that comune thinges or comunallitees weren blisful, yif they that hadden studied al fully to wisdom governeden thilke thinges, or elles yif it so bifille that the governoures of 35 comunallitees studieden to geton wisdom. Thou seidest eek, by the mouth of the same Plato, that it was a necessarie cause, wyse men to taken and desire the governaunce of comune thinges, for that 40 the governements of citees, y-left in the handes of felonous tormentours citizenen, ne sholde nat bringe in pestilence and destruccioun to gode folk. And therfor I, folwinge thilke auctoritee (*sc. Platonis*), 45 desired to putten forth in execucioun and in acte of comune administracioun thilke thinges that I hadde lerned of thee among my secree resting-whyles. Thou, and god that putte thee in the thoughtes of wyse 50 folk, ben knowinge with me, that nothing ne broughte me to maistrie or dignitee, but the comune studie of alle goodnesse. And ther-of comth it that bi-twixen wikked folk and me han ben 55 grevous discordes, that ne mighten ben releued by preyer; for this libertee hath the freedom of conscience, that the wratthe of more mighty folk hath alwey ben depseyed of me for savacioun of right. How 60 ofte have I resisted and withstonde thilke man that highte Conigaste, that made

alwey assantes ayeins the prospre fortunes of pore feble folk? How ofte eek have I put of or cast out him, Trigwille, provost of the kinges hous, bothe of the 65 wronges that he hadde bigunne to don, and eek fully performed? How ofte have I covered and defended by the auctoritee of me, put ayeins perils—*that is to seyn*, put myn auctoritee in peril for—the 70 wrecched pore folk, that the covetyse of straungeres unpunished tourmenteden alwey with miseyses and grevaunces out of noumbre? Never man ne drow me yit fro right to wronge. Whan I say the 75 fortunes and the richesess of the people of the provinces ben harmed or amenused, outhur by privee ravynes or by comune tributes or carriages, as sory was I as they that suffreden the harm. —Glossa. 80 Whan that Theodoric, the king of Gothes, in a dere yere, hadde hise gerneress ful of corn, and comaunded that no man ne sholde byen no corn til his corn were sold, and that at a grevous dere pryse, Boece withstood that 85 ordinaunce, and over-com it, knowinge al this the king him-self. —Textus. Whan it was in the soure hungry tyme, ther was established or cryed grevous and inplitable coempcioun, that men sayen 90 wel it sholde greetly turmenten and endamagen al the province of Campaigne, I took stryf ayeins the provost of the pretorie for comune profit. And, the king knowinge of it, I overcom it, so that the 95 coempcioun ne was not axed ne took effect. —[Glossa.] †Coempcioun, *that is to seyn*, comune achat or bying to-gidere, that were established up-on the people by swiche a manere imposicioun, as who-so boughte 100 a bushel corn, he moste yeve the king the fiftte part. —[Textus.] Paulin, a counsellor of Rome, the richesess of the whiche Paulin the houndes of the palays, that is to seyn, the officeres, wolden han 105 devoured by hope and covetise, yit drow I him out of the jowes (*sc. faucibus*) of hem that gapeden. And for as moche as the peyne of the accusacioun ajuged bifore ne sholde nat sodenly henten ne punisshen 110 wrongfully Albin, a counsellor of Rome, I putte me ayeins the hates and indig-

naciouns of the accuser Ciprian. Is it nat  
 thanne y-nough y-seyn, that I have pur-  
 115 chased grete discordes ayeins my-self?  
 But I oughte be the more assured ayeins  
 alle othere folk (*s. Romayne*), that for the  
 love of rightwisnesse I ne reserved never  
 no-thing to my-self to hemward of the  
 120 kinges halle, *sc. officers*, by the whiche  
 I wore the more siker. But thorough tho  
 same accusors accensing, I am con-  
 dempned. Of the noumbir of the whiche  
 accusors oon Basilus, that whylom was  
 125 chased out of the kinges service, is now  
 compelled in accusinge of my name, for  
 nede of foreine moneye. Also Opillion and  
 Gaudencius han accused me, al be it so  
 that the justice regal hadde whylom  
 130 demed hem bothe to go in-to exil for hir  
 trecheries and fraudes withoute noumbir.  
 To whiche jugement they nolden nat  
 obeye, but defendeden hem by the sike-  
 nesse of holy houses, *that is to seyn, fledden*  
 135 *into seintuaries*; and whan this was aper-  
 ceived to the king, he comaundede, that  
 but they voidede the citee of Ravenne by  
 certain day assigned, that men sholde  
 merken hem on the forheved with an hoot  
 140 yren and chasen hem out of the tounne.  
 Now what thing, semeth thee, mighte ben  
 lykned to this crueltee? For certes, thilke  
 same day was received the accusinge of  
 my name by thilke same accusors. What  
 145 may ben seid her-to? (*quasi diceret, nichil*).  
 Hath my studie and my cunninge de-  
 served thus; or elles the forseide damp-  
 nacioun of me, made that hem rightful  
 accusors or no? (*quasi diceret, non*). Was  
 50 not Fortune ashamed of this? Certes, al  
 hadde nat Fortune ben ashamed that  
 innocence was accused, yit oughte she  
 han had shame of the filthe of myne  
 accusours.  
 155 But, axestow in somme, of what gilt  
 I am accused, men seyn that I wolde save  
 the companie of the senatours. And  
 desirest thou to heren in what manere?  
 I am accused that I sholde han des-  
 160 tourbed the accuser to beren lettres, by  
 whiche he sholde han makid the sena-  
 tours gilty ayeins the kinges real ma-  
 jestee. O maistresse, what demestow of

this? Shal I forsake this blame, that I ne  
 be no shame to thee? (*quasi diceret, non*). 165  
 Certes, I have wold it, *that is to seyn, the*  
*savacioun of the senat*, ne I shal never  
 leten to wilne it, and that I confosse and  
 am aknowe; but the entente of the  
 accuser to be destourbed shal cese. For 170  
 shal I clepe it thanne a felonie or a sinne  
 that I have desired the savacioun of the  
 ordre of the senat? (*quasi diceret, dubito*  
*quid*). And certes yit hadde thilke same  
 senat don by me, thorough hir decrets and 175  
 hir jugements, as though it were a sinne  
 or a felonie; *that is to seyn, to wilne the*  
*savacioun of hem (sc. senatus)*. But folye,  
 that lyeth alwey to him-self, may not  
 chaunge the merite of thinges. Ne I trowe 180  
 nat, by the jugement of Socrates, that it  
 were leveful to me to hyde the sothe,  
 ne assente to lesinges. But certes, how  
 so ever it be of this, I putte it to gessen or  
 preisen to the jugement of thee and of 185  
 wyse folk. Of whiche thing al the ordi-  
 nauce and the sothe, for as moche as  
 folk that ben to comen after our dayes  
 shullen knowen it, I have put it in scrip-  
 ture and in remembrance. For touchyng 190  
 the lettres falsly makid, by whiche lettres  
 I am accused to han hoped the freedom of  
 Rome, what aperteneth me to speke ther-  
 of? Of whiche lettres the fraude hadde  
 ben shewed apertly, yif I hadde had 195  
 libertee for to han used and been at the  
 confessioun of myne accusours, the  
 whiche thing in alle nodes hath greet  
 strengthe. For what other freedom may  
 men hopen? Certes, I wolde that som 200  
 other freedom mighte ben hoped. I wolde  
 thanne han answered by the wordes  
 of a man that highte Canius; for whan  
 he was accused by Gaius Cesar, Ger-  
 meynes sone, that he (*Canius*) was know- 205  
 inge and consentinge of a conjuracioun  
 y-makid ayeins him (*sc. Gaius*), this  
 Canius answered thus: "Yif I hadde  
 wist it, thou haddest nat wist it." In  
 which thing sorwe hath nat so dilled my 210  
 wit, that I playne only that shrewede folk  
 aparailen felonies ayeins vertu; but I  
 wondre greetly how that they may per-  
 forme thinges that they hadde hoped for to



215 don. For-why, to wilne shrewednesse,  
that comth peraventure of onre defaute;  
but it is lyk a monstre and a mervaille,  
how that, in the present sighte of god,  
may ben achede and performed swiche  
220 thinges as every felonous man hath con-  
ceived in his thought ayeins innocents.  
For which thing oon of thy famileres nat  
unskilfully axed thus: "Yif god is,  
whennes comen wikkede thinges? And  
225 yif god ne is, whennes comen gode  
thinges?" But al hadde it ben leveful  
that felonous folk, that now desiren the  
blood and the deeth of alle gode men and  
eek of alle the senat, han wilned to gon  
230 destroyen me, whom they han seyen  
alwey bataillen and defenden gode men  
and eek al the senat, yit had I nat  
desserved of the faderes, *that is to seyn, of  
the senatoures*, that they sholden wilne my  
235 destruccioun.

Thou remembreth wel, as I gesse, that  
whan I wolde doon or seyen any thing,  
thou thyself, alwey present, rewledest me.  
At the city of Verone, whan that the  
240 king, gredy of comune slaughter, caste  
him to transporten up al the ordre of the  
senat the gilt of his real majestee, of the  
whiche gilt that Albin was accused, with  
how gret sikernes of peril to me de-  
245 fendede I al the senat! Thou wost wel  
that I seye sooth, ne I ne avauntede me  
never in preysinge of my-self. For alwey,  
whan any wight receiveth precions renoun  
in avauntinge him-self of his werkes, he  
250 amenuseth the secree of his conscience.  
But now thou mayst wel seen to what  
ende I am comen for myne innocence;  
I receive peyne of fals felonye for guerdon  
of verray vertu. And what open con-  
255 fessioun of felonye hadde ever juges so  
acordaunt in crueltee, *that is to seyn, as  
myn accusinge hath*, that either errour of  
mannes wit or elles condicioun of For-  
tune, that is uncertein to alle mortal  
260 folk, ne submittede some of hem, *that is  
to seyn, that it ne enclymede som juge to han  
pitee or compassioun?* For al-though I  
hadde ben accused that I wolde brenne  
holy houses, and strangle preestes with  
265 wikkede swerde, or that I hadde greythed

deeth to al gode men, algates the sentence  
sholde han punisshed me, present, con-  
fessed, or convict. But now I am remowed  
fro the citee of Rome almost fyve hundred  
thousand pas, I am with-oute defance 270  
dampned to proscriptioun and to the  
deeth, for the studie and bountees that  
I have doon to the senat. But O, wel ben  
they worthy of merite (*as who seith, nay*),  
ther mighte never yit non of hem be 275  
convict of swiche a blame as myne is! Of  
whiche trespas, myne accusours sayen ful  
wel the dignitee; the whiche dignitee,  
for they wolden derken it with medeling  
of som felonye, they baren me on hand, 280  
and lyeden, that I hadde polut and de-  
fouled my conscience with sacrilege, for  
coveitise of dignitee. And certes, thou thy-  
self, that art plantuned in me, chancedest  
out of the sege of my corage al coveitise of 285  
mortal thinges; no sacrilege hadde no  
leve to han a place in me bifrom thyne  
eyen. For thou droppedest every day in  
myne ores and in my thought thilke  
comaundement of Pictagoras, *that is to* 290  
*seyn*, men shal serve to godde, and not to  
goddes. No it was nat convenient, *ne no  
nede*, to taken help of the foulest spirites;  
I, that thou hast ordeined and set in  
swiche excellence that thou makedest me 295  
lyk to god. And over this, the right clene  
secree chaumbre of myne hous, *that is to  
seyn, my wyf*, and the compagne of myn  
honest freendes, and my wyves fader, as  
wel holy as worthy to ben revered 300  
thorough his owne dedes, dofonden me  
from alle suspecioun of swich blame. But  
O malice! For they that accusen me  
taken of the, *Philosophie*, feith of so gret  
blame! For they trowen that I have had 305  
affinitee to malefice or *enchauement*,  
by-cause that I am replenished and  
fulfilled with thy techinges, and enformed  
of thy maneres. And thus it suffieth not  
only, that thy reverence ne avenge me not, 310  
but-yif that thou, of thy free wille, rather  
be blemished with myn offencioun. But  
certes, to the harmes that I have, ther  
bitydeth yit this encrees of harm, that  
the gessinge and the jugement of moche 315  
folk ne looken no-thing to the desertes of

things, but only to the adventure of fortune; and jagen that only swiche things ben purveyed of god, whiche that  
 320 temporel welofulnesse commendeth.—  
*Glose. As thus: that, yif a wight have prosperitee, he is a good man and worthy to han that prosperitee; and who-so hath adversitee, he is a wikked man, and god*  
 325 *hath forsake him, and he is worthy to han that adversitee. This is the opinioun of some folk.*—And ther-of comth that good gessing, first of alle thing, forsaketh wrecches: certes, it groweth me to thinke  
 330 right now the dyverse sentences that the poeple seith of me. And thus moche I seye, that the laste charge of contrarious fortune is this: that, whan that any blame is leyd upon a caitif, men wenen  
 335 that he hath deserved that he suffreth. And I, that am put away fro gode men, and despoiled of dignitees, and defouled of my name by gessinge, have suffred torment for my gode dedes. Certes, me  
 340 semeth that I see the felonous covins of wikked men habounden in joye and in gladnesse. And I see that every loral shapeth him to finde out newe fraudes for to accuse gode folk. And I see that gode  
 345 men beth overthrown for drede of my peril; and every luxurious tourmentour dar doon alle felonye unpunished and ben excited therto by yiftes; and innocents ne ben not only despoiled of sikernes  
 350 nesse but of defence; and therefore me list to cryen to god in this wyse:—

METRE V. *O stelliferi conditor orbis.*

O thou maker of the whele that bereth the sterres, which that art y-fastned to thy perdurable chayer, and tornest the hevene with a ravissling swiagh, and  
 5 constreintest the sterres to suffren thy lawe; so that the mone som-tyme shyning with hir ful hornes, meting with alle the beemes of the sonne hir brother, hydeth the sterres that ben losse; and somtyme,  
 10 whan the mone, pale with hir derke hornes, approcheth the sonne, loseth hir lightes; and that the eve-sterre Hesperus, whiche that in the firste tyyme of the night

bringeth forth hir colde arysinges, cometh eft ayen hir used cours, and is palo by 15  
*the morwe* at the rysing of the sonne, and is thanne cleped Lucifer. Thou restrainest the day by shorter dwelling, in the tyyme of colde winter that maketh the leves to falle. Thou dividest the swifte tydes of 20  
 the night, whan the hote somer is comen. Thy might atempreth the variaunts sesons of the yere; so that Zephirus the deboneir wind bringeth ayen, *in the first somer sesoun*, the leves that the wind that 25  
 highte Boreas hath rest away *in autumpne, that is to seyn, in the laste ende of somer*; and the sedes that the sterre that highte Arcturus saw, ben waxen heyne cornes whan the sterre Sirius eschaufeth hem. 30  
 Ther nis no-thing unbounde from his olde lawe, ne foreteth the werke of his propre estat. O thou governour, governinge alle thinges by certein ende, why refusestow only to governe the werkes of 35  
 men by dowe manere? Why suffrest thou that slydinge fortune torneth so grete entrechaunginges of thinges, so that anyous peyne, that sholde dewely punissh felouns, punissheth innocents? 40  
 And folk of wikkede maneres sitten in heyne chayres, and anyinge folk treden, and that unrightfully, on the nekkes of holy men? And vertu, cler-shyninge naturally, is hid in derke derkenesses, and 45  
 the rightful man bereth the blame and the peyne of the feloun. Ne forsweringe ne the fraude, covered and kembd with a fals colour, ne anyeth nat to shrewes; the whiche shrewes, whan hem list to 50  
 usen hir strengthe, they rejoycen hem to putten under hom the sovereyne kinges, whiche that poeple with-uten noubre dreden. O thou, what so ever thou be that knitest alle bondes of thinges, 55  
 loke on thise wrecchede erthes; we men that ben nat a foule party, but a fayr party of so grete a werk, we ben tormented in this see of fortune. Thou governour, withdraw and rostreyne the ravisslinge 60  
 flodes, and fastne and ferme thise erthes stable with thilke bonde, with whiche thou governest the hevene that is so large.

PROSE V. *Hic ubi continuato dolore  
delatraui.*

When I hadde, with a continual sorwe,  
sobbed or borken out thise thinges, she  
with hir chere pesible, and no-thing  
amoeved with my compleintes, seide thus:  
5 'Whan I say thee,' quod she, 'sorweful  
and wepinge, I wiste anon that thou were  
a wrecche and exiled; but I wiste never  
how for thyne exile was, yif thy tale ne  
hadde shewed it to me. But certes, al be  
10 thou fer fro thy contree, thou nart nat  
put out of it; but thou hast failed of thy  
weye and gon amis. And yif thou hast  
lever for to wene that thou be put out of  
thy contree, than hast thou put out thy-  
15 self rather than any other wight hath. For  
no wight but thy-self ne mighte never  
han don that to thee. For yif thou re-  
membere of what contree thou art born, it  
nis nat governed by emperours, ne by  
20 government of multitude, as weren the  
contrees of hem of Athenes; but oo lord  
and oo king, *and that is god, that is lord of  
thy contree*, whiche that rejoyseth him  
of the dwelling of hise citezenes, and nat  
25 for to putte hem in exile; of the whiche  
lorde it is a soverayne fredom to be  
governed by the brydel of him and obeye  
to his justice. Hastow foryeten thilke  
right olde lawe of thy citee, in the whiche  
30 citee it is ordeined and establisshed, that  
for what wight that hath lever founden  
ther-in his sete or his hous than elles-  
wher, he may nat be exiled by no right  
from that place? For who-so that is  
35 contented in-with the palis and the clos  
of thilke citee, ther nis no drede that he  
may deserve to ben exiled. But who-so  
that leteth the wil for to enhabite there,  
he forleteth also to deserve to ben citezein  
40 of thilke citee. So that I sey, that the  
face of this place ne moveth me nat so  
mochel as thyne owne face. Ne I axe nat  
rather the wallis of thy librarie, apar-  
ayled and wrought with yvory and with  
45 glas, than after the sete of thy thought.  
In whiche I putte nat whylom bokes, but  
I putte that that maketh bokes worthy of  
prys or precious, that is to seyn, the

sentence of my bokes. And certainly of  
thy desertes, bistowed in comune good, 50  
thou hast seid sooth, but after the multi-  
tude of thy gode dedes, thou hast seid  
fewe; and of the honestee or of the fals-  
nesse of thinges that ben aposed ayeins  
thee, thou hast remembred thinges that 55  
ben knowen to alle folk. And of the  
felonyes and fraudes of thyne accusours,  
it semeth thee have y-touched it forsothe  
rightfully and shortly, al mighten tho  
same thinges betere and more plenti- 60  
vously ben couth in the mouthes of the  
poeple that knoweth al this. Thou hast  
eek blamed gretly and compleined of the  
wrongful dede of the senat. And thou  
hast sorwed for my blame, and thou hast 65  
wopen for the damage of thy renoun that  
is apayred; and thy laste sorwe eschaufede  
ayeins fortune, and compleinest that  
guerdouns ne ben nat evenliche yolden to  
the desertes of folk. And in the latere 70  
ende of thy wode Muse, thou preydest  
that thilke pees that governeth the hevene  
sholde governe the erthe. But for that  
manye tribulaciouns of affecciouns han  
assailed thee, and sorwe and ire and 75  
wepinge to-drawn thee dyversely; as  
thou art now feble of thought, mightier  
remedies ne shullen nat yit touchen thee,  
for whiche we wol usen somdel lighter  
medicines: so that thilke passiouns that 80  
ben woxen harde in swellinge, by pertur-  
baciouns flowing in-to thy thought,  
mowen wexen esy and softe, to receiven  
the strengthe of a more mighty and more  
egre medicine, by an esier touchinge. 85

METRE VI.

*Cum Phebi radiis graue  
Cancris sidus inestuat.*

Whan that the hevy sterre of the  
Cancres eschaufeth by the bemes of Phe-  
bus, *that is to seyn, whan that Phebus the  
sonne is in the signe of the Cancres*, who-so  
yeveth thanne largely hise sedes to the 5  
feldos that refusen to receiven hem, lat  
him gon, bigyled of trust that he hadde  
to his corn, to acorns of okes. Yif thou  
wolt gadre violettes, ne go thou not to

10 the purpur wode whan the feld, chirkinge, agryseth of colde by the felnesse of the winde that highte Aquilon. Yif thou desirest or wolt usen grapes, ne seke thou nat, with a glotonous hond, to streyne  
15 and presse the stalkes of the vine in the ferst somer sesoun; for Bachus, the god of wyne, hath rather yeven hise yiftes to autumpne, *the later ende of somer*. God tokneth and assigneth the tymes, ablinge  
20 hem to hir propres offices; ne he ne suffreth nat the stoundes whiche that him-self hath devyded and constreyned to ben y-medled to-gidere. And forthy he that foreleteth certein ordinaunce of  
25 doinge by over-throwinge wey, he ne hath no glade issue or ende of his werkes.

PROSE VI. *Primum igitur pacertene me pauculis rogacionibus.*

First woltow suffre me to touche and assaye the estat of thy thought by a fewe demaundes, so that I may understonde what be the manere of thy curacioun?'

5 Boece. 'Axe me,' quod I, 'at thy wille, what thou wolt, and I shal answer.'

The seide she thus: 'Whether wonestow,' quod she, 'that this world be governed by foolish happes and fortunous, or elles that there be in it any governement of resoun?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'I ne trowe nat in no manere, that so certein thinges sholde be moeved by fortunous fortune; but I wot wel that  
15 god, makor and mayster, is governour of his werk. Ne never nas yit day that mighte putte me out of the sothnesse of that sentence.'

'So is it,' quod she; 'for the same  
20 thing songe thou a litel her-biforn, and biweyledest and biweptest, that only men weren put out of the cure of god. For of alle other thinges thou ne doutedest nat that they nere governed by resoun. But  
25 ow! (*i. pape!*) I wondre gretly, certes, why that thou art syk, sin that thou art put in so holsum a sentence. But lat us seken depper; I conjecte that ther laketh I not nere what. But sey me this  
30 sin that thou ne doutest nat that this

world be governed by god, with whiche governailes takestow hede that it is governed?' 'Unnethe,' quod I, 'knowe I the sentence of thy questioun; so that I ne may nat yit answeren to thy de- 35 maundes.'

'I nas nat deceived,' quod she, 'that ther no failleth somewhat, by whiche the maladye of thy perturbacioun is crept in-to thy thought, so as the strengthe of 40 the palis chynynge is open. But sey me this: remembreth thou what is the ende of thinges, and whider that the entencioun of alle kinde tendeth?' 'I have herd it told som-tyme,' quod I; 'but 45 drerinesse hath dulled my memorie.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'thou wost wel whennes that alle thinges ben comen and procedeth?' 'I wot wel,' quod I, and answered, that 'god is beginning of al.' 50

'And how may this be,' quod she, 'that, sin thou knowest the beginning of thinges, that thou ne knowest nat what is the ende of thinges? But swiche ben the customes of perturbaciouns, and this 55 power they han, that they may move a man out of his place, that is to seyn, *fro the stables and perfeccioun of his knowinge*; but, certes, they may nat al arace him, ne aliene him in al. But I wolde 60 that thou woldest answer to this: remembrethow that thou art a man?' 'Why sholde I nat remembre that?' quod I.

'Maystow nat telle me thanne,' quod 65 she, 'what thing is a man?' 'Axestow me nat,' quod I, 'whether that I be a resonable mortal beest? I woot wel, and I confesse wel that I am it.'

'Wistestow never yit that thou were 70 any other thing?' quod she. 'No,' quod I.

'Now woot I,' quod she, 'other cause of thy maladye, and that right greta. Thou hast left for to knowen thy-self, what 75 thou art; thorough whiche I have playnly founden the cause of thy maladye, or elles the entree of recoveringe of thyn hele. For-why, for thou art confounded with foryeting of thy-self, for-thy sorwestow 80 that thou art exiled of thy propre goodes.

And for thou ne wost what is the ende of  
things, for-thy domestow that felonous  
and wikked men ben mighty and welesful.

85 And for thou hast foryeten by whiche  
governements the world is governed, for-  
thly wenestow that thise mutaciouns of  
fortune fieten with-oute governour. These  
ben grete causes not only to maladye,  
90 but, certes, grete causes to deeth. But  
I thanke the auctor and the maker of  
hele, that nature hath not al forleten  
thee. I have grete norissshinges of thyn  
hele, and that is, the sothe sentence of  
95 governaunce of the worlde; that thou  
bilevest that the governinge of it nis nat  
subject ne underput to the folie of thise  
happes aventureous, but to the rescoun of  
god. And ther-for doute thee no-thing;  
100 for of thise lital spark thyn hete of lyf  
shal shyne. But for as moche as it is  
nat tyme yit of faster remedies, and the  
nature of thoughtes deceived is this,  
that as ofte as they casten awaye sothe  
105 opiniouns, they clothen hem in false  
opiniouns, of which false opiniouns the  
derkenesse of perturbacioun wexeth up,  
that confoundeth the verray insighte:  
and that derkenesse shal I assaye som-  
110 what to maken thinne and wayk by  
lighte and meneliche remedies; so that,

after that the derkenesse of deceyvinge  
desiringes is don awaye, thou mowe knowe  
the shyninge of verray light.

#### METRE VII. *Nubibus atris.*

The sterres, covered with blake cloudes,  
ne mowen yeten a-doun no light. Yif the  
trouble wind that lighte Anster, turning  
and walwing the see, medleth the hete,  
*that is to seyn, the boyling up from the*  
*botme;* the waves, that whylom weren  
clere as glas and lyke to the faire clere  
dayes, withstande anon the sightes of men  
by the filthe and ordure that is resolved.  
And the fletinge stream, that royleth 10  
doun dyversly fro heye mountaignes, is  
arested and resisted ofte tyme by the  
encountringe of a stoon that is departed  
and fallen from som roche. And for-  
thly, yif thou wolt loken and demen 15  
sooth with cleer light, and holden the  
wey with a right path, weyve thou joye,  
dryf fro thee drede, flemeth thou hope, ne  
lat no sorwe aproche; *that is to seyn, lat*  
*non of these four passions over-comen thee* 20  
*or blende thee.* For cloudy and derke  
is thilke thought, and bounde with byrdes,  
where-as thise things regnen.'

Explicit Liber Primus.

## BOOK II.

### PROSE I. *Postea paulisper conticuit.*

After this she stinte a lital; and, after  
that she hadde gadered by atempre stille-  
nesse myn attencioun, she seide thus:  
*(As who mighte seyn thus: After thise*  
5 *things she stinte a lital; and when she*  
*aperceived by atempre stillnesse that I was*  
*ententif to herkene hir, she bigan to speke in*  
*this wyse):* 'Yif I,' quod she, 'have under-  
stonden and knowen outrely the causes  
10 and the habit of thy maladye, thou  
languishest and art defeted for desyr and  
talent of thy rather fortune. She, that

ilke Fortune only, that is chaunged, as  
thou feynest, to thee-ward, hath perverted  
the cleernesse and the estat of thy corage. 15  
I understonde the fele-folde colours and  
deceites of thilke marvelous monstre  
Fortune, and how she useth ful flateringe  
familiaritee with hem that she enforceth  
to bigyle; so longe, til that she confounde 20  
with unsufferable sorwe hem that she  
hath left in despayr unpurveyed. And yif  
thou remembrest wel the kinde, the  
maneres, and the desert of thilke Fortune,  
thou shalt wel knowe that, as in hir, 25  
thou never ne haddest ne hast y-lost any  
finer thing. But, as I trowe, I shal nat

gretly travailen to do thee remembren on  
 these thinges. For thou were wont to  
 30 hurtelen and despyren hir, with manly  
 wordes, whan she was blaundissinge and  
 present, and pursowedest hir with sen-  
 tences that were drawn out of myn  
 entree, *that is to seyn, out of myn informa-*  
 35 *cioun.* But no sodein mutacioun ne  
 bitydeth nat with-oute a manere chaung-  
 inge of corages; and so is it befallen that  
 thou art a litel departed fro the pees of  
 thy thought.

40 But now is tyme that thou drinke and  
 taste some softe and delitable thinges;  
 so that, whan they ben entred with-in  
 thee, it move maken way to strengere  
 dringes of medicynes. Com now forth  
 45 therefore the suasion of swetenesse re-  
 thorian, whiche that goth only the right  
 way, whyl she forsaketh nat myne  
 estatuts. And with Rhetorice com forth  
 Musice, a damisel of our hous, that  
 50 singeth nowlighter moodes or *prolaciouns*,  
 now beyver. What cyleth thee, man?  
 What is it that hath cast thee in-to  
 morninge and in-to wepinge? I trowe  
 that thou hast seyn som newe thing and  
 55 uncooth. Thou wenest that Fortune be  
 chaunged ayein thee; but thou wenest  
 wrong, yif thou that wene. Alwey tho  
 ben hir maneres; she hath rather kept,  
 as to thee-ward, hir propre stablenesse in  
 60 the chaunginge of hir-self. Right swich  
 was she whan she flatered thee, and  
 deceived thee with unlovely lykinges of  
 fals wolfulnesse. Thou hast now knowen  
 and ataynt the doutous or double visage  
 65 of thilke blinde goddesse Fortune. She,  
 that yit covereth hir and wimpleth hir  
 to other folk, hath shewed hir every-  
 del to thee. Yif thou aprovest hir and  
 thenkest that she is good, use hir maneres  
 70 and pleyne thee nat. And yif thou  
 agrysest hir false trecherye, despyse and  
 cast away hir that playeth so harmfully;  
 for she, that is now cause of so muche  
 sorwe to thee, sholde ben cause to thee of  
 75 pees and of joye. She hath forsaken thee,  
 forsothe; the whiche that never man  
 may ben siker that she ne shal forsake  
 him.—Glose. But natheles, some bokes

han the text thus: For sothe, she hath  
 forsaken thee, ne ther nis no man siker 80  
 that she ne hath nat forsaken.—

Holdestow than thilke welefulnesse  
 preclous to thee that shal passen? And  
 is present Fortune doreworthe to thee,  
 which that nis nat faithful for to dwelle; 85  
 and, whan she goth away, that she  
 bringeth a wight in sorwe? For sin she  
 may nat ben with-holden at a mannes  
 wille, she maketh him a wrecche whan  
 she departeth fro him. What other thing 90  
 is sittinge Fortune but a maner she vinge  
 of wrecchednesse that is to comen? Na  
 it ne suffyseth nat only to loken on thinge  
 that is present biforn the eyen of a man.  
 But wisdom loketh and amesureth the 95  
 ende of thinges; and the same chaung-  
 inge from oon in-to an-other, *that is to*  
*seyn, from adversitee in-to prosperitee,*  
 maketh that the maneres of Fortune ne  
 ben nat for to dreden, ne the flateringes 100  
 of hir to ben desired. Thus, at the laste,  
 it bihoveth thee to suffren with evene  
 wille in pacience al that is don in-with the  
 floor of Fortune, *that is to seyn, in this*  
 105 *world,* sin thou hast ones put thy nekke  
 under the yok of hir. For yif thou wolt  
 wryton a lawe of wendinge and of dwell-  
 inge to Fortune, whiche that thou hast  
 chosen frely to ben thy lady, artow nat  
 110 wrongful in that, and makest Fortune  
 wroth and aspere by thyn inpatience,  
 and yit thou mayest nat chaunge hir?  
 Yif thou committest and bitakest thy  
 sailes to the winde, thou shalt be shoven,  
 not thider that thou woldest, but whider 115  
 that the wind shoveth thee. Yif thou  
 eastest thy sedes in-to the felde, thou  
 sholdest han in minde that the yeres ben,  
 amonges, other-whyle plenteuous and  
 other-whyle bareyne. Thou hast bitaken 120  
 thy-self to the governance of Fortune,  
 and for-thy it bihoveth thee to ben  
 obeisant to the maneres of thy lady.  
 Enforcest thou thee to aresten or with-  
 holden the swiftnesse and the sweigh of 125  
 hir turninge whele? O thou fool of alle  
 mortal fooles, if Fortune bigan to dwelle  
 stable, she cesede thanne to ben For-  
 tune!

METRE I. *Hec cum superba uerterit uices  
dextra.*

Whan Fortune with a proud right hand hath torned hir chaunginge stoundes, she fareth lyk the maneres of the boillinge Eurype.—Glosa. *Eurype* 5 *is an arm of the see that ebbeth and floweth; and som-tyme the stream is on o syde, and som-tyme on the other.*—Text. She, cruel Fortune, casteth adoun kinges that whylom weren y-drad; and 10 she, deceivable, enhaunseth up the humble clere of him that is discomfited. Ne she neither hereth ne rekketh of wrecchede wepinges; and she is so hard that she laugheth and scorneth the wep- 15 inges of hem, the whiche she hath maked wepe with hir free wille. Thus she pleyeth, and thus she proeveth hir strengthes; and sheweth a greet wonder to alle hir servauntes, yif that a wight 20 is seyn weleful, and overthrowe in an houre.

PROSE II. *Vellem autem pauca tecum.*

Certes, I wolde platen with thee a fewe thinges, usinge the wordes of Fortune; tak hede now thy-self, yif that she axeth right, "O thou man, wherfore makest 5 thou megilty by thyne every-dayes pleyninges? What wrong have I don thee? What goodes have I bireft thee that weren thyne? Stryf or plete with me, bfore what juge that thou wolt, of the 10 possessioun of richesnes or of dignitees. And yif thou mayst shewen me that ever any mortal man hath received any of the thinges to ben hise in propre, than wol I graunte frely that alle thilke thinges 15 weren thyne whiche that thou axest. Whan that nature broughte thee forth out of thy moder wombe, I receyved thee naked and nedy of alle thinges, and I norisshede thee with my richesnes, 20 and was redy and ententif through my favour to susteyne thee; and that maketh thee now impacient ayeins me; and I envirounde thee with alle the aboun-

dance and shyninge of alle goodes that ben in my right. Now it lyketh me to 25 with-drawn my hand; thou hast had grace as he that hath used of foreine goodes; thou hast no right to pleyne thee, as though thou haddest outrelly forlorn alle thy thinges. Why pleyneest thou 30 thanne? I have done thee no wrong. Richesses, honours, and swiche other thinges ben of my right. My servauntes knowen me for hir lady; they comen with me, and departen whan I wende. 35 I dar wel affermen hardily, that yif thou thinges, of which thou pleyneest that thou hast forlorn, hadde ben thyne, thou no haddest not lorn hem. Shal I thanne only ben defended to usen my right? 40 Certes, it is leveful to the hevene to make clere dayes, and, after that, to covenen the same dayes with derke nightes. The yeer hath eek leve to apparailen the visage of the erthe, now with floures and 45 now with fruit, and to confounden hem som-tyme with reynes and with coldes. The see hath eek his right to ben som-tyme calme and blaudisling with smothe water, and som-tyme to ben hor- 50 rible with wawes and with tempestes. But the covetise of men, that may nat ben stanchel, shal it binde me to ben stedefast, sin that stedefastnesse is uncouth to my maneres? Swich is my 55 strengthe, and this play I pleye continually. I torne the whirlinge wheel with the turning cerche; I am glad to chaungen the lowest to the heyest, and the heyest to the lowest. Worth up, if 60 thou wolt, so it be by this lawe, that thou no holde nat that I do thee wronge though thou descende adoun, whan the resoun of my play axeth it. Wistest thou nat how Cresus, the king of Lydiens, of 65 whiche king Cyrus was ful sore agast a litel biforn, that this rewliche Cresus was caught of Cyrus and lad to the fyr to ben brent, but that a rayn descendedo doun fro hevene that rescowede him? 70 And is it out of thy minde how that Paulus, consul of Rome, whan he hadde taken the king of Perciens, weep pitously for the captivitee of the self kinges?

75 What other thing biwailen the cryinges  
of tragedies but only the dedes of Fortune,  
that with an unwar stroke overtorneth  
realmes of grete nobley?—**Glose.** *Tra-*  
*gedie is to seyn, a dilee of a prosperitee for*  
80 *a tyme, that endeth in wrecchednesse.*—  
Lernedest nat thou in Greke, whan thou  
were yonge, that in the entree, or in the  
celere, of Jupiter, ther ben couched two  
tonnes; that on is ful of good, that other  
85 is ful of harm? What right hast thou to  
pleyne, yif thou hast taken more plente-  
ously of the gode syde, *that is to seyn, of*  
*my riches and prosperites*; and what  
eek if I ne be nat al departed fro thee?  
90 What eek yif my mutabilitee yiveth thee  
rightful cause of hope to han yit beter  
things? Natheles dismaye thee nat in  
thy thought; and thou that art put in  
the comune realme of alle, ne desyre nat  
95 to liven by thyn only propre right.

**METRE II.** *Si quantas rapidis flatibus incitus.*

Though Plentee, *that is goddess of*  
*richesses*, hielde adoun with ful horn, and  
withdraweth nat hir hand, as many  
richesses as the see torneth upward  
5 sandes whan it is moeved with raviss-  
hinge blastes, or elles as many riches-  
es as ther shynen brighte sterres on hevene  
on the sterry nightes; yit, for al that,  
mankinde nolde not cese to wepe wrecch-  
10 ede pleynthes. And al be it so that god  
receyveth gladly hir preyers, and yiveth  
them (as fool-large) moche gold, and  
aparaileth covetous men with noble or  
clere honours: yit semeth hem haven  
15 y-geten no-thing, but alwey hir cruel  
ravyne, devouringe al that they han  
geten, sheweth other gapinges; *that is to*  
*seyn, gapen and desyren yit after mo rich-*  
*esses.* What brydles mighten withholden,  
20 to any certein ende, the desordenece cove-  
tise of men, whan, ever the rather that it  
fleteth in large yiftes, the more ay bren-  
neth in hem the thirst of havinge?  
Certes he that, quakinge and dredful,  
25 weneh him-selven nedy, he ne liveth  
never-more riche "

**PROSE III.** *Hiis igitur si pro se tecum Fortuna loqueretur.*

Therfor, yif that Fortune spake with  
thee for hir-self in this manere, for-sothe  
thou ne haddest nat what thou mightest  
answere. And, if thou hast any-thing  
wherwith thou mayest rightfully de- 5  
fenden thy complaint, it behoveth thee  
to shewen it; and I wol yeven thee space  
to tellen it.' *Boece.* 'Certeynly,' quod  
I thanne, 'thise beth faire thinges,  
and enointed with hony swetenesse of 10  
rethorike and musike; and only whyl  
they ben herd they ben delicious. But to  
wrecches is a depper felinge of harm;  
*this is to seyn, that wrecches felen the*  
*harmes that they suffren more grevously* 15  
*than the remedies or the delites of thise*  
*wordes mooven gladen or comferten hem*; so  
that, whan thise thinges stinten for to  
sounne in eres, the sorwe that is inset  
greveth the thought.' 20

*Phil.* 'Right so is it,' quod she. 'For  
thise ne ben yit none remedies of thy  
maladye; but they ben a maner noriss-  
hinges of thy sorwe, yit rebel ayein thy  
curacioun. For whan that tyme is, I 25  
shal moeve swiche thinges that percen  
hem-self depe. But natheles, that thou  
shalt not wilne to leten thy-self a wrecche,  
hast thou foryeten the noumber and the  
manere of thy welefulnesse? I holde me 30  
stille, how that the soverayne men of the  
citee token thee in cure and kepinge,  
whan thou were orphelin of fader and  
moder, and were chosen in affinitee of  
princes of the citee; and thou bigunne 35  
rather to be leef and dere than forto ben  
a neighbour; the whiche thing is the  
most precious kinde of any propinquitee  
or alyaunce that may ben. Who is it  
that ne seide tho that thou were right 40  
weleful, with so grete a nobleye of thy  
fadres-in-lawe, and with the chastitee of  
thy wyf, and with the oportunittee and  
noblesse of thy masculin children, *that is*  
*to seyn, thy sones?* And over al this—me 45  
list to passen the comune thinges—how  
thou haddest in thy youthe dignitees that



weren werned to olde men. But it de-  
lyteth me to comen now to the singuler  
uphepinge of thy welefulnesse. Yif any  
50 fruit of mortal thinges may han any  
weighte or prys of welefulnesse, mightest  
thou ever forgeten, for any charge of  
harm that mighte bifalle, the reu-  
55 braunce of thilke day that thou saye thy  
two sones maked conseileres, and y-lad  
to-gedere fro thyn housse under so greet  
assemblee of senatours and under the  
blythenesse of poeple; and whan thou  
60 saye hem set in the court in here chayeres  
of dignitees? Thou, rethorien or pro-  
nouncere of kinges preysinges, deservedest  
gloria of wit and of eloquence, whan  
thou, sittinge bitwene thy two sones, con-  
65 seileres, in the place that highte Circo,  
fulfuldest the abydinge of the mul-  
titude of poeple that was sprad abouten  
thee, with so large preysinge and laude,  
as men singen in victories. Tho yave  
70 thou wordes to Fortune, as I trowe,  
*that is to seyn, tho felfedest thou Fortune  
with glosinge wordes and deceiuedest hir,*  
whan she acoyede thee and norishede  
thee as hir owne deleyces. Thou bere  
75 away of Fortune a yifte, *that is to seyn,*  
*awiche guerdoun,* that she never yaf to  
privee man. Wilt thou therfor leye  
a rekeninge with Fortune? She hath  
now twinkled first upon thee with a wik-  
80 kede eye. Yif thou considere the noub-  
bre and the manere of thy blissos and of  
thy sorwes, thou mayst nat forsaken that  
thou art yit blisful. For if thou therfor  
wenest thy-self nat weleful, for thinges  
85 that the semeden joyful ben passed, ther  
nis nat why thou sholdest wene thy-self  
a wreeche; for thinges that semen now  
sorye passen also. Art thou now comen  
first, a sodein gest, in-to the shadwe or  
90 tabernacle of this lyf; or trowest thou  
that any stedefastnesse be in mannes  
thinges, whan ofte a swift houre dis-  
solveth the same man; *that is to seyn,*  
*whan the soule departeth fro the body?*  
95 For, al-though that solde is ther any faith  
that fortunous thinges wolen dwellen, yit  
natheles the laste day of a mannes lyf is  
a manere deeth to Fortune, and also to

thilke that hath dwelt. And therfor,  
what, wenestow, thar [thee] reeche, yif 100  
thou forlete hir in deyinge, or elles that  
she, *Fortune*, forlete thee in fleeing  
away?

METRE III. *Cum polo Phebus  
roseis quadrigis.*

Whan Phebus, the sonne, biginneth to  
spreden his cleernesse with rosene chari-  
ottes, thanne the sterre, y-dimmed, paleth  
hir whyte cheres, by the flambes of the  
sonne that overcometh the sterre-light. 5  
*This is to seyn, whan the sonne is risen,*  
*the dey-sterre wexeth pale, and lseth hir*  
*light for the grete brightnesse of the sonne.*  
Whan the wode wexeth rody of rosene  
floures, in the first somer sesoun, thorough 10  
the brethe of the winde Zephirus that  
wexeth warm, yif the cloudy wind Auster  
blowe felliche, than goth away the fair-  
nesse of thornes. Ofte the see is cleer  
and calm withoute moevinge flodes; and 15  
ofte the horrible wind Aquilon moeveth  
boilinge tempestes and over-wholveth the  
see. Yif the forme of this worlde is so  
selde stable, and yif it turneth by so  
many entrechaunginges, wolt thou thanne 20  
trusten in the tomblinge fortunes of  
men? Wolt thou trowen on flittinge  
goodes? It is certain and establisshed  
by lawe perdurable, that no-thing that is  
engendred nis stedefast ne stable. 25

PROSE IV. *Tunc ego, uera,  
inquam, commemoras.*

Thanne seide I thus: 'O norice of alle  
vertues, thou seist ful sooth; ne I ne may  
nat forsake the right swifte cours of my  
prosperitee; *that is to seyn, that prosperitee*  
*us be comen to me wonder swiftilly and sone.* 5  
But this is a thing that greetly smerteth  
me whan it remembreth me. For in alle  
adversitee of fortune, the most unseely  
kinde of contrarious fortune is to han  
ben weleful.' 10

*Phil.* 'But that thou,' quod she, 'abyest  
thus the torment of thy false opinioun,  
that mayst thou nat rightfully blamen  
ne arotten to thinges: *as who seith, for*

15 *thou hast yit many habundaunces of thinges.*

—Text. For al be it so that the ydel name of aventurous welesfulnesse mooveth thee now, it is leveful that thou rekne with me of how manye grete thinges  
20 thou hast yit plentee. And therfor, yif that thilke thing that thou haddest for most precious in al thy richesse of fortune be kept to thee yit, by the grace of god, unwemmed and undefouled, mayst  
25 thou thanne pleyne rightfully upon the meschef of Fortune, sin thou hast yit thy beste thinges? Certes, yit liveth in good point thilke precious honour of man-  
30 kindo, Symacus, thy wyves fader, which that is a man maked alle of sapience and of vertu; the whiche man thou woldest byen redely with the prys of thyn owne lyf. He biwayleth the wronges that men  
35 liveth in sikernessee of any sentences put ayeins him. And yit lyveth thy wyf, that is atempre of wit, and passinge other wimmen in clenness of chastetee; and for I wol closen shortly hir bountees, she  
40 is lyk to hir fader. I telle thee wel, that she liveth looth of this lyf, and kepeth to thee only hir goost; and is al maat and overcomen by wepinge and sorwe for desyr of thee, in the whiche thing only  
45 I moot graunten that thy welesfulnesse is amenused. What shal I seyn eek of thy two sones, conseilours, of whiche, as of children of hir age, ther shyneth the lyknesse of the wit of hir fader or of hir  
50 elder fader? And sin the sovereyn cure of alle mortel folk is to saven hir owen lyves, O how weleful art thou, yif thou knowe thy goodes! For yit ben ther thinges dwelled to thee-ward, that no  
55 man douteth that they ne ben more dereworthie to thee than thyn owen lyf. And for-thy drye thy teres, for yit nis nat everieh fortune al hateful to thee-ward, ne over greet tempest hath nat yit  
60 fallen upon thee, whan that thyn ances cleven faste, that neither wolen suffren the counfort of this tyme present ne the hope of tyme cominge to passen ne to faylen.' *Bosce.* 'And I preye,' quod I,  
65 'that faste moten they halden; for

whyles that they halden, how-so-ever that thinges ben, I shal wel fieten forth and escapen; but thou mayst wel seen how grete aparayles and aray that me laketh, that ben passed away fro me.'

*Phil.* 'I have som-what avaunsed and  
70 forthered thee,' quod she, 'yif that thou anoye nat or forthinke nat of al thy fortune: as who seith, I have som-what comforted thee, so that thou tempest thee  
75 nat thus with al thy fortune, sin thou hast yit thy beste thinges. But I may nat suffren thy delices, that pleyneest so wepinge and anguissous, for that ther lakketh som-what to thy welesfulnesse. For what man  
80 is so sad or of so parfit welesfulnesse, that he ne stryvethe and pleyneeth on som halve ayeen the qualitees of his estat? For-why ful anguissous thing is the condicioun of mannes goodes; for either it cometh nat  
85 al-togider to a wight, or elles it last nat perpetual. For sum man hath grete richesces, but he is ashamed of his ungentel linage; and som is renowned of noblesse of kinrede, but he is enclosed in  
90 so grete anguisshe of nede of thinges, that him were lever that he were unknowne. And som man haboundeth both in richessee and noblesse, but yit he bewaileth his chaste lyf, for he ne hath no wyf.  
95 And som man is wel and seilly y-mariod, but he hath no children, and norissheth his richesces to the eyres of strange folkes. And som man is gladed with children, but he wepeth ful sory for the  
100 trespas of his sone or of his daughter. And for this ther ne acordeth no wight lightly to the condicioun of his fortune; for alwey to every man ther is in som-what that, nassayed, he ne wot nat; or  
105 elles he dredeth that he hath assayed. And adde this also, that every weleful man hath a ful delicat felinge; so that, but-yif alle thinges bifalle at his owne wil, for he is impacient, or is nat used to  
110 han non adversitee, anon he is throwen adoun for every litel thing. And ful litel thinges ben tho that withdrawn the somme or the perfeccioun of blisfulnesse fro hem that ben most fortunat. How  
115 many men, trowest thou, wolden demen

hem-self to ben almost in hevene, yif they mighten atayne to the leest party of the remnaunt of thy fortune? This same  
 120 place that thou clepest exil, is contrée to hem that enhabiten heer, and forthy nothing [is] wrecched but whan thou wenest it: *as who seith, thou thy-self, ne no wight elles, nis a wrecche, but whan he*  
 125 *weneth him-self a wrecche by reputacioun of his corage.* And ayeinward, alle fortune is blisful to a man by the agreabletee or by the egalitee of him that suffreth it. What man is that, that is so weleful,  
 130 that nolde changen his estat whan he hath lost pacience? The swetnesse of mannes welefulnesse is sprayned with many biternesses; the whiche welefulnesse, al-though it seme swete and joyful  
 135 to hem that useth it, yit may it nat ben with-holden that it ne goth away whan it wole. Thanne is it wel sene, how wrecched is the blisfulnesse of mortal thinges, that neither it dureth perpetual with hem  
 140 that every fortune receiven agreablyly or egaly, ne it delyteth nat in al to hem that ben anguissous. O ye mortal folk, what seke ye thanne blisfulnesse out of your-self, whiche that is put in your-self?  
 145 Error and folye confoundeth yow.

I shal shewe thee shortly the poynt of sovereyne blisfulnesse. Is ther anything more precious to thee than thy-self? Thou wolt answer, "nay." Thanne,  
 150 yif it so be that thou art mighty over thy-self, *that is to seyn, by tranquillitee of thy soule*, than hast thou thing in thy power that thou noldest never lesen, ne Fortune ne may nat beneme it thee.  
 155 And that thou mayst knowe that blisfulnesse ne may nat standen in thinges that ben fortounous and temporel, now understonde and gader it to-gidere thus: Yif blisfulnesse be the sovereyn good of nature  
 160 that liveth by resoun, ne thilke thing nis nat sovereyn good that may be taken away in any wyse, (for more worthy thing and more digne is thilke thing that may nat ben taken away); than sheweth  
 165 it wel, that the unstableness of fortune may nat atayne to receiven verray blisfulnesse. And yit more-over: what man

that this tounbling welefulnesse ledeth, either he woot that it is chaungeable, or elles he woot it nat. And yif he woot  
 170 it nat, what blisful fortune may ther be in the blindnesse of ignorance? And yif he woot that it is chaungeable, he moot alwey ben adrad that he ne lese that thing that he ne doubteth nat but that  
 175 he may lesen it; *as who seith, he mot ben alwey agast, lest he lese that he wot wel he may lese it.* For which, the continual dreed that he hath ne suffreth him nat to ben weleful. Or yif he lese it, he  
 180 weneth to be dyspyssed and forleten. Certes eek, that is a ful litel good that is born with evene herte whan it is lost; *that is to seyn, that men do no more for of the lost than of the havinge.* And for as  
 185 moche as thou thy-self art he, to whom it hath ben shewed and proved by ful manye demonstraciouns, as I wot wel, that the sowles of men ne mowe nat deyen in no wyse; and eek sin it is cleer  
 190 and certain, that fortunous welefulnesse endeth by the deeth of the body; it may nat ben doutd that, yif that deeth may take away blisfulnesse, that alle the kinde of mortal thinges ne descendeth in-to  
 195 wrecchednesse by the ende of the deeth. And sin we knownen wel, that many a man hath sought the fruit of blisfulnesse nat only with suffringes of deeth, but eek with suffringes of peynes and tormentes;  
 200 how mighte than this present lyf maken men blisful, sin that, whan thilke selve lyf is ended, it ne maketh folk no wrecches?

METRE IV. *Quisquis uolet perennare.*

What maner man, stable and war, that wole founden him a perdurable sete, and ne wole nat ben cast down with the loude blastes of the wind Eurus; and wole despyse the see, manasinge with flodes; 5  
 lat him eschewen to bilde on the cop of the mountaigne or in the moiste sandes. For the felle wind Auster tormenteth the cop of the mountaigne with all his  
 strengthes; and the lause sandes refusen 10  
 to baren the hevvy wighte And forthy,

if thou wolt flee the perilous aventure,  
*that is to seyn, of the worlde*; have minde  
 certainly to flicchen thyh hous of a merye  
 15 site in a lowe stoon. For al-though the  
 wind, troubling the see, thondre with  
 over-throwinges, thou that art put in  
 quite, and welesful by strengthe of thy  
 palis, shalt leden a cleer age, scorninge  
 20 the woodnesses and the ires of the eyr.

PROSE V. *Set cum rationum iam in te.*

But for as moche as the norissinges  
 of my resouns descenden now in-to thee,  
 I trowe it were tyme to usen a litel  
 5 strengre medicynes. Now understand  
 heer, al were it so that the yiftes of  
 Fortune ne were nat brutel ne transitorie,  
 what is ther in hem that may be thyn  
 in any tyme, or elles that it nis foul, yif  
 that it be considered and loket perfitly?  
 10 Richesses, ben they precious by the nature  
 of hem-self, or elles by the nature of  
 thee? What is most worth of riches? Is  
 it nat gold or might of moneye  
 assembled? Certes, thilke gold and  
 15 thilke moneye shyneth and yeveth betere  
 renoun to hem that despenden it thanne  
 to thilke folk that mokeren it; for avarice  
 maketh alwey mokereres to ben hated,  
 and largesse maketh folk cleer of renoun.  
 20 For sin that swich thing as is transferred  
 fram o man to another ne may nat  
 dwellen with no man; certes, thanne is  
 thilke moneye precious when it is trans-  
 lated into other folk and stenteth to ben  
 25 had, by usage of large yevinge of him  
*that hath yeven it*. And also: yif that al  
 the moneye that is over-al in the worlde  
 were gadered toward o man, it sholde  
 maken alle other men to ben nedey as of  
 30 that. And certes a voys al hool, *that*  
*is to seyn, with-oute amenusinge*, fulfilleth  
 to-gidere the horing of moche folk; but  
 certes, youre richesnes ne mowen nat  
 passen in-to moche folke with-oute amen-  
 35 usinge. And whan they ben apassed,  
 nedes they maken hem pore that for-gon  
 the richesnes. O! streite and nedey clepe  
 I this richesne, sin that many folk ne  
 may nat han it al, ne al may it nat

comen to o man with-oute povertie of 40  
 alle other folk! And the shyninge of  
 gomme, *that I clepe precious stones*,  
 draweth it nat the eyen of folk to hem-  
 ward, *that is to seyn, for the beautee*? But  
 certes, yif ther were beautee or bountee 45  
 in the shyninge of stones, thilke cleer-  
 nesse is of the stones hem-self, and nat  
 of men; for whiche I wondre gretly that  
 men mervailen on swiche thinges. For-  
 why, what thing is it, that yif it wanteth 50  
 moeving and joynture of sowle and body,  
 that by right mighte semen a fair crea-  
 ture to him that hath a sowle of resoun?  
 For al be it so that gomme drawn to  
 hem-self a litel of the laste beautee of the 55  
 world, through the entente of hir creatour  
 and through the distinccioun of hem-self;  
 yit, for as mochel as they ben put under  
 youre excellence, theyne han nat deserved  
 by no way that ye sholden mervailen on 60  
 hem. And the beautee of felde, delyteth  
 it nat mochel un-to yow?

Boece. 'Why sholde it nat delyten us,  
 sin that it is a right fair porcioun of the  
 right faire werke, *that is to seyn, of this* 65  
*world*? And right so ben we gladed som-  
 tyme of the face of the see whan it is  
 cleer; and also mervailen we on the  
 hevене and on the sterres, and on the  
 sonne and on the mone.' 70

Philosophye. 'Apertoneth,' quod she,  
 'any of thilke thinges to thee? Why  
 darst thou glorifyen thee in the shyninge  
 of any swiche thinges? Art thou dis-  
 tinguwed and embelised by the springinge 75  
 floures of the first somer sesoun, or  
 swelleth thy plentee in the frutes of  
 somer? Why art thou ravissshed with  
 ydeljoyes? Why embracest thou straunge  
 goodes as they weren thyne? Fortune ne 80  
 shal never maken that swiche thinges  
 ben thyne, that nature of thinges hath  
 maked foreine fro thea. Sooth is that,  
 with-oute doute, the frutes of the erthe  
 oven to ben to the norissinge of bestes, 85  
 And yif thou wolt fulfille thy nede after  
 that it suffyeth to nature, than is it no  
 nede that thou seke after the superfluitee  
 of fortune. For with ful fewe things  
 and with ful litel thinges nature halt hir 90

apayed; and yif thou wolt achoken the  
 fulfilling of nature with superfluitees,  
 certes, thilke thinges that thou wolt  
 threaten or pouren in-to nature skullen  
 95 ben unjoyful to thee, or elles anoyous.  
 Wenest thou eek that it be a fair thing  
 to shyne with dyverse clothinge? Of  
 whiche clothinge yif the beautes be  
 agreeable to loken up-on, I wol mervailen  
 100 on the nature of the matere of thilke  
 clothes, or elles on the werkman that  
 wroughte hem. But also a long route of  
 meynes, maketh that a blisful man? The  
 whiche servants, yif they ben vicious of  
 105 condiciouns, it is a great charge and a  
 destruccion to the hous, and a greet  
 enemy to the lord him-self. And yif they  
 ben goode men, how shal straunge or  
 foreine goodnesse ben put in the noubre  
 110 of thy richesse? So that, by all these  
 forsaide thinges, it is clearly y-shewed,  
 that never oon of thilke thinges that  
 thou accountedest for thyne goodes nas  
 nat thy good. In the whiche thinges,  
 115 yif ther be no beautes to ben desyred,  
 why sholdest thou ben sory yif thou lese  
 hem, or why sholdest thou rejoysen thee  
 to holden hem? For yif they ben faire  
 of hir owne kinde, what aperteneth that  
 120 to thee? For al so wel sholden they han  
 ben faire by hem-selve, though they weren  
 departed fram alle thyne richesches. For-  
 why faire ne precious ne weren they nat,  
 for that they comen among thy richesches;  
 125 but, for they semeden faire and precious,  
 ther-for thou haddest lever rekne hem  
 amonges thy richesches. But what de-  
 sirest thou of Fortune with so grete a  
 noise, and with so grete a fare? I trowe  
 130 thou seke to dryve away nede with ha-  
 bundaunce of thinges; but certes, it  
 torneth to you al in the contrarie.  
 Forwhy certes, it nedeth of ful manye  
 helpinges to kepen the diversitee of  
 135 precious ostelments. And sooth it is,  
 that of manye thinges han they nede  
 that manye thinges han; and ayeinward,  
 of litel nedeth hem that mesuren hir fille  
 after the nede of kinde, and nat after  
 140 the outrage of coveityse. Is it thanne so,  
 that ye men ne han no proper good

y-set in you, for which ye moten seken  
 outward youre goodes in foreine and  
 subgit thinges? So is thanne the con-  
 dicion of thinges turned up-so-down, 145  
 that a man, that is a devyne beest by  
 merite of his resoun, thinketh that him-  
 self nis neither faire ne noble, but-yif  
 it be thorough possessioun of ostelments  
 that ne han no sowles. And certes, al 150  
 other thinges ben apayed of hir owne  
 beautes; but ye men, that ben semblable  
 to god by your resonable thought, desiren  
 to aparailen your excellent kinde of the  
 lowest thinges; ne ye understonden nat 155  
 how greet a wrong ye don to your  
 creatour. For he wolde that mankinde  
 were most worthy and noble of any othre  
 erthely thinges; and ye threste adoun  
 your dignitees benethe the lowest thinges. 160  
 For yif that al the good of every thinge  
 be more precious than is thilke thing  
 whos that the good is: sin ye demen  
 that the fouleste thinges ben youre  
 goodes, thanne submitten ye and putten 165  
 your-selven under the fouleste thinges  
 by your estimacioun; and certes, this  
 tydeth nat with-oute youre desertes. For  
 certes, swiche is the condicioun of alle  
 mankinde, that only whan it hath know- 170  
 inge of it-selve, thann passeth it in  
 noblesse alle other thinges; and whan  
 it forleteth the knowinge of it-self, than  
 is it brought binethen alle beestes. For-  
 why al other livinge beestes han of kinde 175  
 to knowe nat hem-self; but whan that  
 men leten the knowinge of himself, it  
 cometh hem of vice. But how brode  
 sheweth the errour and the folye of yow  
 men, that wenen that any thing may 180  
 ben aparaild with straunge aparail-  
 ments! But for sothe that may nat ben  
 doon. For yif a wight shyneth with  
 thinges that ben put to him, *as thus, if*  
*thilke thinges shynen with which a man is* 185  
*aparaild*, certes, thilke thinges ben  
 comended and preysed with which he is  
 aparaild; but natheles, the thing that  
 is covered and wrapped under that  
 dwelleth in his filthe. And I denye 190  
 that thilke thing be good that anoyeth  
 him that hath it. Gabbe I of this?

Thou wolt seye "nay." Certes, riches  
 han anoyed ful ofte hem that han tho  
 195 riches; sin that every wikked shrewe,  
 (and for his wikkednesse the more gredy  
 after other folkes riches, wher-so ever  
 it be in any place, be it gold or precious  
 stones), weneth him only most worthy  
 200 that hath hem. Thou thanne, that so  
 bisy drestest now the swerd and now the  
 spere, yif thou haddest entred in the  
 path of this lyf a voide wayferinge man,  
 than woldest thou singe befor the thief;  
 210 as *who seith, a pore man, that berth no  
 riches on him by the weye, may boldly  
 singe bifrom theves, for he hath nat wherof  
 to ben robbed.* O precious and right cleer  
 is the blisfulnesse of mortal riches,  
 215 that, whan thou lust geten it, than hast  
 thou lorn thy sikernes!

METRE V. *Felix nimium prior etas.*

Blisful was the first age of men! They  
 hielden hem apayed with the metes that  
 the trewe foldes broughten forth. They  
 ne destroyed nor doceived nat hem-self  
 5 with outrage. They weren wont lightly  
 to slaken hir hunger at even with acornes  
 of okes. They ne coude nat medly the  
 yifte of Bacchus to the cleer hony; *that  
 is to seyn, they coude make no piment nor  
 10 clarrre; ne they coude nat medle the  
 brighte fleeces of the contree of Serions  
 with the venom of Tyrie; this is to seyn,  
 they coude nat deyen whyte fleeces of Serien  
 contree with the blode of a maner shelleshe  
 15 that men finden in Tyrie, with whiche blood  
 men deyen purpur.* They slegen hoolsom  
 slepes up-on the gras, and dronken of the  
 renninge wateres; and layen under the  
 shadwes of the heye pyn-trees. Ne no  
 20 gast ne straungere ne carf yit the heye  
 see with ores or with shippes; ne they  
 ne hadde seyn yit none newe strondes,  
 to leden marchaundyse in-to dyverse  
 contrees. Tho weren the cruel clarionnes  
 25 ful hyst and ful stille, ne blood y-shad  
 by egre hate ne hadde nat deyed yit  
 armures. For wher-to or which wood-  
 nes of enemys wolde first moeven armes,  
 whan they seyen cruel woundes, ne none

medes be of blood y-shad? I wolde 30  
 that oure tymes sholde torne ayein to  
 the olde maneres! But the anguisous  
 love of havinge brenneth in folk more  
 cruelly than the fyr of the mountaigne  
 Ethna, *that ay brenneth.* Allas! what 35  
 was he that first dalf up the gobetes or  
 the weightes of gold covered under erthe,  
 and the precious stones that wolden han  
 ben hid? He dalf up precious perils.  
*That is to seyn, that he that hem first up 40  
 dalf, he dalf up a precious peril; for-why  
 for the preciousnesse of swiche thinge, hath  
 many man ben in peril.*

PROSE VI. *Quid autem de dignitatibus.*

But what shal I seye of dignitees and  
 of powers, the whiche ye men, that  
 neither knowen verray dignitee ne verray  
 power, areysen hem as heye as the  
 heven? The whiche dignitees and 5  
 powers, yif they comen to any wikked  
 man, they don as grote damages and  
 destrucciouns as doth the flaumbe of the  
 mountaigne Ethna, whan the flaumbe  
 walweth up; ne no deluge ne doth 10  
 cruel harmes. Certes, thes remembreth  
 wel, as I trowe, that thilke dignitee that  
 men clepen the imperie of consulers, the  
 whiche that whylom was beginnings of  
 fredom, youre eldres coveitoden to han 15  
 don away that dignitee, for the pryde of  
 the consulers. And right for the same  
 pryde your eldres, bifrom that tyme,  
 hadden don away, out of the citee of  
 Rome, the kinges name; *that is to seyn, 20  
 they nolde han no lenger no king.* But now,  
 yif so be that dignitees and powers be  
 yeven to goode men, the whiche thing  
 is ful selde, what agreeable thing is ther  
 in the dignitees or powers but only the 25  
 goodnesse of folkes that usen hem? And  
 therfor it is thus, that honour ne comth  
 nat to vertu for cause of dignitee, but  
 ayeinward honour comth to dignitee for  
 cause of vertu. But whiche is thilke 30  
 youre dereworthe power, that is so cleer  
 and so requerable? O ye ertheliche  
 bestes, considere ye nat over which  
 thinge that it semeth that ye han power?

35 Now yif thou saye a mous amonges other mys, that chalaunged to him-self-ward right and power over alle other mys, how greet scorn woldest thou han of it! Glosa. *So fareth it by men; the body hath*  
 40 *power over the body.* For yif thou loke wel up-on the body of a wight, what thing shalt thou finde more freele than is mankinde; the whiche men wel ofte ben slayn with bytinge of smale fyes, or elles  
 45 with the entreinge of crepinge wormes in-to the privetees of mannes body? But wher shal man finden any man that may exercen or haunten any right up-on another man, but only up-on his body,  
 50 or elles up-on things that ben lowere than the body, the whiche I clepe fortunous possessiouns? Mayst thou ever have any comaudement over a free corage? Mayst thou remuen fro the estat  
 55 of his propre reste a thought that is clyvinge to-gidere in him-self by stede-fast resoun? As whylom a tyrant wende to confounde a free man of corage, and wende to constreyne him by torment,  
 60 to maken him discoveren and acusen folk that wisten of a coniuracioun, *which I clepe a confederacie*, that was cast ayeins this tyrant; but this free man boot of his owne tonge and caste it in the visage  
 65 of thilke wode tyrant; so that the torments that this tyrant wende to han makid matere of crueltee, this wyse man makid it matere of vertu.

But what thing is it that a man may  
 70 don to another man, that he ne may receyven the same thing of othre folk in him-self: *or thus, what may a man don to folk, that folk ne may don him the same?* I have herd told of Busirides, that was  
 75 wont to sleen his gastes that herberweden in his hous; and he was sleyen him-self of Ercules that was his gest. Regulus hadde taken in bataille many men of Affrike and cast hem in-to feteres; but  
 80 some after he moste yeve his handes to ben bounde with the cheynes of hem that he hadde whylom overcomen. Wenest thou thanne that he be mighty, that hath no power to don a thing, that othre  
 85 ne may don in him that he doth in othre?

And yit more-over, yif it so were that thise dignitees or poweres hadden any propre or natural goodnesse in hem-self, never nolden they comen to shrewes. For contrarious things ne ben nat wont  
 90 to ben y-felawshipped to-gidere. Nature refuseth that contrarious things ben y-joigned. And so, as I am in certain that right wikked folk han dignitees ofte tyme, than sheweth it wol that dignitees  
 95 and powers ne ben nat goode of hir owne kinde; sin that they suffren hem-self to cleven or joinen hem to shrewes. And certes, the same thing may I most digneliche jugon and seyn of alle the  
 100 yiftes of fortune that most plenteuously comen to shrewes; of the whiche yiftes, I trowe that it oughte ben considered, that no man douteth that he nis strong in whom he seeth strengthe; and in  
 105 whom that swiftnesse is, sooth it is that he is swift. Also musike maketh musiciens, and phisike maketh phisiciens, and rethorike rethoriens. For-why the nature of every thing maketh his pro-  
 110 pretee, ne it is nat entremedled with the effects of the contrarious things; and, as of wil, it chaseth out thinges that ben to it contrarie. But certes, richesse may not restreyne avarice unstanched; ne  
 115 power ne maketh nat a man mighty over him-self, whiche that vicious lustes holden destreynd with cheynes that ne mowen nat be unbounen. And dignitees that ben yeven to shrewede folk nat  
 120 only ne maketh hem nat digne, but it sheweth rather al openly that they ben unworthy and undigne. And why is it thus? Certes, for ye han joye to clepen thinges with false names that beren hem  
 125 alle in the contrarie; the whiche names ben ful ofte reprooved by the effects of the same thinges; so that thise ilke richesches ne oughten nat by right to ben cleped richesches; ne swich power ne  
 130 oughte nat ben cleped power; ne swich dignitee ne oughte nat ben cleped dignitee. And at the laste, I may conclude the same thing of alle the yiftes of Fortune, in which ther nis nothing  
 135 to ben desired, ne that hath in him-self

naturel bountee, as it is ful wel y-sene. For neither they ne joignen hem nat alwey to goode men, ne maken hem  
140 alwey goode to whom that they ben y-joined.

METRE VI. *Nouimus quantas dedit ruinas.*

We han wel known how many grete harmes and destrucciouns weren don by the emperor Nero. He leet bronne the citee of Rome, and made sleen the  
5 senatours. And he, cruel, whylom slew his brother; and he was maked moist with the blood of his moder; that is to  
scyn, he leet sleen and slitten the body of his moder, to seen wher he was conceived;  
10 and he loked on every halve up-on her colde dede body, ne no tere ne wette his face, but he was so hard-herted that he mighte ben domes-man or juge of hir dede beautee. And natheles, yit govern-  
15 ede this Nero by ceptre alle the poeples that Phebus the sonne may seen, cominge from his outereste arysinge til he hyde his bones under the wawes; that is to scyn, he governed alle the poeples by  
20 ceptre imperial that the sonne goth aboute, from est to west. And eek this Nero governed by ceptre alle the poeples that ben under the colde sterres that highten "septem triones"; this is to scyn, he gover-  
25 nede alle the poeples that ben under the party of the north. And eek Nero governed alle the poeples that the violent wind Nothus scorcleth, and baketh the brenning sandes by his drye hete; that is to  
30 scyn, alle the poeples in the south. But yit ne mighte nat al his hye power torne the woodnesse of this wikked Nero. Allas! it is a grevous fortune, as ofte as wikked swerd is joigned to cruel venim; that is  
35 to scyn, venimous crueltee to lordshippes.'

PROSE VII. *Tum ego, scis, inquam.*

Thanne seyde I thus: 'Thou wost wel thy-self that the coveitise of mortal thinges ne hadde never lordshipe of me; but I have wel desired matere of thinges  
5 to done, as who seith, I desire to han

matere of governaunce over comunalties, for vertu, stille, ne sholde nat elden; that is to scyn, that [him] leste that, or he  
wee olde, his vertu, that lay now ful stille, ne should nat perisse unerercised in governaunce of comune; for which men mighten  
speken or wryten of his goode governement.

Philosophye. 'For sothe,' quod she, 'and that is a thing that may drawn 15 to governaunce swiche hertes as ben worthy and noble of hir nature; but natheles, it may nat drawn or tollen swiche hertes as ben y-brought to the fulle perfeccioun of vertu, that is to scyn, 20 covetise of glorie and renoun to han wel administred the comune thinges or don gode desertes to profit of the comune. For see now and considere, how litel and how voide of alle prys is thilke glorie. 25 Certein thing is, as thou hast lerned by the demonstracioun of astronomye, that al the environinge of the erthe aboute ne halt nat but the resoun of a prikke at regard of the greetnesse of hevene; 30 that is to scyn, that yif ther were maked comparisoun of the erthe to the greetnesse of hevene, men wolden jugen in al, that the erthe ne helde no space. Of the whiche litel region of this worlde, the 35 ferthe partye is inhabited with living bestes that we knowen, as thou thyself hast y-lerned by Tholomee that proveth it. And yif thou haddest with-drawn and abated in thy thought fro thilke 40 ferthe partye as moche space as the see and the mareys contenen and over-goon, and as moche space as the region of droughte over-streccheth, that is to scyn, sandes and desertes, wel unnethe sholde 45 ther dwellen a right streit place to the habitacioun of men. And ye thanne, that ben environed and closed with-in the leste prikke of thilke prikke, thinken ye to manifesten your renoun and don 50 youre name to ben born forth? But your glorie, that is so narwe and so streite y-throngen in-to so litel boundes, how mochel coveiteth it in largesse and in greet doinge? And also sette this 55 there-to: that many a nacioun, dyverse



of tonge and of maneres and eek of  
 rescoun of hir livinge, ben enhabited in  
 the clos of thilke litel habitacle; to the  
 60 whiche naciouns, what for difficultee of  
 weyes and what for dyversitee of lan-  
 gages, and what for defaute of unusage  
 and entrecomuninge of marchaundise,  
 nat only the names of singuler men ne  
 65 may nat strecchen, but eek the fame of  
 citees ne may nat strecchen. At the  
 laste, certes, in the tyme of Marcus  
 Tullius, as him-self writ in his book, that  
 the renoun of the comune of Rome ne  
 70 hadde nat yit passed ne cloumben over  
 the mountaigne that highte Caucasus;  
 and yit was, thilke tyme, Rome wel  
 waxen and greetly redouted of the Parthes  
 and eek of other folk enhabitinge aboute.  
 75 Seestow nat thanne how streit and how  
 compressed is thilke glorie that ye trav-  
 ailen aboute to shewe and to multiplie?  
 May thanne the glorie of a singuler  
 Romaine strecchen thider as the fame  
 80 of the name of Rome may nat climben  
 ne passen? And eek, seestow nat that  
 the maneres of dyverse folk and eek hir  
 lawes ben discordaunt among hem-self;  
 so that thilke thing that som men jugen  
 85 worthy of preysinge, other folk jugen  
 that it is worthy of torment? And ther-  
 of comth it that, though a man delyte  
 him in preysinge of his renoun, he may  
 nat in no wyse bringen forth ne sprede  
 90 his name to many maner poeples. There-  
 for every man oughte to ben apayed of  
 his glorie that is published among his  
 owne neighbours; and thilke noble re-  
 nounn shal ben restreyned within the  
 95 boundes of o manere folke. But how  
 many a man, that was ful noble in his  
 tyme, hath the wrecched and nedý  
 foryetinge of wryteres put out of minde  
 and don away! Al be it so that, certes,  
 100 thilke wrytinges profiten litel; the whiche  
 wrytinges long and dork elde doth away,  
 bothe hem and eek hir autours. But ye  
 men semen to geten yow a perdurabletee,  
 whan ye thenken that, in tyme to  
 105 cominge, your fame shal lasten. But  
 natheles, yif thou wolt maken compari-  
 soun to the endeles spaces of eternitee,

what thing hast thou by whiche thou  
 mayst rejoycen thee of long lastinge of  
 thy name? For yif ther were makid 110  
 comparisoun of the abydinge of a moment  
 to ten thousand winter, for as mochel as  
 bothe the spaces ben ended, yit hath the  
 moment som porcioun of it, al-though it  
 litel be. But natheles, thilke selve noun- 115  
 bre of yeres, and eek as many yeres as  
 ther-to may be multiplyed, ne may nat,  
 certes, ben comparisoun to the perdura-  
 bletee that is endeles; for of thinges that  
 han ende may be makid comparisoun, 120  
 but of thinges that ben with-outen ende,  
 to thinges that han ende, may be makid  
 no comparisoun. And forthy is it that,  
 al-though renoun, of as long tyme as ever  
 thee list to thinken, were thought to the 125  
 regard of eternitee, that is unstaunchable  
 and infinit, it ne sholde nat only semen  
 litel, but pleyuliche right naught. But  
 ye men, certes, ne conne don nothing  
 a-right, but-yif it be for the audiance 130  
 of poeple and for ydel rumours; and  
 ye forsaken the grette worthinesse of  
 conscience and of vertu, and ye seken  
 your guerdouns of the smale wordes of  
 straunge folk. Have now heer and 135  
 understonde, in the lightnesse of swich  
 pryde and veine glorie, how a man  
 scornede festivaly and morily swich vani-  
 tee. Whylom ther was a man that  
 hadde assayed with stryvinge wordes 140  
 another man, the whiche, nat for usage  
 of verray vertu but for proud veine  
 glorie, had taken up-on him falsly the  
 name of a philosophre. This rather man  
 that I spak of thoughte he wolde assaye, 145  
 wher he, thilke, were a philosophre or  
 no; that is to seyn, yif that he wolde  
 han suffrid lightly in pacience the  
 wronges that weren don un-to him. This  
 feynede philosophre took pacience a litel 150  
 whyle, and, whan he hadde received  
 wordes of outrage, he, as in stryvinge  
 ayein and rejoycinge of him-self, seyde  
 at the laste right thus: "understondest  
 thou nat that I am a philosophre?" That 155  
 other man answerde ayein ful bytingly,  
 and seyde: "I hadde wel understonden  
 it, yif thou haddest holden thy tonge

stille." But what is it to thise noble  
 160 worthy men (for, certes, of swiche folke  
 speke I) that seken glorie with vertu?  
 What is it?' quod she; 'what atteneeth  
 fame to swiche folk, whan the body is  
 resolved by the deeth at the luste? For  
 165 yif it so be that men dyen in al, *that*  
*is to seyn, body and soule*, the whiche  
 thing our resoun defendeth us to bileven,  
 thanne is ther no glorie in no wyse. *For*  
*what shold thilke glorie ben*, whan he,  
 170 of whom thilke glorie is seyd to be, nis  
 right naught in no wyse? And yif the  
 soule, whiche that hath in it-self science  
 of goode werkes, unbounden fro the  
 prison of the erthe, wendeth froly to the  
 175 hevene, despyeth it nat thanne alle  
 erthely occupacioun; and, being in  
 hevone, rejoyseth that it is exempt fro  
 alle erthely thinges? *As icho seith, thanne*  
*rekketh the soule of no glorie of renoun*  
 180 *of this world.*

METRE VII. *Quicumque solam mente  
 praecipiti petit.*

Who-so that, with overthrowinge  
 thought, only seketh glorie of fame,  
 and weneth that it be sovereyn good:  
 lat him loken up-on the brode shewing  
 5 contres of hevone, and up-on the streite  
 site of this erthe; and he shal ben  
 ushamed of the encrees of his name, that  
 may nat fulfille the litel compas *of the*  
*erthe*. O! what coveiten proude folk to  
 10 liften up hir nekkes in ydel in the dedly  
 yok *of this worlde*? For al-though that  
 renoun y-sprad, passinge to ferne poeples,  
 goth by dyverse tonges; and al-though  
 that grete houses or kinredes shynen  
 15 with clere titles of honours; yit, natheles,  
 deeth despyeth alle heye glorie of fame:  
 and deeth wrappeth to-gidere the heye  
 hevendes and the lowe, and maketh egal  
 and evene the heyeste to the loweste.  
 20 Wher women now the bones of trowe  
 Fabricius? What is now Brutus, or  
 stierne Catoun? The thinne fame, yit  
 lastinge, of hir ydel names, is marked  
 with a fewe letres; but al-though that  
 25 we han knowen the faire wordes of the

fames of hem, it is nat yeven to knowe  
 hem that ben dede and consumpte. Lig-  
 goth thanne stille, al outrely unknow-  
 able; ne fame ne maketh yow nat knowe.  
 And yif ye wene to liven the longer for  
 30 winde of your mortal name, whan o  
 cruel day shal ravisshe yow, thanne is  
 the seconde deeth dwellinge un-to yow.  
*Glose. The first deeth he clepeth heer the*  
*departinge of the body and the soule; and*  
*the seconde deeth he clepeth, as heer, the*  
*stinting of the renoun of fame.*

PROSE VIII. *Set ne me inexorable contra  
 fortunam.*

'But for as mochel as thou shalt nat  
 wenon,' quod she, 'that I bere untretable  
 bataile ayeins fortune, yit som-tyme it  
 bifulleth that she, deceyvable, deserveth  
 to han right good thank of men; and 5  
 that is, whan she hir-self opneth, and  
 whan she discovereth hir frount,  
 and sheweth hir maneres. Peraventure yit  
 understondest thou nat that I shal seye.  
 It is a wonder that I desire to telle, and 10  
 forty unneth may I unpleyten my  
 sentence with wordes; for I deme that  
 contrarious Fortune profiteth more to  
 men than Fortune debonaire. For al-  
 wey, whan Fortune semeth debonaire, 15  
 than she lyeth falsly in bihetinge the  
 hope of welefulnesse; but forsothe con-  
 trarious Fortune is alway soothfast, whan  
 she sheweth hir-self unstable thorough  
 hir chaunginge. The amiable Fortune 20  
 deceyveth folk; the contrarie Fortune  
 techeth. The amiable Fortune bindeth  
 with the beautee of false goodes the  
 hertes of folk that usen hem; the con-  
 trarie Fortune unbindeth hem by the 25  
 knowinge of frele welefulnesse. The  
 amiable Fortune mayst thou seen alway  
 windy and flowinge, and ever mis-  
 knowinge of hir-self; the contrario For-  
 tune is atempre and restreynded, and wys 30  
 thorough exercise of hir adversitee. At  
 the laste, amiable Fortune with hir  
 flateringes draweth miswandrige men  
 fro the sovereyn good; the contrarious  
 Fortune ledeth ofte folk ayein to sooth- 35

fast goodes, and haleth hem ayein as  
 with an hooke. Wenest thou thanne  
 that thou oughtest to leten this a litel  
 thing, that this aspre and horrible  
 40 Fortune hath discovered to thee the  
 thoughtes of thy trewe freendes? For-  
 why this ilke Fortune hath departed  
 and uncovered to thee bothe the certain  
 visages and eek the doutous visages of  
 45 thy felawes. Whan she departed away  
 fro thee, she took away hir freendes, and  
 lafte thee thyne freendes. Now whan  
 thou were riche and weleful, as thee  
 semede, with how mochel woldest thou  
 50 han bought the fulle knowinge of this,  
*that is to seyn, the knowinge of thy verray*  
*freendes?* Now pleyne thee nat thanne  
 of richesse y-lorn, sin thou hast founden  
 the moste precious kinde of riches,es,  
 55 that is to seyn, thy verray freendes.

METRE VIII. *Quod mundus stabili  
 fide.*

That the world with stable feith varieth  
 acordable chaunginges; that the con-  
 trarious qualitees of elements holden

among hem-self aliannce perdurable; that  
 Phebus the sonne with his goldene chariet 5  
 bringeth forth the rosene day; that the  
 mone hath commandement over the  
 nightes, which nightes Hesperus the eve-  
 sterre hath brought; that the see, greedy  
 to flowen, constreyneth with a certain 10  
 ende hise fiodes, so that it is nat leveful  
 to strecche hise brode termes or boundes  
 up-on the erthes, *that is to seyn, to covere*  
*al the erthe*:—al this acordaunce of  
 thinges is bounden with Love, that 15  
 governeth erthe and see, and hath also  
 commandements to the hevenes. And  
 yif this Love slakede the brydeles, alle  
 thinges that now loven hem to-gederes  
 wolden maken a bataile continually, and 20  
 stryven to fordoon the fasoun of this  
 worlde, the whiche they now leden in  
 acordable feith by faire moevinges. This  
 Love halt to-gideres poeples joined with  
 an holy bond, and knitteth sacrament 25  
 of mariages of chaste loves; and Love  
 endyteth lawes to trewe felawes. O!  
 weleful were mankinde, yif thilke Love  
 that governeth hevenc governed youre  
 corages! 30

Explicit Liber secundus.

BOOK III.

PROSE I. *Iam cantum illa finierat.*

By this she hadde ended hir song,  
 whan the sweetnesste of hir ditee hadde  
 thorough-perced me that was desirous of  
 herkynge, and I astoned hadde yit  
 5 streighte myn eres, *that is to seyn, to*  
*herkne the bet what she wolde seye*; so  
 that a litel here-after I seyde thus: 'O  
 thou that art sovereyn comfort of an-  
 guissons corages, so thou hast remounted  
 10 and norisshed me with the weighte of  
 thy sentences and with delyt of thy  
 singinge; so that I trowe nat now that  
 I be unparigal to the strokes of Fortune:  
*as who seyth, I dar wel now suffren al the*  
 15 *assaultes of Fortune, and wel defende me*

*fro hir.* And tho remedies whiche that  
 thou seydest her-biforn weren right  
 sharpe, nat only that I am nat a-gripen  
 of hem now, but I, desirous of heringe,  
 axe gretely to heren the remedies.' Than 20  
 seyde she thus: 'That felede I ful wel,'  
 quod she, 'whan that thou, ententif and  
 stille, ravishedest my wordes; and I  
 abood til that thou haddest swich habite  
 of thy thought as thou hast now; or elles 25  
 til that I my-self hadde makid to thee  
 the same habit, which that is a more  
 verray thing. And certes, the remenaunt  
 of thinges that ben yit to seye ben swiche,  
 that first whan men tasten hem they ben 30  
 bytynges, but whan they ben receyved  
 withinne a wight, than ben they swete.

But for thou seyst that thou art so desirous to herkne hem, with how gret  
35 brenninge woldest thou glowen, yif thou wistest whider I wol leden thee!  
'Whider is that?' quod I.

'To thilke verray welefulnesse,' quod she, 'of whiche thyn herte dremeth;  
40 but for as moche as thy sighte is occupied and disturbed by imaginacioun of *erthely thinges*, thou mayst nat yit seen thilke selve welefulnesse.' 'Do,' quod I, 'and shewe me what is thilke verray weleful-  
45 nesse, I preye thee, with-out taryinge.'

'That wole I gladly don,' quod she, 'for the cause of thee; but I wol first marken thee by wordes and I wol enforcen me to enformen thee thilke *false*  
50 cause of *blisfulnesse* that thou more knowest; so that, whan thou hast fully biholden thilke false goodes, and torned thyn eyen to that other syde, thou mowe knowe the cleernesse of verray blisful-  
55 nesse.

METRE I. *Qui serere ingenium uolet agrum.*

Who-so wole sowe a feeld plentivous, lat him first delivere it fro thornes, and kerve asunder with his hook the bushes and the fern, so that the corn may comen  
5 hevy of eres and of greynes. Hony is the more swete, yif mouthes han first tasted savoures that ben wikkid. The sterres shynen more agreably whan the wind Nothus leteth his ploungy blastos;  
10 and after that Lucifer the day-sterre hath chased away the derke night, the day the fairere ledeth the rosens hors of the *sonne*. And right so thou, biholdinge first the false goodes, bigin to  
15 with-drawn thy nekke fro the yok of *erthely affeccions*; and after-ward the verray goodes shollen entren in-to thy corage.'

PROSE II. *Tunc defixo paullulum uisu.*

Tho fastnade she a litel the sighte of hir eyen, and with-drow hir right as it were in-to the streite sete of hir thought;

and bigan to speke right thus: 'Alle the cures,' quod she, 'of mortal folk, whiche  
5 that travaylen hem in many maner studies, goon certes by diverse weyes, but natheles they enforcen hem alle to comen only to con ende of blisfulnesse. And blisfulnesse is swiche a good, that  
10 who-so that hath geten it, he ne may, over that, no-thing more desyre. And this thing is forsothe the sovereyn good that conteyneth in him-self alle maner goodes; to the whiche good yif ther  
15 failede any thing, it mighte nat ben cleped sovereyn good: for thanne were ther som good, out of this like sovereyn good, that mighte ben desired. Now is it cleer and certain thanne, that blisful-  
20 nesse is a parfit estat by the congregacioun of alle goodes; the whiche blisfulnesse, as I have seyde, alle mortal folk enforcen hem to geten by diverse weyes. For-why the covetise of verray  
25 good is naturally y-plaunted in the hertes of men; but the miswandrige errour mis-lodeth hem in-to false goodes. Of the whiche men, som of hem wenen that sovereyn good be to liven with-out nede  
30 of any thing, and travaylen hem to be haboundaunt of riches. And som other men demen that sovereyn good be, for to ben right digne of reverence; and enforcen hem to ben reverenced  
35 among hir neighbours by the honours that they han y-goten. And som folk ther ben that holden, that right heigh power be sovereyn good, and enforcen hem for to regnen, or elles to joignen  
40 hem to hem that regnen. And it semeth to some other folk, that noblesse of renoun be the sovereyn good; and hasten hem to geten glorious name by the arts of werre and of pees. And many folk  
45 mesuren and gessen that sovereyn good be joye and gladnesse, and wenen that it be right blisful thing to ploungen hem in voluptuous delyt. And ther ben folk that entrechaungen the causes and the  
50 endes of thise forseyde goodes, as they that desiren riches to han power and delytes; or elles they desiren power for to han moneye, or for cause of renoun.

55 In these things, and in swiche othere  
 things, is tord alle the entencioun of  
 desiringes and of werkes of men; as  
 thus: noblesse and favour of poeple,  
 whiche that yeveth to men, as it semeth  
 60 hem, a maner cleernesse of renoun; and  
 wyf and children, that men desiren for  
 cause of delyt and of merynesse. But  
 forsothe, frendes ne sholden nat be  
 rekned a-mong the godes of fortune, but  
 65 of vertu; for it is a ful holy maner thing.  
 Alle these othere things, forsothe, ben  
 taken for cause of power or elles for  
 cause of delyt. Certes, now am I redy  
 to referren the goodes of the body to these  
 70 forside things aboven; for it semeth  
 that strengthe and gretnesse of body  
 yeven power and worthynesse, and that  
 beante and swiftnesse yeven noblesse  
 and glorie of renoun; and hele of body  
 75 semeth yeven delyt. In alle these things  
 it semeth only that blisfulnesse is desired.  
 For-why thilke thing that every man  
 desireth most over alle things, he  
 demeth that it be the sovereyn good;  
 80 but I have dofyned that blisfulnesse is  
 the sovereyn good; for which every wight  
 demeth, that thilke estat that he desireth  
 over alle things, that it be blisfulnesse.  
 Now hast thou thanne biforn thyn eyen  
 85 almost al the purposed forme of the wel-  
 fulnesse of man-kinde, that is to seyn,  
 riches, honours, power, and glorie, and  
 delyts. The whiche delyt only considerede  
 Epicurus, and juged and establisshed that  
 90 delyt is the sovereyn good; for as moche  
 as alle othere things, as him thoughte,  
 bi-refte away joye and mirthe fram the  
 herte. But I retorne ayein to the studies  
 of men, of whiche men the corage alwey  
 95 rehereth and seketh the sovereyn good,  
 al be it so that it be with a derked  
 memorie; but he not by whiche path,  
 right as a dronken man not nat by  
 whiche path he may retorne him to his  
 100 hous. Semeth it thanne that folk folyn  
 and erren that enforcen hem to have  
 nede of nothing? Certes, ther nis non  
 other thing that may so wel performe  
 blisfulnesse, as an estat plentivous of alle  
 105 goodes, that ne hath nede of non other

thing, but that is suffisaunt of himself  
 unto him-self. And folyn swiche folk  
 thanne, that wenen that thilke thing  
 that is right good, that it be eek right  
 worthy of honour and of reverence? 110  
 Certes, nay. For that thing nis neither  
 foul ne worthy to ben despised, that wel  
 neigh al the entencioun of mortal folk  
 travaylen for to geten it. And power,  
 oughte nat that eek to ben rekned 115  
 amonges goodes? What elles? For it  
 is nat to wene that thilke thing, that is  
 most worthy of alle things, be feble and  
 with-oute strengthe. And cleernesse of  
 renoun, oughte that to ben despised? 120  
 Certes, ther may no man forsake, that al  
 thing that is right excellent and noble,  
 that it ne semeth to ben right cleer and  
 renommed. For certes, it nodeth nat to  
 seye, that blisfulnesse be [nat] anguissous 125  
 ne drory, ne subgit to grevaunces ne to  
 sorwes, sin that in right litel things  
 folk seken to have and to usen that may  
 delyten hem. Certes, these ben the  
 things that men wolen and desiren to 130  
 geten. And for this cause desiren they  
 riches, dignite, regnes, glorie, and  
 delices. For therby wenen they to han  
 suffisaunce, honour, power, renoun, and  
 gladnesse. Than is it good, that men 135  
 seken thus by so many diverse studies.  
 In whiche desyr it may lightly ben  
 shewed how gret is the strengthe of  
 nature; for how so that men han diverse  
 sentences and discordinge, algates men 140  
 acorden alle in lovinge the ende of good.

#### METRE II. *Quantas rerum flectat habenas.*

It lyketh me to shewe, by subtil song,  
 with slakke and delitable soun of strenges,  
 how that Nature, mighty, enclineth and  
 flitteth the governements of things, and  
 by whiche lawes she, purveyable, kepeth 5  
 the grete world; and how she, bindinge,  
 restreyneth alle things by a bonde that  
 may nat ben unbounde. Al be it so that  
 the lyouns of the contre of Pene beren  
 the faire chaynes, and taken metes of 10  
 the handes of folk that yeven it hem,  
 and dreden hir sturdy maystres of whiche

they ben wont to suffer betinges : yif  
that hir horrible mouthes ben be-bled,  
15 *that is to seyn, of bestes devoured*, hir  
corage of time passed, that hath ben ydel  
and rested, repeyeth ayein ; and they  
roren greuously and remembren on hir  
nature, and slaken hir nekkes fram hir  
20 chaynes unbounde ; and hir mayster, first  
to-torn with bloody tooth, assayeth the  
wode wrathes of hem ; *this is to seyn,*  
*they freten hir mayster*. And tho jango-  
linge brid that singeth on the heye  
25 *branches, that is to seyn, in the wode*,  
and after is enclosed in a streyt cage :  
al-though that the pleyinge bisnesse of  
men yeveth hem honiede drinkes and  
large metes with swete studie, yit natho-  
30 les, yif thilke brid, skipinge out of hir  
streyte cage, seeth the agreeables shadowes  
of the wodes, she defouleth with hir feet  
hir metes y-shad, and seketh mourninge  
only the wode ; and twitereth, desiringe  
35 the wode, with hir swete vois. The yerde  
of a tree, that is haled a-doun by mighty  
strengthe, boweth redily the crop a-doun :  
but yif that the hand of him that it bente  
lat it gon ayein, anon the crop loketh  
40 up-right to hevone. The sonne Phebus,  
that falleth at even in the westrene  
wawes, retorneth ayein eftsones his carte,  
by prives path, ther-as it is wont aryse.  
Alle things seken ayein to hir propre  
45 cours, and alle things rejoysen hem of  
hir retorninge ayein to hir nature. Ne  
non ordinaunce nis bitaken to thinges,  
but that that hath joyned the endinge  
to the beginninge, and hath maketh the  
50 cours of it-self stable, *that it chaungeth*  
*nat from his propre kinde*.

PROSE III. *Vos quoque, o terrena animalia,*

Certes also ye men, that ben ertheliche  
beestes, dremen alwey yours beginninge,  
al-though it be with a thinne imagina-  
cloun ; and by a manner thoughte, al be  
5 it nat cleerly ne parfitly, ye loken fram  
a-fer to thilke verray fyn of blisfulnesse ;  
and ther-fore naturel entencoun ledeth  
you to thilke verray good, but many  
maner erreours mis-torneth you ther-fro.

Consider now yif that by thilke thinges, 10  
by whiche a man weneth to geten him  
blisfulnesse, yif that he may comen to  
thilke ende that he weneth to come by  
nature. For yif that moneye or honours,  
or thise other forseide thinges bringen 15  
to men swich a thing that no good ne  
fayle hem no semeth fayle, certes than  
wole I graunte that they ben maketh  
blisful by thilke thinges that they han  
goten. But yif so be that thilke thinges 20  
ne mowen nat performen that they bi-  
heten, and that ther be defaute of manye  
goodes, sheweth it nat thanne cleerly  
that fals beantee of blisfulnesse is knowen  
and attein in thilke thinges ? First and 25  
forward thou thy-self, that haddest lia-  
bundaunces of riches nat long agon,  
I axe yif that, in the habundaunce of alle  
thilke riches, thou were never an-  
guissous or sory in thy corage of any 30  
wrong or grevaunce that bi-tidde thee on  
any syde ? ' Certes,' quod I, ' it ne re-  
membreth me nat that evere I was so  
free of my thought that I ne was alwey  
in anguiss of som-what.' 35

' And was nat that,' quod she, ' for that  
thee lakked som-what that thou noldest  
nat han lakked, or elles thou haddest  
that thou noldest nat han had ? ' ' Right  
so is it,' quod I, 40

' Thanne desiredest thou the presence  
of that oon and the absence of that  
other ? ' ' I graunte wel,' quod I.

' Forsothe,' quod she, ' than nedeth  
ther som-what that every man desireth ? ' 45  
' Ye, ther nedeth,' quod I.

' Certes,' quod she, ' and he that hath  
lakke or ned of aught nis nat in every  
wey suffisaunt to himself ? ' ' No,'  
quod I. 50

' And thou,' quod she, ' in al the plentes  
of thy riches haddest thilke lakke of  
suffisaunce ? ' ' What elles ? ' quod I.

' Thanne may nat riches maken that  
a man nis nedy, ne that he be suffisaunt 55  
to him-self ; and that was it that they  
bi-higten, as it semeth. And eek certes  
I trowe, that this be gretly to considere,  
that moneye ne hath nat in his owne  
kinde that it ne may ben bi-nomen of 60

hem that han it, mangre hem?' 'I bi-knowe it wel,' quod I.

'Why sholdest thou nat bi-knowen it,' quod she, 'whan every day the strengre 65 folk bi-nemen it fro the febler, mangre hem? For whennes comen elles alle thise foreyne compleyntes or quereles of plot-inges, but for that men axen ayein here moneye that hath ben bi-nomen hem by 70 force or by gyle, and alwey mangre hem?' 'Right so is it,' quod I.

'Than,' quod she, 'hath a man nede to seken him foreyne helpe by whiche he may defende his moneye?' 'Who may 75 sey nay?' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she; 'and him nedede non help, yif he ne hadde no moneye that he mighte lese?' 'That is douteles,' quod I.

80 'Than is this thing torned in-to the contrarye,' quod she. 'For richesesses, that men wenen sholde make suffisaunce, they maken a man rather han nede of foreyne help! Which is the manere or 85 the gyse,' quod she, 'that richesesse may dryve away nede? Riche folk, may they neither han hunger ne thirst? These riche men, may they fele no cold on hir limes on winter? But thou wolt answeren, 90 that riche men han y-now wher-with they may staunchen hir hunger, slaken hir thirst, and don a-wey cold. In this wyse may nede be counforted by richesesses; but certes, nede ne may nat al ontrelly 95 ben don a-wey. For though this nede, that is alwey gapinge and gredy, be fulfilled with richesesses, and axe any thing, yit dwelleth thanne a nede that mighte be fulfilled. I holde me stille, and telle 100 nat how that litel thing suffiseth to nature; but certes to avarice y-nough ne suffiseth no-thing. For sin that richesesses ne may nat al don away nede, but richesesses maken nede, what may it thanne 105 be, that ye wenen that richesesses mowen evenen you suffisaunce?

**METRE III.** *Quamvis fluente diues auri gurgita.*

Al were it so that a riche covetous man hadde a river fletinge al of gold, yit

sholde it never staunchen his covetise; and though he hadde his nekke y-charged with precious stones of the rede 5 see, and though he do ere his feldes plentivous with an hundred oxen, never ne shal his bytinge bisnesse for-leten him whyl he liveth, ne the lighte richesesses ne sholle nat beren him compagne whan he 10 is deed.

**PROSE IV.** *Set dignitates.*

But dignitees, to whom they ben comen, maken they him honorable and reverent? Han they nat so gret strengthe, that they may putte vertues in the hertes of folk that usen the lordshipes of hem? Or 5 elles may they don a-wey the vyces? Certes, they ne be nat wont to don away wikkednesse, but they ben wont rather to shewen wikkednesse. And ther-of comth it that I have right grete desdeyn, 10 that dignitees ben yeven ofte to wikked men; for which thing Catullus cleped a *consul of Rome*, that *highte Nonius*, "*postum*" or "*boch*"; as who seyth, he cleped him a *congregacioun of vyces in his* 15 *brest*, as a *postum is ful of corrupcioun*, al were this Nonius set in a chayre of dignitee. Seest thou nat thanne how gret vilenye dignitees don to wikked 20 men? Certes, unworthinesse of wikked men sholde be the lasse y-sene, yif they nere renowned of none honours. Certes, thou thyself ne mightest nat ben brought with as manye perils as thou mightest suffren that thou woldest beren the 25 magistrat with Decorat; that is to seyn, that for no peril that mighte befallen thee by offence of the king Theodorike, thou noldest nat be felawe in governaunce with Decorat; whan thou saye that he hadde 30 wikked corage of a likerous shrew and of an accuser. Ne I ne may nat, for swiche honours, jugen hem worthy of reverence, that I deme and holde unworthy to han thilke same honours. Now 35 yif thou saye a man that were fulfilled of wisdom, certes, thou ne mightest nat deme that he were unworthy to the honour, or elles to the wisdom of which

40 he is fulfild?—'No,' quod I.—'Certes, dignitees,' quod she, 'apertienien proprely to vertu; and vertu transporteth dignitee anon to thilke man to which she hir-self is conjoined. And for as moche as  
45 honours of poeple ne may nat maken folk digne of honour, it is wel seyn cleerly that they ne han no propre beautee of dignitee. And yit men oughten taken more heed in this. For yif it so be that  
50 a wikked wight be so mochel the foulere and the more out-cast, that he is despysed of most folk, so as dignitee ne may nat maken shrewes digne of reverence, the which shrewes dignitee sheweth to moche  
55 folk, thanne maketh dignitee shrewes rather so moche more despysed than preyed; and forsothe nat unpunished: *that is for to seyn, that shrewes revengen hem ayeinward up-on dignitees*; for they  
60 yilden ayein to dignitees as gret guerdoun, whan they bi-spotten and defoulen dignitees with hir vilenye. And for as mochel as thou mowe knowe that thilke verray reverence ne may nat comen by  
65 thise shadowy transitorie dignitees, undirstond now thus: yif that a man hadde used and had many maner dignitees of consules, and were comen peraventure amonge straunge naciouns, sholde thilke  
70 honour maken him worshipful and redouted of straunge folk? Certes, yif that honour of poeple were a naturel yift to dignitees, it ne mighte never cesen nowher amonges no maner folk to  
75 don his office, right as fyr in every contrie ne stinteth nat to eschaufen and to ben hoot. But for as moche as for to ben holden honourable or reverent ne cometh nat to folk of hir propre  
80 strengthe of nature, but only of the false opinioun of folk, *that is to seyn, that wenen that dignitees maken folk digne of honour*; anon therfore whan that they comen ther-as folk ne knowen nat thilke digni-  
85 tees, hir honours vanisshen away, and that anon. But that is amonges straunge folk, mayst thou seyn; but amonges hem ther they werch born, ne duren nat thilke dignitees alwey? Certes, the dignitee of the provostrie of Rome was

whylom a gret power; now is it nothing but an ydel name, and the rente of the senatorie a gret charge. And yif a wight whylom hadde the office to taken hede to the vitailles of the poeple, as of corn and  
95 other thinges, he was holden amonges grete; but what thing is now more out-cast thanne thilke provostrie? And, as I have seyed a lital her-bifore, that thilke thing that hath no propre beautee of  
100 him-self receiveth som-tyme prys and shyninge, and som-tyme leseth it by the opinioun of usaunces. Now yif that dignitees thanne ne mowen nat maken folk digne of reverence, and yif that dignitees  
105 wexen foule of hir wille by the filthe of shrewes, and yif that dignitees lesen hir shyninge by chaunginge of tymes, and yif they wexen foule by estimacioun of poeple: what is it that they han in hem-  
110 self of beautee that oughte ben desired? *as who seyth, non*; thanne ne mowen they yeven no beautee of dignitee to non other.

METRE IV. *Quamvis se, Tyrio superbus ostro.*

Al be it so that the proude Nero, with alle his wode luxurie, kembde him and aparallede him with faire purpres of Tirie, and with whyte perles, algates yit throf he hateful to alle folk: *this is to seyn, that al was he behated of alle folk*. Yit this wikked Nero hadde gret lordship, and yaf whylom to the reverents senators the unworshipful setes of the unworshipful setes he clepeth here, for that  
10 Nero, that was so wikked, yaf the dignitees. Who-so wolde thanne resonably wenen, that blisfulnesse were in swiche honours as ben yeven by vicious shrewes?

PROSE V. *An vero regna regumque familiaribus.*

But regnes and familiarities of kinges, may they maken a man to ben mighty? How elles, whan hir blisfulnesse dureth perpetuely? But certes, the olde age of tyme passed, and eek of present tyme  
5 now, is ful of ensamples how that



kinges ben changed in-to wretchednesse  
 out of hir welesfulnesse. O! a noble thing  
 and a cleer thing is power, that is nat  
 10 founden mighty to kepen it-self! And  
 yif that power of reaumes be auctour and  
 maker of blisfulnesse, yif thilke power  
 lakkeþ on any syde, amenusoth it nat  
 thilke blisfulnesse and bringeth in  
 15 wretchednesse? But yit, al be it so  
 that the reaumes of mankinde strecchen  
 brode, yit mot ther nede ben moche folk,  
 over whiche that every king ne hath no  
 lordshipe ne comaundement. And certes,  
 20 up-on thilke syde that power failoth,  
 which that maketh folk blisful, right  
 on that same syde noun-power entreth  
 under-nethe, that maketh hem wrecches;  
 in this manere thanne moten kinges han  
 25 more porcioun of wretchednesse than of  
 welesfulnesse. A tyraunt, *that was king*  
*of Sisile*, that hadde assayed the peril  
 of his estat, shewede by similitude the  
 dredes of reaumes by gastnesse of a swerd  
 30 that heng over the heved of his familier.  
 What thing is thanne this power, that  
 may nat don away the lytinges of bisi-  
 nesse, ne eschewe the prikkes of drede?  
 And certes, yit wolden they liven in  
 35 sikernes, but they may nat; and yit  
 they glorifye hem in hir power. Holdest  
 thou thanne that thilke man be mighty,  
 that thou seest that he wolde don that  
 he may nat don? And holdest thou  
 40 thanne him a mighty man, that hath  
 envirowened his sydes with men of armes  
 or serjaunts, and dredeth more hem that  
 he maketh agast than they dreden him,  
 and that is put in the handes of his  
 45 servaunts for he sholde seme mighty?  
 But of familieres or servaunts of kinges  
 what sholde I telle thee anything, sin  
 that I myself have shewed thee that  
 reaumes hem-self ben ful of gret feblesse?  
 50 The whiche familieres, certes, the ryal  
 power of kinges, in hool estat and in  
 estat abated, ful ofte throweth adown.  
 Nero constreynede Senek, his familier  
 and his mayster, to chesen on what deeth  
 55 he wolde deyen. Antonius comaundede  
 that knightes slown with hir swerdes  
 Papinian his familier, which Papinian

hadde ben longe tyme ful mighty  
 amonges hem of the court. And yit,  
 certes, they wolden bothe han renounced 60  
 hir power; of whiche two Senek en-  
 forcede him to yeven to Nero his rich-  
 asses, and also to han gon in-to solitarie  
 exil. But whan the grete weight, *that*  
*is to seyn, of lordes power or of fortune*, 65  
 draweth hem that shullen falle, neither  
 of hem ne mighte do that he wolde.  
 What thing is thanne thilke power, that  
 though men han it, yit they ben agast;  
 and whanne thou woldest han it, thou 70  
 nart nat siker; and yif thou woldest  
 foreleten it, thou mayst nat eschuen it?  
 But whether swiche men ben frendes  
 at nede, as ben conseyled by fortune and  
 nat by vertu? Certes, swiche folk as 75  
 welesful fortune maketh freendes, con-  
 trarious fortune maketh hem enenys.  
 And what pestilence is more mighty for  
 to anyoe a wight than a familier enemy?

#### METRE V. *Qui se uolet esse potentem.*

Who-so wol be mighty, he mot daunten  
 his cruel corage, ne putte nat his nekke,  
 overcomen, under the foule reynes of  
 lecherye. For al-be-it so that thy lord-  
 shipe strecche so fer, that the contree 5  
 of Inde quaketh at thy comaundementes  
 or at thy lawes, and that the last *ile in*  
*the see*, that hight Tyle, be thral to thee,  
 yit, yif thou mayst nat putten away thy  
 foule derke desyrs, and dryven out fro 10  
 thee wrecched complaintes, certes, it nis  
 no power that thou hast.

#### PROSE VI. *Gloria uero quam fallax saepe.*

But glorie, how deceivable and how  
 foul is it ofte! For which thing nat  
 unskillfully a tragedien, *that is to seyn,*  
*a maker of dities that highten tragedies*,  
 cryde and seide: "O glorie, glorie," quod 5  
 he, "thou art nothing elles to thousandes  
 of folkes but a gret sweller of eres!"  
 For manye han had ful gret renoun by  
 the false opinioun of the poeple, and what  
 thing may ben thought fouler than swiche 10  
 preysinge? For thilke folk that ben  
 preysed falsly, they moten nedes han

shame of hir preysinges. And yif that  
folk han geten hem thonk or preysinge  
15 by hir desertes, what thing hath thilke  
prys echod or encreased to the conscience  
of wyse folk, that mesuren hir good,  
nat by the rumour of the poeple, but  
by the soothfastnesse of conscience? And  
20 yif it seme a fair thing, a man to han  
encreased and spred his name, than fol-  
weth it that it is demed to ben a foul  
thing, yif it ne be y-sprad and encreased.  
But, as I seyde a litel her-biforn that, sin  
25 ther mot nedes ben many folk, to whiche  
folk the renoun of a man ne may nat  
comen, it befallerh that he, that thou  
weneest be glorious and renommed, semeth  
in the nexte partie of the erthes to ben  
30 with-oute glorie and with-oute renoun.  
And certes, amonges thise thinges I ne  
trowe nat that the prys and grace of the  
poeple nis neither worthy to ben re-  
membred, no cometh of wyse jugement,  
35 ne is ferme perdurably. But now, of this  
name of gentillesse, what man is it that  
ne may wel seen how veyn and how  
flittinge a thing it is? For yif the name  
of gentillesse be referred to renoun and  
40 cleernes of linage, thanne is gentil name  
but a foreine thing, *that is to seyn, to him  
that glorifyen hem of hir linage.* For it  
semeth that gentillesse be a maner preys-  
singe that comth of the deserte of an-  
45 cestres. And yif preysinge maketh  
gentillesse, thanne moten they nedes be  
gentil that ben preyssed. For which thing  
it folweth, that yif thou ne have no  
gentillesse of thy-self, *that is to seyn, preyse*  
50 *no comth of thy deserte,* forvyn gentillesse  
ne maketh thes nat gentil. But certes,  
yif ther be any good in gentillesse, I trowe  
it be al-only this, that it semeth as that  
a maner necessitee be imposed to gentil  
55 men, for that they ne sholden nat out-  
rayen or forliven fro the virtues of hir  
noble kinrede.

METRE VI. *Omne hominum genus in  
terris.*

Al the linage of men that ben in erthe  
ben of semblable birthe. On allone is  
fader of thinges. On allone ministrerh

G.C.

alle thinges. He yaf to the sonne hise  
bemes; he yaf to the mone hir hornes: 5  
He yaf the men to the erthe; he yaf the  
sterres to the hevena. He encloseth with  
membres the soules that comen fro his  
hye sete. Thanne comen alle mortal folk  
of noble seds; why noisen ye or bosten of 10  
yours eldres? For yif thou loke your  
beginninge, and god your auctor and your  
maker, thanne nis ther no forlived wight,  
But-yif he norisshe his corage un-to vyces,  
and forlete his propre burthe. 15

PROSE VII. *Quid autem de corporis  
voluptatibus.*

But what shal I seye of delices of body,  
of whiche delices the desiringes ben ful  
of anguiss, and the fulfillinges of hem  
ben ful of penaunce? How greet syk-  
nesse and how grete sorwes unsufferable, 5  
right as a maner fruit of wikkednesse,  
ben thilke delices wont to bringen to the  
bodies of folk that usen hem! Of whiche  
delices I not what joye may ben had of  
hir moevinge. But this wot I wel, that 10  
who-so-ever wole remembre him of hise  
luxures, he shal wel understonde that  
the issues of delices ben sorful and  
sorye. And yif thilke delices mowen  
maken folk blisful, than by the same 15  
cause moten thise bestes ben cleped blis-  
ful; of whiche bestes al the entencioun  
hasteth to fulfill hir bodily jolitee. And  
the gladnesse of wyf and children were  
an honest thing, but it hath ben seyde 20  
that it is over muchel ayeins kinde, that  
children han ben founden tormentours to  
hir fadres, I not how manye: of whiche  
children how bytinge is every condicioun,  
it nedeth nat to tellen it thes, that hast 25  
or this tyme assayed it, and art yit now  
anguissous. In this approve I the sen-  
tence of my disciple Euripidis, that seyde,  
that "he that hath no children is weleful  
by infortune." 30

METRE VII. *Habet omnis hoc voluptas.*

Every delyth hath this, that it anguisseth  
hem with prikkes that usen it. It re-  
sembleth to thise flyinge fyes that we

G

olepen been, that, after that he hath shad  
5 hise agreeable honies, he fleeth away, and  
stingeth the hertes, of hem that ben  
y-smite, with bytinge overlonge holdinge.

PROSE VIII. *Nihil igitur dubium est.*

Now is it no doute thanne that these  
weyes ne ben a maner misledinges to  
blisfulnesse, ne that they ne mowe nat  
leden folk thider as they biheten to leden  
5 hem. But with how grete harmes these  
forseyde weyes ben enlaced, I shal shewe  
these shortly. For-why yif thou enforcest  
these to assemble moneye, thou most bi-  
reven him his moneye that hath it. And  
10 yif thou wolt shynen with dignitees, thou  
most bisechen and supplien hem that  
yeven the dignitees. And yif thou covet-  
test by honour to gon biforn other folk,  
thou shalt defoule thy-self thorough hum-  
15 blesse of axinge. Yif thou desirest power,  
thou shalt by awaytes of thy subgits  
anoyously ben cast under manye periles.  
Axest thou glorie? Thou shalt ben so  
destrat by aspre thinges that thou shalt  
20 forgoon sikernes. And yif thou wolt  
leden thy lyf in delices, every wight shal  
despisen thee and forleten thee, as thou  
that art thral to thing that is right foul  
and brotel; that is to seyn, servaunt to  
25 thy body. Now is it thanne wel seen,  
how litel and how brotel possessioun they  
coveiten, that putten the goodes of the  
body aboven hir owne resoun. For mayst  
thou sormounten these olifaunts in gret-  
30 nesse or weight of body? Or mayst thou  
ben stronger than the bole? Mayst thou  
ben swifter than the tygre? Bihold the  
spaces and the stablenesse and the swift  
cours of the hevne, and stint som-tyme  
35 to wondren on foule thinges; the which  
hevne, certes, nis nat rather for these  
thinges to ben wondred up-on, than for  
the resoun by which it is governed. But  
the shyning of thy forme, *that is to seyn,*  
40 *the beauties of thy body,* how swiftly pass-  
inge is it, and how transitorie; certes, it  
is more fittinge than the mutabilies of  
flowers of the somer-seasoun. For so Aris-  
totle telleth, that yif that men hadden

eyen of a beest that highte lynx, so that 45  
the lokinge of folk mighte percen thorough  
the thinges that with-stonden it, who-so  
loked thanne in the entrailes of the body  
of Alcibiades, that was ful fayr in the  
superfice with-oute, it shold seme right 50  
foul. And forthy, yif thou semest fayr,  
thy nature maketh nat that, but the  
desceivaunce of the feblesse of the eyen  
that loken. But preysse the goodes of the  
body as mochel as ever thee list; so that 55  
thou knowe algates that, what-so it be,  
*that is to seyn, of the goodes of thy body,*  
which that thou wondrest up-on, may  
ben destroyed or dissolved by the hete of  
a fevere of three dayes. Of alle whiche 60  
forseyde thinges I may reducen this  
shortly in a somme, that these worldly  
goodes, whiche that ne mowen nat yeven  
that they biheten, ne ben nat parfit by  
the congregacioun of alle goodes; that 65  
they ne ben nat weyes ne pathes that  
bringen men to blisfulnesse, ne maken  
men to ben blisful.

METRE VIII. *Eheu! quae miseros  
tramite devotos.*

Allas! which folye and which igno-  
raunce misledeth wandring wreches  
fro the path of verray goode! Certes,  
ye ne seken no gold in grene trees, ne ye  
ne gaderen nat precious stones in the 5  
vynes, ne ye ne hyden nat your ginnes  
in the hye mountaignes to cacchen fish  
of whiche ye may maken riche festes.  
And yif yow lyketh to hunte to roes, ye  
ne gon nat to the fordes of the water that 10  
highte Tyrene. And over this, men  
knownen wel the crykes and the cavernes  
of the see y-hid in the flodes, and known  
eek which water is most plentivous of  
whyte perles, and knownen which water 15  
haboundeth most of rede purple, *that is to*  
*seyn, of a maner shelle-fish with which men*  
*dyeen purple*; and knownen which strondes  
habounden most with tendre fishes, or of  
sharpe flashes that highten echines. But 20  
folk suffren hem-self to ben so blinde,  
that hem ne reecheth nat to knowe where  
thilke goodes ben y-hid whiche that they

coveiten, but ploungen hem in erthe and  
 25 saken there thilke good that sormounteth  
 the hevene that bereth the sterres. What  
 preyere may I maken that be digne to  
 the nyce thoughtes of men? But I preye  
 30 so that, when they han geten tho false  
 goodes with greet trauaille, that ther-by  
 they mowe knownen the verray goodes.

PROSE IX. *Hactenus mendacis formam.*

It suffyseth that I haves Hewed hider-to  
 the forme of false welefulnesse, so that,  
 yif thou loke now cleerly, the order of  
 myn entencioun requiroth from hennes-  
 5 forth to shewen thee the verray weleful-  
 nesse.' 'For sothe,' quod I, 'I see wel  
 now that suffisaunce may nat comen by  
 richesses, ne power by reames, ne rever-  
 ence by dignitees, ne gentillesse by glorie,  
 10 ne joye by delices.'

'And hast thou wel knownen the causes,'  
 quod she, 'why it is?' 'Certes, me  
 semeth,' quod I, 'that I see hem right as  
 though it were thorough a litel clifte; but  
 5 me were lever knownen hem more openly  
 of thee.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'the resoun is al  
 redy. For thilke thing that simply is  
 o thing, with-outen any devisioun, the  
 10 error and folye of mankinde departeth  
 and devydeh it, and misledeth it and  
 transporteth from verray and parfit good  
 to goodes that ben false and unparfit.  
 But sey me this. Wenest thou that he,  
 15 that hath nede of power, that him ne  
 lakketh no-thing?' 'Nay,' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'thou seyst a-right.  
 For yif so be that ther is a thing, that in  
 any partye be febler of power, certes, as  
 o in that, it mot nedes ben nedy of foreine  
 help.' 'Right so is it,' quod I.

'Suffisaunce and power ben thanne of  
 o kinde?' 'So semeth it,' quod I.

'And demest thou,' quod she, 'that  
 5 a thing that is of this manere, *that is to*  
*seyn, suffisaunt and mighty*, oughte ben  
 despyed, or elles that it be right digne of  
 reverence aboven alle thinges?' 'Certes,'

quod I, 'it nis no doute, that it is right  
 worthy to ben reverenced.'

'Lat us,' quod she, 'adden thanne  
 reverence to suffisaunce and to power, so  
 that we demen that thise three thinges  
 ben al o thing.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'lat us  
 adden it, yif we wolen graunten the sothe.'

'What demest thou thanne?' quod  
 she; 'is that a derk thing and nat noble,  
*that is suffisaunt, reverent, and mighty*, or  
 elles that it is right noble and right  
 cleer by celebrites of renoun? Consider 50  
 thanne,' quod she, 'as we han graunten  
 her-biforn, that he that ne hath nede of  
 no-thing, and is most mighty and most  
 digne of honour, yif him nedeth any  
 cleernesse of renoun, which cleernesso he 55  
 mighte nat graunten of him-self, so that,  
 for lakke of thilke cleernesse, he mighte  
 seme the febler on any syde or the more  
 out-cast?' Glose. *This is to seyn, nay; for*  
*who-so that is suffisaunt, mighty, and 60*  
*reverent, cleernesse of renoun folweth of the*  
*forseyde thinges; he hath it al redy of his*  
*suffisaunce.* Boece. 'I may nat,' quod  
 I, 'denye it; but I mot graunte as it is,  
 that this thing be right celebrable by 65  
 cleernesse of renoun and noblesse.'

'Thanne folweth it,' quod she, 'that we  
 adden cleernesse of renoun to the three  
 forseyde thinges, so that ther ne be  
 amonges hem no difference.' 'This is 70  
 a consequence,' quod I.

'This thing thanne,' quod she, 'that ne  
 hath nede of no foreine thing, and that  
 may don alle thinges by hise strengthes,  
 and that is noble and honourable, nis nat 75  
 that a mery thing and a joyful?' 'But  
 whennes,' quod I, 'that any sorwe mighte  
 comen to this thing that is swiche, certes,  
 I may nat thinke.'

'Thanne moten we graunte,' quod she, 80  
 'that this thing be ful of gladnesse, yif  
 the forseyde thinges ben sothe; and  
 certes, also mote we graunten that suffi-  
 saunce, power, noblesse, reverence, and  
 gladnesse ben only dyverse by names, but 85  
 hir substaunce hath no diversitees.' 'It  
 mot needly ben so,' quod I.

'Thilke thing thanne,' quod she, 'that  
 is oon and simple in his nature, the

90 wikkednesse of men departeth it and  
deyrdeth it; and whan they enforcen  
hem to geten partye of a thing that ne  
hath no part, they ne geten hem neither  
thilke partye that nis non, ne the thing  
95 al hool that they ne desire nat.' 'In  
which manere?' quod I.

'Thilke man,' quod she, 'that seeth  
richesses to fleen povertae, he ne tra-  
vailleth him nat for to gete power; for he  
100 hath lever ben derk and vyl; and eek  
withdraweth from him-self many naturel  
delyts, for he nolde lese the moneye that  
he hath assembled. But certes, in this  
manere he ne geteth him nat suffisaunce  
105 that power forleteth, and that molestie  
prikketh, and that filthe maketh out-cast,  
and that derkenesse hydeth. And certes,  
he that desireth only power, he wasteth  
and seatereth richesse, and despyeth  
110 delyts, and eek honour that is with-oute  
power, ne he ne preyeth glorie no-thing.  
Certes, thus seest thou wel, that manye  
thinges faylen to him; for he hath some-  
tyme defeaute of many necessitees, and  
115 many anguissches byten him; and whan  
he ne may nat don the defeautes a-wei, he  
forleteth to ben mighty, and that is the  
thing that he most desireth. And right  
thus may I maken semblable resouns of  
120 honours, and of glorie, and of delyts.  
For so as every of thise forseide thinges  
is the same that oother thinges ben,  
*that is to seyn, al oon thing, who-so that*  
*ever seketh to geten that oon of thise,*  
125 *and nat that oother, he ne geteth nat that*  
*he desireth.'* Boece. 'What seyst thou  
thanne, yif that a man coveteth to geten  
alle thise thinges to-gider?'

*Philosophie.* 'Certes,' quod she, 'I  
130 wolde seye, that he wolde geten him  
sovereyn blisfulnesse; but that shal he  
nat finde in the thinges that I have  
shewed, that ne mowen nat yeven that  
they beheten.' 'Certes, no,' quod I.

135 'Thanne,' quod she, 'ne sholden men  
nat by no way seken blisfulnesse in swiche  
thinges as men wene that they ne mowen  
yeven but o thing senglely of alle that  
men seken.' 'I graunte wel,' quod I;  
140 'neno sother thing ne may ben sayd.'

'Now hast thou thanne,' quod she, 'the  
forme and the causes of false weleful-  
nesse. Now torne and flitte the eyen  
of thy thought; for ther shalt thou  
seen anon thilke verray blisfulnesse that 145  
I have bihight thee.' 'Certes,' quod I,  
'it is cleer and open, thogh it were to  
a blinde man; and that shewedest thou  
me ful wel a litel her-bifrom, whan thou  
enforcedest thee to shewe me the causes 150  
of the false blisfulnesse. For but-yif I  
be bigyled, thanne is thilke the verray  
blisfulnesse parfit, that parfity maketh  
a man suffisaunt, mighty, honourable,  
noble, and ful of gladnesse. And, for 155  
thou shalt wel knowe that I have wel  
understonden thise thinges with-in my  
herte, I knowe wel that thilke blisful-  
nesse, that may verray yeven oon of  
the forseide thinges, sin they ben al oon, 160  
I knowe, donteles, that thilke thing is  
the fulle blisfulnesse.'

'O my norie,' quod she, 'by this  
opinioun I seye that thou art blisful, yif  
thou putte this ther-to that I shal seyn.' 165  
'What is that?' quod I.

'Trowest thou that ther be any thing  
in thise erthely mortal tounbling thinges  
that may bringen this ostar?' 'Certes,'  
quod I, 'I trowe it naught; and thou 170  
hast shewed me wel that over thilke good  
ther nis no-thing more to ben desired.'

'Thise thinges thanne,' quod she, '*that*  
*is to seyn, erthely suffisaunce and power and*  
*noiche thinges,* either they semen lyke- 175  
nesses of verray good, or elles it semeth  
that they yeve to mortal folk a maner of  
goodes that ne ben nat parfit; but thilke  
good that is verray and parfit, that may  
they nat yeven.' 'I acorde me wel,' 180  
quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'for as mochel as  
thou hast knowen which is thilke verray  
blisfulnesse, and eek whiche thilke  
thinges ben that lyen falsly blisfulnesse, 185  
*that is to seyn, that by decette semen verray*  
*goodes,* now behoveth thes to knowe  
whennes and where thou mowe seke  
thilke verray blisfulnesse.' 'Certes,'  
quod I, 'that desire I greetly, and have 190  
abiden longe tyme to herknen it.'

'But for as moche,' quod she, 'as it lyketh to my disciple Plato, in his book of "in Timeo," that in right litel thinges 195 men sholden bisechen the help of god, what jugest thou that be now to done, so that we may deserve to finde the sete of thilke verray good?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'I deme that we shollen clepen the fader 200 of alle goodes; for with-outen him nis ther no-thing founden a-right.'

'Thou seyst a-right,' quod she; and bigan anon to singen right thus:—

METRE IX. *O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas.*

'O thou fader, creator of hevене and of erthes, that governest this world by perdurable resoun, that comaundest the tymes to gon from sin that age hadde 5 beginninge; thou that dwellest thy-self ay stedefast and stable, and yevest alle othere thinges to ben moeved; ne foreine causes necesseden thee never to compounne werk of floteringe matere, but only the 10 forme of sovereign good y-set with-in thee with-outen envye, that morvede thee freely. Thou that art alder-fayrest, beringe the faire world in thy thought, formedest this world to the lyknesse semblable of 15 that faire world in thy thought. Thou drawest al thing of thy sovereign ensampler, and comaundest that this world, parfitliche y-maked, have freely and absolut his parfit parties. Thou 20 bindest the elements by nombres proporcionables, that the colde thinges mowen acorden with the hote thinges, and the drye thinges with the moiste thinges; that the fyr, that is purest, ne 25 flee nat over hye, ne that the heviness ne drawe nat adoun over-lowe the erthes that ben plounded in the wateres. Thou knittest to-gider the mene sowle of treble kinde, moevinge alle thinges, and de- 30 vydest it by membres acordinge; and whan it is thus devyded, it hath assembled a moevinge in-to two roundes; it goth to torne ayein to him-self, and enviouneth a ful deep thought, and torneth the

hevene by semblable image. Thou by 35 evene-lyke causes enhanset the sowles and the lasse lyves, and, ablinge hem heye by lighte cartes, thou sowest hem in-to hevене and in-to erthe; and whan they ben converted to thee by thy benigne lawe, thou makest hem retorne ayein to thee by ayein-ledinge fyr. O fader, yive thou to the thought to styen up in-to thy streite sete, and grannte him to enviounne the welle of good; and, the 45 lighte y-founde, graunte him to fischen the clere sightes of his corage in thee. And scatter thou and to-broke thou the weightes and the clondes of erthely heviness, and shyne thou by thy brightness. For thou 50 art cleernesse; thou art peysible reste to debonaire folk; thou thy-self art bigynninge, berer, leder, path, and terme; to loke on thee, that is our ende.

PROSE X. *Quoniam igitur quae sit imperfecti.*

For as moche thanne as thou hast seyn, which is the forme of good that nis nat parfit, and which is the forme of good that is parfit, now trowe I that it were good to shewe in what this perfeccioun of blisfulnesse is set. And in this thing, I trowe that we sholden first enquire for to witen, yif that any swiche maner good as thilke good that thou hast diffinissed a litel heer-biforn, that is to seyn, sovereign good, 10 may ben founde in the nature of thinges; for that veyn imaginacioun of thought ne deceyve us nat, and putte us out of the sothfastnesse of thilke thing that is submitted unto us. But it may nat ben 15 denyed that thilke good ne is, and that it nis right as welle of alle goodes. For al thing that is cleped inparfit is proeved inparfit by the amenusinge of perfeccioun or of thing that is parfit. And ther-of 20 comth it, that in every thing general, yif that men seen any-thing that is inparfit, certes, in thilke general ther mot ben som-thing that is parfit; for yif so be that perfeccioun is don away, men may nat 25 thinke ne seye fro whennes thilke thing is that is cleped inparfit. For the nature

of thinges ne took nat hir beginninge of thinges amenused and inparfit, but it  
 50 procedeth of thinges that ben al hoole and absolut, and descendeth so down in-to outerest thinges, and in-to thinges empty and with-uten frut. But, as I have y-shewed a litel her-biforn, that yif ther  
 35 be a blisfulnesse that be freele and veyn and inparfit, ther may no man doute that ther nis som blisfulnesse that is sad, stedefast, and parfit.' Boece, 'This is concluded,' quod I, 'fermely and soth-  
 40 fastly.'

*Philosophie*, 'But considere also,' quod she, 'in wham this blisfulnesse enhabiteth. The comune acordaunce and conceite of the corages of men proeveth  
 45 and graunteth, that god, prince of alle thinges, is good. For, so as nothing ne may ben thought better than god, it may nat ben doubted thanne that he, that nothing nis better, that he nis good.  
 50 Certes, resoun sheweth that god is so good, that it proveth by verray force that parfit good is in him. For yif god ne is swich, he ne may nat ben prince of alle thinges; for certes som-thing possessing  
 55 in it-self parfit good, sholde ben more worthy than god, and itsholde semen that thilke thing were first, and elder than god. For we han shewed apertly that alle thinges that ben parfit ben first or  
 60 thinges that ben unparfit; and for-thy, for as moche as that my resoun or my proces ne go nat a-wei with-oute an ende, we owen to graunten that the sovereign god is right ful of sovereign parfit good.  
 65 And we han established that the sovereign good is verray blisfulnesse: thanne mot it nedes be, that verray blisfulnesse is set in sovereign god.' 'This take I wel,' quod I, 'ne this ne may nat ben withseid in no  
 70 manere.'

'But I preye,' quod she, 'see now how thou mayst proeven, holly and with-oute corpuoun, this that I have seyde, that the sovereign god is right ful of sovereign  
 75 good.' 'In which manere?' quod I.

'Wenest thou aught,' quod she, 'that this prince of alle thinges have y-take thilke sovereign good any-wher out of him-

self, of which sovereign good men proveth that he is ful, right as thou mightest & so thinken that god, that hath blisfulnesse in him-self, and thilke blisfulnesse that is in him, weren dyvers in substaunce? For yif thou wene that god have received thilke good out of him-self, thou mayst 85 wene that he that yaf thilke good to god be more worthy than is god. But I am bi-knowen and confesse, and that right dignely, that god is right worthy aboven alle thinges; and, yif so be that this good 90 be in him by nature, but that it is dyvers from him by weninge resoun, sin we speke of god prince of alle thinges: feigne who-so feigne may, who was he that hath conjoined these dyverse thinges to-gider? 95 And eek, at the laste, see wel that a thing that is dyvers from any thing, that thilke thing nis nat that same thing from which it is understonden to ben dyvers. Thanne folweth it, that thilke thing that by his 100 nature is dyvers fro sovereign good, that that thing nis nat sovereign good; but certes, that were a felonous corednesse to thinken that of him that nothing nis more worth. For alwey, of alle thinges, 105 the nature of hem ne may nat ben better than his biginning; for which I may concluden, by right verray resoun, that thilke that is biginning of alle thinges, thilke same thing is sovereign good in his 110 substaunce.' Thou hast seyde right-fully,' quod I.

'But we han graunted,' quod she, 'that the sovereign good is blisfulnesse.' 'And that is sooth,' quod I. 115

'Thanne,' quod she, 'moten we nedes graunten and confessen that thilke same sovereign good be god.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'I ne may nat denye ne withstonde the resouns purposed; and I see wel that 120 it folweth by strengthe of the premisses.'

'Loke now,' quod she, 'yif this be proved yit more fermely thus: that ther ne mowen nat ben two sovereign goodes that ben dyverse amonge hem-self. For 125 certes, the goodes that ben dyverse amonges hem-self, that oon nis nat that that other is; thanne ne may neither of hem ben parfit, so as either of hem lak-

130 keth to other. But that that nis nat parfit, men may seen apertly that it nis nat sovereign. The thinges, thanne, that ben sovereignly goode, ne mowen by no way ben dyverse. But I have wel concluded that blisfulnesse and god ben the  
135 sovereign good; for whiche it mot nedes ben, that sovereign blisfulnesse is sovereign divinitee. 'Nothing,' quod I, 'nis more soothfast than this, ne more ferme  
140 by resoun; ne a more worthy thing than god may nat ben concluded.'

'Up-on these thinges thanne,' quod she, 'right as these geometriens, when they han shewed hir proposiciouns, ben wont  
145 to bringen in thinges that they clepen porismes, or declaraciouns of forseide thinges, right so wole I yve thee heer as a corollarie, or a mede of coroune. Forwhy, for as mocho as by the getinge of  
150 blisfulnesse men ben maked blisful, and blisfulnesse is divinitee: thanne is it manifest and open, that by the getinge of divinitee men ben maked blisful. Right as by the getinge of justice [they ben  
155 naked just], and by the getinge of sapience they ben maked wyse: right so, nedes, by the semblable resoun, when they han gotten divinitee, they ben maked goddesses. Thanne is every blisful man  
160 god; but certes, by nature, ther nis but o god; but, by the participacioun of divinitee, ther ne let ne desturbeth nothing that ther ne ben manye goddesses.' 'This is,' quod I, 'a fair thing and  
165 a precious, clepe it as thou wolt; be it porisme or corollarie,' or mede of coroune or declaringe.

'Certes,' quod she, 'nothing nis fayrer than is the thing that by resoun sholde  
170 ben added to these forseide thinges.'

'What thing?' quod I.

'So,' quod she, 'as it semeth that blisfulnesse conteneth many thinges, it were for to witen whether that alle these  
175 thinges maken or conjoynen as a maner body of blisfulnesse, by dyversitee of parties or of membres; or elles, yif that any of alle thilke thinges be swich that it accomplishe by him-self the substance of  
180 blisfulnesse, so that alle these othere thinges

ben referred and brought to blisfulnesse,' that is to seyn, as to the cheef of hem. 'I wolde,' quod I, 'that thou makedest me cleerly to understonde what thou seyst, and that thou recordedest me the 185 forseide thinges.'

'Have I nat juged,' quod she, 'that blisfulnesse is good?' 'Yis, forsothe,' quod I; 'and that sovereign good.'

'Addo thanne,' quod she, 'thilke good, 190 that is maked blisfulnesse, to alle the forseide thinges; for thilke same blisfulnesse that is demed to ben sovereign suffisaunce, thilke selve is sovereign power, sovereign reverence, sovereign cleannesse or 195 noblesse, and sovereign delyt. Conclusio. What seyst thou thanne of alle these thinges, that is to seyn, suffisaunce, power, and this othere thinges; ben they thanne as membres of blisfulnesse, or ben 200 they referred and brought to sovereign good, right as alle thinges that ben brought to the cheif of hem?' 'I understonde wel,' quod I, 'what thou purposest to seke; but I desire for to herkne 205 that thou shewe it me.'

'Tak now thus the discrecioun of this question,' quod she. 'Yif alle these thinges,' quod she, 'weren membres to felicitie, than weren they dyverse that 210 oon from that other; and swich is the nature of parties or of membres, that dyverse membres compounen a body.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'it hath wel ben shewed heer-bifore, that alle these thinges ben 215 alle o thing.'

'Thanne ben they none membres,' quod she; 'for elles it sholde seme that blisfulnesse were conioined al of on membre allone; but that is a thing that may 220 nat be don.' 'This thing,' quod I, 'nis nat doutous; but I abyde to herknen the remnant of thy questioun.'

'This is open and cleer,' quod she, 'that alle othere thinges ben referred and 225 brought to good. For therefore is suffisaunce requered, for it is demed to ben good; and forthy is power requered, for men trowen also that it be good; and this same thing mowen we thinken and con- 230 jecten of reverence, and of noblesse, and



of delyt. Thanne is sovereign good the  
 somme and the cause of al that aughte  
 ben desired; for-why thilke thing that  
 235 with-holdeth no good in it-self, ne sem-  
 blance of good, it ne may nat wel in no  
 manere be desired ne requered. And the  
 contrarie: for thogh that thinges by hir  
 nature ne ben nat goode, algates, yif men  
 240 wene that ben goode, yit ben they desired  
 as thogh that they weren verrayliche  
 goode. And therfor is it that men  
 oughten to wene by right, that bountee  
 be the sovereign fyn, and the cause of alle  
 245 the thinges that ben to requeren. But  
 certes, thilke that is cause for which men  
 requeren any thing, it semeth that thilke  
 same thing be most desired. As thus: yif  
 that a wight wolde ryden for cause of  
 250 hele, he ne desireth nat so mochel  
 the movinge to ryden, as the effect of his  
 hele. Now thanne, sin that alle thinges  
 ben requered for the grace of good, they  
 ne ben nat desired of alle folk more  
 255 thanne the same good. But we han  
 graunted that blisfulnesse is that thing,  
 for whiche that alle these othere thinges  
 ben desired; thanne is it thus: that,  
 certes, only blisfulnesse is requered and  
 260 desired. By whiche thing it sheweth  
 clearly, that of good and of blisfulnesse is  
 al oon and the same substance.' 'I see  
 nat,' quod I, 'wherefore that men mighten  
 discorden in this.'

265 'And we han shewed that god and  
 verray blisfulnesse is al oo thing.' 'That  
 is sooth,' quod I.

'Thanne mowen we conclude sikerly,  
 that the substance of god is set in thilke  
 270 same good, and in non other place.

**METRE X.** *Huc omnes pariter uenite capti.*

O cometh alle to-gider now, ye that ben  
 y-caught and y-bounde with wikkede  
 cheynes, by the deceivable delyt of erthely  
 thinges enhabitinge in your thought!  
 5 Heer shal ben the reste of your labours,  
 heer is the havene stable in peysible  
 quiete; this allone is the open refut to  
 wroches. Glosa. *This is to seyn, that*  
*ye that ben combed and deceived with*

*worldely affeccions, cometh now to this 10*  
*soverein good, that is god, that is refut to*  
*hem that wolen comen to him. Textus.*  
 Alle the thinges that the river Tagus  
 yeveth yow with his goldene gravailes, or  
 elles alle the thinges that the river 15  
 Hermus yeveth with his rede brinke, or  
 that Indus yeveth, that is next the hote  
 party of the world, that medleth the  
 grene stones with the whyte, ne sholde  
 nat cleeren the lookinge of your thought, 20  
 but hyden rather your blinde corages  
 with-in hir derknesse. Al that lyketh  
 yow heer, and excyteth and moeveth your  
 thoughtes, the erthe hath norished it in  
 hisse lowe caves. But the shyninge, by 25  
 whiche the hevene is governed and  
 whennes he hath his strengthe, that  
 oschueth the dorke overthrowinge of the  
 sowle; and who-so may knowen thilke  
 light of blisfulnesse, he shal wel seyn, 30  
 that the whyte bemes of the sonne ne ben  
 nat cleer.'

**PROSE XI.** *Assentior, inquam.*

*Boece.* 'I assente me,' quod I; 'for  
 alle these thinges ben strongly bounden  
 with right ferme resouns.'

*Philosophie.* 'How mochel wilt thou  
 preysen it,' quod she, 'yif that thou 5  
 knowe what thilke good is?' 'I wol  
 preyse it,' quod I, 'by prys with-onten  
 ende, yif it shal bityde me to knowe also  
 to-gider god that is good.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'that shal I do thee 10  
 by verray resoun, yif that the thinges  
 that I have concluded a litel her-biforn  
 dwellen only in hir first graunting.'  
 'They dwellen graunted to thee,' quod I;  
*this is to seyn, as who seith: I graunte thy 15*  
*forseide conclusiouns.*

'Have I nat shewed thee,' quod she,  
 'that the thinges that ben requered of  
 many folkes ne ben nat verray goodes no  
 parite, for they ben dyverse that oon fro 20  
 that othere; and so as ech of hem is lak-  
 kinge to other, they ne han no power to  
 bringen a good that is ful and absolut?  
 But thanne at erst ben they verray good,  
 whanne they ben gadered to-gider alle 25

in-to o forme and in-to oon wirkinge, so  
that thilke thing that is suffisaunce,  
thilke same be power, and reverence, and  
noblesse, and mirthe; and forsothe, but-  
30 yif alle these thinges ben alle oon same  
thing, they ne han nat wherby that they  
mowen ben put in the nnumber of thinges  
that oughten ben requered or desired.  
'It is shewed,' quod I; 'ne her-of may  
35 ther no man doute.'

'The thinges thanne,' quod she, 'that  
ne ben no goodes whanne they ben dy-  
verso, and whan they begynnen to ben  
alle oon thing thanne ben they goodes,  
40 ne comth it hem nat thanne by the  
getinge of unitee, that they ben makid  
goodes?' 'So it semeth,' quod I.

'But al thing that is good,' quod she,  
'grauntest thou that it be good by the  
45 participacioun of good, or no?' 'I  
graunte it,' quod I.

'Thanne most thou graunten,' quod  
she, 'by semblable resoun, that oon and  
good be oo same thing. For of thinges,  
50 of whiche that the effect nis nat naturelly  
diverse, nedes the substance mot be oo  
samo thing.' 'I ne may nat denye  
that,' quod I.

'Hast thou nat knowen wel,' quod she,  
35 'that al thing that is hath so longe his  
dwellinge and his substance as longe as  
it is oon; but whan it forleteth to ben  
oon, it mot nodes dyen and corumpo to-  
gider?' 'In which manere?' quod I.

60 'Right as in bestes,' quod she, 'whan  
the sowle and the body ben conjoined  
in oon and dwellen to-gider, it is cleped  
a beest. And whan hir unitee is destroyed  
by the disseverance of that oon from  
65 that other, than sheweth it wel that it is  
a ded thing, and that it nis no longer  
no beest. And the body of a wight, whyl  
it dwelleth in oo forme by conjunccioun  
of membres, it is wel seyn that it is  
70 a figure of man-kinde. And yif the  
parties of the body ben so devyded and  
dissevered, that oon fro that other, that  
they destroyen unitee, the body forleteth  
to ben that it was biforn. And, who-so  
75 wolde renne in the same manere by alle  
thinges, he sholde seen that, with-oute

doute, every thing is in his substance as  
longe as it is oon; and whan it forleteth  
to ben oon, it dyeth and perissheth.'  
'Whan I considere,' quod I, 'manye 80  
thinges, I see non other.'

'Is ther any-thing thanne,' quod she,  
'that, in as moche as it liveth naturelly,  
that forleteth the talent or appetyt of his  
beinge, and desireth to come to deeth and 85  
to corrupcioun?' 'Yif I considere,'  
quod I, 'the beestes that han any maner  
nature of wilninge and of nillinge, I ne  
finde no beest, but-yif it be constrained  
fro with-oute forth, that forleteth or 90  
despyseth the entencioun to liven and  
to duren, or that wole, his thankes,  
haston him to dyen. For every beest  
travailleth him to defende and kepe the  
savacioun of his lyf, and eschueth deeth 95  
and destruccioun. But certes, I doute  
me of herbes and of trees, that is to seyn,  
that I am in a doute of swiche thinges as  
herbes or trees, that ne han no felinge  
sowles, ne no naturel wirkinges servings to 100  
appetytes as bestes han, whether they han  
appetyt to dwellen and to duren.'

'Certes,' quod she, 'ne ther-of thar  
thee nat doute. Now loke up-on these  
herbes and these trees; they waxen first 105  
in swiche places as ben covenable to hem,  
in whiche places they ne mowen nat sone  
dyen ne dryen, as longe as hir nature  
may defenden hem. For som of hem  
waxen in feeldes, and som in moun- 110  
taines, and othere waxen in mareys, and  
othre cleven on roches, and somme waxen  
plentivous in sondes; and yif that any  
wight enforce him to beren hem in-to  
othre places, they waxen drye. For 115  
nature yeveth to every thing that that  
is convenient to him, and travailleth that  
they ne dye nat, as longe as they han  
power to dwellen and to liven. What  
woltow seyn of this, that they drawn 120  
alle hir norisshinges by hir rotes, right  
as they hadden hir mouthes y-plounged  
with-in the erthes, and sheden by hir  
maryes hir wode and hir bark? And  
what woltow seyn of this, that thilke 125  
thing that is right soft, as the marie is,  
that is alway hid in the sete, al with-

inne, and that is defended fro with-oute  
 by the stedfastnesse of wode; and that  
 130 the uttereste bark is put ayeins the des-  
 temperaunce of the hevene, as a defendour  
 mighty to snuffren harm? And thus,  
 certes, maystow wel seen how greet is  
 the diligence of nature; for alle thinges  
 135 renovelien and pupplisshen hem with seed  
 y-multiplied; ne ther nis no man that ne  
 wot wel that they ne ben right as  
 a foundement and edifice, for to duren  
 nat only for a tyme, but right as for  
 140 to duren perdurably by generacioun. And  
 the thinges eek that men wenen ne haven  
 none sowles, ne desire they nat ech of  
 hem by semblable resoun to kepen that  
 is hirs, *that is to seyn, that is acordinge to*  
 145 *hir nature in conservacioun of hir beinge*  
*and enduringe?* For wher-for elles bereth  
 lightnesse the flaumbes up, and the  
 weigthe presseth the erthe a-doun, but  
 for as moche as thilke places and thilke  
 150 moevinges ben covenable to everich of  
 hem? And forsothe every thing kepeth  
 thilke that is acordinge and propre to  
 him, right as thinges that ben contraries  
 and enemys corompen hem. And yit the  
 155 harde thinges, as stones, clyven and  
 holden hir parties to-gider right faste and  
 harde, and defenden hem in withstond-  
 inge that they ne departe nat lightly  
 a-twinne. And the thinges that ben  
 160 softe and fletinges, as is water and eyr,  
 they departen lightly, and yeven place  
 to hem that breken or devyden hem;  
 but natheles, they retornen sone ayein  
 in-to the same thinges fro whennes they  
 165 ben arraced. But fyr fleeth and refuseth  
 al devisioun. Ne I ne trete nat heer  
 now of wilful moevinges of the sowle  
 that is knowinge, but of the naturel  
 entencioun of thinges, as thus: right as  
 170 we swolve the mete that we receiven and  
 no thinke nat on it, and as we drawn  
 our breeth in slepinge that we wite it  
 nat whyle we slegen. For certes, in the  
 beestes, the love of hir livinges ne of hir  
 175 beinges ne comth nat of the wilninges  
 of the sowle, but of the beginninges of  
 nature. For certes, thorough constrein-  
 inge causes, wil desireth and embraceth

ful ofte tyme the deeth that nature  
 drodeth; *that is to seyn as thus: that 180*  
*a man may ben constreyned so, by som*  
*cause, that his wil desireth and taketh the*  
*deeth which that nature hateth and dred-*  
*eth ful sore.* And somtyme we seeth  
 the contrarye, as thus: that the wil of 185  
 a wight destorbeth and constreyneth that  
 that nature desireth and requereth al-  
 way, *that is to seyn, the werk of genera-*  
*cioun, by the whiche generacioun only*  
 dwelleth and is sustened the long dura- 190  
 bletee of mortal thinges. And thus this  
 charitee and this love, that every thing  
 hath to him-self, ne comth nat of the  
 moevinge of the sowle, but of the en-  
 tencioun of nature. For the purviuaunce 195  
 of god hath yoven to thinges that ben  
 creat of him this, that is a ful gret cause  
 to liven and to duren; for which they  
 desiren naturally hir lyf as longe as ever  
 they mowen. For which thou mayst nat 200  
 drode, by no manere, that alle the  
 thinges that ben anywhere, that they ne  
 requeren naturally the ferme stablenesse  
 of perdurable dwellinge, and eek the  
 eschuinge of destruccioun. 'Now con- 205  
 fesse I wel,' quod I, 'that I see now wel  
 certainly, with-oute doutes, the thinges  
 that whylom semeden uncertain to me.'

'But,' quod she, 'thilke thing that  
 desireth to be and to dwellen perdurably, 210  
 he desireth to ben oon; for yif that that  
 oon were destroyed, certes, beinge ne  
 shulde ther non dwellen to no wight.'  
 'That is sooth,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'desiren alle 215  
 thinges oon?' 'I assente,' quod I.

'And I have shewed,' quod she, 'that  
 thilke same oon is thilke that is good?'

'Ye, for sothe,' quod I.

'Alle thinges thanne,' quod she, 're- 220  
 quiren good; and thilke good thanne  
 mayst thou descriven right thus: good  
 is thilke thing that every wight desireth.'  
 'Ther ne may be thought,' quod I, 'no  
 more verray thing. For either alle 225  
 thinges ben referred and brought to  
 nought, and floteren with-oute governour,  
 despoiled of oon as of hir propre hewed;  
 or elles, yif ther be any thing to which

330 that alle thinges tenden and hyen, that thing mooste ben the soverain good of alle goodes.'

Thanne seyde she thus: 'O my nory,' quod she, 'I have gret gladnesse of thee; 335 for thou hast fecched in thyn herte the middel soothfastnesse, *that is to seyn*, the prikke; but this thing hath ben discovered to thee, in that thou seydest that thou wistest nat a litel her-biforn.'

240 'What was that?' quod I.

'That thou ne wistest nat,' quod she, 'which was the ende of thinges; and certes, that is the thing that every wight desireth; and for as mochel as we han 245 gadered and comprehended that good is thilke thing that is desired of alle, thanne moten we nedes confessen, that good is the fyn of alle thinges.

METRE XI. *Quisquis profunda mente  
uestigat uerum.*

Who-so that seketh sooth by a deep thought, and coveiteth nat to ben deceived by no mis-weyes, lat him rollen and tredren with-inne him-self the light of 5 his inward sighte; and lat him gadere ayein, enclynynge in-to a compas, the longe moevings of *his thoughtes*; and lat him techen his corage that he hath enclosed and hid in his tresors, al that 10 he compasseth or seketh fro with-out. And thanne thilke thinge, that the blake cloude of errour whylom hadde y-covered, shal lighten more cleerly thanne Phebus him-self ne shyneth. Glosa. Who-so 15 wole seken the deep grounde of sooth in *his thought*, and wol nat be deceived by *false proposiciouns* that goon amis fro the trouthe, lat him wel examine and rolle with-inne *himself the nature and the propreties of the* 20 *thing*; and lat him yit eftsones examine and rollen *his thoughtes by good deliberacioun*, or that he deme; and lat him techen his soule that it hath, by *natural principles kindeliche y-hid with-in it-self*, alle the 25 *trouthe the whiche he imagineth to ben in thinges with-oute*. And thanne alle the *derkenesse of his misknowinge shal seme more evidently to sighte of his understandinge*

thanne the sonne ne semeth to sighte with-oute-forth. For certes the body, bring- 35 inge the weichte of foryetinge, ne hath nat chased out of your thoughte al the cleernesse of *your knowinge*; for certainly the seed of sooth haldeth and clyveth with-in your corage, and it is awaked 35 and excyted by the winde and by the blastes of doctrine. For wherfor elles demen ye of your owne wil the rightes, whan ye ben axed, but-yif so were that the norisshinge of *resoun* ne livede y- 40 plounged in the depthe of your herte? *this is to seyn, how sholden men demen the sooth of any thing that were axed, yif ther were a rote of soothfastnesse that were y-plounged and hid in naturel principles, the* 45 *whiche soothfastnesse lived with-in the deepnesse of the thought*. And yif so be that the Muse and the doctrine of Plato singeth sooth, al that every wight lerneth, he ne doth no-thing elles thanne but 50 recordeth, as men recorden thinges that ben foryeten.'

PROSE XII. *Tum ego, Platoni, inquam.*

Thanne seide I thus: 'I acorde me gretly to Plato, for thou remembrest and recordest me thise thinges yit the secounde tyme; *that is to seyn*, first whan I loste my memorie by the contagious 5 conjuncioun of the body with the sowle; and eftsones afterward, whan I loste it, confounded by the charge and by the burdene of my sorwe.'

And thanne seide she thus: 'yif thou 10 loke,' quod she, 'first the thinges that thou hast granted, it ne shal nat ben right fer that thou ne shalt remembren thilke thing that thou seydest that thou nistest nat.' 'What thing?' quod I. 15

'By whiche governement,' quod she, 'that this world is governed.' 'Me remembreth it wel,' quod I; 'and I confesse wel that I ne wiste it naught. But al-be-it so that I see now from a-fer what 20 thou purposest, algates, I desire yit to herkene it of thee more playnly.'

'Thou ne wendest nat,' quod she, 'a litel her-biforn, that men sholden

25 doute that this world nis governed by god.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'ne yit ne doute I it naught, ne I nel never wene that it were to doute; as *who seith, but I wot wel that god governeth this world*; and  
 30 I shal shortly answeren thee by what resouns I am brought to this. This world,' quod I, 'of so manye dyverse and contrarious parties, ne mighte never han ben assembled in o forme, but-yif ther  
 35 nere oon that conjoinede so manye dyverse thinges; and the same dyversitee of hir natures, that so discorden that oon fro that other, moste departen and unjoignen the thinges that ben con-  
 40 joigned, yif ther ne were oon that cōtēdene that he hath conjoined and y-bounde. Ne the certein ordre of nature ne sholde nat bringe forth so ordenee moevinges, by places, by tymes, by  
 45 doinges, by spaces, by qualitees, yif ther ne were oon that were ay stedefast dwellinge, that ordeynede and disponede thise dyversitees of moevinges. And thilke thing, what-so-ever it be, by which  
 50 that alle thinges ben y-maked and y-lad, I clepe him "god"; that is a word that is used to alle folk.'

Thanne seyde she: 'sin thou felest thus thise thinges,' quod she, 'I trowe  
 55 that I have litel more to done that thou, mighty of welefulnesse, hool and sounde, ne see eftsones thy controe. But lat us loken the thinges that we han purposed her-biforn. Have I nat nombred and  
 60 seyde,' quod she, 'that suffisaunce is in blisfulnesse, and we han acorded that god is thilke same blisfulnesse?' 'Yis, forsothe,' quod I.

'And that, to governe this world,'  
 65 quod she, 'ne shal he never han nede of non help fro with-oute? For elles, yif he hadde nede of any help, he ne sholde nat have no ful suffisaunce?'  
 'Yis, thus it mot nedes be,' quod I.  
 70 'Thanne ordeineth he by him-self alone alle thinges?' quod she. 'That may nat be denyed,' quod I.

'And I have shewed that god is the same good? 'It remembreth me wel,'  
 75 quod I.

'Thanne ordeineth he alle thinges by thilke good,' quod she; 'sin he, which that we han acorded to be good, governeth alle thinges by him-self; and he is as a keye and a stere by which that the 80 edifice of this world is y-kept stable and with-oute coroumpinge.' 'I acorde me greetly,' quod I; 'and I aperceivede a litel her-biforn that thou woldest seye thus; al-be-it so that it were by a thinne 85 suspicioun.'

'I trowe it wel,' quod she; 'for, as I trowe, thou ledest now more ententifly thyne eyen to loken the verray goodes. But natheles the thing that I shal telle go thee yit ne sheweth nat lasse to loken.'  
 'What is that?' quod I.

'So as men trowen,' quod she, 'and that rightfully, that god governeth alle thinges by the keye of his goodness, 95 and alle thise same thinges, as I have taught thee, hasten hem by naturel entencioun to comen to good: ther may no man doute that they ne be governed voluntarily, and that they ne converten 100 hem of hir owne wil to the wil of hir ordenour, as they that ben acordinge and enclynyng to hir governour and hir king.' 'It mot nedes be so,' quod I; 'for the reaume ne sholde nat semen 105 blisful yif ther were a yok of misdrawinges in dyverse parties; ne the savinge of obedient thinges ne sholde nat be.'

'Thanne is ther nothing,' quod she, 110 'that kepeth his nature, that enforceth him to goon ayein god?' 'No,' quod I.

'And yif that any-thing enforcede him to with-stonde god, mighte it availen at the laste ayeins him, that we han 115 graunted to ben almighty by the right of blisfulnesse?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'al-outrely it ne mighte nat availen him.'

'Thanne is ther no-thing,' quod she, 'that either wole or may with-stonden 120 to this sovereign good?' 'I trowe nat,' quod I.

'Thanne is thilke the sovereign good,' quod she, 'that alle thinges governeth strongly, and ordeyneth hem softly.' 125 Thanne seyde I thus: 'I delyte me,'

quod I, 'nat only in the endes or in the  
somme of the resouns that thou hast  
concluded and prooved, but thilke wordes  
130 that thou usest delyten me moche more;  
so, at the laste, foolles that sumtyme  
renden grote thinges oughten ben a-  
shamed of hom-self;' *that is to seyn, that*  
*we foolles that reprehenden wikkedly the*  
135 *thinges that touchen goddes governaunce,*  
*we oughten ben ashamed of our-self: as*  
*I, that seyde that god refuseth only the*  
*verkes of men, and ne entremeteth nat of*  
*hem.*  
140 'Thou hast wel herd,' quod she, 'the  
fables of the poetes, how the giaunts  
assailed the hevene *with the goddes*;  
but forsothe, the debonair force of god  
deposede hem, as it was worthy; *that is*  
145 *to seyn, destroyede the giaunts, as it was*  
*worthy.* But wilt thou that we joignen  
to-gider thilke same resouns? For per-  
aventure, of swich conjuncioun may  
sterten up som fair sparkle of sooth.'  
150 'Do,' quod I, 'as thee liste.'  
'Wenest thou,' quod she, 'that god no  
be almighty? No man is in doute of it.'  
'Certes,' quod I, 'no wight ne douteth  
it, yif he be in his minde.'  
155 'But he,' quod she, 'that is almighty,  
ther nis nothing that he ne may?'  
'That is sooth,' quod I.  
'May god don yvel?' quod she. 'Nay,  
forsothe,' quod I.  
160 'Thanne is yvel nothing,' quod she,  
'sin that he ne may nat don yvel that  
may don alle thinges.' 'Scornest thou  
me?' quod I; '*or elles playest thou or*  
*decevest thou me, that hast so woven me*  
165 *with thy resouns the hous of Dedalus,*  
*so entrelaced that it is unable to be un-*  
*laced; thou that other-whyle entrest*  
*ther thou issest, and other-whyle issest*  
*ther thou entrest, ne foldest thou nat*  
170 *to-gider, by replicacioun of wordes, a maner*  
*wonderful cercle or environinge of the*  
*simplicitee devyne? For certes, a litel*  
*her-biforn, whan thou bigunne at blisful-*  
*nesse, thou seydest that it is sovereign*  
175 *good; and seydest that it is set in sovereign*  
*god; and seydest that god him-self is*  
*soverein good; and that god is the full*

blisfulnesse; for which thou yave me as  
a covenable yift, *that is to seyn, that no*  
wight nis blisful but-yif he be god also 180  
ther-with. And seidest eek, that the  
forme of good is the substance of god  
and of blisfulnesse; and seidest, that  
thilke same oon is thilke same good,  
that is requered and desired of alle the 185  
kinde of thingos. And thou proovedest,  
in disputings, that god governeth all the  
thinges of the world by the governements  
of bountee, and seydest, that alle thinges  
wolen obeyen to him; and seydest, that 190  
the nature of yvel nis no-thing. And  
thise thinges ne shewedest thou nat with  
none resouns y-taken fro with-oute, but  
by prooves *in cercles and hoomlich known;*  
the whiche prooves drawn to hem-self 195  
hir feith and hir acord, everich of hem  
of other.'

Thanne seyde she thus: 'I ne scorn-  
thee nat, *ne pleye, ne deceive thee*; but  
I have shewed thee the thing that is 200  
grettest ower alle thinges by the yift of  
god, that we whylom preyeden. For this  
is the forme of the devyne substance,  
that is swich that it ne slydeth nat in-to  
outterest foreine thinges, ne ne receiveth 205  
no straunge thinges in him; but right  
as Parmenides seyde *in Grek* of thilke  
devyne substance; he seyde thus: that  
"thilke devyne substance torneth the  
world and the moevable cercle of thinges, 210  
whyl thilke devyne substance kepeth  
it-self with-oute moevinge;" *that is to*  
*seyn, that it ne moeveth never-mo, and yit it*  
*moeveth alle othere thinges.* But nathales,  
yif I have stired resouns that ne ben nat 215  
taken fro with-oute the compas of thing  
of which we treten, but resouns that ben  
bistowed with-in that compas, ther nis  
nat why that thou sholdest mervellen;  
sin thou hast lerned by the sentence of 220  
Plato, that "nedes the wordes moten be  
cosines to the thinges of which they  
speken."

METRE XII. *Felix, qui potuit boni.*

Blisful is that man that may seen the  
clere welle of good; blisful is he that

may unbinden him fro the bondes of the  
 hevy erthe. The poete of Trace, *Orpheus*,  
 5 that whylom hadde right gret sorwe  
 for the deeth of his wyf, after that he  
 hadde makid, by his weeply songes, the  
 wodes, moevable, to rennen; and hadde  
 makid the riveres to stonden stille; and  
 10 hadde makid the hertes and the hindes  
 to joignen, dredeles, hir sydes to cruel  
 lyouns, *for to herkenen his songe*; and  
 hadde makid that the hare was nat agast  
 of the hounde, which that was plesed by  
 15 his songe; so, whan the moste ardaunt  
 love of his wif brende the entrailes of his  
 brest, ne the songes that hadden over-  
 comen alle thinges ne mighten nat as-  
 swagen hir lord *Orpheus*, he playnedo  
 20 him of the hevne goddes that weren  
 cruel to him; he wente him to the houses  
 of helle. And there he temprede hise  
 blaundisshinge songes by resowninge  
 strenges, and spak and song in wepinge  
 25 al that ever he hadde received and laved  
 out of the noble welles of his moder  
*Calliope* the goddesse; and he song with  
 as mochel as he mighte of wepinge, and  
 with as moche as love, that doublede his  
 30 sorwe, mighte yeve him and techen him;  
 and he commoovede the helle, and re-  
 quered and bisoughte by swete preyere  
 the lordes of sowles in helle, of relesinge;  
*that is to seyn, to yilden him his wyf.*  
 35 *Cerberus*, the porter of helle, with his  
 three hevedes, was caught and al abayst  
 for the newe song; and the three god-  
 desses, *Furies*, and vengeresses of felonies,  
 that tormenten and agasten the sowles  
 40 by anoy, woxen sorwful and sory, and

wepen teres for pitee. Tho ne was nat  
 the heved of Ixion y-tormented by the  
 overthrowinge wheel; and *Tantalus*, that  
 was destroyed by the woodnesse of longe  
 thirst, despyseth the fiodes to drinke; 45  
 the fowl that lighte voltor, that eteth  
 the stomak or the giser of *Tityus*, is so  
 fulfid of his song that it nil eten ne  
 tyren no more. At the laste the lord  
 and juge of sowles was mooved to miseri- 50  
 cordes and cryde, "we ben overcomen,"  
 quod he; "yive we to *Orpheus* his wyf  
 to bere him compagne; he hath wel y-  
 bought hir by his song and his ditee;  
 but we wol putte a lawe in this, and 55  
 covenant in the yifte: *that is to seyn*,  
 that, til he be out of helle, yif he loke  
 behinde him, that his wyf shal comen  
 ayein unto us." But what is he that  
 may yive a lawe to lovers? Love is 60  
 a gretter lawe and a strengre to him-self  
*than any lawe that men may yeven*. Allas!  
 whan *Orpheus* and his wyf weren almost  
 at the termes of the night, *that is to seyn*,  
*at the laste boundes of helle*, *Orpheus* 65  
 lokede abakward on *Eurydice* his wyf,  
 and loste hir, and was deed.

This fable aperteineth to yow alle, who-  
 so-ever desirith or seketh to lede his  
 thought in-to the sovereign day, *that is to* 70  
*seyn, to cleernesse of sovereign good*. For  
 who-so that ever be so overcomen that  
 he fioche his eyen into the putte of helle,  
*that is to seyn, who-so sette his thoughtes in*  
*erthely thinges*, al that ever he hath 75  
 drawn of the noble good celestial, he  
 leseth it whan he loketh the holles, *that*  
*is to seyn, in-to love thinges of the erthe*

Explicit Liber tercius.

## BOOK IV.

PROSE I. *Hec cum Philosophia, dignitate  
 uultus.*

WHAN Philosophye hadde songen softly  
 and delitably the forseide thinges, kepings  
 the dignitee of hir chere and the weighte  
 of hir wordes, I thanne, that ne hadde

nat al-outerly foryeten the wepinge and 5  
 the mourninge that was set in myn  
 herte, forbrak the entencioun of hir that  
 entendede yit to seyn some othere thinges.  
 'O,' quod I, 'thou that art gyderesse of  
 verrey light; the thinges that thou hast 10  
 seid me hider-to ben so clere to me and

so shewing by the devyne lookinge of  
hem, and by thy resouns, that they ne  
mowen ben overcomen. And thilke  
15 things that thou toldest me, al-be-it so  
that I hadde whylom foryeten hem, for  
the sorwe of the wrong that hath ben  
don to me, yit natheles they ne weren  
nat al-outrely unknownen to me. But this  
20 same is, namely, a right greet cause of  
my sorwe, so as the governour of thinges  
is good, yif that yveles mowen ben by  
any weyes; or elles yif that yveles passen  
with-oute punisshinge. The whiche thing  
25 only, how worthy it is to ben wondred  
up-on, thou considerest it wel thy-self  
certainly. But yit to this thing ther is  
yit another thing y-joined, more to ben  
wondred up-on. For felonye is emperesse,  
30 and flourith *ful of riches*; and vertu  
nis nat al-only with-oute medes, but it  
is cast under and fortruden under the  
feet of felonous folk; and it abyeth the  
torments in stede of wikkede felonnes.  
35 Of alle whiche thinges ther nis no wight  
that may mervylen y-nough, ne com-  
pleine, that swiche thinges ben doon in  
the regne of god, that alle thinges woot  
and alle thinges may, and ne wole nat  
40 but only gode thinges.

Thanne seyde she thus: 'Certes,' quod  
she, 'that were a greet mervyle, and an  
enbasshinge with-uten ende, and wel  
more horrible than alle monstres, yif it  
45 were as thou wonest; *that is to seyn*, that  
in the right ordene hous of so mochel  
a fader and an ordenour of meynne, that  
the vesseles that ben foule and vyle  
sholden ben honoured and heried, and  
50 the precious vesseles sholden ben de-  
fouled and vyle; but it nis nat so. For  
yif the thinges that I have concluded  
a litel her-biforen ben kept hole and un-  
raced, thou shalt wel knowe by the  
55 autoritee of god, of the whos regne  
I speke, that certes the gode folk ben  
alwey mighty, and shrewes ben alwey  
out-cast and feble; ne the vyces ne ben  
never-mo with-oute payne, ne the vertues  
60 ne ben nat with-oute mede; and that  
blisfulnes comen alwey to goode folk,  
and infortune comth alwey to wikked

folk. And thou shalt wel knowe many  
thinges of this kinde, that shollen cese  
thy pleintes, and strengthen thee with 65  
stedefast sadnesse. And for thou hast  
seyen the forme of the verray blisfulnesse  
by me, that have whylom shewed it thee,  
and thou hast knowen in whom blisful-  
nesse is y-set, alle thinges y-treted that 70  
I trowe ben necessarie to putten forth,  
I shal shewe thee the wey that shal  
bringen thee ayein un-to thyn hous.  
And I shal ficchen fetheres in thy thought,  
by whiche it may aysen in heichte, so 75  
that, alle tribulacioun y-don away, thou,  
by my gydinge and by my path and by  
my sledes, shalt move retourne hool and  
sound in-to thy contree.

METRE I. *Sunt etenim pennae volucres  
mihi.*

I have, forsothe, swifte fetheres that  
surmounten the heichte of hevenc. When  
the swifte thought hath clothed it-self in  
the fetheres, it despyseth the hateful  
erthes, and surmounteth the roundnesse 5  
of the grete ayr; and it seeth the cloudes  
behinde his bak; and passeth the heichte  
of the region of the fyr, that eschaufeth  
by the swifte moevinge of the firmament,  
til that he areyseth him in-to the houses 10  
that beren the sterres, and joyneth his  
weyes with the sonne Phebus, and felaw-  
shipeth the wey of the olde colde Satur-  
nus; and he y-maked a knight of the  
clere sterre; *that is to seyn, that the* 15  
*thought is maked goddes knight by the*  
*sekinge of trouthe to comen to the verray*  
*knowleche of god.* And thilke thoght  
renneth by the cerle of the sterres, in  
alle places ther-as the shyninge night is 20  
peinted; *that is to seyn, the night that is*  
*cloudeles; for on nightes that ben cloudeles*  
*it semeth as the hevenc were peinted with*  
*dyverse images of sterres.* And whanne  
he hath y-doon ther y-nough, he shal 25  
forleten the laste hevenc, and he shal  
pressen and wenden on the bak of the  
swifte firmament, and he shal ben maked  
parfit of the worshipful light of god.  
Ther halt the lord of kinges the ceptre 30



of his might, and atempreth the governements of the world, and the shynynge jure of thinges, stable in him-self, governeth the swift cart or wayn, *that is to seyn, the circuler moevings of the sonne.* And yif thy way ledeth thee ayein so that thou be brought thider, thanne wolt thou seye now that that is the contree that thou requarest, of which  
 40 thou ne haddest no minde: "but now it remembreth me wel, heer was I born, heer wol I fastne my degree, heer wole I dwelle." But yif thee lyketh thanne to loken on the derknesse of the erthe  
 45 that thou hast forleten, thanne shalt thou seen that this felonous tyraunts, that the wrechede peple dredeth, now shollen ben exyled fro thilke fayre contree.'

PROSE II. *Tum ego, Papae, inquam.*

Then seyde I thus: 'owh! I wondre me that thou bihest me so grete thinges; ne I ne doute nat that thou ne mayst wel performe that thou bihest. But  
 5 I preye thee only this, that thou ne tarye nat to telle me thilke thinges that thou hast moeved.'

'First,' quod she, 'thou most nedes knownen, that goode folk ben alwey  
 10 stronge and mighty, and the shrewes ben feble and desert and naked of alle strengthes. And of these thinges, certes, everich of hem is declared and shewed by other. For so as good and yvel ben  
 15 two contraries, yif so be that good be stedefast, than sheweth the feblesse of yvel al openly; and yif thou knowe cleerly the frelenesse of yvel, the stedefastnesse of good is knownen. But for as  
 20 moche as the fey of my sentence shal be the more ferme and haboundant, I will gon by that oo wey and by that other; and I wole conferme the thinges that ben purposed, now on this syde and  
 25 now on that syde. Two thinges ther ben in whiche the effect of alle the dedes of mankinde standeth, that is to seyn, wil and power; and yif that oon of these two fayleth, ther nis nothing that may be

don. For yif that wil lakketh, ther nis 30 no wight that undertaketh to don that he wol nat don; and yif power fayleth, the wil nis but in ydel and stant for naught. And ther-of cometh it, that yif thou see a wight that wolde geten that  
 35 he may nat geten, thou mayst nat douter that power ne fayleth him to haven that he wolde.' 'This is open and cleer,' quod I; 'ne it may nat ben denyed in no manere.'

'And yif thou see a wight,' quod she, 40 'that hath doon that he wolde doon, thou wilt nat douter that he ne hath had power to don it?' 'No,' quod I.

'And in that that every wight may, 45 as who seyth, in so moche as man is mighty to don a thing, in so moche men halt him mighty; and in that that he ne may, in that men demen him to be feble.' 'I 50 confesse it wel,' quod I.

'Remembreth thee,' quod she, 'that I have gadred and shewed by forseide resouns that al the entencioun of the wil of mankinde, which that is lad by dyverse 55 studies, hasteth to comen to blisfulnesse?' 'It remembreth me wel,' quod I, 'that it hath ben shewed.'

'And recordeth thee nat thanne,' quod she, 'that blisfulnesse is thilke same good 60 that men requeren; so that, whan that blisfulnesse is required of alle, that good also is required and desired of alle?' 'It ne recordeth me nat,' quod I; 'for I have it gretly alwey fleched in my 65 memorie.'

'Alle folk thanne,' quod she, 'goode and eek badde, enforcen hem with-out difference of entencioun to comen to good?' 'This is a verray conse- 70 quence,' quod I.

'And certein is,' quod she, 'that by the getinge of good ben men y-maked goode?'

'This is certein,' quod I.

'Thanne geten goode men that they 75 desiren?' 'So semeth it,' quod I.

'But wikkede folk,' quod she, 'yif they geten the good that they desiren, they ne mowe nat be wikkede?' 'So is it,' 80 quod I.

'Thanne, so as that oon and that other,' quod she, 'desiren good; and the goode folk geten good, and nat the wikke folk; thanne nis it no doute that the  
85 goode folk ne ben mighty and the wikke folk ben feble?' 'Who-so that ever,' quod I, 'douteth of this, he ne may nat considere the nature of thinges no the consequence of resouns.'

90 And over this quod she, 'Yif that ther be two thinges that han oo same purpos by kinde, and that oon of hem pursueth and performeth thilke same thing by naturel office, and that other ne may nat  
95 doon thilke naturel office, but folweth, by other manere thanne is convenable to nature, him that accomplissheth his purpos kindly, and yit he ne accomplissheth nat his owne purpos: whether of thise  
100 two demestow for more mighty?' 'Yif that I conjecte,' quod I, 'that thou wolt seye, algates yit I desire to herkne it more pleynly of thee.'

'Thou wilt nat thanne deneye,' quod  
105 she, 'that the moevement of goinge nis in men by kinde?' 'No, forsothe,' quod I. 'No thou ne doutest nat,' quod she, 'that thilke naturel office of goinge ne be the office of feet?' 'I no doute it  
110 nat,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'yif that a wight be mighty to moeve and goth upon his feet, and another, to whom thilke naturel office of feet lakketh, enforecoth him to  
115 gon crepinge up-on his handes: whiche of thise two oughte to ben holden the more mighty by right?' 'Knit forth the remenaunt,' quod I; 'for no wight no douteth that he that may gon by naturel  
120 office of feet ne be more mighty than he that ne may nat.'

'But the sovereign good,' quod she, 'that is eveneliche purposed to the gode folk and to badde, the gode folk seken it  
125 by naturel office of vertues, and the shrewes enforecen hem to geten it by dyverse coveitise of *earthely thinges*, which that nis no naturel office to geten thilke same sovereign good. Trowestow that it  
130 be any other wyse?' 'Nay,' quod I; 'for the consequence is open and shew-

inge of thinges that I have graunted; that nedes gode folk moten ben mighty, and shrewes feeble and unmighty.'

'Thou rennest a-right biforn me,' quod 135 she, 'and this is the jugement; *that is to seyn, I juge of thee right as thise leches ben wont to hopen of sylke folk, whan they aperceyven that nature is redressed and withstondeth to the maladye. But,* 140 *for I see thee now al redy to the understondinge, I shal shewe thee more thikke and continuel resouns. For loke now how greetly sheweth the feblesse and infirmitie of wikke folk, that ne mowen* 145 *nat comen to that hir naturel entencion ledeth hem, and yit almost thilke naturel entencion constraineneth hem. And what were to demen thanne of shrewes, yif thilke naturel help hadde forloten hem, the* 150 *which naturel help of intencion goth awaye biforn hem, and is so greet that unnethe it may ben overcome? Consider thanne how greet defaulte of power and how greet feblesse ther is in wikke* 155 *felonous folk; as who seyth, the gretter thing that is coveited and the desire nat accomplished, of the lasse might is he that coveiteth it and may nat accomplishe. And forthy Philosophie seyth thus by sovereign* 160 *good: Ne shrewes ne requeren nat lighte medos ne veyne games, whiche they ne may folwen no holden; but they failen of thilke somme and of the heighte of thinges, that is to seyn, sovereign good; ne* 165 *thise wrecches ne comen nat to the effect of sovereign good, the which they enforecen hem only to geten, by nightes and by dayes; in the getinge of which good the strengthe of good folk is ful wel y-sene.* 170 For right so as thou mightest demen him mighty of goinge, that gooth on his feet til he mighte come to thilke place, fro the whiche place ther ne laye no wey farther to ben gon; right so most thou nedes demen him for right mighty, that geteth and ateyneth to the ende of alle thinges that ben to desire, biyonde the whiche ende ther nis nothing to desire. Of the which power of good, folk men may conclude, that 180 the wikke men semen to be bareine and naked of alle strengthe. For-why for-

leten they vertues and folwen vyces?  
 Nis it nat for that they ne knowen nat  
 185 the goodes? But what thing is more feble  
 and more caitif thanne is the blindnesse  
 of ignoraunce? Or elles they knowen ful  
 wel whiche thinges that they oughten  
 folwe, but lecherye and coveityse over-  
 190 throweth hem mistorned; and certes, so  
 doth distemperance to feble men, that  
 ne mowen nat wrastlen ayeins the vyces.  
 Ne knowen they nat thanne wel that they  
 forleten the good wilfully, and tornen  
 195 hem wilfully to vyces? And in this wyse  
 they ne forleten nat only to ben mighty,  
 but they forleten al-outrly in any wyse  
 for to ben. For they that forleten the  
 comune fyn of alle thinges that ben, they  
 200 forleten also therwith-al for to ben. And  
 per-aventure it sholde semen to som folk  
 that this were a merveile to seyen: that  
 shrewes, whiche that contienen the more  
 partye of men, ne ben nat ne han no  
 205 beinge; but natheles, it is so, and thus  
 stant this thing. For they that ben  
 shrewes, I deneye nat that they ben  
 shrewes; but I deneye, and seye simply  
 and plainly, that they ne ben nat, ne han  
 210 no beinge. For right as thou mightest  
 seyen of the carayne of a man, that it  
 were a deed man, but thou ne mightest  
 nat simply callen it a man; so graunte  
 I wel forsothe, that vicious folk ben wik-  
 215 ked, but I ne may nat graunten absolutly  
 and simply that they ben. For thilke  
 thing that with-holdeth ordre and kepeth  
 nature, thilke thing is and hath beinge;  
 but what thing that sailleth of that, that  
 220 is to seyn, that he forleteth naturel ordre,  
 he forleteth thilke thing that is set in his  
 nature. But thou wolt seyn, that shrewes  
 mowen. Certes, that ne deneye I nat;  
 but certes, hir power ne descendeth nat  
 225 of strengthe, but of feblesse. For they  
 mowen don wikkednesses; the whiche  
 they ne mighte nat don, yif they mighten  
 dwellen in the forme and in the doinge of  
 good folk. And thilke power sheweth ful  
 230 evidently that they ne mowen right  
 naught. For so as I have gadered and  
 proved a litel her-biforn, that yvel is  
 naught; and so as shrewes mowen only

but shrewednesses, this conclusioun is  
 al cleer, that shrewes ne mowen right 235  
 naught, ne han no power. And for as  
 moche as thou understonde which is the  
 strengthe of this power of shrewes, I have  
 definissed a litel her-biforn, that nothing  
 is so mighty as sovereign good.' 'That 240  
 is sooth,' quod I.

'And thilke same sovereign good may  
 don non yvel?' 'Certes, no,' quod I.

'Is ther any wight thanne,' quod she,  
 'that weneth that men mowen doon alle 245  
 thinges?' 'No man,' quod I, 'but-yif  
 he be out of his witte.'

'But, certes, shrewes mowen don yvel,  
 quod she. 'Ye, wolde god,' quod I,  
 'that they mighten don non!' 250

'Thanne,' quod she, 'so as he that is  
 mighty to doon only but goode thinges  
 may don alle thinges; and they that ben  
 mighty to don yvele thinges ne mowen  
 nat alle thinges: thanne is it open thing 255  
 and manifest, that they that mowen don  
 yvel ben of lasse power. And yit, to provee  
 this conclusioun, ther helpeth me this, that  
 I have y-shewed her-biforn, that alle  
 power is to be nombred among thinges 260  
 that men oughten requere. And I have  
 shewed that alle thinges, that oughten  
 ben desired, ben referred to good, right as  
 to a maner heighte of hir nature. But for  
 to mowen don yvel and felonye ne may 265  
 nat ben referred to good. Thanne nis nat  
 yvel of the noubir of thinges that  
 oughte ben desired. But alle power  
 oughte ben desired and requered. Than  
 is it open and cleer that the power ne the 270  
 mowinge of shrewes nis no power; and of  
 alle thise thinges it sheweth wel, that the  
 goode folke ben certainly mighty, and the  
 shrewes douteles ben unmighty. And it  
 is cleer and open that thilke opinioun of 275  
 Plato is verray and sooth, that seith, that  
 only wyse men may doon that they  
 desiren; and shrewes mowen haunten  
 that hem lyketh, but that they desiren,  
 that is to seyn, to comen to sovereign good, 280  
 they ne han no power to accomplisshen  
 that. For shrewes don that hem list,  
 whan, by tho thinges in which they  
 delyten, they wenen to steine to thilke

285 good that they desiren ; but they ne geten  
ne atainen nat ther-to, for vyces ne comen  
nat to blisfulnesse.

METRE II. *Quos uidet sedere celsos.*

Who-so that the covertoures of hir  
veyne aparailles mighte strepen of thise  
proude kinges, that thou seest sitten on  
heigh in hir chaires gliteringe in shyninge  
5 purpre, envircouned with sorwful armures,  
manasinge with cruel mouth, blowinge  
by woodnesse of herte, he shulde seen  
thanne that thilke lordes beren with-inne  
hir corages ful streite cheines. For  
10 lecheryo tormenteth hom in that oon  
syde with gredy venims ; and troublable  
ire, that araiseth in him the fiodes of  
troublinges, tormenteth up-on that other  
syde hir thought ; or sorwe halt hem very  
15 and y-caught ; or slydinge and deceivinge  
hope tormenteth hem. And therefore, sen  
thou seest oon heed, *that is to seyn, oon  
tyraunt*, beren so manye tyrannyes,  
thanne ne doth thilke tyraunt nat that  
20 he desireth, sin he is cast down with so  
manye wikkede lordes ; *that is to seyn,  
with so manye vyces, that han so wikkedly  
lordshipes over him.*

PROSE III. *Videone igitur quanto in  
caeco.*

Seestow nat thanne in how grete filthe  
thise shrewes ben y-wrapped, and with  
which cleernesse thise good folk shynon ?  
In this sheweth it wel, that to goode folk  
5 ne lakketh never-mo hir medes, ne  
shrewes lakken never-mo torments. For  
of alle thinges that ben y-doon, thilke  
thing, for which any-thing is don, it  
semeth as by right that thilke thing be  
10 the mede of that ; as thus : yif a man  
renneth in the stadie, or in the forlong,  
for the corone, thanne lyth the mede in  
the corone for which he renneth. And  
I have shewed that blisfulnesse is thilke  
15 same good for which that alle thinges  
ben doon. Thanne is thilke same good  
purposed to the workes of mankinde  
right as a comune mede ; which mede ne  
may ben dissevered fro good folk. For no

wight as by right, fro thennes-forth that 20  
him lakketh goodnesse, ne shal ben  
cleped good. For which thing, folk of  
goode maneres, hir medes ne forsaken hem  
never-mo. For al-be-it so that shrewes  
wexon as wode as hem list *ayeins goode* 25  
*folk*, yit never-the-lesse the corone of  
wyse men shal nat fallen ne faden. For  
foreine shrewednesse ne binimeth nat fro  
the corages of goode folk hir propre  
honour. But yif that any wight rejoyse 30  
him of goodnesse that he hadde take fro  
with-oute (as *who seith, yif that any wight  
hadde his goodnesse of any other man than  
of him-self*), certes, he that yaf him thilke  
goodnesse, or elles som other wight, 35  
mighte binime it him. But for as moche  
as to every wight his owne propre bountee  
yeveth him his mede, thanne at erst shal  
he fallen of mede whan he forleteth to  
ben good. And at the laste, so as alle 40  
medes ben requered for men weneth that  
they ben goode, who is he that wolde  
deme, that he that is right mighty of good  
were part-les of mede ? And of what  
mede shal he be guerdoned ? Certes, of 45  
right faire mede and right grete aboven  
alle medes. Remembre thee of thilke  
noble corolarie that I yaf thee a litel  
her-biforn ; and guder it to-gider in this  
manere :—so as good him-self is blisful- 50  
nesse, thanne is it cleer and certein, that  
alle good folk ben naked blisful for they  
ben goode ; and thilke folk that ben blis-  
ful, it acordeth and is covenable to ben  
goddess. Thanne is the mede of goode 55  
folk swich that no day shal enpeiren it,  
ne no wikkednesse ne shal derken it, ne  
power of no wight ne shal nat amenusen  
it, *that is to seyn*, to ben naked goddess.  
And sin it is thus, *that goode men ne failen* 60  
*never-mo of hir mede*, certes, no wys mau  
ne may doute of undepartable peyne of  
the shrewes ; *that is to seyn, that the peyne  
of shrewes ne departeth nat from hem-self  
never-mo*. For so as goode and yvel, and 65  
peyne and medes ben contrarye, it mot  
nedes ben, that right as we seen bityden  
in guerdoun of goode, that also mot the  
peyne of yvel answey, by the contrarye  
party, to shrewes. Now thanne, so as 70

bountee and prowesse ben the mede to  
 goode folk, al-so is shrewednesse it-self  
 torment to shrewes. Thanne, who-so that  
 ever is enteeched and defouled with  
 75 payne, he ne douteth nat, that he is  
 enteeched and defouled with yvel. Yif  
 shrewes thanne wolen preysen hem-self,  
 may it semen to hem that they ben with-  
 outen party of torment, sin they ben  
 80 swiche that the uttereste wikkednesse  
*(that is to seyn, wikkede thewes, which that  
 is the uttereste and the worste kinde of  
 shrewednesse)* ne defouleth ne enteecheth  
 nat hem only, but infecteth and en-  
 85 venimeth hem gretly? And also look on  
 shrewes, that ben the contrarie party of  
 goode men, how greet payne felawshipeth  
 and folweth hem! For thou hast lerned  
 a litel her-biforn, that al thing that is  
 90 and hath beinge is oon, and thilke same  
 oon is good; thanne is this the conse-  
 quence, that it semeth wel, that al that is  
 and hath beinge is good; *this is to seyn,  
 as who seyth, that beinge and untee and*  
 95 *goodnesse is al oon.* And in this manere  
 it folweth thanne, that al thing that  
 falleth to ben good, it stinteth for to be  
 and for to han any beinge: whorfors it  
 is, that shrewes stinten for to ben that  
 100 they weren. But thilke other forme of  
 mankinde, that is to seyn, the forme of  
 the body with-oute, sheweth yit that these  
 shrewes woren whylom men; wher-for,  
 whan they ben perverted and torned in-to  
 105 malice, certes, than han they forlorne the  
 nature of mankinde. But so as only  
 bountee and prowesse may enhaunsen  
 every man over other men; thanne mot  
 it nedes be that shrewes, which that  
 110 shrewednesse hath cast out of the con-  
 diciooun of mankinde, ben put under the  
 merite and the desert of men. Thanne  
 bitydeth it, that yif thou seest a wight  
 that be transformed into vyces, thou ne  
 115 mayst nat wene that he be a man. For  
 yif he be ardaunt in avaryce, and that he  
 be a ravynour by violence of foraine  
 riches, thou shalt seyn that he is lyke  
 to the wolf. And yif he be felonous and  
 120 with-oute reste, and exerceye his tonge  
 to chydinges, thou shalt lykne him to the

hound. And yif he be a prevey awaitour  
 y-hid, and rejoyseth him to ravyshe by  
 wyles, thou shalt seyn him lyke to the  
 fox-whelpes. And yif he be distempre 125  
 and quaketh for ire, men shal wene that  
 he bereth the corage of a lyoun. And yif  
 he be dredful and fleinge, and dredeth  
 thinges that ne oughten nat to ben dred,  
 men shal holden him lyk to the hert. 130  
 And yif he be slow and astoned and  
 lache, he liveth as an asse. And yif he  
 be light and unstedefast of corage, and  
 chaungeth ay his studies, he is lykned to  
 briddes. And if he be plounged in foule 135  
 and unclene luxuries, he is with-holden  
 in the foule delycees of the foule sowe.  
 Thanne folweth it, that he that forleteth  
 bountee and prowesse, he forleteth to ben  
 a man; sin he may nat passen in-to the 140  
 condiciooun of god, he is torned in-to  
 a beest.

#### METRE III. *Vela Neritii dulcis.*

Eurus the wind aryvede the sailes of  
*Ulizes*, duk of the contree of Narice, and  
 his wandringe shippes by the see, in-to  
 the ile ther-as *Circes*, the faire goddessse,  
 doughter of the sonne, dwelleth; that 5  
 medleth to hir newe gastes drinks that  
 ben touched and maked with enchaunte-  
 ments. And after that hir hand, mighty  
 over the herbes, hadde chaunged hir  
 gastes in-to dyverse maneres; that oon of 10  
 hem, is covered his face with forme of  
 a boor; that other is chaunged in-to  
 a lyoun of the contree of Marmorike, and  
 his nayles and his teeth waxen; that  
 other of hem is neweliche chaunged in-to 15  
 a wolf, and howleth whan he wolde wepe;  
 that other goth debonairely in the hous  
 as a tygro of Inde. But al-be-it so that  
 the godhed of *Mercurie*, that is cleped the  
 brid of Aroadie, hath had mercy of the 20  
 duke *Ulizes*, biseged with dyverse yveles,  
 and hath unbonden him fro the pesti-  
 lence of his ostesso, algates the roweres  
 and the marineres hadden by this y-  
 drawn in-to hir mouthes and dronken 25  
 the wikkede drinks. They that weren  
 woxen swyn hadden by this y-chaunged

hir mete of breed, for to eten akornes of  
okes. Non of hir limes ne dwelleth with  
30 hem hole, but they han lost the voice and  
the body; only hir thought dwelleth with  
hem stable, that wepeth and biweilleth  
the monstrous chaunginge that they  
suffren. O overlight hand (*as who seyth*,  
35 *O! feble and light is the hand of Circes the  
enchauteresse, that chaungeth the bodies of  
folkes in-to bestes, to regard and to com-  
parisoun of mutacioun that is maked by  
vyces*); ne the herbes of *Circes* ne ben nat  
40 mighty. For al-be-it so that they may  
chaungen the limes of the body, algates  
yit they may nat change the hertes; for  
with-inne is y-hid the strengthe and vigor  
of men, in the secrete tour of *hir hertes*;  
45 *that is to seyn, the strengthe of resoun*. But  
thilke venims of *vyces* to-drawen a man  
to hem more mightily than the *venim* of  
*Circes*; for *vyces* ben so cruel that they  
percen and thorough-passen the corage  
50 with-inne; and, thogh they ne anoye nat  
the body, yit *vyces* wooden to *destroye men*  
by wounde of thought.'

PROSE IV. *Tum ego, Fateor, inquam.*

Than seyde I thus: 'I confesse and am  
a-knowe it,' quod I; 'ne I ne see nat  
that men may sayn, as by right, that  
shrewes ne ben chaunged in-to bestes  
5 by the qualitee of hir soules, al-be-it so  
that they kepen yit the forme of the body  
of mankinde. But I nolde nat of shrewes,  
of which the thought cruel woodeth  
al-wey in-to destruocioun of goode men,  
10 that it were leueful to hem to don that.'  
'Certes,' quod she, 'ne is nis nat leueful  
to hem, as I shal wel shewe thee in coven-  
able place; but natheles, yif so were that  
thilke that men wenen be leueful to  
15 shrewes were binomen hem, so that they  
ne mighte nat anoyen or doon harm to goode  
men, certes, a greet partye of the payne to  
shrewes sholde ben allegged and releved.  
For al-be-it so that this ne seme nat  
20 credible thing, per-aventure, to some  
folk, yit moot it nedes be, that shrewes  
ben more wrecches and unsely whan they  
may doon and performe that they co-

uiten, than yif they mighte nat com-  
plisshen that they coveiten. For yif so 25  
be that it be wrecchednesse to wilne to  
don yvel, than is more wrecchednesse to  
mowen don yvel; with-oute whiche mow-  
inge the wrecched wil sholde languishe  
with-oute effect. Than, sin that everiche 30  
of these things hath his wrecchednesse,  
*that is to seyn, wil to don yvel and mowinge  
to don yvel*, it moot nedes be that they ben  
constreyned by thre unselinesses, that  
wolen and mowen and performen felonyes 35  
and shrewednesses.' 'I acorde me,'  
quod I; 'but I desire gretly that shrewes  
losten some thilke unseliness, *that is to  
seyn*, that shrewes weren despoyled of  
mowinge to don yvel.'

'So shullen they,' quod she, 'soner, per-  
aventure, than thou woldest; or soner  
than they hem-self wene to lakken *mow-  
inge to don yvel*. For ther nis no-thing so  
late in so shorte boundes of this lyf, that 45  
is long to abyde, nameliche, to a corage  
inmortel; of whiche shrewes the grete  
hope, and the lye compassinges of  
shrewednesses, is ofte destroyed by a  
sodeyn ende, or they ben war; and that 50  
thing establen to shrewes the ende of hir  
shrewednesse. For yif that shrewednesse  
maketh wrecches, than mot he nedes ben  
most wrecched that lengest is a shrew;  
the whiche wikked shrewes wolde I demen 55  
aldermost unsely and caitifs, yif that hir  
shrewednesse ne were finisshed, at the  
leste wey, by the outtereste deeth. For  
yif I have concluded sooth of the unseli-  
nesse of shrewednesse, than sheweth it 60  
cleerly that thilke wrecchednesse is with-  
outen ende, the whiche is certain to ben  
perdurable.' 'Certes,' quod I, 'this  
conclusioun is hard and wonderful to  
graunte; but I knowe wel that it acordeth 65  
moche to the thinges that I have graunted  
her-biforn.'

'Thou hast,' quod she, 'the right esti-  
macioun of this; but who-so-ever wene  
that it be a hard thing to acorde him to 70  
a conclusioun, it is right that he shewe  
that some of the premisses ben false; or  
elles he moot shewe that the collacioun  
of proposiciouns nis nat speedful to a

75 necessarie conclusioun. And yif it be nat so, but that the premises ben y-graunted, ther is not why he sholde blame the argument. For this thing that I shal telle thee now ne shal nat seme lasse  
80 wonderful; but of the thinges that ben taken also it is necessarie; *'as who seyth, it foloweth of that which that is purposed biforn.* 'What is that?' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'that is, that this  
85 wikked shrewes ben more blisful, or *elles lasse wrecches*, that abyen the torments that they han deserved, than yif no peyne of justice ne chastysede hem. Ne this ne seye I nat now, for that any man mighte  
90 thenke, that the maners of shrewes ben coriged and chastysed by veniaunce, and that they ben brought to the right wey by the drede of the torment, ne for that they yeven to other folk ensauple to fleen  
95 fro vyces; but I understande yit in another manere, that shrewes ben more unsely when they ne ben nat punished, al-be-it so that ther ne be had no resoun or lawe of correccioun, ne non ensauple  
100 of lokinge.' 'And what manere shal that ben,' quod I, 'other than hath be told her-biforn?'

'Have we nat thanne graunted,' quod she, 'that goode folk ben blisful, and  
105 shrewes ben wrecches?' 'Yis,' quod I.

'Thanne,' quod she, 'yif that any good were added to the wrecchednesse of any wight, nis he nat more weleful than he that ne hath no medlinge of good in his  
110 solitarie wrecchednesse?' 'So semeth it,' quod I.

'And what seystow thanne,' quod she, 'of thilke wrecche that lakketh alle goodes, so that no good nis medled in his  
115 wrecchednesse, and yit, over al his wikkednesse for which he is a wrecche, that ther be yit another yvel anexed and knit to him, shal nat men demen him more unsely than thilke wrecche of whiche the  
120 unselimesse is releved by the participacioun of som good?' 'Why sholde he nat?' quod I.

'Thanne, certes,' quod she, 'han shrewes, when they ben punished, som-  
125 what of good anexed to hir wrecched-

nesse, that is to seyn, the same peyne that they suffren, which that is good by the resoun of justice; and when thilke same shrewes ascapen with-out torment, than han they som-what more of yvel yit  
130 over the wikkednesse that they han don, that is to seyn, defaute of peyne; which defaute of peyne, thou hast graunted, is yvel for the deserte of felonye.' 'I ne may nat denye it,' quod I.

135 'Moch more thanne,' quod she, 'ben shrewes unsely, when they ben wrongfully delivered fro peyne, than when they ben punished by rightful venjaunce. But this is open thing and cleer,  
140 that it is right that shrewes ben punished, and it is wikkednesse and wrong that they escapen unpunished.' 'Who mighte deneye that?' quod I.

'But,' quod she, 'may any man denye  
145 that al that is right nis good; and also the contrarie, that al that is wrong is wikke?' 'Certes,' quod I, 'these thinges ben clere y-nough; and that we han concluded a litel her-biforn. But  
150 I praye thee that thou telle me, yif thou acordest to leten no torment to sowles, after that the body is ended by the deeth;' *this is to seyn, understandestow aught that sowles han any torment after the*  
155 *deeth of the body?*

'Certes,' quod she, 'ye; and that right greet; of which sowles,' quod she, 'I trowe that some ben tormented by asprenesse of peyne; and some sowles, I trowe,  
160 ben exercised by a purginge mekenesse. But my conseil nis nat to determinye of these peynes. But I have trailedd and told yit hiderto, for thou sholdest knowe that the mowinge of shrewes, which  
165 mowinge thee semeth to be unworthy, nis no mowinge; and oek of shrewes, of which thou pleinedest that they ne were nat punished, that thou woldest seen that they ne weren never-mo with-outen  
170 the torments of hir wikkednesse; and of the licence of the mowinge to don yvel, that thou preydest that it mighte some ben ended, and that thou woldest fayn lernen that it ne sholde nat longe dure; and  
175 that shrewes ben more unsely yif they

were of lenger duringe, and most unsely  
yif they weren perdurable. And after  
this, I have shewed the that more unsely  
180 ben shrewes, whan they escapen with-  
oute hir rightful peyne, than whan they  
ben punisshed by rightful venjaunce.  
And of this sentence folweth it, that  
thanne ben shrewes constraigned at the  
185 laste with most grevous torment, whan  
men wene that they ne be nat punisshed.  
'Whan I consider thy resouns,' quod I,  
'I ne trowe nat that men seyn any-thing  
more verayly. And yif I torne ayein to  
190 the studies of men, who is he to whom it  
sholde seme that he ne sholde nat only  
leven thise thinges, but eek gladly herkne  
hem?'

'Certes,' quod she, 'so it is; but men  
195 may nat. For they han hir eyen so wont  
to the derknesse of *erthely thinges*, that  
they ne may nat liften hem up to the  
light of cleer sothfastnesse; but they ben  
lyke to briddes, of which the night light-  
200 neth hir lokinge, and the day blindeth  
hem. For whan men loken nat the orde  
of thinges, but hir lustes and talents, they  
wene that either the leve or the mowing  
to don wikkednesse, or elles the scapinge  
205 with-outte peyne, be weleful. But con-  
sider the jugement of the perdurable lawe.  
For yif thou conforme thy corage to the  
beste thinges, thou ne hast no nede of no  
juge to yeven thee prys or mede; for  
210 thou hast joynd thy-self to the most  
excellent thing. And yif thou have en-  
clyned thy studies to the wikked thinges,  
ne seek no foreyne wreker out of thy-  
self; for thou thy-self hast thrist thy-self  
215 in-to wikke thinges: right as thou  
mightest loken by dyverse tymes the  
foule erthe and the hevене, and that alle  
other thinges stinten fro with-outte, so  
that thou nere neither in hevene ne in erthe,  
220 ne says no-thing more; than it sholde  
semen to thee, as by only resoun of  
lokinge, that thou were now in the sterres  
and now in the erthe. But the poeple ne  
lokeh nat on thise thinges. What  
225 thanne? Shal we thanne aprochen us to  
hem that I have shewed that they ben lyk  
to bestes? And what woltow seyn of

this: yif that a man hadde al forlorn his  
sighte and hadde foryeten that he ever  
saugh, and wende that no-thing ne fayl- 230  
ede him of perfeccioun of mankinde, now  
wo that mighten seen the same thinges,  
woldo we nat wene that he were blinde?  
Ne also ne acordeth nat the poeple to  
that I shal seyn, the which thing is sus- 235  
tened by a stronge foundement of resouns,  
that is to seyn, that more unsely ben they  
that don wrong to othere folk than they  
that the wrong suffren.' 'I wolde  
heren thilke same resouns,' quod I. 240  
'Denyestow,' quod she, 'that alle  
shrewes ne ben worthy to han torment?'  
'Nay,' quod I.

'But,' quod she, 'I am certein, by  
many resouns, that shrewes ben unsely.' 245  
'It acordeth,' quod I.

'Thanne ne doute how nat,' quod she,  
'that thilke folk that ben worthy of tor-  
ment, that they ne ben wrecches?' 'It  
acordeth wel,' quod I. 250

'Yif thou were thanne,' quod she,  
'y-set a juge or a knower of thinges,  
whether, trowestow, that men sholden  
tormenten him that hath don the wrong,  
or elles him that hath suffred the wrong?' 255  
'I ne doute nat,' quod I, 'that I nolde  
don suffisaunt satisfaccioun to him that  
hadde suffred the wrong by the sorwe of  
him that hadde don the wrong.'

'Thanne semeth it,' quod she, 'that the 260  
doere of wrong is more wrecche than he  
that suffred wrong?' 'That folweth  
wel,' quod I.

'Than,' quod she, 'by these causes and  
by othere causes that ben enforced by the 265  
same rote, filthe or sinne, by the propre  
nature of it, maketh men wrecches; and  
it sheweth wel, that the wrong that men  
don nis nat the wrecchednesse of him  
that receyveth the wrong, but the 270  
wrecchednesse of him that doth the  
wrong. But certes,' quod she, 'thise  
orateurs or advocats don al the con-  
trarye: for they enforecen hem to com-  
moeve the juges to han pitee of hem that 275  
han suffred and receyved the thinges that  
bon grevous and aspre, and yit men  
sholden more rightfully han pitee of hem



that don the grevaunces and the wronges;  
 280 the whiche shrewes, it were a more  
 covenable thing, that the accusours or  
 advocats, nat wroth but pitous and de-  
 bonair, ledde the shrowes that han don  
 wrong to the jugement, right as men  
 285 leden syke folk to the leche, for that they  
 sholde seken out the maladyes of sinne  
 by torment. And by this covaunant,  
 either the entento of deffendours or advo-  
 cats sholde faylen and cessen in al, or  
 290 elles, yif the office of advocats wolde  
 bettre profiten to men, it sholde ben  
 torned in-to the habite of accusacioun,  
*that is to seyn, they sholden accuse shrewes,*  
*and nat excuse hem.* And eek the shrewes  
 295 hem-self, yif hit were leveful to hem to  
 seen at any clite the vertu that they han  
 forleten, and sawen that they sholden  
 putten adoun the filthes of hir vyces by  
 the torments of peynes, they ne oughte  
 300 nat, right for the recompensacioun for to  
 geten hem bountee and prowess which  
 that they han lost, demen ne holden that  
 thilke peynes weren torments to hem;  
 and eek they wolden refuse the attend-  
 305 aunce of hir advocats, and taken hem-self  
 to hir juges and to hir accusours. For  
 which it bitydeth that, as to the wyse  
 folk, ther nis no place y-leten to hate;  
*that is to seyn, that no hate hath no place*  
 310 *amonges wyse men.* For no wight nil  
 haten goode men, but-yif he were over-  
 mochel a fool; and for to haten shrewes,  
 it nis no resoun. For right so as lan-  
 guissinge is maladye of body, right so ben  
 315 vyces and sinne maladye of corage. And  
 so as we ne deme nat, that they that  
 ben syke of hir body ben worthy to ben hated,  
 but rather worthy of pitee: wel more  
 worthy, nat to ben hated, but for to ben  
 320 had in pitee, ben they of whiche the  
 thoughtes ben constrained by felonous  
 wikkednesse, that is more cruel than any  
 languissinge of body.

METRE IV. *Quid tantos inuat excitare  
 motus.*

What delyteth you to excyten so grete  
 moevinges of *hateredes*, and to hasten and

bision the fatal disposicioun of your deeth  
 with your propre handes? *that is to seyn,*  
*by batailes or by contek.* For yif ye axen 5  
 the deeth, it hasteth him of his owne wil;  
 ne deeth ne tarieth nat his swifts hors.  
 And the men that the serpent and the  
 lyoun and the tygre and the bere and the  
 boor seken to sleen with hir teeth, yit 10  
 thilke same men seken to sleen everich of  
 hem other with swerd. Lo! for hir  
 maneres ben dyverse and descordaunt,  
 they moeven unrightful ostes and cruel  
 batailes, and wilnen to perissh by entre- 15  
 chaunginge of dartes. But the resoun of  
 crueltee nis nat y-nough rightful. Wiltow  
 thanne yelden a covenable gnedoun to  
 the desertes of men? Love rightfully  
 goode folk, and have pitee on shrewes.' 20

PROSE V. *Hic ego uideo inquam.*

'Thus see I wel,' quod I, 'either what  
 blisfulnesse or elles what unselnesse is  
 established in the desertes of goode men  
 and of shrewes. But in this ilke fortune  
 of poeple I see somwhat of good and som- 5  
 what of yvel. For no wyse man hath  
 lever ben exyled, poore and nedy, and  
 nameles, than for to dwellen in his citee  
 and flouren of riches, and be redoutable  
 by honour, and strong of power. For in 10  
 this wyse more clearly and more witnes-  
 fully is the office of wyse men y-treted,  
 whan the blisfulnesse and the poustee of  
 governours is, as it were, y-slad amonges  
 poeples that be neighebouris and *subgils*, 15  
 sin that, namely, prison, lawe, and thuse  
 othere torments of laweful peynes  
 rather owed to felonous citezeins, for the  
 whiche felonous citezeins the peynes ben  
 established, *than for good folk.* Thanne 20  
 I inerveule me greetly,' quod I, 'why that  
 the thinges ben so mis entrochaunged,  
 that torments of felonyes pressen and  
 confounden goode folk, and shrewes  
 ravissen medes of vertu, and ben in 25  
 honours and in gret estats. And I desyre  
 eek for to witen of thee, what semeth thee  
 to ben the resoun of this so wrongful  
 a conclusioun? For I wolde wondre wel  
 the lasse, yif I trowede that al thise 30

things weren medled by fortunous happe; but now hopeth and encreseth myn astonyinge god, governour of thinges, that, so as god yeveth ofte tymes to gode men  
 35 godes and mirthes, and to shrewes yveles and aspre thinges; and yeveth ayeinward to gode folk hardnesses, and to shrewes he graunteth hem hir wil and that they desyre: what difference thanne  
 40 may ther be bitwixen that that god doth, and the happe of fortune, yif men ne knowe nat the cause why that it is?

'Ne it nis no mervaile,' quod she, 'though that men wenen that ther be  
 45 somewhat folissh and confuse, whan the reson of the ordre is unknowe. But al-though that thou ne knowe nat the cause of so greet a disposicioun, natheles, for as moche as god, the gode governour,  
 50 atepreth and governeth the world, ne doute thee nat that alle thinges ben doon a-right.

METRE V. *Si quis Arcturi sidera nescit.*

Who-so that ne knowe nat the sterres of Arcturo, y-turned neigh to the sovereign countree or point, that is to seyn, y-turned  
 5 neigh to the sovereign pool of the firmament, and wot nat why the sterre Bootes passeth or gadereth his weynes, and drencheth his late flambes in the see, and why that Bootes the sterre unfoldeth his over-switte  
 10 lawe of the heye eyr. And eek, yif that he ne knowe nat why that the hornes of the fulle mone waxen pale and infect by the boundes of the derke night; and how the mone, derk and confuse, discovereth the  
 15 sterres that she hadde y-covered by hir clore visage. The comune errour moeveth folk, and maketh wery hir basins of bras by thikke strokes; that is to seyn, that  
 20 ther is a maner of poeple that highte Coribantes, that wenen that, whan the mone is in the eclipse, that it be enchanted; and therefore, for to rescoue the mone, they beten hir basins with thikke strokes. Ne no man  
 25 ne wondreth whan the blastes of the wind Chornis beten the strondes of the see by quakinge flodes; ne no man ne

wondreth whan the weighte of the snowe, y-harded by the colde, is resolved by the brenninge hete of Phebus the sonne; for heer soon men redely the causes. But  
 30 the causes y-hid, that is to seyn, in hevenc, troublen the brestes of men; the moevable poeple is astoned of alle thinges that comen selde and sodeinly in our age. But yif the troublous errour of our igno-  
 35 rance departede fro us, so that we wisten the causes why that swiche thinges bi-tyden, certes, they sholden cese to seme wondres.

PROSE VI. *Ita est, inquam.*

'Thus is it,' quod I. 'But so as thou hast yeven or bi-light me to unwrappen the hid causes of thinges, and to discovere me the resonns covered with derknesses, I pray thee that thou devyse and  
 5 jage me of this matere, and that thou do me to understonden it; for this miracle or this wonder troubleth me right gretly.'

And thanne she, a litel what smylinge, seyde: 'thou clepest me,' quod she, 'to  
 10 telle thing that is grettest of alle thinges that mowen ben axed, and to the whiche questioun unnethes is ther aught y-nough to laven it; as who seyth, unnethes is ther  
 15 suffisauntly anything to answeren parfitly to thy questioun. For the matere of it is swich, that whan o doute is determined and cut away, ther waxen other doutes with-oute number; right as the hevendes  
 20 waxen of Ydre, the serpent that Ercules slough. Ne ther no were no manere ne non ende, but-yif that a wight constrainede tho doutes by a right lyfly and quik fyr of thought; that is to seyn, by  
 25 vigour and strengthe of wit. For in this manere men weren wont to maken questions of the simplicitee of the purviaunce of god, and of the order of destinee, and of sodein happe, and of the knowinge and predestinacioun divyno, and of the libertee  
 30 of free wille; the whiche thinges thou thy-self aperceyvest wel, of what weight they ben. But for as mochel as the knowinge of these thinges is a maner porcioun of the medicine of thee, al-be-it 35

so that I have lital tyme to don it, yit  
 natheles I wol enforce me to shewe  
 somewhat of it. But al-though the no-  
 risshinges of ditee of mnsike delyteth  
 40 thee, thou most suffren and forberen  
 a lital of thilke delyte, whyle that I were  
 to thee resouns y-knit by ordre.' 'As  
 it lyketh to thee,' quod I, 'so do.'

The spak she right as by another  
 45 biginninge, and seyde thus. 'The en-  
 gendringe of alle thinges,' quod she, 'and  
 alle the progressionns of muable nature,  
 and al that moeveth in any manere,  
 taketh his causes, his ordre, and his  
 50 formes, of the stableness of the divyne  
 thought; and thilke divyne thought, that  
 is y-set and put in the tour, *that is to seyn,*  
*in the heichte,* of the simplicitee of god,  
 stablissbeth many maner gysses to thinges  
 55 that ben to done; the whiche maner,  
 whan that men loken it in thilke pure  
 clenness of the divyne intelligence, it is  
 y-cleped purviaunce; but whan thilke  
 maner is referred by men to thinges that  
 60 it moveth and disponeth, thanne of olde  
 men it was cleped destinee. The whiche  
 thinges, yif that any wight loketh wel in  
 his thought the strengthe of that oon and  
 of that other, he shal lightly mowen seen,  
 65 that thise two thinges ben dyverse. For  
 purviaunce is thilke divyne reson that is  
 established in the sovereign prince of  
 thinges; the whiche purviaunce dis-  
 poneth alle thinges. But destinee is the  
 70 disposicioun and ordinaunce clyvinge to  
 moevable thinges, by the whiche dispo-  
 sicioun the purviaunce knitteth alle  
 thinges in hir ordres; for purviaunce  
 embraceth alle thinges to-hepe, al-though  
 75 that they ben dyverse, and al-though they  
 ben infinite; but destinee departeth and  
 ordeineth alle thinges singularly, and  
 divyded in moevinges, in places, in  
 formes, in tymes, as thus: lat the un-  
 80 foldings of temporel ordinaunce, assem-  
 bled and ooned in the lokinge of the  
 divyne thought, be cleped purviaunce;  
 and thilke same assemblinge and oon-  
 inge, divyded and unfolden by tymes, lat  
 85 that ben called destinee. And al-be-it so  
 that thise thinges ben dyverse, yit nathe-

les hangeth that oon on that other; for-  
 why the order destinal procedeth of the  
 simplicitee of purviaunce. For right as  
 a werkman, that aperceyeth in his 90  
 thought the forme of the thing that he  
 wol make, and moeveth the effect of the  
 werk, and ledeth that he hadde looked  
 biforn in his thought simply and pre-  
 sently, by temporel ordinaunce: certes, 95  
 right so god disponeth in his purviaunce,  
 singularly and stably, the thinges that  
 ben to done, but he aministred in many  
 maneres and in dyverse tymes, by des-  
 tinee, thilke same thinges that he hath 100  
 disposed. Thanne, whether that des-  
 tinee be exerceysed outhur by some divyne  
 spirits, servants to the divyne pur-  
 viaunce, or elles by som sowle, or elles by  
 alle nature servinge to god, or elles by 105  
 the celestial moevinges of sterres, or elles  
 by the vertu of angeles, or elles by the  
 dyverse subtilitee of develes, or elles by  
 any of hem, or elles by hem alle, the  
 destinal ordinaunce is y-woven and acom- 110  
 plished. Certes, it is open thing, that  
 the purviaunce is an unmoevable and  
 simple forme of thinges to done; and the  
 moevable bond and the temporel ordi-  
 naunce of thinges, whiche that the 115  
 divyne simplicitee of purviaunce hath  
 ordeyned to done, that is destinee. For  
 which it is, that alle thinges that ben  
 put under destinee ben, certes, subgits  
 to purviaunce, to whiche purviaunce des- 120  
 tinee itself is subgit and under. But  
 some thinges ben put under purviaunce,  
 that surmounten the ordinaunce of des-  
 tinee; and the ben thilke that stably ben  
 y-ficched negh to the firste godhed: they 125  
 surmounten the ordre of destinal moev-  
 abletee. For right as of cercles that  
 tornen a-boute a same centre or a-boute  
 a poynt, thilke cercele that is innerest or  
 most with-inne joyneth to the simplesse 130  
 of the middel, and is, as it were, a centre  
 or a poynt to that other cercles that  
 tornen a-bouten him; and thilke that is  
 outterest, compassed by larger envyr-  
 oninge, is unfolden by larger spaces, in so 135  
 moche as it is fortheest fro the middel  
 simplicitee of the poynt; and yif ther be

any-thing that knitteth and felawship-  
 peth him-self to thilke middel poynt, it  
 140 is constrained in-to simplicitee, *that is to*  
*seyn, in-to unmoevablete*, and it ceseth to  
 be shad and to fleten dyversely: right so,  
 by semblable resoun, thilke thing that  
 departeth forthest fro the first thought of  
 145 god, it is unfolden and summited to  
 gretter bondes of destinee: and in so  
 moche is the thing more free and laus  
 fro destinee, as it axeth and holdeth him  
 ner to thilke centre of thinges, *that is to*  
 150 *seyn, god*. And yif the thing clyveth to  
 the stedefastnesse of the thocht of god,  
 and be with-oute moevinge, certes, it sor-  
 mountheth the necessitee of destinee.  
 Thanne right swich comparisoun as it is  
 155 of skillinge to understandinge, and of  
 thing that is engendred to thing that is,  
 and of tyme to eternitee, and of the cercle  
 to the centre, right so is the ordre of  
 moevable destinee to the stable simp-  
 160 licitee of purvaunce. Thilke ordi-  
 nance moeveth the hevene and the  
 sterres, and attempeth the elements to-  
 gider amonges hem-self, and transformeth  
 hem by entrechaungeable mutacioun;  
 165 and thilke same ordre neweth ayein alle  
 thinges growinge and fallinge a-down, by  
 semblable progressiouns of sedes and of  
 sexes, *that is to seyn, male and femele*.  
 And this ilke ordre constreineth the for-  
 170 tunes and the dedes of men by a bond of  
 causes, nat able to ben unbounde; the  
 whiche destinal causes, whan they passen  
 out fro the beginninges of the unmoevable  
 purvaunce, it mot nedes be that they ne  
 175 be nat mutable. And thus ben the  
 thinges ful wel y-governed, yif that the  
 simplicitee dwellinge in the divyne thocht  
 sheweth forth the ordre of causes, unable  
 to ben y-bowed; and this ordre con-  
 180 streineth by his propre stablete the  
 moevable thinges, or elles they sholden  
 fleten folily. For which it is, that alle  
 thinges semen to ben confus and trouble  
 to us men, for we ne mowen nat considere  
 185 thilke ordinance; natheles, the propre  
 maner of every thinge, dressinge hem to  
 goode, dispoeneth hem alle.

For ther nis no-thing don for cause of

yvel; ne thilke thing that is don by wik-  
 kede folk *nis nat don for yvel*. The whiche 190  
 shrewes, as I have shewed ful plenti-  
 vously, soken good, but wikked error  
 mistorneth hem, ne the ordre cominge  
 fro the poynt of sovereign good ne de-  
 clyneth nat fro his beginninge. But thou 195  
 mayst seyn, what unreste may ben a  
 worse confusioun than that gode men han  
 somtyme adversitee and somtyme pros-  
 peritee, and shrewes also now han  
 thinges that they desiren, and now 200  
 thinges that they haten? Whether men  
 liven now in swich hoolnesse of thocht,  
 (as *who seyth, ben men now so wyse*), that  
 swiche folk as they demen to ben gode  
 folk or shrewes, that it moste nedes ben 205  
 that folk ben swiche as they wenen?  
 But in this manere the domes of men  
 discorden, that thilke men that some  
 folk demen worthy of mede, other folk  
 demen hem worthy of torment. But lat 210  
 us graunte, I pose that som man may wel  
 demen or knowen the gode folk and the  
 badde; may he thanne knowen and seen  
 thilke innereste atempaunce of corages,  
 as it hath ben wont to be seyd of bodies; 215  
 as *who seyth, may a man speken and deter-*  
*minen of atempaunces in corages, as men*  
*were wont to demen or speken of com-*  
*plexiouns and atempaunces of bodies?* Ne  
 it ne is nat an unlyk miracle, to hem 220  
 that ne knowen it nat, (as *who seith, but*  
*it is lyke a merveil or a miracle to hem that*  
*ne knowen it nat*), why that swete thinges  
 ben covenable to some bodies that ben  
 hole, and to some bodies bittere thinges 225  
 ben covenable; and also, why that some  
 syke folk ben holpen with lighte medi-  
 cynes, and some folk ben holpen with  
 sharpe medicynes. But natheles, the  
 leche that knoweth the manere and the 230  
 atempaunce of hele and of maladye, ne  
 merveileth of it no-thing. But what  
 other thing semeth hele of corages but  
 bountee and provesse? And what other  
 thing semeth maladye *of corages* but 235  
 vyces? Who is elles kepere of good or  
 dryver away of yvel, but god, governour  
 and lecher of thoughtes? The whiche god,  
 whan he hath biholden from the heye

240 *tour* of his purveaunce, he knoweth what  
 is covenable to every wight, and leneth  
 hem that he wot that is covenable to  
 hem. Lo, her-of comth and her-of is don  
 this noble miracle of the ordre destinal,  
 245 whan god, that al knoweth, doth swiche  
 thing, of which thing that unknowinge  
 folk ben astoned. But for to constraine,  
*as who seyth, but for to comprehendre and*  
*telle a fewe thinges of the divyne deep-*  
 250 *nesse, the whiche that mannes resoun*  
*may understonde, thilke man that thou*  
*wenest to ben right juste and right ke-*  
*pinge of equitee, the contrarie of that*  
*semeth to the divyne purveaunce, that al*  
 255 wot. And Lucan, my familer, telleth  
 that "the victorious cause lykede to the  
 goddes, and the cause overcomen lykede  
 to Catoun." Thanne, what-so-ever thou  
 mayst seen that is don in this world  
 260 unhoped or unwened, certes, it is the  
 right ordre of thinges; but, as to thy  
 wikkede opinioun, it is a confusioun. But  
 I suppose that som man be so wel  
 y-thewed, that the divyne jugement and  
 265 the jugement of mankinde acorden hem  
 to-gider of him; but he is so unstedfast  
 of corage, that, yif any adversitee come  
 to him, he wol foreleten, par-aventure,  
 to continue innocence, by the whiche he ne  
 270 may nat with-holden fortune. Thanne  
 the wyse dispensacioun of god spareth  
 him, the whiche man adversitee mighte  
 enpeyren; for that god wol nat suffren  
 him to travaile, to whom that travaile  
 275 nis nat covenable. Another man is parfit  
 in alle vertues, and is an holy man, and  
 negh to god, so that the purvaunce of  
 god wolde demen, that it were a felonye  
 that he were touched with any adver-  
 280 sitee; so that he wol nat suffre that  
 swich a man be moeved with any bodily  
 maladye. But so as seyde a philosopre,  
 the more excellent by me: *he seyde in*  
*Orek, that "vertues han edified the body*  
 285 *of the holy man."* And ofte tyme it  
 bitydeth, that the somme of thinges that  
 ben to done is taken to governe to gode  
 folk, for that the malice haboundant of  
 shrewes sholde ben abated. And god  
 290 yeveth and departeth to othere folk pros-

peritees and adversitees y-medled to-  
 hepe, after the qualitee of hir corages, and  
 remordeth som folk by *adversitee*, for they  
 ne sholde nat wexen proude by longe  
 welefulnesse. And other folk he suffreth 295  
 to ben travailed with harde thinges, for  
 that they sholden confermen the vertues  
 of corage by the usage and exercitacioun  
 of pacience. And other folk dreden more  
 than they oughten †that whiche they 300  
 mighten wel beren; and somme dispyse  
 that they mowe nat beren; and thilke  
 folk god ledeth in-to experience of him-  
 self by aspre and sorful thinges. And  
 many othro folk han bought honourable 305  
 renoun of this world by the prys of  
 glorious deeth. And som men, that ne  
 mowen nat ben overcomen by torments,  
 have yeven ensample to othere folk, that  
 vertu may nat ben overcomen by adver- 310  
 sitees; and of alle thinges ther nis no  
 doute, that they ne ben don rightfully  
 and ordenely, to the profit of hem to  
 whom we seen thise thinges bityde. For  
 certes, that adversitee comth somtyme 315  
 to shrewes, and somtyme that that they  
 desiren, it comth of thise forseide causes.  
 And of sorful thinges *that bityden to*  
*shrewes*, certes, no man ne wondreth; for  
 alle men wenen that they han wol de- 320  
 served it, and that they ben of wikkede  
 merite; of whiche shrewes the torment  
 somtyme agasteth othere to don felonyes,  
 and somtyme it amendeth hem that  
 suffren the torments. And the pros- 325  
 peritee *that is yeven to shrewes* sheweth  
 a greet argument to gode folk, what thing  
 they sholde demen of thilke welefulnesse,  
 the whiche prosperitee men seen ofte  
 serven to shrewes. In the which thing 330  
 I trowe that god dispenseth; for, per-  
 aventure, the nature of som man is so  
 overthrowinge to *yuel*, and so uncoven-  
 able, that the nedý povertie of his  
 household mighte rather egren him to don 335  
 felonyes. And to the maladye of him god  
 putteth remedie, to yeven him richesnes.  
 And som other man biholdeth his con-  
 science defouled with sinnes, and maketh  
 comparisoun of his fortune and of him- 340  
 self; and dredeth, per-aventure, that his

blisfulnesse, of which the usage is joyeful  
to him, that the lesingo of thilke blisful-  
nesse ne be nat sorrowful to him; and  
345 therfor he wol change his maneres, and,  
for he dredeth to lese his fortune, he for-  
leteth his wikkednesse. To othre folk is  
welefulnesse y-yeven unworthily, the  
whiche overthroweth hem in-to destruc-  
350 cion that they han deserved. And to som  
othre folk is yeven power to punisshen,  
for that it shal be cause of *continua-*  
*cion and exercysing* to gode folk and  
cause of torment to shrewes. For so as  
355 ther nis non alyuance by-twixe gode folk  
and shrewes, ne shrewes ne mowen nat  
acorden amonges hem-self. And why  
nat? For shrewes discorden of hem-self  
by hir vyces, the whiche vyces al to-  
360 renden hir consciences; and don ofte  
tyme thinges, the whiche thinges, whan  
they han don hem, they demen that the  
thinges ne sholden nat han ben don. For  
which thing thilke soverain purveance  
365 hath maketh ofte tyme fair miraele; so  
that shrewes han maketh shrewes to ben  
gode men. For whan that som shrewes  
seen that they suffren wrongfully felonyes  
of othre shrewes, they wexen eschaufed  
370 in-to hate of hem that anyeden hem, and  
retornen to the frut of vertu, whan they  
studien to ben unlyk to hem that they  
han hated. Certes, only this is the divyne  
might, to the whiche might yveles ben  
375 thanne gode, whan it useth tho yveles  
covenably, and draweth out the effect of  
any gode; *as who seyth, that yvel is good*  
*only to the might of god, for the might of god*  
*ordremeth thilke yvel to good.* For oon  
380 ordre embraseth alle thinges, so that  
what wight that departeth fro the resoun  
of thilke ordre which that is assigned to  
him, algates yit he slydeth in-to another  
ordre, so that no-thing nis leveful to folye  
385 in the reame of the divyne purveance;  
*as who seyth, nothing nis with-uten ordi-*  
*nance in the reame of the divyne pur-*  
*veance*; sin that the right stronge god  
governeth alle thinges in this world. For  
390 it nis nat leveful to man to compre-  
henden by wit, ne unfolden by word, alle  
the subtil ordinaunces and disposicions

of the divyne entente. For only it oughte  
suffise to han loked, that god him-self,  
maker of alle natures, ordeineth and 395  
dressed alle thinges to gode; whyl that  
he hasteth to with-holden the thinges  
that he hath maketh in-to his semblance,  
*that is to seyn, for to with-holden thinges*  
*in-to good, for he him-self is good,* he 400  
chaseth out al yvel fro the boundes of his  
comunalties by the ordre of necessitee  
destinable. For which it folweth, that  
yif thou loke the purveance ordeininge  
the thinges that men wenen ben out- 405  
rageous or haboundant in erthes, thou ne  
shalt not seen in no place no-thing of  
yvel. But I see now that thou art  
charged with the weightes of the ques-  
tion, and very with the lengthe of my 410  
resoun; and that thou abydest som sweet-  
nesse of songe. Tak thanne this draught;  
and whan thou art wel refreshed and  
refect, thou shal be more stedefast to stye  
in-to hegere questionns. 415

METRE VI. *Si vis celsi iura tonantis.*

If thou, wys, wilt demen in thy pure  
thought the rightes or the lawes of the  
heye thonderer, *that is to seyn, of god,* loke  
thou and bihold the heightes of the  
soverain leveuo. There kepen the sterres, 5  
by rightful alliaunce of thinges, hir olde  
pees. The sonne, y-mooved by his rody  
fyr, ne distorbeth nat the colde cercle of  
the mone. No the sterre y-aleped 'the  
Bere,' that enclyneth his ravissching 10  
courses abouten the soverain heighte of  
the worlde, ne the same sterre Urse nis  
never-mo wasshen in the depe westrene  
see, ne coveiteth nat to deyne his flambe  
in the see of the oecian, al-though he see 15  
othre sterres y-plounged in the see. And  
Hesperus the sterre bodeth and telleth  
alwey the late nightes; and Lucifer the  
sterre bringeth ayein the clere day. And  
thus maketh Love entrenchangeable the 20  
perdurable courses; and thus is discord-  
able bataile y-put out of the contrée of  
the sterres. This accordaunce atempreth  
by evenlyk maneres the elements, that  
the moiste thinges, stryvinge with the 25

drye thinges, yeven place by stoundes; and the colde thinges joynen hem by feyth to the hote thinges; and that the lighte fyr aryseth in-to heichte; and the  
 30 hevy erthes avalen by hir weightes. By this same causes the floury yer yildeth swote smelles in the firste somer-sesoun warminge; and the hote somer dryeth the cornes; and autumpne comth ayein,  
 35 hevy of apples; and the fleting reyn bideweth the winter. This atemprance norisseth and bringeth forth al thing that þ bretheth lyf in this world; and thilke same atemprance, ravissinge,  
 40 hydeth and binimeth, and drencheth under the laste deeth, alle thinges y-born. Amonges these thinges sitteth the heye maker, king and lord, welle and beginninge, lawe and wys juge, to don equitee;  
 45 and governeth and enclyneth the brydles of thinges. And tho thinges that he stereth to gon by moevings, he withdraweth and aresteth; and affermeth the moevable or wandring thinges. For yif  
 50 that he ne clepede ayein the right goinge of thinges, and yif that he ne constreinede hem nat eft-sones in-to roundnesses enclynede, the thinges that ben now continued by stable ordinaunce, they  
 55 sholden departen from hir welle, *that is to seyn, from hir biginninge*, and saylen, *that is to seyn, torne in-to nought*. This is the comune Love to alle thinges; and alle thinges axen to ben holden by the syn of  
 60 good. For elles ne mighten they nat lasten; yif they ne come nat eft-sones ayein, by Love retorned, to the cause that hath yeven hem beinge, *that is to seyn, to god*.

PROSE VII. *Iamne igitur uidet.*

Seestow nat thanne what thing folweth alle the thinges that I have seyde? 'Boece. 'What thing?' quod I.

'Certes,' quod she, 'al-outrely, that alle  
 5 fortune is good.' 'And how may that be?' quod I.

'Now understand,' quod she, 'so as alle fortune, whether so it be joyeful fortune or aspre fortune, is yeven either by cause

of guerdoning or elles of exercysinge of 10 good folk, or elles by cause to punisshen or elles chastysen shrewes; thanne is alle fortune good, the whiche fortune is certain that it be either rightful or elles profitable.' 'Forsothe, this is a ful 15 verray resoun,' quod I; 'and yif I consider the purviaunce and the destinee that thou taughtest me a litel her-bifrom, this sentence is sustened by stedefast resouns. But yif it lyke unto thee, lat us 20 noumbren hem amonges thilke thinges, of whiche thou seydest a litel her-bifrom, that they ne were nat able to ben wened to the poeple.'

'Why so?' quod she. 'For that the 25 comune word of men,' quod I, 'misuseth this maner speche of fortune, and seyn ofte tymes that the fortune of som wight is wikkede.'

'Wiltow thanne,' quod she, 'that I 30 aproche a litel to the wordes of the poeple, so that it seme nat to hem that I be overmoche departed as fro the usage of mankinde?' 'As thou wolt,' quod I.

'Demestow nat,' quod she, 'that al 35 thing that profiteth is good?' 'Yis,' quod I.

'And certes, thilke thing that exercyseth or corigeth, profiteth?' 'I confesse it wel,' quod I. 40

'Thanne is it good?' quod she. 'Why nat?' quod I.

'But this is the fortune,' quod she, 'of hem that either ben put in vertu and batailen ayeins aspre thinges, or elles of 45 hem that eschuen and declynen fro vyces and taken the wey of vertu.' 'This ne may I nat denye,' quod I.

'But what seystow of the mery fortune that is yeven to good folk in guerdoun? 50 Demeth aught the poeple that it is wikked?' 'Nay, forsothe,' quod I; 'but they demen, as it sooth is, that it is right good.'

'And what seystow of that other for- 55 tune,' quod she, 'that, al-though that it be aspre, and restraineth the shrewes by rightful torment, weneth aught the poeple that it be good?' 'Nay,' quod I, 'but the poeple demeth that it is most 60

wreched of alle things that may ben thought.'

'War now, and loke wel,' quod she, 'lest that we, in folwinge the opinioun of  
65 the poeple, have confessed and concluded thing that is unable to be wened to the poeple.' 'What is that,' quod I.

'Cortes,' quod she, 'it folweth or comth of things that ben graunted, that alle  
70 fortune, what-so-ever it be, of hem that ben either in possessioun of vertu, or in the ences of vertu, or elles in the purchasinge of vertu, that thilke fortune is good; and that alle fortune is right wikkede to hem that dwellen in shrewednesse;  
75 as who seyth, and thus weneth nat the poeple. 'That is sooth,' quod I, 'albe it so that no man dar confesse it ne biknowen it.'

80 'Why so?' quod she; 'for right as the stronge man ne semeth nat to abaissen or disdaignen as ofte tyme as he hereth the noise of the bataille, ne also it ne semeth nat, to the wyse man, to beren it gre-  
85 vously, as ofte as he is lad in-to the stryf of fortune. For bothe to that oon man and eek to that other thilke difficultee is the matere; to that oon man, of ences of his glorious renoun, and to that  
90 other man, to confirme his sapience, that is to seyn, to the asprenesse of his estat. For therefore is it called "vertu," for that it susteneth and enforseth, by hise strengthes, that it nis nat overcome by  
95 adversitees. Ne certes, thou that art put in the ences or in the heighte of vertu, ne hast nat comen to fleten with delices, and for to welken in bodily luste; thou sowest or plauntest a ful egre bataille in  
100 thy courage ayeins every fortune: for that the sorful fortune ne confounde thee nat, ne that the merye fortune ne corrupte thee nat, occupye the mene by stedefast strengthes. For al that ever is  
105 under the mene, or elles al that overpasseth the mene, despyseth wefulnesse (as who seyth, it is vicious), and ne hath no mede of his travaille. For it is set in your hand (as who seyth, it lyth in your power)  
110 what fortune yow is levest, that is to seyn, good or yvel. For alle fortune that semeth

sharp or aspre, yif it ne exercyse nat the gode folk ne chastyseth the wikked folk, it punissheth.

METRE VII. *Bella bis quinis operatus annis.*

The wreker Attrides, that is to seyn, Agamenon, that wroughte and continuede the batailles by ten year, recovered and purgede in wrekinge, by the destruccioun of Troye, the loste chaumbres of mariage 5 of his brother; this is to seyn, that he, Agamenon, wan ayein Eleyne, that was Menelaus wyf his brother. In the mene whyle that thilke Agamenon desirede to yeven sayles to the Grekissh navye, and 10 boughte ayein the windes by blood, he unclothede him of pitoe of fader; and the sory preest yiveth in sacrificinge the wreched cuttinge of throte of the dough-ter; that is to seyn, that Agamenon let 15 cutten the throte of his daughter by the preest, to maken allyaunce with his goddes, and for to han wind with whiche he mighte wenden to Troye. Itacus, that is to seyn, Ulixes, biwepte his felawes y-lorn, the 20 whiche felawes the ferso Poliphemus, ligginge in his grete cave, hadde freten and dreynt in his empty wombe. But natheles Poliphemus, wood for his blinde visage, yald to Ulixes joye by his sorful teres; 25 that is to seyn, that Ulixes smoot out the eye of Poliphemus that stood in his forehead, for which Ulixes hadde joye, whan he say Poliphemus wepinge and blinde. Hercules is celebrable for his harde travailes; 30 he daunted the proude Centaures, half hors, half man; and he biraffe the dispoylinge fro the cruel lyoun, that is to seyn, he slough the lyoun and rafte him his skin. He smoot the briddes that highten 35 Arpyes with certein arwes. He ravishede apples fro the wakinge dragoun, and his hand was the more hevy for the goldene metal. He drow Cerberus, the hound of helle, by his treble cheyne. He, over- 40 comer, as it is seyed, hath put an unmeke lord foddre to his cruel hors; this is to seyn, that Hercules slough Diomedes, and made his hors to freten him. And he,



45 Hercules, slowh Ydra the serpent, and  
brende the venim. And Achelous the  
flood, defouled in his forhed, dreynte his  
shamefast visage in his strondes; *this is*  
50 *to seyn, that Achelous coude transfigure*  
*him-self in-to dyverse lyknesses; and, as he*  
*faught with Hercules, at the laste he tornede*  
*him in-to a bole; and Hercules brak of oon*  
*of his hornes, and he, for shame, hidde him*  
*in his river.* And he, Hercules, caste  
55 adoun Antheus the gyaunt in the  
strondes of Libie; and Cacus apaysede  
the wratthes of Evander; *this is to seyn,*  
*that Hercules slowh the monstre Cacus, and*  
*apaysede with that deeth the wratthe of*  
60 *Evander.* And the bristled boor marked  
with scomes the shuldres of Hercules, the

whiche shuldres the heye cerle of hevене  
sholde thriste. And the laste of his la-  
bours was, that he sustened the hevене  
up-on his nekke unbowed; and he de- 65  
servede eft-sones the hevене, to ben the  
prys of his laste travaille. Goth now  
thanne, ye stronge men, ther-as the heye  
wey of the grete ensauple ledeth yow.  
O nyce men, why nake ye youre bakkes? 70  
As who seyth: O ye slowe and delicat men,  
why fle ye adversitees, and ne fighten nat  
ayens hem by vertu, to winnen the mede of  
the hevене? For the erthe, overcomen,  
yeveth the sterres'; *this is to seyn, that, 75*  
*whan that erthely lust is overcomen, a man*  
*is maked worthy to the hevене.*

## BOOK V.

PROSE I. *Dixerat, orationisque  
cursum.*

She hadde seyde, and torned the cours  
of hir resoun to some othere thinges to ben  
treted and to ben y-sped. Thanne seyde  
I, 'Cortes, rightful is thyn amonestinge  
5 and ful digne by auctoritee. But that  
thou seidest whylom, that the question  
of the divyne purviaunce is enlaced with  
many other questionns, I understonde  
wel and proove it by the same thing. But  
10 I axe yif that thou wenest that hap be  
any thing in any weys; and, yif thou  
wenest that hap be anything, what is  
it?'

Thanne quod she, 'I haste me to yilden  
15 and assoilen to thee the dette of my  
bihest, and to shewen and open the wey,  
by which wey thou mayst come ayein to  
thy contree. But al-be-it so that the  
thinges which that thou axest ben right  
20 profitable to knowe, yit ben they diverse  
somwhat fro the path of my purpos; and  
it is to doute that thou ne be maked  
wery by mis-weyes, so that thou ne mayst  
nat suffyce to mesuren the right wey.'  
25 'Ne doute thee ther-of nothing,' quod I.

'For, for to knowen thilke thinges to-  
gedere, in the whiche thinges I delyte me  
greetly, that shal ben to me in stede of  
roste; sin it is nat to doute of the  
thinges folwinge, whan every syde of thy 30  
disputacioun shal han be stedefast to me  
by undoutous feith.'

Thanne seyde she, 'That manere wol  
I don thee'; and bigan to spoken right  
thus. 'Certes,' quod she, 'yif any wight 35  
diffinisshe hap in this manere, that is to  
seyn, that "hap is bitydinge y-brought  
forth by foolish moevinge and by no  
knettinge of causes," I conferme that hap  
nis right naught in no wyse; and I deme 40  
al-outrely that hap nis, ne dwelleth but  
a voice, as who seith, but an ydel word,  
with-onten any significacioun of thing  
submitted to that vois. For what place  
might ben left, or dwellinge, to folye 45  
and to disordenance, sin that god ledeth  
and constreinet alle thinges by ordre?  
For this sentence is verray and sooth,  
that "nothing ne hath his beinge of  
naught"; to the whiche sentence none 50  
of these olde folk ne withseyde never;  
al-be-it so that they ne understoden ne  
meneden it naught by god, prince and

beginners of werkinge, but they casten  
 55 [it] as a manere foundement of subject  
 material, that is to seyn, of the nature of  
 alle resoun. And yif that any thing is  
 woxen or comen of no causes, than shal it  
 seme that thilke thing is comen or woxen  
 60 of naught; but yif this no may nat ben  
 don, thanne is it nat possible, that hap  
 be any swich thing as I have diffinissed  
 a litel heer-biforn.' 'How shal it  
 thanne be?' quod I. 'Nis thier thanne  
 65 no-thing that by right may be cleped  
 either "hap" or elles "aventure of fortune";  
 or is ther aught, al-be-it so that  
 it is hid fro the peple, to which these  
 wordes ben covenable?'  
 70 'Myn Aristotolis,' quod she, 'in the  
 book of his Physik, diffinisseth this thing  
 by short resoun, and neigh to the sothe.'  
 'In which manere?' quod I.

'As ofte,' quod she, 'as men doon any  
 75 thing for grace of any other thing, and  
 an-other thing than thilke thing that  
 men entenden to don bitydeth by some  
 causes, it is cleped "hap." Right as  
 a man dalf the erthe by cause of tilyinge  
 80 of the feeld, and founde ther a gobet of  
 gold bidolven, thanne wenen folk that it  
 is bifalle by fortunous bitydinge. But,  
 for sothe, it nis nat of naught, for it hath  
 his propre causes; of whiche causes the  
 85 cours unforeseyn and unwar semeth to  
 han maked hap. For yif the tilyero of  
 the feld ne dolve nat in the erthe, and yif  
 the hyder of the gold ne hadde hid the  
 gold in thilke place, the gold ne hadde  
 90 nat been founde. These ben thanne the  
 causes of the abregginge of fortuit hap,  
 the which abregginge of fortuit hap  
 comth of causes encountringe and flow-  
 inge to-gidere to hem-self, and nat by the  
 95 entencioun of the doer. For neither the  
 hyder of the gold ne the delver of the  
 feeld ne understoden nat that the gold  
 sholde han ben founde; but, as I sayde,  
 it bitidde and ran to-gidere that he dalf  
 100 ther-as that other hadde hid the gold.  
 Now may I thus diffinisse "hap." Hap  
 is an unwar bitydinge of causes assem-  
 bled in thinges that ben don for som  
 other thing. But thilke ordre, proceedinge

by an uneschuable bindinge to-gidere, 105  
 which that descendeth fro the welle of  
 purviaunce that ordeineth alle thinges in  
 hir places and in hir tymes, maketh that  
 the causes rennen and assemblen to-  
 gidere. 110

METRE I. *Rupis Achemenie scopulis,  
 ubi uersa sequentum.*

Tigris and Eufrates resolven and  
 springen of oo welle, in the cragges of the  
 roche of the contree of Achemenia, ther-as  
 the fleinge bataille fleeth hir dartes,  
 returned in the brestes of hem that fol-  
 5 wen hem. And sone after that same  
 riveres, Tigris and Eufrates, unjoinen and  
 departen hir wateres. And yif they  
 comen to-gideres, and ben assembled and  
 cleped to-gidere into o cours, thanne 10  
 moten thilke thinges fleten to-gidere  
 which that the water of the entre-  
 chaunginge flood bringeth. The shippes  
 and the stokkes arraced with the flood  
 moten assemblen; and the wateres 15  
 medled wrappeth or implyeth many for-  
 tunel happeres or maneres; the whiche  
 wandringe happeres, natheles, thilke de-  
 clyninge lownesse of the erthe and the  
 flowinge ordre of the slydinge water 20  
 governeth. Right so Fortune, that semeth  
 as that it fleteth with slaked or un-  
 governede brydles, it suffereth brydles,  
 that is to seyn, to be governed, and passeth  
 by thilke lawe, that is to seyn, by thilke 25  
 divyne ordenaunce.'

PROSE II. *Animaduerto, inquam.*

'This understonde I wel,' quod I, 'and  
 I acorde wel that it is right as thou  
 seyst. But I axe yif ther be any libertee  
 of free wil in this ordre of causes that  
 clyven thus to-gidere in hem-self; or 5  
 elles I wolde witen yif that the destinal  
 cheyne constraineth the movinges of the  
 corages of men?'

'Yis,' quod she; 'ther is libertee of  
 free wil. Ne ther ne was nevere no 10  
 nature of resoun that it ne hadde libertee

of free wil. For every thing that may  
naturally usen resoun, it hath doom by  
which it decerneth and demeth every  
15 thing; thanne knoweth it, by it-self,  
things that ben to flee and things  
that ben to desiren. And thilke thing  
that any wight demeth to ben desired,  
that axeth or desireth he; and fleeth  
20 thilke thing that he troweth ben to flee.  
Wherefore in alle things that resoun is,  
in hem also is libertee of willinge and of  
nillinge. But I ne ordeyne nat, *as who*  
*seyth, I ne graunte nat*, that this libertee  
25 be evene-lyk in alle thinges. Forwhy in  
the sovereynes devynes substaunces, *that*  
*is to seyn, in spirite*, jugement is more  
cleer, and wil nat y-corumped, and might  
redy to speden thinges that ben desired.  
30 But the soules of men moten nedes be  
more free than they loken hem in the  
speculacioun or lokinge of the devyne  
thought, and lasse free than they slyden  
in-to the bodie; and yit lasse free when  
35 they ben gadered to-gidere and compre-  
hended in ertihly membes. But the  
laste servage is whan that they ben yeven  
to vyces, and han y-falle from the pos-  
sessioun of hir propre resoun. For after  
40 that they han cast away hir eyen fro the  
light of the sovereyn soothfastnesse to  
lowe thinges and derke, anon they derken  
by the cloude of ignorance and ben  
troubled by felonous talents; to the  
45 whiche talents whan they aprochen and  
asenten, they hepen and encresen the  
servage which they han joynd to hem-  
self; and in this manere they ben caitifis  
fro hir propre libertee. The whiche  
50 thinges, nathelesse, the lokinge of the  
devyne purviaunce seeth, that alle thinges  
biholdeth and seeth fro eterne, and or-  
deineth hem everich in hir merites as  
they ben predestinat: *and it is seyd in*  
55 *Greek*, that "alle thinges he seeth and  
alle thinges he hereth."

METRE II. *Puro clarum lumine Phebum.*

Homer with the hony mouth, *that is to*  
*seyn*, Homer with the swete dittes, singeth,  
that the sonne is cleer by pure light;

natheles yit ne may it nat, by the infirme  
light of his bemes, breken or percer the 5  
inwarde entrailes of the erthe, or elles of  
the see. So ne seeth nat *god*, maker of  
the grete world: to him, that loketh alle  
thinges from an heigh, ne withstondeth  
nat no thinges by hevynesse of erthe; ne 10  
the night ne withstondeth nat to him by  
the blake cloudes. *Thilke god* seeth, in  
oo strok of thought, alle thinges that ben,  
or weren, or sholle comen; and *thilke*  
*god*, for he loketh and seeth alle thinges 15  
alone, thou mayst seyn that he is the  
verray sonne.'

PROSE III. *Tum ego, en, inquam.*

Thanne seyde I, 'now am I confounded  
by a more hard doute than I was.'

'What doute is that?' quod she. 'For  
certes, I conjecte now by whiche thinges  
thou art troubled.'

'It semeth,' quod I, 'to repugnien and 5  
to contrarien greetly, that god knoweth  
biforn alle thinges, and that ther is any  
freedom of libertee. For yif so be that  
god loketh alle thinges biforn, ne god ne 10  
may nat ben desseived in no manere,  
than mot it nedes been, that alle thinges  
bityden the whiche that the purviaunce  
of god hath seyn biforn to comen. For  
which, yif that god knoweth biforn nat 15  
only the werkes of men, but also hir  
conseiles and hir willes, thanne ne shal  
ther be no libertee of arbitre; ne, certes,  
ther ne may be noon other dede, ne no  
wil, but thilke which that the divyne 20  
purviaunce, that may nat ben desseived,  
hath feled biforn. For yif that they  
mighten wrythen away in othre manere  
than they ben purveyed, than sholde ther  
be no stedefast prescience of thing to 25  
comen, but rather an uncertein opinioun;  
the whiche thing to trowen of god, I deme  
it felonye and unleveful. Ne I ne proeve  
nat thilke same resoun, *as who seyth, I ne*  
*aloue nat*, or *I ne preyse nat*, *thilke same* 30  
*resoun*, by which that som men wenen  
that they mowen assollen and unknitten  
the knotte of this questioun. For, certes,

they seyn that thing nis nat to comen  
 35 for that the purviaunce of god hath seyn  
 it biforn that is to comen, but rather the  
 contrarye, *and that is this*: that, for that  
 the thing is to comen, therefore ne may it  
 nat ben hid for the purviaunce of god;  
 40 and in this manere this necessitee slydeth  
 ayein in-to the contrarye partye: ne it  
 ne bihoveth nat, nedes, that thinges bi-  
 tyden that ben purveyed, but it bihoveth,  
 nedes, that thinges that ben to comen  
 45 ben y-purveyed: but as it were y-travailed,  
*as who seyth, that thilke answeere procedeth*  
*right as thogh men travaileden, or weren*  
*bisy to enqueren*, the whiche thing is cause  
 of the whiche thing:—as, whether the  
 50 prescience is cause of the necessitee of  
 thinges to comen, or elles that the  
 necessitee of thinges to comen is cause  
 of the purviaunce. But I ne enforce me  
 nat now to shewen it, that the bitydinge  
 55 of thinges y-wist biforn is necessarie, how  
 so or in what manere that the ordre of  
 causes hath it-self; al-thogh that it ne  
 seme nat that the prescience bringe in  
 necessitee of bitydinge to thinges to  
 60 comen. For certes, yif that any wight  
 sitteth, it bihoveth by necessitee that the  
 opinioun be sooth of him that coniecteth  
 that he sitteth; and ayeinward also is it  
 of the contrarye: yif the opinioun be  
 65 sooth of any wight for that he sitteth,  
 it bihoveth by necessitee that he sitte.  
 Thanne is heer necessitee in that oon  
 and in that other: for in that oon is  
 necessitee of sittinge, and, certes, in that  
 70 other is necessitee of sooth. But therefore  
 ne sitteth nat a wight, for that the  
 opinioun of the sittinge is sooth; but the  
 opinioun is rather sooth, for that a wight  
 sitteth biforn. And thus, al-thogh that  
 75 the cause of the sooth cometh of that  
 other syde (*as who seyth, that al-thogh the*  
*cause of sooth comth of the sitting, and nat*  
*of the trewe opinioun*), algates yit is ther  
 comune necessitee in that oon and in  
 80 that other. Thus sheweth it, that I may  
 make semblable skiles of the purviaunce  
 of god and of thinges to comen. For  
 althogh that, for that thinges ben to  
 comen, therfore ben they purveyed, nat,

certes, for that they ben purveyed, ther- 85  
 fore ne bityde they nat. Yit natheles,  
 bihoveth it by necessitee, that either the  
 thinges to comen ben y-purveyed of god,  
 or elles that the thinges that ben pur-  
 veyed of god bityden. And this thing 90  
 only sufiseth y-nough to destroyen the  
 freedom of oure arbitre, *that is to seyn, of*  
*oure free wil*. But now, certes, *sheweth it*  
*wel, how fer fro the sothe* and how up-so-  
 down is this thing that we seyn, that the 95  
 bitydinge of temporel thinges is cause of  
 the eterne prescience. But for to wenen  
 that god purvyeth the thinges to comen  
 for they ben to comen, what other thing  
 is it but for to wene that thilke thinges 100  
 that bitidnen whylom ben causes of thilke  
 sovereign purviaunce *that is in god*? And  
 her-to I adde yit *this thing* that, right  
 as whan that I wot that a thing is, it  
 bihoveth by necessitee that thilke selve 105  
 thing be; and eek, whan I have knowe  
 that any thing shal bityden, so byhoveth  
 it by necessitee that thilke thing bityde:  
 —so folweth it thanne, that the bitydinge  
 of the thing y-wist biforn ne may nat 110  
 ben eschued. And at the laste, yif that  
 any wight wene a thing to ben other  
 weyes thanne it is, it is nat only un-  
 science, but it is deceivable opinioun ful  
 diverse and fer fro the sothe of science. 115  
 Wherefore, yif any thing be so to comen,  
 that the bitydinge of hit ne be nat cer-  
 tein ne necessarie, who may weten biforn  
 that thilke thing is to comen? For right  
 as science ne may nat ben meddled with 120  
 falsnesse (*as who seyth, that yif I wot*  
*a thing, it ne may nat be false that I ne wot*  
*it*), right so thilke thing that is conceived  
 by science ne may nat ben non other  
 weyes than as it is conceived. For that is 125  
 the cause why that science wanteth lesing  
 (*as who seyth, why that witinge ne receiveth*  
*nat lesinge of that it wot*); for it bihoveth,  
 by necessitee, that every thing be right  
 as science comprehendeth it to be. What 130  
 shal I thanne seyn? In whiche manere  
 knoweth god biforn the thinges to comen,  
 yif they ne be nat certain? For yif that  
 he deme that they ben to comen un-  
 eschewably, and so may be that it is 135

possible that they ne shollen nat comen, god is deceived. But nat only to trowen that god is deceived, but for to speke it with mouth, it is a felonous sinne. But  
 140 yif that god wot that, right so as thinges ben to comen, so shullen they comen—so that he wite egaly, *as who seyth, indifferently*, that thinges mowen ben doon or elles naty-doon—what is thilke prescience  
 145 that ne comprehendeth no certein thing ne stable? Or elles what difference is ther bitwixe the prescience and thilke jape-worthy divyninge of Tiresie the divynour, *that seyde*: “Al that I seye,”  
 150 quod he, “either it shal be, or elles it ne shal nat be?” Or elles how mochel is worth the devyne prescience more than the opinioun of mankinde, yif so be that it demeth the thinges uncertein, as  
 155 men doon; of the whiche domes of men the bitydinge nis nat certein? But yif so be that non uncertein thing ne may ben in him that is right certein welle of alle thinges, thanne is the bitydinge  
 160 certein of thilke thinges whiche he hath wist biforn fermely to comen. For which it folweth, that the freedom of the con- seilles and of the werkes of mankind nis non, sin that the thoght of god, that  
 165 seeth alle thinges without errour of fals- nesse, bindeth and constreinet hem to a bitydinge by *necessitee*. And yif this thing be ones y-graunted and received, *that is to seyn, that ther nis no free wille*,  
 170 than sheweth it wel, how greet destruc- cioun and how grete damages ther folwen of thinges of mankinde. For in ydel ben ther thanne purposed and bihight medes to gode folk, and peynes to badde folk,  
 175 sin that no moevinge of free corage voluntarie ne hath nat deserved hem, *that is to seyn, neither mede ne peyne*; and it sholde seme thanne, that thilke thing is alderworst, which that is now demed  
 180 for aldermost just and most rightful, *that is to seyn*, that shrewes ben punisshed, or elles that gode folk ben y-gerdoned: the whiche folk, sin that hir propre wil ne sent hem nat to that con ne to that  
 185 othor, *that is to seyn, neither to gode ne to harm*, but constreinet hem certein

necessitee of thinges to comen: thanne ne shollen ther nevere ben, ne nevere weren, vyce ne vertu, but it sholde rather ben confusioun of alle desertes medled  
 with-outen discrecioun. And yit *ther folweth an-other inconvenient*, þan whiche ther ne may ben thoght no more felonous ne more wikke; *and that is this*: that, so as the ordre of thinges is y-led and comth  
 195 of the purviaunce of god, ne that no-thing nis lefevel to the conseilles of mankinde (*as who seyth, that men han no power to doon no-thing, ne wilne no-thing*), than folweth it, that oure vyces ben referred to  
 200 the maker of alle good (*as who seyth, than folweth it, that god oughte han the blame of oure vyces, sin he constreinet us by neces- sitee to doon vyces*). Thanne is ther no resoun to hopen in god, ne for to preyen  
 205 to god; for what sholde any wight hopen to god, or why sholde he preyen to god, sin that the ordonaunce of destinee, which that ne may nat ben inclyned, knitteth and streineth alle thinges that men may  
 210 desiren? Thanne sholde ther be doon away thilke only allyaunce bitwixen god and men, that is to seyn, to hopen and to preyen. But by the prys of rightwisnesse and of verray meknesse we deserven the  
 215 gerdoun of the divyne grace, which that is inestimable, *that is to seyn, that it is so greet, that it ne may nat ben ful y-preyed*. And this is only the manere, *that is to seyn, hope and preyeres*, for which it  
 220 semeth that men mowen speke with god, and by resoun of supplicacioun be con- joined to thilke cleernesse, that nis nat aproched no rather or that men beseken it and impetren it. And yif men wene  
 225 nat that hope ne preyeres ne han no strengthes, by the necessitee of thinges to comen y-receved, what thing is ther thanne by whiche we mowen ben con- joined and clyven to thilke sovereign  
 230 prince of thinges? For which it bihoveth, by necessitee, that the linage of man- kinde, as thou songe a litel her-biforn, be departed and unjoined from his welle, and fallen of his *beginninge, that is to*  
 235 *seyn, god*.

METRE III. *Quenam discors federa rerum.*

What discordable cause hath to-rent  
and unjoined the bindings, *or the alliance*,  
of things, *that is to seyn, the conjunction*  
*of god and man*? Whiche god hath  
5 established so greet bataille bitwixen  
these two soothfast or verray things,  
*that is to seyn, bitwixen the purviaunce of*  
*god and free wil*, that they ben singular  
and devided, ne that they ne wolen nat  
10 be medeled ne coupled to-gidere? But  
ther nis no discord to the verray things,  
but they clyven, certain, alwey to hem-  
self. But the thought of man, confounded  
and overthrowen by the dirke membres  
15 of the body, ne may nat, by fyr of his  
derked looking, *that is to seyn, by the*  
*vigour of his insighte, whyl the soule is in*  
*the body*, knowe the thinne subtil knitt-  
ings of things. But wherfore enchaufeth  
20 it so, by so greet love, to finden thilke  
notes of sooth y-covered; *that is to seyn,*  
*wherfore enchaufeth the thought of man by*  
*so greet desyr to knowen thilke notificacions*  
*that ben y-hid under the covertours of*  
25 *sooth*? Wot it enchaufeth thilke thing that it,  
anguissous, desireth to knowe? *As who*  
*seith, nay; for no man travailleth for to*  
*witen thinges that he wot. And therefore*  
*the texts seith thus*: but who travailleth to  
30 witen thinges y-knowe? And yif that he  
ne knoweth hem nat, what seketh thilke  
blinde thoght? What is he that desireth  
any thing of which he wot right naught?  
*As who seith, who so desireth any thing,*  
35 *nedes, somewhat he knoweth of it; or elles,*  
*he ne coude nat desire it.* Or who may  
folwen thinges that ne ben nat y-wist?  
*And thogh that he seke tho thinges, wher*  
*shal he finde hem? What wight, that is*  
40 *al unconninge and ignoraunt, may*  
*knowne the forme that is y-founde?* But  
whan the soule biholdeth and seeth the  
heye thoght, *that is to seyn, god*, than  
knoweth it to-gidere the somme and the  
45 singularitees, *that is to seyn, the principles*  
*and everich by him-self.* But now, whyl  
the soule is hid in the cloude and in the  
derkenesse of the membres of the body,  
it ne hath nat al for-yeten it-self, but

it with-holdeth the somme of thinges, 50  
and leseth the singularitees. Thanne,  
who-so that seeketh soothnesse, he nis in  
neither nother habite; for he noot nat al,  
ne he ne hath nat al for-yeten: but yit  
him remembreth the somme of thinges 55  
that he with-holdeth, and axeth conseil,  
and retreth deepliche thinges y-seyn  
biforn, *that is to seyn, the grette somme in*  
*his minde*: so that he mowe adden the  
parties that he hath for-yeten to thilke 60  
that he hath with-holden.

PROSE IV. *Tum illa: Vetus, inquit, hec est.*

Thanne seide she: 'this is,' quod she,  
'the olde question of the purviaunce of  
god; and Marcus Tullius, whan he de-  
vyded the divynaciouns, *that is to seyn, in*  
*his book that he wroot of divynaciouns*, he 5  
moevede gretly this questioun; and thou  
thy-self has y-sought it mochel, and  
outrely, and longe; but yit ne hath it  
nat ben determined ne y-sped fermely  
and diligently of any of yow. And the 10  
cause of this derkenesse and of this diffi-  
cultee is, for that the moevinge of the  
resoun of mankinde ne may nat moeven  
to (*that is to seyn, applyen or joinen to*) the  
simplicitees of the devyne prescience; the 15  
whiche *simplicitees of the devyne prescience*,  
yif that men mighten thinken it in any  
maner, *that is to seyn, that yif men mighten*  
*thinken and comprehend the thinges as*  
*god seeth hem*, thanne ne sholde ther 20  
dwellen outrely no doute: the whiche  
resoun and cause of difficultee I shal assaye  
at the laste to shewe and to speden,  
whan I have first y-spended and answered  
to the resouns by which thou art y- 25  
moeved. For I axe why thou weneest that  
thilke resouns of hem that assoilen this  
questioun ne ben nat speedful y-nough  
ne sufficient: the whiche *solucioun, or*  
*the whiche resoun*, for that it demeth that 30  
the prescience nis nat cause of necessitee  
to thinges to comen, than ne weneest it  
nat that freedom of wil be destorbed or  
y-let by prescience. For ne drawestow  
nat arguments from elles-where of the 35  
necessitee of thinges to-comen (*as who*

*seith, any other way than thus*) but that thilke thinges that the prescience wot biforn ne mowen nat unbityde? *That is*  
 40 *to seyn, that they moten bityde.* But thanne, yif that prescience ne putteth no necessitee to thinges to comen, as thou thy-self hast confessed it and bi-  
 45 known a lital her-biforn, what cause or what is it (*as who seith, ther may no cause be*) by which that the endes voluntarie of thinges mighten be constrained to certain bitydinge? For by grace of positoun, so that thou mowe the betere understonde  
 50 this that folweth, I pose, *per impossibile*, that ther be no prescience. Thanne axe I,' quod she, 'in as mochel as apertieneth to that, sholden thanne thinges that comen of free wil ben constrained to bi-  
 55 tyden by necessitee?' Boece. 'Nay,' quod I.

'Thanne ayeinward,' quod she, 'I suppose that ther be prescience, but that it ne putteth no necessitee to thinges;  
 60 thanne trowe I, that thilke selve freedom of wil shal dwellen al hool and absolut and unbounnen. But thou wolt seyn that, al-be-it so that prescience nis nat cause of the necessitee of bitydinge to  
 65 thinges to comen, algates yit it is a signe that the thinges ben to bityden by necessitee. By this manere thanne, although the prescience ne hadde never y-ben, yit *algate or at the leeste weye* it  
 70 is certain thing, that the endes and bitydinges of thinges to comen sholden ben necessari. For every signe sheweth and signifyeth only what the thing is, but it ne maketh nat the thing that it  
 75 signifyeth. For which it bihoveth first to shewen, that no-thing ne bitydeth that it ne bitydeth by necessitee, so that it may appere that the prescience is signe of this necessitee; or elles, yif ther nere  
 80 no necessitee, certes, thilke prescience ne mighte nat be signe of thing that nis nat. But certes, it is now certain that the proeve of this, y-sustened bystidefast resoun, ne shal nat ben lad ne proeved  
 85 by signes ne by arguments y-taken fro with-oute, but by causes covenable and necessari. But thou mayst seyn, how

may it be that the thinges ne bityden nat that ben y-purveyed to comen? But, certes, right as we trowen that tho 90 thinges which that the purviance wot biforn to comen ne ben nat to bityden; but that ne sholden we nat demen; but rather, al-though that they shal bityden, yit ne have they no necessitee of hir 95 kinde to bityden. And this maystow lightly aperceiven by this that I shal seyn. For we seen many thinges whan they ben don biforn oure eyen, right as men seen the cartere worken in the 100 torninge or atempringe or adressing of hise cartes or charietes. And by this manere (*as who seith, maystow understonde*) of alle othere workmen. Is ther thanne any necessitee, *as who seith, in oure* 105 *lokings*, that constraineth or compelleth any of thilke thinges to ben don so?' Boece. 'Nay,' quod I; 'for in ydel and in veyn were al the effect of craft, yif that alle thinges weren moeved by con- 110 streininge;' *that is to seyn, by constraininge of oure eyen or of oure sight.*

'The thinges thanne,' quod she, 'that, whan men doon hem, ne han no necessitee that men doon hem, eek tho same 115 thinges, first or they ben doon, they ben to comen with-oute necessitee. For-why ther ben somme thinges to bityden, of which the endes and the bitydinges of hem ben absolut and quit of alle neces- 120 sitee. For certes, I ne trowe nat that any man wolde seyn this: that tho thinges that men doon now, that they ne weren to bityden first or they weren y-doon; and thilke same thinges, al- 125 thogh that men had y-wist hem biforn, yit they han free bitydinges. For right as science of thinges present ne bringeth in no necessitee to thinges that men doon, right so the prescience of thinges 130 to comen ne bringeth in no necessitee to thinges to bityden. But thou mayst seyn, that of thilke same it is y-douted, as whether that of thilke thinges that ne han non issues and bitydinges necessaries, 135 yif ther-of may ben any prescience; for certes, they semen to discorden. For thou wenest that, yif that thinges ben

y-seyn biforn, that necessitee folweth  
 140 hem; and yif necessitee failleth hem,  
 they ne mighten nat ben wist biforn,  
 and that no-thing ne may ben compre-  
 hended by science but certain; and yif  
 145 tho things that ne han no certein bi-  
 tydinges ben purveyed as certein, it  
 sholde ben dirkenesse of opinioun, nat  
 soothfastnesse of science. And thou  
 weneest that it be diverse fro the hool-  
 nesse of science that any man sholde  
 150 deme a thing to ben other-ways thanne  
 it is it-self. And the cause of this erreure  
 is, that of alle the things that every  
 wight hath y-knowe, they wenen that  
 tho things ben y-knowe al-only by the  
 155 strengthe and by the nature of the  
 things that ben y-wist or y-knowe; and  
 it is al the contrarie. For al that ever  
 is y-knowe, it is rather comprehended  
 and knowen, nat after his strengthe and  
 160 his nature, but after the facultee, *that  
 is to seyn, the power and the nature*, of hem  
 that knowen. And, for that this thing  
 shal mowen shewen by a shortensample:  
 the same roundnesse of a body, other-  
 165 weys the sighte of the eye knoweth it,  
 and other-weyes the touchinge. The  
 lokinge, by castinge of his bemes, waiteth  
 and seeth from afer al the body to-gidere,  
 with-oute moevinge of it-self; but the  
 170 touchinge clyveth and conjoineth to the  
 rounde body, and moeveth aboute the  
 environinge, and comprehendeth by  
 parties the roundnesse. And the man  
 him-self, other-ways wit biholdeth him,  
 175 and other-ways imaginacioun, and other-  
 weys resoun, and other-ways intelligence.  
 For the wit comprehendeth withoute-  
 forth the figure of the body of the man  
 that is establisshed in the matere subject;  
 180 but the imaginacioun comprehendeth  
 only the figure withoute the matere.  
 Resoun surmounteth imaginacioun, and  
 comprehendeth by universal lokinge the  
 comune spece that is in the singular  
 185 peces. But the eye of intelligence is  
 heyere; for it surmounteth the environ-  
 inge of the universitee, and looketh, over  
 that, by pure subtiltee of thought, thilke  
 same simple forme of man that is per-

*durably in the divyne thought*. In whiche 190  
 this oughte greetly to ben considered,  
 that the heyeste strengthe to compre-  
 henden things enbraseth and contieneth  
 the lowere strengthe; but the lowere  
 strengthe ne aryseth nat in no manere 195  
 to heyere strengthe. For wit ne may  
 no-thing comprehende out of matere, ne  
 the imaginacioun ne loketh nat the uni-  
 versels speces, ne resoun taketh nat the  
 simple forme *so as intelligence taketh it*; 200  
 but intelligence, that looketh al aboven,  
 whan it hath comprehended the forme,  
 it knoweth and demeth alle the things  
 that ben under that forme. But *she*  
*knoweth hem in thilke manere in the* 205  
*whiche it comprehendeth thilke same*  
*simple forme that ne may never ben*  
*knownen to none of that other; that is to*  
*seyn, to none of the three forseide things*  
*of the soule*. For it knoweth the univer- 210  
 sitee of resoun, and the figure of the  
 imaginacioun, and the sensible material  
*conceived by wit*; ne it ne useth nat nor  
 of resoun ne of imaginacioun ne of wit  
 withoute-forth; but it biholdeth alle 215  
 things, so as I shal seye, by a strok of  
 thought formely, *withoute discours or col-*  
*lacioun*. Certes resoun, whan it looketh  
 any-thing universal, it ne useth nat of  
 imaginacioun, nor of witte, and algates 220  
 yit it comprehendeth the things imagin-  
 able and sensible; for resoun is she that  
 diffinisseth the universal of hir conseyte  
 right thus:—man is a reasonable two-  
 foted beest. And how so that this 225  
 knowinge is universal, yet nis ther no  
 wight that ne woot wel that a man is  
 a thing imaginable and sensible; and  
 this same considereth wel resoun; but  
 that nis nat by imaginacioun nor by wit, 230  
 but it looketh it by a reasonable concep-  
 cioun. Also imaginacioun, al-be-it so that  
 it taketh of wit the beginninges to seen  
 and to formen the figures, algates, al-  
 though that wit ne were nat present, yit  
 235 it environeth and comprehendeth alle  
 things sensible; nat by resoun sensible  
 of deminge, but by resoun imaginatif.  
 Seestow nat thanne that alle the things,  
 in knowinge, usen more of hir facultee 240



or of hir power than they doon of the  
*faculties* or power of thinges that ben y-  
 knowe? Ne that nis nat wrong; for so  
 as every jugement is the dede or doinge  
 245 of him that demeth, it bihoveth that  
 every wight performe the werk and his  
 entencioun, nat of foreine power, but of  
 his propre power.

METRE IV. *Quondam porticus attulit.*

The Porche, *that is to seyn*, a gate of  
 the town of Athenes ther-as philosophres  
 hadden hir congregacioun to desputen,  
 thilke Porche broughte som-tyme olde  
 5 men, ful derke in hir sentences, *that*  
*is to seyn*, philosophres that highten  
 Stoiciens, that wenden that images and  
 sensibilitiees, *that is to seyn*, sensible imagin-  
 aciouns, or elles imaginaciouns of sensible  
 10 thinges, weren empreinted in-to sowles  
 fro bodies withoute-forth; as who seith,  
*that thilke Stoiciens wenden that the soule*  
*haddie ben naked of it-self*, as a mirour or  
 a cleue parchemin, so that alle figures  
 15 *mosten first comen fro thinges fro withoute-*  
*forth in-to sowles*; Text: right as we ben wont som-  
 tyme, by a swifte pointel, to ficchen  
 lettres empreinted in the smothernesse or  
 20 in the pleynnesse of the table of wex or  
 in parchemin that ne hath no figure ne  
 note in it. Glose. But now argueth  
 Boece ayeins that opinioun, and seith thus:  
 But yif the thryvinge sowle ne un-  
 25 pleyteth no-thing, *that is to seyn*, ne doth  
 no-thing, by his propre moevinges, but  
 suffreth and lyth subgit to the figures  
 and to the notes of bodies withoute-forth,  
 and yildeth images ydel and veyn in the  
 30 manere of a mirour, whennes thryveth  
 thanne or whennes comth thilke know-  
 inge in our sowle, that discerneth and  
 biholdeth alle thinges? And whennes is  
 thilke strengthe that biholdeth the singu-  
 35 ler thinges; or whennes is the strengthe  
 that devyde thinges y-knowe; and  
 thilke strengthe that gadereth to-gidere  
 the thinges devyded; and the strengthe  
 that cheseth his entrechaunged way?

For som-tyme it heveth up the heved, 40  
*that is to seyn*, that it heveth up the enten-  
 cioun to right heye thinges; and som-tyme  
 it descendeth in-to right lowe thinges.  
 And whan it retorneth in-to him-self,  
 it reprooveth and destroyeth the false 45  
 thinges by the trewe thinges. Certes,  
 this strengtho is cause more efficient,  
 and mochel more mighty to *seen and to*  
*knowe thinges*, than thilke cause that  
 suffreth and receiveth the notes and the 50  
 figures impressed in maner of matere.  
 Algates the passiou, *that is to seyn*, the  
 suffraunce or the wil, in the quike body,  
 goth biforn, excitenge and moevinge the  
 strengthes of the thought. Right so as 55  
 whan that cleernes smyteth the eyen  
 and moeveth hem to *seen*, or right so as  
 vois or soun hurteleth to the eres and  
 commoeveth hem to *herkne*, than is the  
 strengthe of the thought y-moeved and 60  
 excited, and clepeth forth, to semblable  
 moevinges, the spes that it halt with-  
 inne it-self; and addeth the spes to  
 the notes and to the thinges withoute-  
 forth, and medleth the images of thinges 65  
 withoute-forth to the formes y-hidde  
 with-inne him-self.

PROSE V. *Quod si in corporibus sentiendis.*

But what yif that in bodies to ben  
 feled, *that is to seyn*, in the takings of  
 knoweleching of bodily thinges, and al-be-  
 it so that the qualitees of bodies, that  
 ben objects fro withoute-forth, moeven 5  
 and entalaten the instruments of the  
 wittes; and al-be-it so that the passiou  
 of the body, *that is to seyn*, the wil or the  
 suffraunce, goth to-forne the strengthe of  
 the workinge corage, the which passiou 10  
 or suffraunce clepeth forth the dede of  
 the thocht in him-self, and moeveth and  
 exciteth in this mene whyle the formes  
 that resten withinne-forth; and yif that,  
 in sensible bodies, as I have seyd, our 15  
 corage nis nat y-taught or empreinted  
 by passiou to *knowe these thinges*, but  
 demeth and knoweth, of his owne  
 strengthe, the passiou or suffraunce

20 subject to the body: moche more thanne  
 tho thinges that ben absolut and quite  
 fro alle talents or affeccions of bodies,  
*as god or his aungeles*, ne folwen nat in  
 discerninge thinges object fro withoute-  
 25 forth, but they accomplisschen and speden  
 the dede of hir thoght. By this resoun  
 thanne ther comen many maner know-  
 inges to dyverse and differinge sub-  
 stances. For the wit of the body, the  
 30 whiche wit is naked and despoiled of  
 alle other knowinges, thilke wit comth  
 to beestes that ne mowen nat mooven  
 hom-self her and ther, *as oystres and*  
*muscles, and other swiche shello-fish* of  
 35 the see, that clyven and ben norissched  
 to roches. But the imaginacioun comth  
 to remuable beestes, that semen to han  
 talent to fleen or to desiren any thing.  
 But resoun is al-only to the linage of  
 40 mankinde, right as intelligence is only  
 [to] the devyne nature: of which it fol-  
 weth, that thilke knowinge is more worth  
 than thise othere, sin it knoweth by his  
 propre nature nat only his subject, *as*  
 45 *who seith, it ne knoweth nat al-only that*  
*apertieneth properly to his knowinge*, but  
 it knoweth the subjects of alle other  
 knowinges. But how shal it thanne be,  
 yif that wit and imaginacioun stryven  
 50 ayein resoninge, and seyn, that of thilke  
 universel thing that resoun weneth to  
 seen, that it nis right naught? *For wit*  
*and imaginacioun seyn that that, that is*  
*sensible or imaginable, it ne may nat be*  
 55 *universel*. Thanne is either the juge-  
 ment of resoun sooth, ne that ther nis  
 nothing sensible; or elles, for that resoun  
 wot wel that many thinges ben subject  
 to wit and to imaginacioun, thanne is  
 60 the concepcioun of resoun veyn and falso,  
 which that loketh and comprehendeth  
 that that is sensible and singuler as  
 universel. And yif that resoun wolde  
 answeren ayein to thise two, *that is to*  
 65 *seyn, to witte and to imaginacioun*, and  
 seyn, that soothly she hir-self, *that is to*  
*seyn, resoun*, loketh and comprehendeth,  
 by resoun of universalitee, bothe that  
 that is sensible and that that is imagin-  
 70 able; and that thilke two, *that is to seyn*.

*wit and imaginacioun*, ne mowen nat  
 strecchen ne enhansen hem-self to the  
 knowinge of universalitee, for that the  
 knowinge of hem ne may exceden ne  
 surmounte the bodily figures: certes, of 75  
 the knowinge of thinges, men oughten  
 rather yeven credence to the more stode-  
 fast and to the more parfit jugement.  
 In this maner stryvinge thanne, we  
 that han strengthe of resoninge and of 80  
 imagininge and of wit, *that is to seyn,*  
*by resoun and by imaginacioun and by wit,*  
 we sholde rather preyse the cause of  
 resoun; *as who seith, than the cause of*  
*wit and of imaginacioun.* 85

Semblable thing is it, that the resoun  
 of mankinde ne weneth nat that the  
 devyne intelligence bi-holdeth or know-  
 eth thinges to comen, but right as the  
 resoun of mankinde knoweth hem. For 90  
 thou arguest and seyst thus: that yif  
 it ne seme nat to men that some thinges  
 han certain and necessarie bitydinges,  
 they ne mowen nat ben wist bifore cer-  
 tainly to bityden. And thanne nis thor 95  
 no prescience of thilke thinges; and yif  
 we trowe that prescience be in these  
 thinges, thanne is ther no-thing that it  
 ne bitydeth by necessitee. But certes,  
 yif we mighten han the jugement of the 100  
 devyne thought, as we ben parsoneres of  
 resoun, right so as we han demed that  
 it behoveth that imaginacioun and wit  
 be binethe resoun, right so wolde we  
 demen that it were rightful thing, that 105  
 mannes resoun oughte to submitten it-  
 self and to ben binethe the divyne  
 thought. For which, yif that we mowen,  
*as who seith, that, yif that we mowen,*  
*I counseyle, that we enhance us in-to the* 110  
 heights of thilke sovereyn intelligence;  
 for ther shal resoun wel seen that, that  
 it ne may nat biholden in it-self. And  
 certes that is this, in what maner the  
 prescience of god seeth alle thinges cer- 115  
 teins and diffinissched, al-though they ne  
 han no certain issues or bitydinges; ne  
 this is non opinioun, but it is rather the  
 simplicitee of the sovereyn science, that  
 nis nat enclosed nor y-shet within none 120  
 boundes.

**METRE V.** *Quam uariis terris animalia  
permeant figuris.*

The beestes passen by the erthes by ful  
diverse figures. For som of hem han hir  
bodies straught and crepen in the dust,  
and drawn after hem a tras or a foruh  
5 y-continued; *that is to seyn, as nadres or  
snakes.* And other beestes, by the wan-  
dringe lightnesse of hir wings, beten the  
windes, and over-swimmen the spaces of  
the longe eyr by moist fleeing. And other  
10 beestes gladen hem-self to diggen hir tras  
or hir steppes in the erthe with hir goings  
or with hir feet, and to goon either by  
the grene felde, or elles to walken under  
the wodes. And al-be-it so that thou  
15 seest that they alle discorden by diverse  
formes, algates hir faces, enclined, hevieth  
hir dulle wittes. Only the linage of man  
heveþ heyeste his heye heved, and  
stondeth light with his up-right body,  
10 and biholdeth the erthes under him.  
And, but-yif thou, erthely man, wexest  
yvel out of thy wit, this figure amonesteth  
thee, that axest the hevene with thy  
righte visage, and hast areysed thy fore-  
15 heved, to beren up a-heigh thy corage;  
so that thy thought ne be nat y-hevied ne  
put lowe under fote, sin that thy body is  
so heye areysed.

**PROSE VI.** *Quoniam igitur, uti paullo  
ante.*

Therfor thanne, as I have shewed a  
lital her-biforn, that al thing that is  
y-wist nis nat known by his nature  
propre, but by the nature of hem that  
5 comprehenden it, lat us loke now, in as  
mochel as it is lefevel to us, *as who seith,  
lat us loke now as we mowen,* which that  
the estat is of the devyne substaunce; so  
that we mowen eek known what his  
10 science is. The commune jugement of  
alle creatures resonables thanne is this:  
that god is eterne. Lat us considere  
thanne what is eternitee; for certes that  
shal shewen us to-gidere the devyne  
15 nature and the devyne science. Eter-  
nitee, thanne, is parfitt possessioun and al-

togidere of lyf interminable; and that  
sheweth more clearly by the comparisson  
or the collacioun of temporel thinges.  
For al thing that liveth in tyme it is  
present, and procedeth fro preterits in-to 20  
futures, *that is to seyn, fro tyme passed  
in-to tyme cominge;* ne ther nis no-thing  
establisshed in tyme that may embracen  
to-gider al the space of his lyf. For  
certes, yit ne hath it taken the tyme of 25  
to-morwe, and it hath lost the tyme of  
yesterday. And certes, in the lyf of this  
day, ye ne liven no more but right as in  
the moveable and transitorie moment  
Thanne thilke thing that suffreth tem- 30  
porel condicioun, al-thogh that it never  
bigan to be, ne thogh it never cese for to  
be, as Aristotle demed of the world, and  
al-thogh that the lyf of it be streched  
with infinitee of tyme, yit algates nis 35  
it no swich thing that men mighten  
trowen by right that it is eterne. For  
al-thogh that it comprehende and em-  
brace the space of lyf infinit, yit algates  
ne embraceth it nat the space of the lyf 40  
al-togider; for it ne hath nat the futures  
that ne ben nat yit, *ne it ne hath no lenger  
the preterits that ben y-doon or y-passed.*  
But thilke thing thanne, that hath and  
comprehendeth to-gider al the plente of 45  
the lyf interminable, to whom ther ne  
faileth naught of the future, and to whom  
ther nis naught of the preterit escaped  
nor y-passed, thilke same is y-witnessed  
and y-prooved by right to be eterne. And 50  
it bihoveth by necessitee that thilke  
thing be al-wey present to him-self, and  
compotent; *as who seith, al-wey present to  
him-self, and so mighty that al be right at  
his plesaunce;* and that he have al present 55  
the infinitee of the moveable tyme.  
Wher-for som men trowen wrongfully  
that, whan they heren that it semede to  
Plato that this world ne hadde never  
beginninge of tyme, ne that it never 60  
shal han fallinge, they wenen in this  
maner that this world be makid coeterne  
with his maker; *as who seith, they wene  
that this world and god ben makid togider  
eterne, and that is a wrongful weninge.* 65  
For other thing is it to ben y-lad by lyf

interminable, as Plato graunted to the world, and other thing is it to embrace to-gider al the present of the lyf interminable, the whiche thing it is cleer and manifest that it is propre to the devyne thought.

Ne it ne sholde nat sement to us, that god is elder thanne thinges that bon y-maked by quantitee of tyme, but rather by the propretee of his simple nature. For this ilke infinit moevinge of temporel thinges folweth this presentarie estat of lyf unmooveable; and so as it ne may nat countrefeten it ne feynen it ne be evenlyke to it for the inmooveabletee, *that is to seyn, that is in the eternitee of god*, it faileth and falleth in-to moevinge fro the simplicitee of the presence of god, and disencreseth in-to the infinit quantitee of future and of preterit: and so as it ne may nat han to-gider al the plentee of the lyf, algates yit, for as moche as it ne ceseth never for to ben in som maner, it semeth som-del to us, that it folweth and resembleth thilke thing that it ne may nat atayne to ne fulfillen, and bindeth it-self to som maner presence of this litel and swift moment: the which presence of this litel and swift moment, for that it bereth a maner image or lyknesse of the ay-dwellinge presence of god, it graunteth, to swiche maner thinges as it bitydeth to, that it semeth hem as thise thinges han y-ben, and ben.

And, for that the presence of swich litel moment ne may nat dwelle, ther-for it ravished and took the infinit way of tyme, *that is to seyn, by successioun*; and by this maner is it y-doon, for that it sholde continue the lyf in goinge, of the whiche lyf it ne mighte nat embrace the plentee in dwellinge. And for-thy, yif we wollen putten worthy names to thinges, and folwen Plato, lat us seye thanne soothly, that god is eterne, and the world is perpetuel. Thanne, sin that every jugement knoweth and comprehendeth by his owne nature thinges that ben subject un-to him, ther is soothly to god, al-ways, an eterne and presentarie estat; and the science of him, that over-passeth

al temporel moevement, dwelleth in the simplicitee of his presence, and embraceth and considereth alle the infinit spaces of tymes, preterits and futures, and loketh, in his simple knowinge, alle thinges of preterit right as they weren y-doon presently right now. Yif thou wolt thanne thenken and avyse the prescience, by which it knoweth alle thinges, thou ne shal nat demen it as prescience of thinges to comen, but thou shalt demen it more rightfully that it is science of presence or of instance, that never ne faileth. For which it nis nat y-cleped "providence," but it sholde rather ben cleped "purviance," that is established ful fer fro right lowe thinges, and biholdeth from a-for alle thinges, right as it were fro the heye heighte of thinges. Why axestow thanne, or why desputestow thanne, that thilke thinges ben doon by necessitee whiche that ben y-seyn and known by the devyne sighte, sin that, forsothe, men ne maken nat thilke thinges necessarie which that they seen ben y-doon in hir sighte? For addeth thy biholdinge any necessitee to thilke thinges that thou biholdest presents? 'Nay,' quod I.

Philosophie. 'Certes, thanne, if men mighte maken any digne comparisoun or collacioun of the presence devyne and of the presence of mankinde, right so as ye seen some thinges in this temporel present, right so seeth god alle thinges by his eterne present. Whar-for this devyne prescience ne chaungeth nat the nature ne the propretee of thinges, but biholdeth swiche thinges present to him-ward as they shullen bityde to yow-ward in tyme to comen. Ne it confoundeth nat the jugement of thinges; but by o sighte of his thought, he knoweth the thinges to comen, as wel necessarie as nat necessarie. Right so as whan ye seen to-gider a man walken on the erthe and the sonne arysen in the hevene, al-be-it so that ye seen and biholden that oon and that other to-gider, yit natheles ye demen and discernen that that oon is voluntarie and that other necessarie. Right so thanne the devyne lookinge, biholdinge

# TROILUS AND CRISEYDE.



## BOOK I.

1. ~~THE~~ double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,  
That was the king Priamus sone of  
Troye,

In lovinge, how his aventures fellen  
Fro wo to wele, and after out of joye,  
My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye. 5  
Thesiphone, thou help me for t'endyte  
Thise woful vers, that wepen as I wryte !

2. To thee clepe I, thou goddesse of torment,

Thou cruel Furie, sorwing ever in peyne ;  
Help me, that am the sorwful instrument  
That helpeth lovers, as I can, to pleyne !  
For wel sit it, the sothe for to seyne, 12  
A woful wight to han a drery fere,  
And, to a sorwful tale, a sory chere.

3. For I, that god of Loves servaunts serve,  
Ne dar to Love, for myn unlyklinesse, 16  
Preyen for speed, al sholde I therfor  
sterve,

So fer am I fro his help in derknesse ;  
But nathelees, if this may doon gladnesse  
To any lover, and his cause avayle, 20  
Have he my thank, and myn be this tra-  
vayle !

4. But ye lovers, that bathen in glad-  
nesse,

If any drope of pitee in yow be,  
Remembreth yow on passed hevynesse  
That ye han felt, and on the adversitee 25  
Of othere folk, and thenketh how that ye  
Han felt that Love dorste yow displese ;  
Or ye han wonne him with to greet an ese.

5. And preyeth for hem that ben in the cas  
Of Troilus, as ye may after here, 30  
That love hem bringe in hevене to solas,  
And eek for me preyeth to god so dero,  
That I have might to shewe, in som  
manere,  
Swich peyne and wo as Loves folk endure,  
In Troilus unsely aventure. 35

6. And biddeth eek for hem that been  
despeyred  
in love, that never nil recovered be,  
And eek for hem that falsly been apeyred  
Thorough wikked tonges, be it he or she ;  
Thus biddeth god, for his benigntee, 40  
To graunte hem sone out of this world to  
pace,  
That been despeyred out of Loves grace.

7. And biddeth eek for hem that been at  
ese,  
That god hem graunte ay good perseve-  
raunce,  
And sende hem might hir ladies so to  
plese, 45  
That it to Love be worship and plesaunce.  
For so hope I my soule best avaunce,  
To preye for hem that Loves servaunts be,  
And wryte hir wo, and live in charitee.

8. And for to have of hem compassioun 50  
As though I were hir owene brother dero.  
Now herkeneth with a gode entencioun,  
For now wol I gon streight to my matere,  
In whiche ye may the double sorwes here

Of Troilus, in loving of Criseyde, 55  
And how that she forsook him er she  
deyde.



9. It is wel wist, how that the Grekes  
stronge

In armes with a thousand shippes wente  
To Troye-wardes, and the citee longe  
Assegeden neigh ten yeer theystente, 60  
And, in diverse wyse and oon entente,  
The ravissching to wrenken of Eleyne,  
By Paris doon, they wroughten al hir  
peyne.

10. Now fil it so, that in the toun ther was  
Dwellinge a lord of greet auctoritee, 65  
A gret devyn that cleped was Calkas,  
That in science so expert was, that he  
Knew wel that Troye sholde destroyed be,  
By answer of his god, that highte thus,  
Daun Phebus or Apollo Delphicus 70

11. So whan this Calkas knew by calcu-  
linge,

And eek by answer of this Appollo,  
That Grekes sholden swich a peple bringe,  
Thorough which that Troye moste been  
for-do,

He caste anon out of the toun to go; 75  
For wel wiste he, by sort, that Troye  
sholde

Destroyed been, ye, wolde who-so nolde.

12. For which, for to departen softly  
Took purpos ful this forknowinge wyse,  
And to the Grekes ost ful prively 80  
He stal anon; and they, in curteys wyse,  
Him deden bothe worship and servyse,  
In trust that he hath conning hem to rede  
In every peril which that is to drede

13. The noyse up roos, whan it was first  
aspyed, 85  
Thorough al the toun, and generally was  
spoken,

That Calkas traytor fled was, and allyed  
With hem of Grece; and casten to ben  
wroken

On him that falsly hadde his feith so  
broken;

And seyden, he and al his kin at ones 90  
Ben worthy for to brennen, fel and bones.

14. Now hadde Calkas left, in this mes-  
chaunce,

Al unwist of this false and wikked dede,  
His daughter, which that was in gret  
penance,

For of hir lyf she was ful sore in drede, 95  
As she that niste what was best to rede;  
For bothe a widowe was she, and allone  
Of any freend, to whom she dorste hir  
mone.

15. Criseyde was this lady name a-right;  
As to my dome, in al Troyes citee 100  
Nas noon so fair, for passing every wight  
So aungellyk was hir natyf beautee,  
That lyk a thing inmortal semed she,  
As doth an hevenish parfit creature,  
That doun were sent in scorning of  
nature. 105

16. This lady, which that al-day herde at  
ere

Hir fadres shame, his falsnesse and  
tresoun,

Wel nigh out of hir wit for sorwe and fere,  
In widewes habit large of samit broun,  
On knees she fil biforn Ector a-doun; 110  
With pitous voys, and tendrely wepinge,  
His mercy bad, hir-selven excusinge.

17. Now was this Ector pitous of nature,  
And saw that she was sorwfully bigoon,  
And that she was so fair a creature; 115  
Of his goodnesse he gladed hir anon,  
And seyde, 'lat your fadres tresoun goon  
Forth with mischaunce, and ye your-self,  
in joye,  
Dweloth with us, whyl you good list, in  
Troye.

18. And al th'onour that men may doon  
yow have, 120

As ferforth as your fader dwelled here,  
Ye shul han, and your body shal men save,  
As fer as I may ought enquire or here,  
And she him thonked with ful humble  
chere,

And offer wolde, and it hadde ben his  
wille, 125

And took hir leve, and hoom, and held  
hir stille.

19. And in hir hous she abood with swich  
meynee

As to hir honour nede was to holde ;  
And whyl she was dwellinge in that citee,  
Kepte hir estat, and bothe of yonge and  
olde 130

Ful wel beloved, and wel men of hir tolde.  
But whether that she children hadde or  
noon,

I rede it nought ; therefore I lete it goon.

20. The thinges fellen, as they doon of  
werre,

Bitwixen hem of Troye and Grekes  
ofte ; 135

For som day boughten they of Troye it  
derre,

And eft the Grekes founden no thing softe  
The folk of Troye ; and thus fortune on-  
lofte,

And under eft, gan hem to wheelen bothe  
After hir cours, ay whyl they were wrothe.

21. But how this toun com to destruc-  
cioun 141

Ne falleth nought to purpos me to telle ;  
For it were here a long disgressioun  
Fro my matere, and yow to longe dwelle.  
But the Troyane gestes, as they felle, 145  
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dyte,  
Who-so that can, may rede hem as they  
wryte.

22. But though that Grekes hem of Troye  
shetten,

And hir citee bisegede al a-boute,  
Hir olde usage wolde they not letten, 150  
As for to honoure hir goddes ful devoute ;  
But aldermost in honour, out of doute,  
They hadde a relik hight Palladion,  
That was hir trist a-boven everichon.

23. And so bifel, whan comen was the  
tyme 155

Of Aperil, whan clothed is the mede  
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the pryme,  
And swote smellen floures whyte and rede,  
In sondry wyses shewed, as I rede,  
The folk of Troye hir observaunces olde,  
Palladiones feste for to holde. 161

24. And to the temple, in al hir beste wyse,  
In general, ther wente many a wight,

To herkennen of Palladion the servyse ;  
And namely, so many a lusty knight, 165  
So many a lady fresh and mayden bright,  
Ful wel arayed, bothe moste and leste,  
Ye, bothe for the seson and the festa.

25. Among thise othere folk was Criseyda,  
In widowes habite blak ; but natheloes,  
Right as our firste lettre is now an A, 171  
In beautee first so stood she, makelees ;  
Hir godly looking gladede al the prees.  
Nas never seyn thing to ben preysed dorre,  
Nor under cloude blak so bright a sterre

26. As was Criseyde, as folk seyde everich-  
oon 176

That hir bihelden in hir blake wede ;  
And yet she stood ful lowe and stille  
alloon,

Bihinden othere folk, in lital brede,  
And neigh the dore, ay under shames  
drede, 180

Simple of a-tyr, and debonaire of chere,  
With ful assured loking and manere.

27. This Troilus, as he was wont to gyde  
His yonge knightes, ladde hem up and  
down

In thilke large temple on every syde, 185  
Biholding ay the ladyes of the toun,  
Now here, now there, for no devocioun  
Hadde he to noon, to reven him his reste,  
But gan to preyse and lakken whom him  
leste.

28. And in his walk ful fast he gan to  
wayten 190

If knight or squyer of his companye  
Gan for to syke, or lete his eyen bayten  
On any woman that he coude aspye ;  
He wolde smyle, and holden it folye,  
And seye him thus, ' god wot, she slepoth  
softe 195  
For love of thee, whan thou tornest ful  
ofte !

29. ' I have herd told, pardieus, of your  
livings,  
Ye lovers, and your lewede observaunces,  
And which a labour folk han in winninge  
Of love, and, in the keeping, which dou-  
taunces ; 200

And whan your preye is lost, wo and penaunces ;

O verrey foles ! nyce and blinde be ye ;  
Ther nis not oon can war by other be.'

80. And with that word he gan cast up  
the browe,

Ascaunces, 'lo ! is this nought wysly  
spoken ?' 205

At which the god of love gan loken rowe  
Right for despyt, and shoop for to ben  
wroken ;

He kiddy anon his bowe nas not broken ;  
For sodeynly he hit him at the fulle ;  
And yet as proud a pekok can he pulle. 210

81. O blinde world, O blinde entencioun !  
How ofte falleth al th'effect contrarie  
Of surquidrye and foul presumpecioun ;  
For caught is proud, and caught is de-  
bonaire.

This Troilus is clomben on the staire, 215  
And litel weneth that he moot descenden.  
But al-day fayleth thing that foles  
wenden.

82. As proude Bayard ginneth for to  
skippe

Out of the wey, so priketh him his corn,  
Til he a lash have of the longe whippe, 220  
Than thenketh he, 'though I prauce al  
biforn

First in the trays, ful fat and newe shorn,  
Yet am I but an hors, and horses lawe  
I moot endure, and with my feres drawe.'

83. So forde it by this fers and proude  
knight ; 225

Though he a worthy kinges sone were,  
And wende no-thing hadde had swiche  
might

Ayens his wil that sholde his herte sterc,  
Yet with a look his herte wex a-ferre,  
That he, that now was most in pryde  
above, 230

Wex sodeynly most subget un-to love.

84. For-thy ensample taketh of this man,  
Ye wyse, proude, and worthy folkes alle,  
To scornen Love, which that so sone can  
The freedom of your hertes to him thralle ;  
For ever it was, and ever it shal bifalle,

That Love is he that alle thing may  
binde ;

For may no man for-do the lawe of kinde.

85. That this be sooth, hath preved and  
doth yit ; 239

For this trowe I ye knowen, alle or some,  
Men reden not that folk han gretter wit  
Than they that han be most with love  
y-nome ;

And strengest folk ben therwith overcome,  
The worthiest and grettest of degre ; 244  
This was, and is, and yet men shal it see.

86. And trowelich it sit wel to be so ;  
For aldorwysest han ther-with ben plesed ;  
And they that han ben aldermost in wo,  
With love han been confortd most and  
esed ; 249

And ofte it hath the cruel herte apesed,  
And worthy folk maad worthier of name,  
And causeth most to dreden vyce and  
shame.

87. Now sith it may not goodly be with-  
stonde,

And is a thing so vertuous in kinde,  
Refuseth not to Love for to be bonde, 255  
Sin, as him-selven list, he may yow binde.  
The yerde is bet that bowen wole and  
winde

Than that that brest ; and therfor I yow  
redo

To folwen him that so wel can yow lede.

88. But for to tellen forth in special 260  
As of this kinges sone of which I tolde,  
And leten other thing collateral,  
Of him thenke I my tale for to holde,  
Bothe of his joye, and of his cares colde ;  
And al his werk, as touching this matere,  
For I it gan, I wil ther-to refere. 266

89. With-inne the temple he wente him  
forth playenge,

This Troilus, of every wight aboute,  
On this lady and now on that lokinge,  
Wher-so she were of toun, or of with-  
oute : 270

And up-on cas bifol, that thorough a route  
His eye perced, and so depe it wente,  
Til on Criseyde it smoot, and ther it  
stente.



40. And soðeynly he wex ther-with  
astoned,  
And gan hire bet biholde in thrifty wyse :  
'O mercy, god!' thoughte he, 'wher  
hastow woned, 276  
That art so fair and goodly to devyse?'  
Ther-with his herte gan to sprede and  
ryse,  
And softe sighed, lest men mighte him  
here,  
And caughte a-yein his firste playenge  
chere. 280

41. She nas not with the leste of hir  
stature,  
But alle hir limes so wel answeringe  
Weren to womanhode, that creature  
Was never lasse mannish in seminge. 284  
And eek the pure wyse of here meninge  
Shewede wel, that men might in hir gesse  
Honour, estat, and wommanly noblesse.

42. To Troilus right wonder wel with-alle  
Gan for to lyke hir mening and hir  
chere,  
Which somdel deynous was, for she leet  
falle 290  
Hir look a lite a-side, in swich manere,  
Ascaunces, 'what! may I not stonden  
here?'  
And after that hir loking gan she lighte,  
That never thoughte him seen so good  
a sighte.

43. And of hir look in him ther gan to  
quiken 295  
So greet desir, and swich affeccioun,  
That in his hertes botme gan to stiken  
Of hir his fixe and depe impressioun :  
And though he erst hadde poured up  
and down, 299  
He was tho glad his hornes in to shrinke ;  
Unnethes wiste he how to loke or wink.

44. Lo, he that leet him-selven so kon-  
ninge,  
And scorned hem that loves peynes dryen,  
Was ful unwar that love hadde his  
dwellinge  
With-inne the subtille stremes of hir yē ;  
That soðeynly him thoughte he felte  
dyen, 306

Right with hir look, the spirit in his  
herte;  
Blessed be love, that thus can folk con-  
verte!

45. She, this in blak, lykinge to Troilus,  
Over alle thing he stood for to biholde ;  
Ne his desir, ne wherfor he stood thus,  
He neither chere made, ne worde tolde ;  
But from a-fer, his maner for to holde,  
On other thing his look som-tyme he caste,  
And eft on hir, whyl that servyse laste. 315

46. And after this, not fulliche al a-  
whaped,  
Out of the temple al esiliche he wente,  
Repenting him that he hadde ever y-  
japed  
Of loves folk, lest fully the descente  
Of scorn fille on him-self; but, what he  
mente, 320  
Lest it were wist on any maner syde,  
His wo he gan dissimulen and hyde.

47. Whan he was fro the temple thus  
departed,  
Hestreyght anon un-to his paleys torneth,  
Right with hir look thurgh-shoten and  
thurgh-darted, 325  
Al feyneth he in lust that he sojorneth ;  
And al his chere and speche also he  
borneth ;  
And ay, of loves servants every whyle,  
Him-self to wrye, at hem he gan to smyle.

48. And seyde, 'lord, so ye live al in lest,  
Ye lovers! for the conningest of yow, 331  
That serveth most ententifich and best,  
Him tit as often harm ther-of as prow ;  
Your hyre is quit ayein, ye, god wot how !  
Nought wel for wel, but scorn for good  
servyse ; 335  
In feith, your ordre is ruled in good wyse!

49. In noun-certeyn ben alle your ob-  
servaunces,  
But it a sely fewe poyntes be ;  
Ne no-thing asketh so grete attendaunces  
As doth your lay, and that knowe alle ye ;  
But that is not the worste, as mote I the ;  
But, tolde I yow the worste poynt, I leve,  
Al seyde I sooth, ye wolden at me greve!

50. But tak this, that ye loveres ofte  
eschuwe,  
Or elles doon of good entencioun, 345  
Ful ofte thy lady wole it misconstrue,  
And deme it harm in hir opinioun;  
And yet if she, for othor enchesoun,  
Be wrooth, than shalt thou han a groyn  
anoon :

Lord ! wel is him that may be of yow oon !'

51. But for al this, whan that he say his  
tyme, 351  
He held his pees, non other bote him  
gayned ;  
For love bigan his fetheres so to lyme,  
That wel unnethes un-to his folk he feyned  
That othere besye nodos him destrayned ;  
For wo was him, that what to doon he  
niste, 356  
But bad his folk to goon wher that hem  
liste.

52. And whan that he in chaumbre was  
allone,  
He doun up-on his beddes feet him sette,  
And first he gan to syke, and eft to  
grone, 360  
And thoughte ay on hir so, with-outhen  
lette,

That, as he sat and wook, his spirit mette  
That he hir saw a temple, and al the wyse  
Right of hir loken, and gan it newe avyse.

53. Thus gan he make a mirour of his  
minde, 365  
In which he saugh al hoolly hir figure ;  
And that he wel coude in his herte finde,  
It was to him a right good aventure  
To love swich oon, and if he dide his cure  
To serven hir, yet mighte he falle in  
grace, 370  
Or elles, for oon of hir servaunts pace.

54. Imagininge that travaille nor grame  
Ne mighte, for so goodly oon, be lorn  
As she, ne him for his desir ne shame,  
Al were it wist, but in prys and up-born  
Of alle lovers wel more than biforn ; 376  
Thus argmented he in his ginninge,  
Ful unavyssed of his wo cominge.

55. Thus took he purpos loves craft to  
suwe,  
And thoughte he wolde werken prively,

First, to hyden his desir in muwe 381  
From every wight y-born, al-outrely,  
But he mighte ought recovered he therby ;  
Remembring him, that love to wyde y-  
blowe  
Yelt bitter fruyt, though swete seed be  
sowe. 385

56. And over al this, yet muchel more he  
thoughte  
What for to speke, and what to holden  
inne,  
And what to arten hir to love he soughte,  
And on a song anocon-right to biginne, 389  
And gan loude on his sorwe for to winne ;  
For with good hope he gan fully assente  
Criseyde for to love, and nought repente.

57. And of his song nought only the  
sentence,  
As writ myn autour called Lollius,  
But pleyndly, save our tonges difference,  
I dar wel sayn, in al that Troilus 396  
Seyde in his song ; lo ! every word right  
thus  
As I shal seyn ; and who-so list it here,  
Lo ! next this vers, he may it finden here.

#### Cantus Troili.

58. ' If no love is, O god, what fele I so ?  
And if love is, what thing and whiche  
is he ? 401  
If love be good, from whennes comth my  
wo ?  
If it be wikke, a wonder thinketh me,  
When every torment and adversitee  
That cometh of him, may to me savory  
thinke ; 405  
For ay thurst I, the more that I it drinke.

59. And if that at myn owene lust I  
brenne,  
Fro whennes cometh my wailing and my  
pleynthe ?  
If harme agree me, wher-to pleyns I  
thenne ?  
I noot, ne why unwery that I feynthe. 410  
O quike deeth, o swete harm so queynthe,  
How may of thee in me swich quantitee,  
But-if that I consente that it be ?

60. And if that I consente, I wrongfully  
Compleyne, y-wis ; thus possed to and fro,

Al storelees with-inne a boot am I 416  
 A-mid the see, by-twixen windes two,  
 That in contrarie stonden ever-mo.  
 Allas! what is this wonder maladye? 419  
 For hete of cold, for cold of hete, I dye.'

61. And to the god of love thus seyde he  
 With pitous voyes, 'O lord, now youre is  
 My spirit, which that oughte youre be.  
 Yow thanke I, lord, that han me brought  
 to this;

But whether goddesse or womman, y-wis,  
 She be, I noot, which that ye do me  
 serve; 426  
 But as hir man I wole ay live and sterve.

62. Ye stonden in hire eyen mightily,  
 As in a place un-to your vertu digne;  
 Wherefore, lord, if my servyse or I 430  
 May lyke yow, so beth to me benigne;  
 For myn estat royal here I resigne  
 In-to hir hond, and with ful humble chere  
 Biome hir man, as to my lady dere.' 434

63. In him ne deynd sparen blood royal  
 The fyr of love, wher-fro god me blesse,  
 Ne him forbar in no degree, for al  
 His vertu or his excellent prowessse;  
 But held him as his thral lowe in distresse,  
 And brende him so in sondry wyse ay  
 newe, 440  
 That sixty tyme a day he loste his hewe.

64. So muche, day by day, his owene  
 thought,

For lust to hir, gan quiken and encrease,  
 That every other charge he sette at nought;  
 For-thy ful ofte, his hote fyr to cese, 445  
 To seen hir goodly look he gan to prese;  
 For ther-by to ben esed wel he wende,  
 And ay the neer he was, the more he  
 brende.

65. For ay the neer the fyr, the hotter is,  
 This, trowe I, knoweth al this companye.  
 But were he fer or neer, I dar seye this,  
 By night or day, for wysdom or folye, 452  
 His herte, which that is his brestes yē,  
 Was ay on hir, that fairer was to sene  
 Than ever was Eleyne or Polixene. 455

66. Eek of the day ther passed nought an  
 houre

That to him-self a thousand tyme he seyde,

'Good goodly, to whom serve I and la-  
 boure, 458  
 As I best can, now wolde god, Criseyde,  
 Ye wolden on me rewe er that I doyde!  
 My dere herte, allas! myn hele and howe  
 And lyf is lost, but ye wole on me rewe.'

67. Alle othere dredes weren from him  
 fledde,  
 Bothe of th'assege and his savacioun;  
 Ne in him desyr noon othere fownes  
 bredde 465  
 But arguments to this conclusioun,  
 That she on him wolde han compassioun,  
 And he to be hir man, whyl he may dure;  
 Lo, here his lyf, and from the deeth his  
 cure! 469

68. Thesharpeshouresfelle of armes preve,  
 That Ector or his othere bretheren diden,  
 Ne made him only ther-fore ones meve;  
 And yot was he, wher-so men wente or  
 riden,

Founde oon the best, and longest tyme  
 abiden 474  
 Ther peril was, and dide eek such travayle  
 In armes, that to thenke it was mervayle.

69. But for non hate he to the Grekes  
 hadde,  
 Ne also for the rescous of the toun,  
 Ne made him thus in armes for to madde,  
 But only, lo, for this conclusioun, 480  
 To lyken hir the bet for his renoun;  
 Fro day to day in armes so he spedde,  
 That alle the Grekes as the deeth him  
 dredde.

70. And fro this forth the refte him love  
 his sleep,  
 And made his mete his foo; and eek his  
 sorwe 485  
 Gan multiplye, that, who-so toke keep,  
 It shewed in his hewe, bothe eve and  
 morwe;  
 Therfor a title he gan him for to borwe  
 Of other syknesse, lest of him men wende  
 That the hote fyr of love him brende. 490

71. And seyde, he hadde a fever and ferde  
 amis;

But how it was, certayn, can I not seye,

If that his lady understood not this,  
Or feyned hir she niste, oon of the tweye;  
But wel I rede that, by no maner weye,  
Ne semed it [as] that she of him roughste,  
Nor of his payne, or what-so-ever he  
thoughte.

72. But than fel to this Troilus such wo,  
That he was wel neigh wood; for ay his  
dredde 499  
Was this, that she som wight had loved so,  
That never of him she wolde have taken  
hede;  
For whiche him thoughte he felte his  
herte blede.  
No of his wo ne dorste he not biginne  
To tellen it, for al this world to winne.

73. But whanne he hadde a space fro his  
care, 505  
Thus to him-self ful ofte he gan to pleyne;  
He sayde, 'O fool, now art thou in the  
snare,  
That whilom japedest at loves payne;  
Now artow hent, now gnaw thyn owene  
cheyne;  
Thou were ay wont echo lovere reprehende  
Of thing fro which thou canst thee nat  
defende. 511

74. What wole now every lover seyn of  
thee,  
If this be wist, but ever in thyn absence  
Laughen in scorn, and seyn, "lo, ther  
gooth he,  
That is the man of so gret sapience, 515  
That held us loveres leest in reverence!  
Now, thanked be god, he may goon in the  
daunce  
Of hem that Love list feibly for to avaunce!

75. But, O thou woful Troilus, god wolde,  
Sin thow most loven thurgh thy destinee,  
That thou beset were on swich oon that  
sholde 521  
Knowe al thy wo, al lakkede hir pitee:  
But al so cold in love, towards thee,  
Thy lady is, as frost in winter mone, 524  
And thou fordoon, as snow in fyr is sone."

76. God wolde I were aryved in the port  
Of deeth, to which my sorwe wil me lode!

A, lord, to me it were a greet comfort;  
Then were I quit of languissching in drede.  
For by myn liddle sorwe y-blowe on brede  
I shal bi-japed been a thousand tyme 531  
More than that fool of whos folye men  
ryme.

77. But now help god, and ye, swete, for  
whom  
I pleyne, y-caught, ye, never wight so  
faste! 534  
O mercy, dere herte, and help me from  
The deeth, for I, whyl that my lyf may  
laste,  
More than my-self wol love yow to my  
laste.  
And with som freendly look gladeth me,  
swete,  
Though never more thing ye me bi-hete!

78. This wordes and ful manye an-other to  
He spak, and called ever in his com-  
pleynte 541  
Hir name, for to tellen hir his wo,  
Til neigh that he in salte teres droynste.  
Al was for nought, she herde nought his  
pleynte;  
And whan that he bithoughte on that  
folye, 545  
A thousand fold his wo gan multiplie.

79. Bi-wayling in his chambre thusallone,  
A freend of hus, that called was Pandare,  
Com ones in unwar, and herde him grone,  
And sey his freend in swich distresse and  
care: 550  
'Allas!' quod he, 'who causeth al this  
fare?  
O mercy, god! what unhap may this  
mene?  
Han now thus sone Grekes maad yow  
lene?

80. Or hastow som remors of conscience,  
And art now falle in som devocioun, 555  
And waylest for thy sinne and thyn  
offence,  
And hast for ferde caught attricioun?  
God save hem that bi-seged han our toun,  
And so can leye our jolytee on presse,  
And bring our lusty folk to holinesse!"

81. These wordes seyde he for the nones  
alle, 561

That with swich thing he mighte him  
angry maken,

And with an angre don his sorwe falle,  
As for the tyme, and his corage awaken ;  
But wel he wiste, as fer as tonges spaken,  
Ther nas a man of gretter hardinesse 566  
Than he, ne more desired worthinesse.

82. 'What cas,' quod Troilus, 'or what  
aventure

Hath gyded thee to see my languisschinge,  
That am refus of every creature? 570

But for the love of god, at my preyenge,  
Go henne a-way, for certes, my deyenge  
Wol thee disece, and I mot nedes deye ;  
Ther-for go wey, ther is no more to seye.

83. But if thou wene I be thus syk for  
drede, 575

It is not so, and ther-for scorne nought ;  
Ther is a-nother thing I take of hede

Wel more than ought the Grekes han  
y-wrought,

Which cause is of my deeth, for sorwe  
' and thought.

But though that I now telle thee it ne  
leste, 580

Be thou nought wrooth, I hyde it for the  
beste.'

84. This Pandare, that neigh malt for wo  
and routhe,

Ful often seyde, 'allas ! what may this be ?  
Now freend,' quod he, 'if ever love or  
trouthe

Hath been, or is, bi-twixen thee and me,  
Ne do thou never swiche a crueltee 586

To hyde fro thy freend so greet a care ;  
Wostow nought wel that it am I, Pandare ?

85. I wole parten with thee al thy payne,  
If it be so I do thee no comfort, 590

As it is freendes right, sooth for to seyne,  
To entreparten wo, as glad desport.

I have, and shal, for trewe or fals report,  
In wrong and right y-loved thee al my  
lyve ; 594

Hyd not thy wo fro me, but telle it llyve.'

86. Then gan this sorwful Troilus to syke,  
And seyde him thus, 'god leve it be my  
beste

To telle it thee ; for, sith it may thee  
lyke,

Yet wole I telle it, though myn herte  
breste ; 599

And wel wot I thou mayst do me no reste.  
But lest thow deme I truste not to thee,  
Now herkne, freend, for thus it stant with  
me.

87. Love, a-yeins the which who-so de-  
fendeth

Him-selven most, him alder-lest avayleth,  
With desespier so sorwfully me offendeth,

That streyght un-to the deeth myn herte  
sayleth. 606

Ther-to desyr so brenningly me assayleth,  
That to ben slayn it were a gretter joye

To me than king of Grece been and Troye !

88. Suffiseth this, my fullo freend Pandare,  
That I have seyde, for now wostow my wo ;

And for the love of god, my colde care 612  
So hyd it wel, I telle it never to mo ;

For harmes mighte folwen, mo than two,  
If it were wist ; but be thou in gladnesse,

And lat me sterve, unknowe, of my dis-  
tresse.' 616

89. 'How hastow thus unkindely and  
longe

Hid this fro me, thou fool ?' quod Pan-  
darus ;

'Paraunter thou might after swich oon  
longe,

That myn avys anon may helpen us.' 620  
'This were a wonder thing,' quod Troilus,

'Thou coudest never in love thy-selven  
wisso ;

How delev maystow bringen me to blisse ?'

90. 'Ye, Troilus, now herke,' quod Pan-  
dare,

'Though I be nyce ; it happeth ofte so, 625  
That oon that exces doth ful yvele fure

By good counseyl can kepe his freend  
ther-fro.

I have my-self eek seyn a blind man go  
Ther-as he fel that coude loken wyde ;

A fool may eek a wys man ofte gyde. 630

91. A whetston is no kerving instrument,  
And yet it maketh sharpe kerving-tolis.

And ther thow woost that I have ought  
miswent,

Eschewe thou that, for swich thing to  
thee scole is ;

Thus ofte wyse men ben war by folis. 635  
If thou do so, thy wit is wel biwared ;  
By his contrarie is every thing declared.

92. For how might ever sweetnesse have  
be knowe

To him that never tasted bitternesse ?

Ne no man may be inly glad, I trowe, 640  
That never was in sorwe or som distresse ;  
Eek whyt by blak, by shame eek worthi-  
nesse,

Ech set by other, more for other semeth ;  
As men may see ; and so the wyse it  
demeth.

93. Sith thus of two contraries is a lore,  
I, that have in love so ofte assayed 646  
Grevances, oughte conne, and wel the  
more

Counsayllen thee of that thou art amayed.  
Eek thee ne oughte nat ben yvel apayed,  
Though I desyre with thee for to bere 650  
Thyn hevycharge ; it shal the lasse dere.

94. I woot wel that it fareth thus by me  
As to thy brother Parys an herdesse,  
Which that y-cleped was Oenone, 654  
Wroot in a compleynt of hir hevynesse :  
Ye sey the lettre that she wroot, y gesse ?  
' Nay, never yet, y-wis,' quod Troilus.  
' Now,' quod Pandare, ' herkneth ; it was  
thus.—

95. " Phebus, that first fond art of medi-  
cyne,"

Quod she, " and coude in every wightes  
care 660

Remede and reed, by herbes he knew fyne,  
Yet to him-self his conninge was ful bare ;  
For love hadde him so bounden in a snare,  
Al for the daughter of the kinge Admete,  
That al his craft ne coude his sorwe  
bete." 665

96. Right so fare I, unhappily for me ;  
I love con best, and that me smerteth sore ;  
And yet, paraunter, can I rede thee,  
And not my-self ; reprove me no more. 669  
I have no cause, I woot wel, for to sore

As doth an hawk that listeth for to  
pleye,  
But to thyn help yet somewhat can I seye.

97. And of o thing right siker maystow be,  
That certayn, for to deyen in the peyne,  
That I shal never-mo discoveren thee ; 675  
Ne, by my trouthe, I kepe nat restreyn  
Thee fro thy love, thogh that it were  
Eleyne,

That is thy brotheres wyf, if ich it wiste ;  
Be what she be, and love hir as thee liste.

98. Therefore, as freend fullich in me  
assure, 680

And tel me plat what is thyn enchesoun,  
And final cause of wo that ye endure ;  
For douteth no-thing, myn entencioun  
Nis nought to yow of reprehencioun  
To speke as now, for no wight may  
bireve 685

A man to love, til that him list to leve.

99. And witeth wel, that bothe two ben  
vyces,

Mistrusten alle, or elles alle leve ;  
But wel I woot, the mene of it no vyce is,  
For for to trusten sum wight is a prove 690  
Of trouthe, and for-thy wolde I fayn re-  
meve

Thy wrong conceyte, and do thee som  
wight triste,  
Thy wo to telle ; and tel me, if thee liste.

100. The wyse seyth, " wo him that is  
allone,

For, and he falle, he hath noon help to  
ryse ;" 695

And sith thou hast a felawe, tel thy mone ;  
For this nis not, certeyn, the nexte wyse  
To winnen love, as techen us the wyse,  
To walwe and wepe as Niobe the quene,  
Whos teres yet in marbel been y-sene. 700

101. Lat be thy weping and thy drerinesse,  
And lat us lissen wo with other speche ;  
So may thy woful tyme seme lesse.

Delyte not in wo thy wo to seche, 704  
As doon these foles that hir sorwes eche  
With sorwe, when they han misaventure,  
And listen nought to seche hem other  
cure.

102. Men seyn, "to wrecche is conso-  
lacioun

To have an-other felawe in his payne;"  
That oughte wel ben our opinioun, 710  
For, bothe thou and I, of love we pleyne;  
So ful of sorwe am I, soth for to seyne,  
That certeynly no more harde grace  
May sitte on me, for-why ther is no  
space.

103. If god wole thou art not agast of me,  
Lest I wolde of thy lady thee bigyle, 716  
Thow wost thy-self whom that I love,  
pardec,

As I best can, gon sithen longe whyle.  
And sith thou wost I do it for no wyle, 719  
And sith I am he that thou tristest most,  
Tel me sumwhat, sin al my wo thou wost.'

104. Yet Troilus, for al this, no word  
seyde,

But longe he lay as stille as he ded were;  
And after this with sykinge he abreyde,  
And to Pandarus voys he lente his ere, 725  
And up his eyen caste he, that in fere  
Was Pandarus, lest that in frenesye  
He sholde falle, or ellos sone dye :

105. And cryde 'a-wake' ful wonderly  
and sharpe ;

'What? slombrestow as in a lytargye?  
Or artow lyk an asso to the harpe, 731  
That hereth soun, whan men the strenges  
plye,

But in his minde of that no melodye  
May sinken, him to glade, for that he  
So dul is of his bestialitee?' 735

106. And with that Pandare of his wordes  
stente ;

But Troilus yet him no word answerde,  
For-why to telle nas not his entente  
To never no man, for whom that he so  
ferde, 739

For it is seyde, 'man maketh ofte a yorde  
With which the maker is him-self y-beten  
In sondry maner,' as thise wyse treten,

107. And namely, in his counseyl tellinge  
That toucheth love that oughte be secrete ;  
For of him-self it wolde y-nough out-  
springe, 745

But-if that it the bet governed be.  
Eek som-tyme it is craft to seme flee  
Fro thing which in effect men hunte faste ;  
Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste.

108. But nathelees, whan he had herd  
him crye 750  
'Awake!' he gan to syke wonder sore,  
And seyde, 'freend, though that I stillo  
lye,

I am not deef; now pees, and cry no more;  
For I have herd thy wordes and thy lore;  
But suffre me my mischef to biwayle, 755  
For thy proverbes may me nought avayle.

109. Nor other cure canstow noon for me.  
Eek I nil not be cured, I wol deye ;  
What knowe I of the quene Niobe?  
Lat be thyne olde ensamples, I thee  
preye.' 760

'No,' quod tho Pandarus, 'therefore I seye,  
Swich is delyt of foles to biwepe  
Hir wo, but seken bote they no kepe.

110. Now knowe I that ther reson in thee  
fayleth.

But tel me, if I wiste what she were 765  
For whom that thee al this misaunter  
ayleth,

Dorstestow that I tolde hir in hir ere  
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy-self for  
fore,

And hir bisoughte on thee to han som  
routhe?'

'Why, nay,' quod he, 'by god and by my  
trouthe!' 770

111. 'What? not as bisily,' quod Pandarus,  
'As though myn owene lyf lay on this  
nedo?'

'No, certes, brother,' quod this Troilus.  
'And why?'—'For that thou sholdest  
never spede.'

'Wostow that wel?'—'Ye, that is out of  
drede,' 775

Quod Troilus, 'for al that ever ye conne,  
She nil to noon swich wrecche as I be  
wonne.'

112. Quod Pandarus, 'allas! what may  
this be,  
That thou despayred art thus causeless?

What? liveth not thy lady? *benedicite!* 780  
 How wostow so that thou art gracelees?  
 Swich yvel is not alwey botelees.  
 Why, put not impossible thus thy cure,  
 Sin thing to come is ofte in aventure.

113. I graunte wel that thou endurest wo  
 As sharp as doth he, Ticius, in helle, 786  
 Whos stomak foules tyren ever-mo  
 That highte volturis, as bokes telle.  
 But I may not endure that thou dwelle  
 In so unskilful an opinioun 790  
 That of thy wo is no curacioun.

114. But ones niltow, for thy coward  
 herte,  
 And for thyn ire and folish wilfulness,  
 For wantrust, tellen of thy sorwes smerte,  
 Ne to thyn owene help do bisnesse 795  
 As muche as speke a resoun more or lesse,  
 But lyst as he that list of no-thing recche.  
 What womman coude love swich a  
 wrecche?

115. What may she demen other of thy  
 deeth,  
 If thou thus deye, and she not why it is, 800  
 But that for fere is yolden up thy breeth,  
 For Grekes han biseged us, y-wis?  
 Lord, which a thank than shaltow han of  
 this!

Thus wol she seyn, and al the toun at  
 ones,  
 "The wrecche is deed, the devel have his  
 bones!" 805

116. Thou mayst allone here wepe and  
 crye and knele;

But, love a woman that she woot it  
 nought,  
 And she wol quyte that thou shalt not  
 fele;

Unknowe, unkist, and lost that is un-  
 sought.

What! many a man hath love ful dere  
 y-bought 810

Twenty winter that his lady wiste,  
 That never yet his lady mouth he kiste.

117. What? shulde he therfor fallen in  
 despeyr,  
 Or be recreaunt for his owene tene,

Or sleen him-self, al be his lady fayr? 815  
 Nay, nay, but ever in oon be fresh and  
 grene

To serve and love his dere hertes quene,  
 And thenke it is a guerdoun hir to serve  
 A thousand-fold more than he can deserve.'

118. And of that word took hede Troilus,  
 And thoughte anon what folye he was  
 inne, 821

And how that sooth him seyde Pandarus,  
 That for to sleen him-self mighte he not  
 winne,

But bothe doon unmanhod and a sinne, 824  
 And of his deeth his lady nought to wyte;  
 For of his wo, god woot, she knew ful lyte.

119. And with that thought he gan ful  
 sore syke,

And seyde, 'allas! what is me best to do?'  
 To whom Pandare answerde, 'if thee lyke,  
 The best is that thou telle me thy wo; 830  
 And have my trouthe, but thou it finde so,  
 I be thy bote, or that it be ful longe,  
 To peces do me drawe, and sithen honge!'

120. 'Ye, so thou seyst,' quod Troilus tho,  
 'allas!

But, god wot, it is not the rather so; 835  
 Ful hard were it to helpen in this cas,  
 For wel finde I that Fortune is my fo,  
 Ne alle the men that ryden conne or go  
 May of hir cruel wheel the harm with-  
 stonde;

For, as hir list, she pleyeth with free and  
 bonde.' 840

121. Quod Pandarus, 'than blamestow  
 Fortune

For thou art wrooth, ye, now at erst I see;  
 Wostow nat wel that Fortune is commune  
 To every maner wight in som degree? 844  
 And yet thou hast this comfort, lo, pardee!  
 That, as hir joyes moten over-goon,  
 So mote hir sorwes passen everichoon.

122. For if hir wheel stinte any-thing to  
 torne,

Than cessed she Fortune anon to be:  
 Now, sith hir wheel by no wey may  
 sojorne, 850

What wostow if hir mutabilitee  
 Right as thy-solven list, wol doon by thee,



Or that she be not fer fro thyn helpinge?  
Paraunter, thou hast cause for to singe!

123. And therfor wostow what I thee  
beseche? 855

Lat be thy wo and turning to the ground; e;  
For who-so list have helping of his lecho,  
To him bihoveth first unwrye his wounde.  
To Cerberus in helle ay be I bounde,  
Were it for my suster, al thy sorwe, 860  
By my wil, she sholde al be thyn to-morwe.

124. Loke up, I seye, and tel me what she is  
Amoon, that I may goon aboute thy nede;  
Knowe ich hir ought? for my love, tel me  
this; 864

Than wolde I hopen rather for to spede.  
Tho gan the veyne of Troilus to blede,  
For he was hit, and wex al reed for shame,  
'A ha!' quod Pandare, 'here biginneth  
game!'

125. And with that word he gan him for  
to shake,  
And seyde, 'theef, thou shalt hir name  
telle.' 870

But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake  
As though men sholde han lad him in-to  
helle,  
And seyde, 'allas! of al my wo the welle,  
Than is my swete fo called Criseyde!'  
And wel nigh with the word for fore he  
deyde. 875

126. And whan that Pandare herde hir  
name nevene,  
Lord, he was glad, and seyde, 'freend so  
dere,

Now fare a-right, for Joves name in hevene,  
Love hath biset thee wel, be of good chere;  
For of good name and wysdom and  
manere 880

She hath y-nough, and eek of gentillesse;  
If she be fayr, thow wost thy-self, I gesse.

127. No I never saw a more bountevous  
Of hir estat, ne a gladder, ne of speche  
A freendlier, ne a more gracious 885  
For to do wel, ne lasse hadde nede to  
seche

What for to doon; and al this bet to eche,  
In honour, to as fer as she may strecche,  
A kinges herte semeth by hires a wrecche.

128. And for thy loke of good comfort  
thou be; 890

For certainly, the firste poynt is this  
Of noble corage and wel ordeyned,  
A man to have pees with him-self, y-wis;  
So oughtest thou, for nought but good it is  
To loven wel, and in a worthy place; 895  
Thee oughte not to clepe it hap, but grace.

129. And also thenk, and ther-with glade  
thee,

That sith thy lady vertuous is al,  
So folweth it that ther is som pitee  
Amonges alle thise othere in general, 900  
And for thy see that thou, in special,  
Requere nought that is ayein hir name;  
For vertue streccheth not him-self to  
shame.

130. But wel is me that ever I was born,  
That thou biset art in so good a place; 905  
For by my trouthe, in love I dorste have  
sworn,

Thee sholde never han tid thus fayr a  
grace;  
And wostow why? for thou were wont to  
chace

At love in scorn, and for despyt him  
calle

"Seynt Idiot, lord of thise foles alle." 910

131. How often hastow maad thy nyce  
japes,

And seyde, that loves servants overichone  
Of nycetee ben verray goddes apes;  
And some wolde monche hir mete alone,  
Ligging a-bedde, and make hem for to  
grone; 915

And som, thou seydest, hadde a blaunche  
fevere,

And preydest god he sholde never kevere!

132. And some of hem toke on hem, for  
the colde,

More than y-nough, so seydestow ful ofte;  
And some han feyned ofte tyme, and tolde  
How that they wake, whan they slegen  
softe; 921

And thus they wolde han brought hem-  
self a-lofte,

And natheles were under at the laste;  
Thus seydestow, and japedest ful faste.

133. Yet seydestow, that, for the more  
part, 925

These lovers wolden speke in general,  
And thoughten that it was a siker art,  
For sayling, for to assayen over-al.  
Now may I jape of thee, if that I shal!  
But natheles, though that I sholde deye.  
That thou art noon of tho, that dorste I  
seye. 931

134. Now beet thy brest, and sey to god  
of love,  
"Thy grace, lord! for now I me repente  
If I mis spak, for now my-self I love :"  
Thus sey with al thy n herte in good en-  
tente.' 935

Quod Troilus, 'a! lord! I me consente,  
And pray to thee my japes thou foryive,  
And I shal never-more why! I live.'

135. 'Thow seyst wel,' quod Pandare, 'and  
now I hope

That thou the goddess wratthe hast al  
aped; 940

And sithen thou hast wepen many a droppe,  
And seyð swich thing wher-with thy god  
is plesed,

Now wolde never god but thou were esed;  
And think wel, sho of whom rist al thy wo  
Here-after may thy comfort been al-so. 945

136. For thilke ground, that bereth the  
weddes wikke,

Bereth eek thise holsum herbes, as ful ofte  
Next the foule netle, rough and thikke,  
The rose waxeth swote and smothe and  
softe;

And next the valey is the hil a-lofte; 950  
And next the derke night the glade  
morwe;

And also joye is next the fyn of sorwe.

137. Now loke that atempre be thy brydel,  
And, for the beste, ay suffre to the tyde,  
Or elles al our labour is on ydel; 955

He hasteth wel that wysly can abyde;  
Be diligent, and trewe, and ay wel hyde.  
Be lusty, free, persevero in thy sorvyse,  
And al is wel, if thou werke in this wyse.

138. But he that parted is in every  
place 960

Is no-wher hool, as writen clerkes wyse;

What wonder is, though swich oon have  
no grace?

Eek wostow how it fareth of som servyse?  
As plaunte a tre or herbe, in sondry wyse,  
And on the morwe pulle it up as blyve, 965  
No wonder is, though it may never thryve.

139. And sith that god of love hath thee  
bistowed

In place digne un-to thy worthinesse,  
Stond faste, for to good port hastow rowed;  
And of thy-self, for any hevinesse, 970  
Hope alwey wel; for, but-if drerinesse  
Or over-haste our bothe labour shende,  
I hope of this to maken a good ende.

140. And wostow why I am the lasse a-  
feyred

Of this matere with my nece trete? 975  
For this have I herd seyð of wyse y-lered,  
"Was never man ne woman yet bigeto  
That was unapt to suffren loves hete  
Celestial, or elles love of kinde;" 979  
For-thy som grace I hope in hir to finde.

141. And for to speke of hir in special,  
Hir beaute to biþinken and hir youthe,  
It sit hir nought to be celestial  
As yet, though that hir liste bothe and  
couthe; 984

But trewely, it sete hir wel right nonthe  
A worthy knight to loven and cheryce,  
And but she do, I holde it for a vyce.

142. Wherefore I am, and wol be, ay redy  
To payne me to do yow this sorvyse;  
For bothe yow to plesse thus hope I 990  
Her-afterward; for ye beth bothe wyse,  
And conne it counseyl kepe in swich a  
wyse,

That no man shal the wyser of it be;  
And so we may be gladed alle three.

143. And, by my trouthe, I have right  
now of thee 995

A good conceyt in my wit, as I gesse,  
And what it is, I wol now that thou see.  
I thenke, sith that love, of his goodnesse,  
Hath thee converted out of wikkednesse,  
That thou shalt be the beste post, I  
leve, 1000

Of al his lay, and most his foos to-grevo

144. **Ensample** why, see now these wyse clerkes,  
That erren aldermost a-yein a lawe,  
And ben converted from hir wikked werkes  
Thorough grace of god, that list hem to him drawe, 1005  
Than art they folk that han most god in awe,  
And strengest-feythed been, I understonde,  
And conne an errour alder-best withstonde.'
145. Whan Troilus had herd Pandare assented  
To been his help in loving of Criseyde, 1010  
Wex of his wo, as who seyth, untormented,  
But hotter wex his love, and thus he seyde,  
With sobre chere, al-though his herte pleyde,  
'Now blisful Venus helpe, or that I sterve,  
Of thee, Pandare, I may som thank deserve. 1015
146. But, dere frend, how shal myn wo ben lesse  
Til this be doon? and goode, cek tel me this,  
How wiltow seyn of me and my destresse?  
Lest she be wrooth, this drede I most, y-wis,  
Or nil not here or trowen how it is. 1020  
Al this drede I, and cek for the manere  
Of thee, hir eem, she nil no swich thing here.'
147. Quod Pandarus, 'thou hast a ful gret care  
Lest that the cherl may falle out of the mone! 1024  
Why, lord! I hate of thee thy nyce fare!  
Why, entremete of that thou hast to done!  
For goddes love, I bidde thee a bone,  
So lat me alone, and it shal be thy beste.'—  
'Why, freend,' quod he, 'now do right as thee leste.
148. But herke, Pandare, o word, for I nolde 1030  
That thou in me wendest so greet folye,  
That to my lady I desiren sholde
- That toucheth harm or any vilenye;  
For dreddeles, me were lever dye 1034  
Than she of me ought elles understode  
But that, that mighte sounen in-to gode.'
149. Tho lough this Pandare, and anon answerde,  
'And I thy borw? fy! no wight dooth but so;  
I roughte nought though that she stode and herde 1039  
How that thou seyst; but fare-wel, I wol go.  
A-dien! be glad! god spede us bothe two!  
Yif me this labour and this besinesse,  
And of my speed be thyn al that swetnesse.'
150. Tho Troilus gan down on knees to falle, 1044  
And Pandare in his armes hente faste,  
And seyde, 'now, fy on the Grekes alle!  
Yet, pardee, god shal helpe us at the laste;  
And dreddeles, if that my lyf may laste,  
And god to-forn, lo, som of hem shal smerte;  
And yet me athinketh that this avaunt me asterte! 1050
151. Now, Pandare, I can no more seye,  
But thou wys, thou wost, thou mayst, thou art al!  
My lyf, my deeth, hool in thyn honde I leye;  
Help now,' quod he. 'Yis, by my trouthe, I shal.'  
'God yelde thee, freend, and this in special,' 1055  
Quod Troilus, 'that thou me recomaunde  
To hir that to the deeth me may comaunde.'
152. This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve  
His fulle freend, than seyde in this manere,  
'Far-wel, and thank I wol thy thank deserve; 1060  
Have here my trouthe, and that thou shalt wel here.'—  
And wente his wey, thenking on this matere,  
And how he best mighte hir besече of grace,  
And finde a tyme ther-to, and a place.

153. For every wight that hath an hous  
to founde 1065

Ne renneth nought the werk for to bi-  
ginne

With rakel hond, but he wol hyde a  
stounde,

And sende his herteslyne out fro with-inne  
Alderfirst his purpos for to winne. 1069

Al this Pandare in his herte thoughte,  
And caste his werk ful wysly, or he  
wroughte.

154. But Troilus lay tho no lenger doun,  
But up anon up-on his stede bay,  
And in the feld he pleyde tho leoun;  
Wo was that Groke that with him mette  
that day. 1075

And in the toun his maner tho forth ay  
So goodly was, and gat him so in grace,  
That ech him lovede that looked on his face.

155. For he bioom the frendlyeste wight,  
The gentileste, and eek the moste free, 1080  
The thriftieste and oon the beste knight,  
That in his tyme was, or mighte be.  
Dede were his japes and his crueltee,  
His heighe port and his manere  
estraunge,  
And ech of tho gan for a vertu change.

156. Now lat us stinte of Troilus a  
stounde, 1086  
That fareth lyk a man that hurt is  
sore,  
And is somdel of akinge of his wounde  
Y-lissed wel, but heled no del more:  
And, as an esy pacient, the lore 1090  
Abit of him that gooth aboute his cure;  
And thus he dryveth forth his aventure.

**Explicit Liber Primus.**

## BOOK II.

### Incipit probemium Secundi Libri.

1. Out of these blake wawes for to sayle,  
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;  
For in this see the boot hath swich tra-  
vayle,

Of my conning that unnethe I it sterc.  
This see clepe I the tempestous matere 5  
Of desespere that Troilus was inne:  
But now of hope the calendes biginne.

2. O lady myn, that called art Cleo,  
Thou be my speed fro this forth, and my  
muse,

To ryme wel this book, til I have do; 10  
Me nedeth here noon other art to use.  
For-why to every lover I me excuse,  
That of no sentement I this endyte,  
But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte.

3. Wherefore I nil have neither thank ne  
blame 15

Of al this werk, but pray yow mekely,  
Disblameth me, if any word be lame,  
For as myn auctor seyde, so seyo I.  
Eek though I spoke of love unfelingly,

No wonder is, for it no-thing of newe is; 20  
A blind man can nat juggen wel in hewis.

4. Ye knowe eek, that in forme of speche  
is chaunge  
With-inne a thousand yeer, and wordes  
tho

That hadden prys, now wonder nyce and  
straunge

Us thinketh hem; and yet they spake  
hem so, 25

And spedde as wel in love as men now do;  
Eek for to winne love in sondry ages,  
In sondry londes, sondry been usages.

5. And for-why if it happe in any wyse,  
That here be any lovers in this place 30  
That herkeneth, as the story wol devyse,  
How Troilus com to his lady grace,  
And thenketh, so nolde I nat love pur-  
chace,

Or wondreth on his speche and his doinge,  
I noot; but it is me no wonderinge; 35

6. For every wight which that to Rome  
went,  
Halt nat o path, or alwey o manere;

Eek in som lond were al the gamenshent,  
 If that they ferde in love as men don here,  
 As thus, in open doing or in chere, 40  
 In visitinge, in forme, or seyde hir sawes;  
 For thy men seyn, ech contree hath his  
 lawes.

7. Eek scarsly been ther in this place three  
 That han in love seyde lyk and doon in al;  
 For to thy purpos this may lyken thee, 45  
 And thee right nought, yet al is seyde or  
 shal;

Eek som men grave in tree, som in stoon  
 wal,

As it bitit; but sin I have begonne,  
 Myn auctor shal I folwen, if I conne.

Explicit prohemium Secundi Libri.

Incipit Liber Secundus.

8. In May, that moder is of monthes glado,  
 That frosshe floures, blewes, and whyte,  
 and rede, 51

Ben quike agayn, that winter dede made,  
 And ful of bawme is fleting every mede;  
 Whan Phobus doth his brighte bemes  
 sprede

Right in the whyte Bole, it so bitidde 55  
 As I shal singe, on Mayes day the thridde,

9. That Pandarus, for al his wyse speche,  
 Felte eek his part of loves shottes kene,  
 That, coude he never so wol of loving  
 proche,

It made his hewe a-day ful ofte grene; 60  
 So shoop it, that him fil that day a tene  
 In love, for which in wo to bedde he wente,  
 And made, er it was day, ful many a wente.

10. The swalwe Proigné, with a sorwful lay,  
 Whan morwe com, gan make hir wey-  
 mentinge, 65

Why she forshapen was; and ever lay  
 Pandare a-bedde, half in a slomeringe,  
 Til she so neigh him made hir chiteringe  
 How Tereus gan forth hir suster take,  
 That with the noyse of hir he gan a-wake;

11. And gan to calle, and dresse him up  
 to ryse, 71  
 Remembringe him his erand was to done  
 From Troilus, and eek his greet emprise;

And caste and knew in good plyt was the  
 mone

To doon viage, and took his wey ful sone  
 Un-to his neeces paleys ther bi-syde; 76  
 Now Janus, god of entree, thou him gyde!

12. Whan he was come un-to his neeces  
 place,

'Wher is my lady?' to hir folk seyde he;  
 And they him tolde; and he forth in gan  
 pace, 80

And fond, two othere ladyes sete and she  
 With-inne a paved parlour; and they three  
 Herden a mayden roden hom the geste  
 Of the Sege of Thebes, whyl hem leste. 84

13. Quod Pandarus, 'madame, god yow see,  
 With al your book and al the compagne!'  
 'Ey, uncle myn, welcome y-wis,' quod she,  
 And up she roos, and by the hond in hye  
 She took him faste, and seyde, 'this night  
 thrye,

To goode mote it tunc, of yow I mette!'  
 And with that word she doun on bench  
 him sette. 91

14. 'Ye, nece, ye shal fare wol the bet,  
 If god wole, al this year,' quod Pandarus;  
 'But I am sory that I have yow let 94  
 To herkennen of your book ye preysen thus;  
 For goddos love, what seith it? tel it us.  
 Is it of love? O, som good ye me lere!'  
 'Uncle,' quod she, 'your maistresse is not  
 here!'

15. With that they gonnen laughe, and  
 tho she seyde, 99  
 'This romaunce is of Thebes, that we rede;  
 And we han herd how that king Laius  
 deyd  
 Thurgh Edippus his sone, and al that dede;  
 And here we stenten at these lettres rede,  
 How the bisshop, as the book can telle,  
 Amphiorax, fil thurgh the ground to helle.'

16. Quod Pandarus, 'al this knowe I my-  
 selve, 106  
 And al th'asseege of Thebes and the care;  
 For her-of been ther maked bokestwelve:—  
 But lat be this, and tel me how ye fare;  
 Do wey your barbe, and shew your face  
 bare; 110

Do wey your book, rys up, and lat us  
daunce,  
And lat us don to May som observaunce.'

17. 'A! god forbede!' quod she, 'be ye  
mad?

Is that a widewes lyf, so god you save?  
Bygod, ye maken me right sore a-drad, 115  
Ye ben so wilde, it semeth as ye rave!  
It sete me wel bet ny in a cave  
To bidde, and rede on holy seyntes lyves:  
Lat maydens gon to daunce, and yonge  
wyves.'

18. 'As ever thryve I,' quod this Pandarus,  
'Yet coude I telle a thing to doon you  
pleye,' 121

'Now uncle dere,' quod she, 'tel it us  
For goddes love; is than th'assegge aweye?  
I am of Grekes so ferd that I deye.'

'Nay, nay,' quod he, 'as ever mote I  
thryve! 125  
It is a thing wel bet than swiche fyve.'

19. 'Ye, holygod!' quod she, 'what thing  
is that?

What? bet than swiche fyve? cy, nay,  
y-wis!

For al this world ne can I reden what  
It sholde been; som jape, I trowe, is this;  
And but your-selven telle us what it is, 131  
My wit is for to arede it al to lene;  
As help me god, I noot nat what ye mene.'

20. 'And I your borow, ne never shal,  
for me,

This thing be told to yow, as mote I  
thryve!' 135

'And why so, uncle myn? why so?' quod  
she.

'By god,' quod he, 'that wole I telle as  
blyve;

For prouder womman were ther noon on-  
lyve,

And ye it wiste, in al the toun of Troye;  
I jape nought, as ever have I joye!' 140

21. Tho gan she wondren more than bi-  
forn

A thousand fold, and down hir eyen caste;  
For never, sith the tyme that she was born,  
To knowe thing desired she so faste; 144

And with a syk she seyde him at the laste,  
'Now, uncle myn, I nil yow nought dis-  
plese,  
Nor axen more, that may do yow disese.'

22. So after this, with many wordes glade,  
And frendly tales, and with mery chere,  
Of this and that they pleyde, and gunnen  
wade 150

In many an unkouth glad and deep  
matere,

As freendes doon, whan they ben met  
y-fere,

Til she gan axen him how Ector ferde,  
That was the tounes wal and Grekes yerde.

23. 'Ful wel, I thanke it god,' quod Pan-  
darus, 155

'Save in his arm he hath a litel wounde;  
And eek his fresshe brother Troilus,

The wyse worthy Ector the secounde,  
In whom that every vertu list abounde,

As alle trouthe and alle gentillesse, 160  
Wysdom, honour, fredom, and worthi-  
nesse.'

24. 'In good feith, eem,' quod she, 'that  
lyketh me;

They faren wel, god save hem bothe two!  
For trewely I holde it greet deyntee

A kinges sone in armes wel to do, 165  
And been of good condicions ther-to;

For greet power and moral vertu here  
Is selde y-seye in o persone y-fere.'

25. 'In good feith, that is sooth,' quod  
Pandarus;

'But, by my trouthe, the king hath sones  
tweye, 170

That is to mene, Ector and Troilus,  
That certainly, though that I sholde deye,

They been as voyde of vyces, dar I seye,  
As any men that liveth under the sonne,

Hir might is wyde y-knowe, and what  
they conne. 175

26. Of Ector nedeth it nought for to telle;  
In al this world ther nis a better knight

Than he, that is of worthinesse welle;  
And he wel more vertu hath than might.

This knoweth many a wys and worthy  
wight. 180

The same prys of Troilus I seye,  
God help me so, I knowe not swiche  
tweye.'

27. 'By god,' quod she, 'of Ector that is  
sooth;

Of Troilus the same thing trowe I;  
For dredelees, men tellen that he dooth  
In armes day by day so worthily, 186  
And bereth him here at hoom so gentilly  
To every wight, that al the prys hath he  
Of hem that me were levest preysed be.'

28. 'Ye sey right sooth, y-wis,' quod Pan-  
darus; 190

'For yesterday, who-so hadde with him  
been,

He might have wondred up-on Troilus;  
For never yet so thikke a swarm of been  
Ne fleigh, as Grekes fro him gonne fleen;  
And thorough the feld, in every wightes  
ere, 195

Ther nas no cry but "Troilus is there!"

29. Now here, now there, he hunted hem  
so faste,

Ther nas but Grekes blood; and Troilus,  
Now hem he hurte, and hem alle down he  
caste;

Ay where he wente it was arayed thus: 200  
He was hir deeth, and sheld and lyf for us;  
That as that day ther dorste noon with-  
stonde,

Whyl that he held his bloody swerd in  
honde.

30. Therto he is the freendlieste man  
Of grete estat, that ever I saw my lyve;  
And wher him list, best felawshipe can 206  
To suche as him thinketh able for to  
thryve.'

And with that word tho Pandarus, as  
blyve,

He took his leve, and seyde, 'I wol go  
henne:'

'Nay, blame have I, myn uncle,' quod she  
thenne. 210

31. 'What eyleth yow to be thus very  
sone,

And namelich of wommen? wol ye so?  
Nay, sitteth down; by god, I have to done

With yow, to speke of wisdom er ye go.'  
And every wight that was a-boute hem  
tho, 215

That herde that, gan fer a-wey to stonde,  
Whyl they two hadde al that hem liste  
in honde.

32. Whan that hir tale al brought was to  
an ende

Of hire estat and of hir governaunce, 219  
Quod Pandarus, 'now is it tyme I wende;  
But yet, I seye, aryseth, lat us daunce,  
And cast your widwes habit to mis-  
chance:

What list yow thus your-self to disfigure,  
Sith yow is tid thus fair an aventure?'

33. 'A! wel bithought! for love of god,'  
quod she, 225

'Shal I not witen what ye mene of this?'

'No, this thing axeth layser,' tho quod he,  
'And eek me wolde muche greve, y-wis,  
If I it tolde, and ye it toke amis.

Yet were it bet my tonge for to stille 230  
Than seye a sooth that were ayeins your  
wille.

34. For, nece, by the goddesse Minerve,  
And Juppiter, that maketh the thonder  
ringe,

And by the blisful Venus that I serve,  
Ye been the womman in this world  
livinge, 235

With-oute paramours, to my witinge,  
That I best love, and lothest am to grove,  
And that ye witen wol your-self, I leve.'

35. 'Y-wis, myn uncle,' quod she, 'grant  
mercy;

Your freendship have I founden ever yit,  
I am to no man holden trewely 241  
So muche as yow, and have so litel  
quit;

And, with the grace of god, emforth my  
wit,

As in my gilt I shal you never offende;  
And if I have or this, I wol amende. 245

36. But, for the love of god, I yow be-  
seche,

As ye ben he that I most love and triste,  
Lat be to me your fremde maner speche,

And sey to me, your nece, what yow liste :'  
And with that word hir uncle anon hir  
kiste, 250

And seyde, 'glady, leve nece dere,  
Tak it for good that I shal seye yow here.'

37. With that she gan hir eyen down to  
caste,

And Pandarus to coghe gan a lyte, 254  
And seyde, 'nece, alwey, lo! to the laste,  
How-so it be that som men hem delyte  
With subtil art hir tales for to endyte,  
Yet for al that, in hir entencioun,  
Hir tale is al for som conclusioun.

38. And sithen th'ende is every tales  
strengthe, 260

And this matere is so bihovely,  
What sholde I peynte or drawn it on  
lengthe

To yow, that been my freend so feithfully?  
And with that word he gan right inwardly  
Biholden hir, and loken on hir face, 265  
And seyde, 'on suche a mirour goodo  
grace!'

39. Than thoughte he thus, 'if I my tale  
ondyte

Ought hard, or make a proces any whyle,  
She shal no savour han ther-in but lyte,  
And trowe I wolde hir in my wil bigyle.  
For tendre wittes wenen al be wyle 271  
Ther-as they can nat pleylnly understonde;  
For-thy hir wit to serven wol I fonde'—

40. And loked on hir in a booy wyse, 274  
And she was war that he byheld hir so,  
And seyde, 'lord! so faste ye me avyse!  
Seyye me never er now? what seyye, no?'  
'Yes, yes,' quod he, 'and bet wole er I go;  
But, by my trouthe, I thoughte now  
if ye

Be fortunat, for now men shal it see. 280

41. For to every wight som goodly avent-  
ture

Som tyme is shape, if he it can receyven;  
And if that he wol take of it no cure,  
Whan that it cometh, but wilfully it  
weyven,

Lo, neither cas nor fortune him deceyven,

G.C.

But right his verray slouthe and wrecched-  
nesse; 286

And swich a wight is for to blame, I gesse.

42. Good aventure, O bele nece, have ye  
Ful lightly founden, and ye conne it take;  
And, for the love of god, and eek of me,  
Cacche it anon, lest aventure slake. 291  
What sholde I lenger proces of it make?  
Yif me your hond, for in this world is  
noon,

If that you list, a wight so wel begoon. 294

43. And sith I speke of good entencioun,  
As I to yow have told wel here-biforn,  
And love as wel your honour and renoun  
As creature in al this world y-born;  
By alle the othes that I have yow sworn,  
And ye be wrooth therfore, or wene I lye,  
Ne shal I never seen yow eft with yé. 301

44. Beth nought agast, ne quaketh nat;  
wher-to?

Ne chaungeth nat for fere so your hewe;  
For hardely, the werste of this is do;  
And though my tale as now be to yow  
newe, 305

Yet trist alwey, ye shal me finde trewe;  
And were it thing that me thoughte  
unsittingo,  
To yow nolde I no swiche tales bringe.'

45. 'Now, my good oem, for goddes love,  
I preye,' 309

Quod she, 'com of, and tel me what it is;  
For bothe I am agast what ye wol seye,  
And eek me lengthe it to wite, y-wis.  
For whether it be wel or be amis,  
Sey on, lat me not in this fere dwelle :'  
'So wol I doon, now herketh, I shal  
telle: 315

46. Now, nece myn, the kinges dere sone,  
The goodo, wyse, worthy, fresshe, and free,  
Which alwey for to do wel is his wone,  
The noble Troilus, so loveth thee,  
That, bot ye helpe, it wol his bane be. 320  
Lo, here is al, what sholde I more seye?  
Doth what yow list, to make him live or  
deye.

47. But if ye lete him deye, I wol sterve;  
Have her my trouthe, nece, I nil not lyen;



Al sholde I with this knyf my throte  
kerve'— 325

With that the teres braste out of his yēn,  
And seyde, 'if that ye doon us bothe  
dyen,  
Thus gylteles, than have ye fisshed faire;  
What mende ye, though that we bothe  
apeyre?

48. Allas! he which that is my lord so  
dore, 330  
That trewe man, that noble gentil knight,  
That thowgh desireth but your freendly  
chere,  
I see him deye, ther he goth up-right,  
And hasteth him, with al his fullo might,  
For to be slayn, if fortune wol assente; 335  
Allas! that god yow swich a beautee  
sente!

49. If it be so that ye so cruel be,  
That of his deeth yow liste nought to  
recche,  
That is so trewe and worthy, as ye see,  
No more than of a japere or a wreche, 340  
If ye be swich, your beautee may not  
strecche  
To make amendes of so cruel a dede;  
Avysement is good bfore the nede.

50. Wo worth the faire gemme vertulees!  
Wo worth that herbe also that dooth no  
bote! 345  
Wo worth that beautee that is rountheles!  
Wo worth that wight that tret ech under  
fote!  
And ye, that been of beautees crop and  
rote,  
If therwith-al in you ther be no rounthe,  
Than is it harm ye liven, by my trouthe!

51. And also thenk wel, that this is no  
gaude; 351  
For me were lever, thou and I and he  
Were hanged, than I sholde been his  
baule,  
As heye, as men mighte on us alle y-see:  
I am thyn eem, the shame were to me, 355  
As wel as thee, if that I sholde assente,  
Thorough myn abet, that he thyn honour  
shente.

52. Now understand, for I yow nought  
requere

To binde yow to him thorough no beleste,  
But only that ye make him bettre chere 360  
Than ye han doon er this, and more feste,  
So that his lyf be saved, at the leste  
This al and som, and playnly our entente;  
God helpe me so, I never other mente. 364

53. Lo, this request is not but skile, y-wis,  
Ne doute of reson, pardee, is ther noon.  
I sette the worse that ye dredden this,  
Men wolden wondren seon him come or  
goon:  
Ther-aycins answer I thus a-noon, 369  
That every wight, but he be fool of kinde,  
Wol deme it love of freendship in his  
minda.

54. What? who wol deme, though he see  
a man  
To temple go, that he the images eteth?  
Thenk eek how wel and wysly that he can  
Governe him-self, that he no-thing for-  
yeteth, 375  
That, wher he cometh, he prys and thank  
him geteth;  
And eek ther-to, he shal come here so  
selde,  
What fors were it though al the toun  
behelde?

55. Swich love of freendes regneth al this  
toun;  
And wrye yow in that mantel ever-mo;  
And, god so wis be my savacioun, 381  
As I have seyde, your beste is to do so,  
But alwey, goode nece, to stinte his wo,  
So lat your daunger sucred ben a lyte,  
That of his deeth ye be nought for to  
wyte. 385

56. Criseyde, which that herde him in  
this wyse,  
Thoughte, 'I shal fele what he meneth,  
y-wis.'  
'Now, eem,' quod she, 'what wolde ye  
dovyse,  
What is your reed I sholde doon of this?'  
'That is wel seyde,' quod he, 'certayn,  
best is 390

That ye him love ayein for his lovinge,  
As love for love is skilful guerdoninge.

57. Thenk eek, how elde wasteth every  
houre

In eche of yow a party of beautee ;  
And therefore, er that age thee devoure, 395  
Go love, for, olde, ther wol no wight of  
thee.

Lat this proverbe a lore un-to yow be ;  
To late y-war, quod Beantee, whan it  
paste ;''

And elde daunteth daunger at the laste.

58. The kinges fool is woned to cryen  
loude, 400

Whan that him thinketh a womman  
bereth hir hyð,

" So longe mote ye live, and alle proude,  
Til crows feet be growe under your yð,  
And sende yow thanne a mirour in to  
pryð 404

In whiche ye may see your face a-morwe !"  
Nece, I bid wisse ye no more sorwe.'

59. With this he stente, and caste adoun  
the heed,

And she bigan to breste a-wepe anon.  
And seyde, 'allas, for wo! why nere I  
deed ?

For of this world the feith is al agoon ! 410  
Allas! what sholden straunge to me doon,  
When he, that for my beste frend I  
wende,

Ret me to love, and sholde it me defende ?

60. Allas ! I wolde han trusted, doutelees,  
That if that I, thurgh my disaventure, 415  
Had loved other him or Achilles,  
Ector, or any mannes creature,  
Ye nolde han had no mercy ne mesure  
On me, but alwey had me in repreve ;  
This false world, allas ! who may it leve ?

61. What ? is this al the joye and al the  
feste ? 421

Is this your reed, is this my blisful cas ?  
Is this the verray mede of your behestes ?  
Is al this peynted proces seyde, allas ! 424  
Right for this fyn ? O lady myn, Pallas !  
Thou in this dreadful cas for me purveye ;  
For so astonied am I that I deye !'

62. With that she gan ful sorwfully to  
syke ;

' A ! may it be no bet ?' quod Pandarus ;  
' By god, I shal no-more come here this  
wyke, 430

And god to-for, that am mistrusted thus ;  
I see ful wel that ye sette lyte of us,  
Or of our deeth ! Allas ! I woful wrecche  
Mighte he yet live, of me is nought to  
recche.

63. O cruel god, O dispitouse Marte, 435  
O Furies three of helle, on yow I crye !

So lat me never out of this hous departe,  
If that I mente harm or vilanye !

But sith I see my lord mot nedes dye,  
And I with him, here I me shryve, and  
seye 440

That wikkedly ye doon us bothe deye.

64. But sith it lyketh yow that I be  
deed,

By Neptunus, that god is of the see,  
Fro this forth shal I never eten breed  
Til I myn owene herte blood may see ; 445  
For certayn, I wole deye as sone as he'—  
And up he sterte, and on his way he  
raughte,  
Til she agayn him by the lappe caughte.

65. Criseyde, which that wel neigh starf  
for fere,

So as she was the ferfulleste wight 450  
That mighte be, and herde eek with hir  
ere,

And saw the sorwful earnest of the knight,  
And in his preyere eek saw noon unright,  
And for the harm that mighte eek fallen  
more,

She gan to rewe, and dradde hir wonder  
sore ; 455

66. And thoughte thus, ' unhappes fallen  
thikke

Alday for love, and in swich maner cas,  
As men ben cruel in hem-self and wikke ;  
And if this man slee here him-self, allas !  
In my presence, it wol be no solas. 460  
What men wolde of hit deme I can nat  
seye ;

It nedeth me ful sleily for to pleye.'

67. And with a sorful syk she seyde  
thrye,

'A! lord! what me is tid a sory chaunce!  
For myn estat now lyth in jupartye, 465  
And eek myn emes lyf lyth in balaunce;  
But natheles, with goddes governaunce,  
I shal so doon, myn honour shal I kepe,  
And eek his lyf;' and stinte for to wepe.

68. 'Of harmes two, the lesse is for to  
chese; 470

Yet have I lever maken him good chere  
In honour, than myn emes lyf to lese;  
Ye seyn, ye no-thing elles me requere?'  
'No, wis,' quod he, 'myn owene nece dere.'  
'Now wel,' quod she, 'and I wol doon my  
peyne; 475

I shal myn herte aycins my lust con-  
streyn,

69. But that I nil not holden him in  
honde,

Ne love a man, ne can I not, ne may  
Aycins my wil; but elles wol I fonde,  
Myn honour sauf, plesse him fro day to  
day; 480  
Ther-to nolde I nought ones have seyed nay,  
But that I dredde, as in my fantasye;  
But cesse cause, ay cesseth maladye.

70. And here I make a protestacioun,  
That in this proces if ye depper go, 485  
That certaynly, for no savacioun

Of yow, though that ye sterve bothe two,  
Though al the world on o day be my fo,  
Ne shal I never on him han other  
routhe.'—

'I graunte wel,' quod Pandare, 'by my  
trouthe. 490

71. But may I truste wel ther-to,' quod he,  
'That, of this thing that ye han hight me  
here,

Ye wol it holden trewly un-to me?'  
'Ye, douteles,' quod she, 'myn uncle  
dere.'

'Ne that I shal han cause in this matere,'  
Quod he, 'to pleyne, or after yow to  
preche?' 496

'Why, no, pardee; what nedeth more  
speche?'

72. Tho fillen they in othere talos glade,  
Til at the laste, 'O good eem,' quod she  
tho,

'For love of god, which that us bothe  
made, 500

Tel me how first ye wisten of his wo:  
Wot noon of hit but ye?' He seyde,  
'no.'

'Can he wel spoke of love?' quod she,  
'I praye,

Tel me, for I the bet me shal purveye.'

73. Tho Pandarus a litel gan to smyle,  
And seyde, 'by my trouthe, I shal yow  
telle. 506

This other day, nought gon ful longe  
why,

In-with the paleys-gardyn, by a welle,  
Gan he and I wel half a day to dwelle,  
Right for to spoken of an ordonaunce, 510  
How we the Grekes mighte disavaunce.

74. Sone after that bigonne we to lepe,  
And casten with our dartes to and fro,  
Til at the laste he seyde, he wolde slepe,  
And on the gres a-down he leyde him tho;  
And I after gan rome to and fro 516  
Til that I herde, as that I welk allone,  
How he bigan ful wofully to grone.

75. Tho gan I stalke him softly bihinde,  
And sikerly, the sothe for to seyne, 520  
As I can clope ayein now to my minde,  
Right thus to Love he gan him for to  
pleyne;

He seyde, 'lord! have routhe up-on my  
peyne,

Al have I been rebel in myn entente;  
Now, mea culpa, lord! I me repente. 525

76. O god, that at thy disposicioun  
Ledest the fyn, by juste purveyaunce,  
Of every wight, my lowe confessioun  
Accepte in gree, and send me swich  
penaunce 529

As lyketh thee, but from desespérance,  
That may my goost departe away fro thee,  
Thou be my sheld, for thy benigntee.

77. For certes, lord, so sore hath she me  
wounded

That stod in blak, with loking of hir yën,

- That to myn hertes botme it is y-sounded,  
Thurgh which I woot that I mot nedes  
dye; 536  
This is the worste, I dar me not bi-wryen;  
And wel the hotter been the gledes rede,  
That men hem wryen with asschen pale  
and dede."
78. With that he smoot his heed adoun  
anoon, 540  
And gan to motre, I noot what, trewely.  
And I with that gan stille away to goon,  
And leet ther-of as no-thing wist hadde I,  
And come ayein anoon and stood him by,  
And seyde, "a-wake, ye slepen al to  
longe; 545  
It semeth nat that love dooth yow longe,
79. That slepen so that no man may yow  
wake.  
Who sey ever or this so dul a man?"  
"Ye, freend," quod he, "do ye your hedes  
ake  
For love, and lat me liven as I can." 550  
But though that he for wo was pale and  
wan,  
Yet made he tho as fresh a contenance  
As though he shulde have led the newe  
daunce.
80. This passed forth, til now, this other  
day,  
It fel that I com roming al alone 555  
Into his chaumbre, and fond how that he  
lay  
Up-on his bed; but man so sore grone  
Ne herde I never, and what that was his  
mone,  
Ne wiste I nought; for, as I was cominge,  
Al soedynly he lefte his compleyninge. 560
81. Of which I took somewhat suspicioun,  
And neer I com, and fond he wepte sore;  
And god so wis be my savacioun,  
As never of thing hadde I no rounthe more.  
For neither with engyn, ne with no lore,  
Unethes mighte I fro the deeth him  
kepe; 566  
That yet fele I myn herte for him wepe.
82. And god wot, never, sith that I was  
born,  
Was I so bisy no man for to preche,
- Ne never was to wight so depe y-sworn,  
Or he me tolde who mighte been his  
leche. 571  
But now to yow rehersen al his speche,  
Or alle his woful wordes for to soune,  
Ne bid me not, but ye wol see me swowne.
83. But for to save his lyf, and elles  
nought, 575  
And to non harm of yow, thus am I  
driven;  
And for the love of god that us hath  
wrought,  
Swich chere him dooth, that he and I  
may liven.  
Now have I plat to yow myn herte  
schriven; 579  
And sin ye woot that myn entente is clene,  
Tak hede ther-of, for I non yvel mene.
84. And right good thrift, I pray to god,  
have ye,  
That han swich oon y-caught with-oute  
net;  
And be ye wys, as ye ben fair to see,  
Wel in the ring than is the ruby set. 585  
Ther were never two so wel y-met,  
Whan ye ben his al hool, as he is youre:  
Ther mighty god yet graunte us see that  
houre!"
85. 'Nay, therof spak I not, a, ha!' quod  
she,  
'As helpe me god, ye shenden every deel!'  
'O mercy, dere nece,' anoon quod he, 591  
'What-so I spak, I mente nought but  
weel,  
By Mars the god, that helmed is of steel;  
Now beth nought wrooth, my blood, my  
nece dere.'  
'Now wel,' quod she, 'foryeven be it here!'
86. With this he took his leve, and hoom  
he wente; 596  
And lord, how he was glad and wel bi-  
goon!  
Criseyde aroos, no lenger she ne stente,  
But straught in-to hir closet wente anoon,  
And sette here down as stille as any stoon,  
And every word gan up and down to  
winde, 601  
That he hadde seyde, as it com hir to  
minde;

87. And wex somdel astonied in hir  
thought,

Right for the newe cas; but whan that  
she

Was fulayved, the fond she right nought  
Of peril, why she oughte afered be. 606  
For man may love, of possibilitee,  
A womman so, his herte may to-breste,  
And she nought love ayein, but-if hir leste.

88. But as she sat allone and thoughte  
thus, 610

Th'ascry aroos at skarmish al with-oute,  
And men cryde in the strete, 'see, Troilus  
Hath right now put to flight the Grekes  
route!'

With that gan al hir meynes for to shoute,  
'A! go we see, caste up the latis wyde;  
For thurgh this strete he moot to palays  
ryde; 616

89. For other way is fro the yate noon  
Of Dardanus, ther open is the cheyne.'  
With that com he and al his folk anon  
An esy pas rydinge, in routes tweyne, 620  
Right as his happy day was, sooth to seyne,  
For which, men say, may nought dis-  
turbed be

That shal bityden of necessitee.

90. This Troilus sat on his baye stede,  
Al armed, save his heed, ful richely, 625  
And wounded was his hors, and gan to  
blede,

On whiche he rood a pas, ful softly;  
But swich a knightly sighte, trewely,  
As was on him, was nought, with-oute  
faile, 629

To loke on Mars, that god is of batayle.

91. Solyk a man of armes and a knight  
He was to seen, fulfild of heigh prowessse;  
For bothe he hadde a body and a might  
To doon that thing, as wel as hardinesse;  
And eek to seen him in his gere him  
dresse, 635

So fresh, so yong, so weldy semed he,  
It was an heven up-on him for to see.

92. His helm to-hewen was in twenty  
places,

That by a tissew heng, his bak bihinde,

His sheld to-dasshed was with swerdes  
and maces, 640

In which men mighte many an arwe  
finde

That thirled hadde horn and nerf and  
rinde;

And ay the peple cryde, 'here cometh our  
joye,

And, next his brother, holdere up of  
Troye!'

93. For which he wex a lital reed for  
shame, 645

Whan he the peple up-on him herde  
cryen,

That to biholde it was a noble game,  
How sobrelliche he caste down his yēn.

Cryseyda gan al his chere aspyen,  
And leet so softe it in hir herte sinke, 650  
That to hir-self she seyde, 'who yaf me  
drinke?'

94. For of hir owene thought she wex al  
reed,

Remembringe hir right thus, 'lo, this is  
he

Which that myn uncle swereth he moot  
be deed,

But I on him have mercy and pitee;' 655  
And with that thought, for pure a-shamed,

she  
Gan in hir heed to pulle, and that as  
faste,

Why! he and al the peple for-by paste,

95. And gan to caste and rollen up and  
down

With-inne hir thought his excellent  
prowesse, 660

And his estat, and also his renoun,  
His wit, his shap, and eek his gentillesse;

But most hir favour was, for his distresse  
Was al for hir, and thoughte it was a  
routhe

To sleen swich oon, if that he mente  
trounthe. 665

96. Now mighte som envyyous jangle thus,  
'This was a sodeyn love, how mighte it be

That she so lightly lovede Troilus  
Right for the firste sighte; ye, pardee?'

Now who-so seyth so, mote he never  
thee ! 670

For every thing, a ginning hath it nede  
Er al be wrought, with-uten any drede.

97. For I sey nought that she so sodeynly  
Yaf him hir love, but that she gan encline  
To lyke him first, and I have told yow  
why ; 675

And after that, his manhod and his pyne  
Made love with-inne hir for to myne,  
For which, by proces and by good servyse,  
He gat hir love, and in no sodeyn wyse.

98. And also blisful Venus, wel arayed, 680  
Sat in hir seventhe hous of hevenc the,  
Disposed wel, and with aspectes payed,  
To helpen sely Troilus of his wo.  
And, sooth to seyn, she nas nat al a fo  
To Troilus in his nativitee ; 685  
God woot that wel the soner spedde he.

99. Now lat us stinte of Troilus a throwe,  
That rydeth forth, and lat us tourne faste  
Un-to Criseyde, that heng hir heed ful  
lowe,

Ther-as she sat allone, and gan to caste 690  
Wher-on she wolde apoynte hir at the  
laste,

If it so were hir eem ne wolde cesse,  
For Troilus, up-on hir for to presse.

100. And, lord ! so she gan in hir thought  
argue  
In this matere of which I have yow  
told, 695

And what to doon best were, and what  
eschue,

That plyted she ful ofte in many fold.

Now was hir herte warm, now was it cold,  
And what she thoughte somewhat shal I  
wryte,

As to myn auctor listeth for to endyte. 700

101. She thoughte wel, that Troilus per-  
sone

She knew by sighte and eek his gentil-  
lesse,

And thus she seyde, 'al were it nought to  
done,

To graunte him love, yet, for his worthi-  
nesse,

It were honour, with play and with glad-  
nesse, 705

In honestee, with swich a lord to dele,  
For myn estat, and also for his hele.

102. Eek, wel wot I my kinges sone is he ;  
And sith he hath to see me swich delyt,  
If I wolde utterly his sighte fle, 710  
Paraunter he mighte have me in dispyt,  
Thurgh which I mighte stonde in worse  
plyt ;

Now were I wys, me hate to purchase,  
With-uten nede, ther I may stonde in  
grace ?

103. In every thing, I woot, ther lyth  
mesure. 715

For though a man forbode dronkenesse,  
He nought for-bet that every creature  
Be drinkelees for alwey, as I gesse ;  
Eek sith I woot for me is his distresse,  
I ne oughte not for that thing him des-  
pyse, 720  
Sith it is so, he meneth in good wyse.

104. And eek I knowe, of longe tyme  
agoon,

His thewes goode, and that he is not nyce.  
Ne avauntour, seyth men, certein, is he  
noon ;

To wys is he to do so gret a vyce ; 725  
Ne als I nel him never so cheryce,  
That he may make avaunt, by juste cause ;  
He shal me never binde in swiche a clause.

105. Now set a cas, the hardest is, y-wis,  
Men mighten deme that he loveth me : 730  
What dishonour were it un-to me, this ?  
May I him lette of that ? why nay, pardee !  
I knowe also, and alday here and see,  
Men loven wommen al this toun aboute ;  
Be they the wers ? why, nay, with-uten  
doute. 735

106. I think eek how he able is for to  
have

Of al this noble toun the thriftieste,  
To been his love, so she hir honour save ;  
For out and out he is the worthieste, 739  
Save only Ector, which that is the beste  
And yet his lyf al lyth now in my cure,  
But swich is love, and eek myn aventure,

107. Ne me to love, a wonder is it nought ;  
 For wel wot I my-self, so god me spede,  
 Al wolde I that noon wist of this thought,  
 I am oon the fayreste, out of drede, 746  
 And goodlieste, who-so taketh hede;  
 And so men seyn in al the toun of Troye.  
 What wonder is it though he of me have  
 joye?

108. I am myn owene woman, wel at ese,  
 I thanke it god, as after myn estat ; 751  
 Right yong, and stonde unteyd in lusty  
 lese,  
 With-uten jalousye or swich debat;  
 Shal noon housbonde seyn to me "chek-  
 mat!"  
 For either they ben ful of jalousye, 755  
 Or maisterful, or loven novelrye.

109. What shal I doon? to what fyn live  
 I thus?  
 Shal I nat loven, in cas if that me leste?  
 What, *par dieux*! I am nought religious!  
 And though that I myn herte sette at  
 reste 760  
 Upon this knight, that is the worthieste.  
 And kepe alwey myn honour and my  
 name,  
 By alle right, it may do me no shame.'

110. But right as whan the sonne shyneth  
 brighte,  
 In March, that chaungeth ofte tyme his  
 face, 765  
 And that a cloud is put with wind to  
 flighte  
 Which over-sprat the sonne as for a space,  
 A cloudy thought gan thorough hir soule  
 pace,  
 That over-spradde hir brighte thoughtes  
 alle,  
 So that for fere almost she gan to falle. 770

111. That thought was this, 'allas! sin  
 I am free,  
 Sholde I now love, and putte in jupartye  
 My sikernes, and thrallen libertee?  
 Allas! how dorste I thenken that folye?  
 May I nought wel in other folk aspye 775  
 Hir dredful joye, hir constreynt, and hir  
 peyne?  
 Ther loveth noon, that she nath why to  
 pleyne.

112. For love is yet the moste stormy lyf,  
 Right of him-self, that ever was bigonne;  
 For ever som mistrust, or nyce stryf, 780  
 Ther is in love, som cloud is over the  
 sonne:  
 Ther-to we wrecched wommen no-thing  
 conne,  
 Whan us is wo, but wepe and sitte and  
 thinke;  
 Our wreche is this, our owene wo to  
 drinke.

113. Also these wikked tonges been so  
 prest 785  
 To speke us harm, eek men be so untrewed,  
 That, right anon as cessed is hir lest,  
 So cesseth love, and forth to love a newe:  
 But harm y-doon, is doon, who-so it rewed.  
 For though these men for love hem first  
 to-rende, 790  
 Ful sharp biginning breketh ofte at ende.

114. How ofte tyme hath it y-knownen be,  
 The treson, that to womman hath be do!  
 To what fyn is swich love, I can nat see,  
 Or wher bicomth it, whan it is ago; 795  
 Ther is no wight that woot, I trowe so,  
 Wher it bycomth; lo, no wight on it  
 sporneth;  
 That erst was no-thing, in-to nought it  
 torneth.

115. How bisy, if I love, eek moste I be  
 To plesen hem that jangle of love, and  
 demen, 800  
 And coye hem, that they sey non harm of  
 me?  
 For though ther be no cause, yet hem  
 semen  
 Al be for harm that folk hir freendes  
 quemen;  
 And who may stoppen every wikked tonge,  
 Or soun of belles whyl that they be  
 ronge?' 805

116. And after that, hir thought bigan to  
 clere,  
 And seyde, 'he which that no-thing  
 under-taketh,  
 No-thing ne acheveth, be him looth or  
 dere.'

And with an other thought hir herte  
quaketh;

Than slepeth hope, and after dreed  
awaketh; 810

Now hoot, now cold; but thus, bi-twixen  
tweye,

She rist hir up, and went hir for to pleye.

117. Adoun the steyre anon-right tho  
she wente

In-to the gardin, with hir neces three,  
And up and doun ther made many a

wente, 815

Flexippe, she, Tharbe, and Antigone,  
To pleyen, that it joye was to see;

And others of hir wommen, a gret route,  
Hir folwede in the gardin al aboute.

118. This yerd was large, and rayled alle  
the aleyes, 820

And shadwed wel with blosmy bowes  
grene,

And benched newe, and sonded alle the  
weyes,

In which she walketh arm in arm bi-  
twene;

Til at the laste Antigone the shene  
Can on a Trojan song to singe cloie, 825

That it an heven was hir voys to here.—

119. She seyde, 'O love, to whom I have  
and shul

Ben humble subgit, trewe in myn entente,  
As I best can, to yow, lord, yeve ich al

For ever-more, myn hertes lust to rente. 830

For never yet thy grace no wight sente  
So blisful cause as me, my lyf to lede

In alle joye and seurtee, out of drede.

120. Yo, blisful god, han me so wel beset  
In love, y-wis, that al that beroth lyf 835

Imaginen ne cowde how to ben bet;  
For, lord, with-outen jalousye or stryf,

I love oon which that is most ententyf  
To serven wel, unwery or unfeyned,

That ever was, and leest with harm dis-  
treyned. 840

121. As he that is the welloof worthinesse,  
Of trouthe ground, mirour of goodliheed,  
Of wit Appollo, stoon of sikernessee,  
Of vertu rote, of lust findere and heed,

Thurgh which is alle sorwe fro madeed, 845  
Y-wis, I love him best, so doth he me;

Now good thrift have he, wher-so that he  
be!

122. Whom sholde I thanke but yow, god  
of love,

Of al this blisse, in which to bathe I  
ginne?

And thanked be ye, lord, for that I love! 850

This is the righte lyf that I am inne,

To flemen alle manere vyce and sinne:

This doth me so to vertu for to entende,

That day by day I in my wil amende.

123. And who-so seyth that for to love is  
vyce, 855

Or thraldom, though he fele in it dis-  
tresse,

He outhir is envyouus, or right nyce,

Or is unmyghty, for his shrewednesse,

To loven; for swich maner folk, I gesse,

Defamen love, as no-thing of him knowe;

They spoken, but they bente never his

bowe. 861

124. What is the sonne wers, of kinde  
righte,

Though that a man, for feblesse of his  
yē,

May nought endure on it to see for  
bryghte?

Or love the wers, though wrecches on it  
cryen? 865

No wele is worth, that may no sorwe  
dryen.

And for-thy, who that hath an heed of  
verre,

Fro cast of stones war him in the werre!

125. But I with al myn herte and al my  
might, 869

As I have seyde, wol love, un-to my laste,

My dere herte, and al myn owene knight,

In which myn herte growen is so faste,

And his in me, that it shal ever laste.

Al dredde I first to love him to biginne,

Now woot I wel, ther is no peril inne.' 875

126. And of hir song right with that word  
she stente,

And therwith-al, 'now, nece,' quod Cri-  
seyde,



'Who made this song with so good entente?'

Antigone answerde anon, and seyde,  
'Ma dame, y-wis, the goodlieste mayde 880  
Of greet estat in al the toun of Troye;  
And let hir lyf in most honour and joye.'

127. 'Forsothe, so it semeth by hir song,'  
Quod the Criseyde, and gau ther-with to syke,

And seyde, 'lord, is there swich blisse among 885

These lovers, as they conne faire endyte?'  
'Ye, wis,' quod fresh Antigone the whyte,  
'For alle the folk that han or been on lyve  
Ne conne wel the blisse of love discryve.

128. But wene ye that every wrecche woot 890

The parfit blisse of love? why, nay, y-wis;  
They wenen al be love, if oon be hoot;  
Do wey, do wey, they woot no-thing of this!

Men mosten axe at seyntes if it is  
Aught fair in hevene; why? for they conne telle; 895

And axen fendes, is it foul in helle.'

129. Criseyde un-to that purpos nought answerde,

But seyde, 'y-wis, it wol be night as faste.'

But every word which that she of hir herde,

She gan to prenten in hir herte faste; 900  
And ay gan love hir lasse for to agaste  
Than it dide erst, and sinken in hir herte,  
That she wax somewhat able to converte.

130. The dayes honour, and the hevenes yȝe,  
The nightes fo, al this clepe I the sonne, 905  
Gan westren faste, and downward for to wrye,

As he that hadde his dayes cours y-ronne;  
And whyte thinges wexen dimme and donne

For lak of light, and sterres for to appere,  
That she and al hir folk in wente y-fere,

131. So whan it lyked hir to goon to reste,  
And voyded weren they that voyden 912  
ougte,

She seyde, that to slepe wel hir leste.  
Hir women sone til hir bed hir broughte.  
Whan al was hush, than lay she stille, and thoughte 915  
Of al this thing the manere and the wyse.  
Reherce it nedeth nought, for yeben wyse.

132. A nightingale, upon a cedre grene,  
Under the chambre-wal ther as she lay,  
Ful loude sang ayein the mone shene, 920  
Paraunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay  
Of love, that made hir herte fresh and gay.  
That herkned she solonge in good entente,  
Til at the laste the dede sleep hir hente.

133. And, as she sleep, anon-right the hir mette, 925

How that an eghe, fethered whyt as boon,  
Under hir brest his longo claws sette,  
And out hir herte he rente, and that a-noon,

And dide his herte in-to hir brest to goon,  
Of which she nought agroos ne no-thing smerte, 930

And forth he fleigh, with herte left for herte.

134. Now lat hir slepe, and we our tales holde

Of Troilus, that is to paleys riden,  
Fro the scarmuch, of the whiche I tolde,  
And in his chambre sit, and hath abiden  
Til two or three of his messages yeden 936  
For Pandarus, and soughten him ful faste,  
Til they him founde, and broughte him at the laste.

135. This Pandarus com leping in at ones  
And seide thus, 'who hath ben wel y-bete  
To-day with swerdes, and with slingestones, 941

But Troilus, that hath caught him an hete?'

And gan to jape, and seyde, 'lord, so ye swete!

But rys, and lat us soupe and go to reste,'  
And he answerde him, 'do we as thee leste.' 945

136. With al the haste goodly that they mighte,  
They spedde hem fro the souper un-to bedde;

And every wight out at the dore him  
dighte,  
And wher him list upon his wey he  
spedde;  
But Troilus, that thoughte his herte  
bledde 950  
For wo, til that he herde som tydinge,  
He seyde, 'freend, shal I now wepe or  
singe?'

137. Quod Pandarus, 'ly stille, and lat me  
slepe,  
And don thyn hood, thy nedes spedde be;  
And chese, if thou wolt singe or daunce or  
lepe; 955  
At shorte wordes, thou shalt trowe me.—  
Sire, my nece wol do wel by thee,  
And love thee best, by god and by my  
trouthe,  
But lak of pursuit make it in thy slouth.

138. For thus ferforth I have thy work  
bigonne, 960  
Fro day to day, til this day, by the morwe,  
Hir love of freendship have I to thee  
wonne,  
And also hath she leyd hir feyth to borwe.  
Algate a foot is hameled of thy sorwe.  
What sholde I lenger sermon of it holde?  
As ye han herd bifore, al he him tolde. 966

139. But right as floures, thorough the  
colde of night  
Y-closed, stoupen on hir stalkes lowe,  
Redressen hem a-yein the sonne bright,  
And spreden on hir kinde cours by rowe;  
Right so gan tho his eyen up to throwe 971  
This Troilus, and seyde, 'O Venus dere,  
Thy might, thy grace, y-heried be it here!'

140. And to Pandare he held up bothe his  
hondes,  
And seyde, 'lord, al thyn be that I have; 975  
For I am hool, al brosten been my bondes;  
A thousand Troians who so that me yave,  
Eche after other, god so wis me save,  
Ne mighte me so gladen; lo, myn herte,  
It spredeth sofor joye, it wol to-sterle! 980

141. But lord, how shal I doon, how shal  
I liven?  
Whan shal I next my dere herte see?

How shal this longe tyme a-wey be driven,  
Til that thou be ayein at hir fro me?  
Thou mayst answer, "a-byd, a-byd," but  
he 985  
That hangeth by the nekke, sooth to seyne,  
In grete disease abyde the payne.'

142. 'Al esily, now, for the love of Marte,'  
Quod Pandarus, 'for every thing hath  
tyme; 989  
So longe abyd til that the night departe;  
For al so siker as thou lyst here by me,  
And god tofor, I wol be there at pryme,  
And for thy werk somewhat as I shal seye,  
Or on som other wight this charge leye.

143. For pardec, god wot, I have ever  
yit 995  
Ben redy thee to serve, and to this night  
Have I nought fayned, but emforth my  
wit  
Don al thy lust, and shal with al my  
might.  
Do now as I shal seye, and fare a-right;  
And if thou nilt, wyte al thy-self thy care,  
On me is nought along thyn yvel fare. 1001

144. I woot wel that thou wyser art than I  
A thousand fold, but if I were as thou,  
God helpe me so, as I wolde outrely,  
Right of myn owene hond, wryte hir  
right now 1005  
A lettre, in which I wolde hir tellen how  
I ferde amis, and hir beseche of routhes;  
Now help thy-self, and leve it not for  
slouth.

145. And I my-self shal ther-with to hir  
goon;  
And whan thou west that I am with hir  
there, 1010  
Worth thou up-on a courser right anon,  
Ye, hardily, right in thy beste gere,  
And ryd forth by the place, as nought ne  
were,  
And thou shalt finde us, if I may, sittinge  
At som windowe, in-to the strete lokinge.

146. And if thee list, than maystow us  
saluwe, 1016  
And up-on me mak3 thy contenance;

But, by thy lyf, be war and faste eschnewe  
To tarien ought, god shilde us fro mis-  
chance!

Ryd forth thy wey, and hold thy govern-  
aunce; 1020

And we shal speke of thee som-what, I  
trowe,

Whan thou art goon, to do thyne eres  
glowe!

147. Touching thy lettre, thou art wys  
y-nough, 1023

I woot thou nilt it digneliche endyte;  
As make it with thise argumentes tough;  
Ne scrivenish or craftily thou it wryte;  
Beblotte it with thy teres eek a lyte;  
And if thou wryte a goodly word al softe,  
Though it be good, reherce it not to ofte.

148. For though the beste harpoun upon  
lyve 1030

Wolde on the beste souned joly harpe  
That ever was, with alle his fingres fyve,  
Touche ay o streng, or ay o werbul harpe,  
Were his nayles poynted never so sharpe,  
It shulde maken every wight to dulle, 1035  
To here his glee, and of his strokes fulle.

149. Ne jompre eek no discordaunt thing  
y-fere,

As thus, to usen termes of phisyk;  
In loves termes, hold of thy matere  
The forme alwey, and do that it be  
lyk; 1040

For if a peyntour wolde peynte a pyk  
With asses feet, and hede it as an ape,  
It cordeth nought; so nere it but a jape.'

150. This counseyl lyked wel to Troilus;  
But, as a dreedful lover, he seyde this:—  
'Allas, my dere brother Pandarus, 1046  
I am ashamed for to wryte, y-wis,  
Lest of myn innocence I seyde a-mis,  
Or that she nolde it for despyt receyve;  
Thanne were I deed, ther mighte it no-  
thing weyve.' 1050

151. To that Pandare answerde, 'if thee  
lest,  
Do that I seye, and lat me therwith goon;  
For by that lord that formed est and west,  
I hope of it to bringe answers anon

Right of hir hond, and if that thou nilt  
noon, 1055

Lat be; and sory mote he been his lyve,  
Ayeins thy lust that helpeth thee to  
thryve.'

152. Quod Troilus, '*Depardieur*, I assente;  
Sin that thee list, I will aryse and wryte;  
And blisful god preye ich, with good  
entente, 1060

The vyage, and the lettre I shal endyte.  
So spede it; and thou, Minerva, the whyte,  
Yif thou me wit my lettre to devyse: '  
And sette him down, and wroot right in  
this wyse.—

153. First he gan hir his righte lady  
calle, 1065

His hertes lyf, his lust, his sorwes leche,  
His blisse, and eek this othere termes  
alle,

That in swich cas these loveres alle seche;  
And in ful humble wyse, as in his speche,  
He gan him recomaunde un-to hir grace;  
To telle al how, it axeth muchel space. 1071

154. And after this, ful lowly he hir  
prayde

To be nought wrooth, though he, of his  
folye,

So hardy was to hir to wryte, and seyde,  
That love it made, or elles moste he dye,  
And pitously gan mercy for to crye; 1076  
And after that he seyde, and ley ful loude,  
Him-self was litel worth, and lesse he  
coude;

155. And that she sholde han his conning  
excused,

That litel was, and eek he dredde hir so,  
And his unworthinesse he ay acused; 1081  
And after that, than gan he telle his wo;  
But that was endeles, with-ouen he  
And seyde, he wolde in trouthe alwey him  
holde:—

And radde it over, and gan the lettre  
folde. 1085

156. And with hissalte teres gan he bathe  
The ruby in his signet, and it sette  
Upon the wax deliverliche and rathe;  
Ther-with a thousand tymes, er he lette,

110 kiste tho the lettre that he shette, 1090  
And seyde, 'lettre, a blisful destenee  
Thee shapen is, my lady shal thee see.'

157. This Pandare took the lettre, and  
that by tyme  
A-morwe, and to his neeces paleys sterte,  
And faste he swoor, that it was passed  
pryme, 1095  
And gan to jape, and seyde, 'y-wis, myn  
herte,

So fresh it is, al-though it sore smerte,  
I may not slepe never a Mayes morwe;  
I have a joly wo, a lusty sorwe.'

158. Criseyde, whan that she hir uncle  
herde, 1100  
With dredful herte, and desirous to here  
The cause of his cominge, thus answerde,  
'Now by your feyth, myn uncle,' quod  
she, 'dere,  
What maner windes gydeth yow now  
here? 1104

Tel us your joly wo and your penaunce,  
How ferforth be ye put in loves daunce.'

159. 'By god,' quod he, 'I hoppe alwey  
bihinde!'

And she to-laugh, it thoughte hir herte  
breste.

Quod Pandarus, 'loke alwey that ye finde  
Game in myn hood, but herkneth, if yow  
leste; 1110

Ther is right now come in-to toun a goste,  
A Greek espye, and telleth newe thinges,  
For which come I to telle yow tydinges.

160. Into the gardin go we, and we shal  
here,

Al prevely, of this a long sermoun.' 1115  
With that they wenten arm in arm y-fere  
In-to the gardin from the chaumbre doun.

And whan that he so fer was that the  
soun

Of that he speke, no man here mighte,  
He seyde hir thus, and out the lettre  
plighte, 1120

161. 'Lo, he that is al hoolly yowres free  
Him recomaundeth lowly to your grace,  
And sent to you this lettre here by me;  
Avyseth you on it, whan ye han space,

And of som goodly answer yow purchase;  
Or, helpe me god, so pleynly for to seyne,  
He may not longe liven for his peyne.'

162. Ful dredfully tho gan she stonde  
stille,  
And took it nought, but al hir humble  
chere

Gan for to chaunge, and seyde, 'scrit ne  
bille, 1130

For love of god, that toucheth swich  
matere,  
Ne bring me noon; and also, uncle  
dore,

To myn estat have more reward, I preye,  
Than to his lust, what sholde I more  
seye?

163. And loketh now if this be reson-  
able, 1135

And letteth nought, for favour ne for  
slouth,

To seyn a sooth; now were it covenable  
To myn estat, by god, and by your trouthe,  
To taken it, or to han of him routhe,  
In harming of my-self or in repreve? 1140  
Ber it a-yein, for him that ye on leve!'

164. This Pandarus gan on hir for to  
stare,

And seyde, 'now is this the grettest  
wonder

That ever I sey! lat be this nyce fare!  
To doethe mote I smiten be with thonder,

If, for the citee which that stondeth  
yonder, 1146

WoIde I a lettre un-to yow bringe or take  
To harm of yow, what list yow thus it  
make?

165. But thus ye faren, wel neigh alle and  
some, 1149

That he that most desireth yow to serve,  
Of him ye recche leest wher he bi come,

And whether that he live or elles sterve,  
But for al that that ever I may deserve,

Refuse it nought,' quod he, and hente hir  
faste,

And in hir bosom the lettre doun he  
thruste. 1155

166. And seyde hir, 'now cast it away  
anoon,  
That folk may seen and gauren on us  
tweye.'

Quod she, 'I can abyde til they be goon,'  
And gan to smyle, and seyde him, 'eem,  
I preye,

Swich answer as yow list your-self pur-  
veye, 1160

For trewely I nil no lettre wryte.'  
'No? than wol I,' quod he, 'so ye endyte.'

167. Therwith she lough, and seyde, 'go  
we dyne.'

And he gan at him-self to jape faste, 1164  
And seyde, 'nece, I have so greet a pyne  
For love, that every other day I faste'—  
And gan his beste japes forth to caste;  
And made hir so to laughe at his folye,  
That she for laughter wende for to dye.

168. And whan that she was comen in-to  
halle, 1170

'Now, eem,' quod she, 'we wol go dyne  
anoon;'

And gan some of hir women to hir calle,  
And streight in-to hir chaumbre gan she  
goon;

But of hir businesses, this was oon  
A-monges othere thinges, out of drede,  
Ful prively this lettre for to rede; 1176

169. Aysed word by word in every lyne,  
And fond no lak, she thoughte he coude  
good;

And up it putte, and went hir in to dyne.  
And Pandarus, that in a study stood, 1180

Er he was war, she took him by the  
hood,

And seyde, 'ye were caught er that ye  
wiste;'

'I vouche sauf,' quod he, 'do what yow  
liste.'

170. Tho wesshen they, and sette hem  
doun and ete;

And after noon ful sleily Pandarus 1185  
Gan drawe him to the window next the  
strete,

And seyde, 'nece, who bath arayed thus  
The yonder hous, that stant afor-yeyn us?'

'Which hous?' quod she, and gan for to  
biholde,  
And knew it wel, and whos it was him  
tolde, 1190

171. And fillen forth in speche of thinges  
smale,

And seten in the window bothe tweye.  
Whan Pandarus saw tyme un-to his tale,  
And saw wel that hir folk were alle  
awaye,

'Now, nece myn, tel on,' quod he, 'I  
seye, 1195

How lyketh yow the lettre that ye woot?  
Can he ther-on? for, by my trouthe, I  
noot.'

172. Therwith al rosy hewed tho wex she,  
And gan to humme, and seyde, 'so I  
trowe.'

'Aquyte him wel, for goddes love,' quod  
he; 1200

'My-self to medes wol the lettre sowe,'  
And held his hondes up, and sat on  
knowe,

'Now, goodde nece, be it never so lyte,  
Yif me the labour, it to sowe and plyte.'

173. 'Ye, for I can so wryte,' quod she  
tho; 1205

'And eek I noot what I sholde to him  
seye.'

'Nay, nece,' quod Pandarus, 'sey not so;  
Yet at the leste thanketh him, I preye,  
Of his good wil, and doth him not to deye.  
Now for the love of me, my nece dere, 1210  
Refuseth not at this tyme my preyere.'

174. 'Depar-dieu,' quod she, 'god leve al  
be wel!

God helpe me so, this is the firste lettre  
That ever I wroot, ye, al or any del.'

And in-to a closet, for to avyse hir bettre,  
She wente allone, and gan hir herte un-  
fettere 1216

Out of disdaynes prison but a lyte;  
And sette hir doun, and gan a lettre wryte,

175. Of which to telle in short is myn  
entente 1219

Th'effect, as fer as I can understonde:—  
She thonked him of al that he wel mente

Towards hir, but holden him in honde  
She nolde nought, no make hir-selven  
bonde

In love, but as his suster, him to plesse,  
She wolde fayn, to doon his herte an ese.

176. She shette it, and to Pandarus gan  
goon, 1226

There as he sat and loked in-to strete,  
And down she sette hir by him on a stoon  
Of jaspre, up-on a quissish gold y-bete,  
And seyde, 'as wisly helpe me god the  
grote, 1230

I never dide a thing with more payne  
Than wryte this, to which ye me con-  
streynue;'

177. And took it him: he thanked hir  
and seyde,

'God woot, of thing ful ofte looth bigonne  
Cometh ende good; and nece myn, Cri-  
seyde, 1235

That ye to him of hard now ben y-wonne  
Oughte he be glad, by god and yonder  
sonne!

For-why men seyth, "impressiou[e]s  
lighte

Ful lightly been ay redy to the flighte."

178. But ye han played tyraunt neigh to  
longe, 1240

And hard was it your herte for to grave;  
Now stint, that ye no longer on it hongre,  
Al wolde ye the forme of daunger save.

But hasteth yow to doon him joye have;  
For trusteth wel, to longe y-doon hard-  
nesse 1245

Causeth despyt ful often, for distresse.'

179. And right as they declamed this  
matere,

Lo, Troilus, right at the stotes ende,  
Com ryding with his tenthe some y-ferre,  
Al softly, and thiderward gan bende 1250  
Ther-as they sete, as was his way to wende  
To paleys-ward; and Pandare him aspyde,  
And seyde, 'nece, y-see who cometh here  
ryde!

180. O flee not in, he seeth us, I suppose;  
Lest he may thinke that ye him eschuwe.'

'Nay, nay,' quod she, and wex as reed as  
rose. 1256

With that he gan hir humbly to saluwe,  
With dredful chere, and ofte his hewes  
muwe;

And up his look debonairly he caste,  
And bekked on Pandare, and forth he  
paste. 1260

181. God woot if he sat on his hors a-right,  
Or goodly was beseyn, that ilke day!

God woot wher he was lyk a manly  
knight!

What sholde I drecche, or telle of his  
aray?

Criseyde, which that alle these thinges  
say, 1265

To telle in short, hir lyked al y-ferre,  
His persone, his aray, his look, his chere,

182. His goodly manere and his gentil-  
lesse,

So wel, that never, sith that she was born,  
Ne hadde she swich routhe of his dis-  
tresse; 1270

And how-so she hath hard ben her-biforn,  
To god hope I, she hath now caught a  
thorn.

She shal not pulle it out this nexte wyke;  
God sende me swich thornes on to pyke!

183. Pandare, which that stood hir faste  
by, 1275

Felte iren hoot, and he bigan to smyte,  
And seyde, 'nece, I pray yow hertely,  
Tel me that I shal axon yow a lyte.

A womman, that were of his deeth to  
wyte,

With-uten his gilt, but for hir lakked  
routhe, 1280

Were it wel doon? 'Quod she, 'nay, by  
my trouthe!'

184. 'God helpe me so,' quod he, 'ye sey  
me sooth.

Ye felen wel your-self that I not lye;  
Lo, yond he rit!' Quod she, 'ye, so he  
dooth.'

'Wel,' quod Pandare, 'as I have told yow  
thrye, 1285

Lat be your nyce shame and your folye,  
And spek with him in esing of his herte;  
Lat nycetee not do yow bothe smerte.'

185. But ther-on was to heven and to done;

Considered al thing, it may not be; 1290  
And why, for shame; and it were eek to sone

To graunten him so greet a libertee.  
'For playnly hir entente,' as seyde she,  
Was for to love him unwist, if she mighte,  
And guerdon him with no-thing but with sighte.' 1295

186. But Pandarus thoughte, 'it shal not be so,

If that I may; this nyce opinioun  
Shal not be holden fully yeres two.'  
What sholde I make of this a long sermon?

He moste assente on that conclusioun 1300  
As for the tyme; and whan that it was eve,  
And al was wel, he roos and took his leve.

187. And on his wey ful faste homward he spedde,

And right for joye he felte his herte daunce;

And Troilus he fond alone a-bedde, 1305  
That lay as dooth these loveres, in a traunce,

Bitwixen hope and derk desesperaunce.  
But Pandarus, right at his in-cominge,  
He song, as who seyth, 'lo! sumwhat I bringe.'

188. And seyde, 'who is in his bed so sone 1310

Y-buried thus?' 'It am I, freend,' quod he.

'Who, Troilus? nay helpe me so the mone,'

Quod Pandarus, 'thou shalt aryse and see  
A charme that was sent right now to thee,  
The which can helen thee of thyn accesse, 1315

If thou do forth-with al thy besinesse.'

189. 'Ye, through the might of god!' quod Troilus.

And Pandarus gan him the lettre take,  
And seyde, 'pardee, god hath holpen us;  
Have here a light, and loke on al this blake.' 1320

But ofte gan the herte glade and quake

Of Troilus, whyl that he gan it rede,  
So as the wordes yave him hope or drede.

190. But fynally, he took al for the beste  
That she him wroot, for sumwhat he bi-held 1325

On which, him thoughte, he mighte his herte reste,

Al covered she the wordes under sheld.  
Thus to the more worthy part he held,  
That, what for hope and Pandarus bi-heste,

His grete wo for-yede he at the leste. 1330

191. But as we may alday our-selven see,  
Through more wode or col, the more fyr;  
Right so encrees of hope, of what it be,  
Thorwith ful ofte encreseth eek desyr;  
Or, as an ook cometh of a litel spyr, 1335  
So through this lettre, which that she him sente,

Encresen gan desyr, of which he brente.

192. Wherefore I seye alwey, that day and night

This Troilus gan to desiren more  
Than he dide erst, thurgh hope, and dide his might 1340

To pressen on, as by Pandarus lore,  
And wryten to hir of his sorwes sore  
Fro day to day; he leet it not refreyde,  
That by Pandare he wroot somwhat or seyde;

193. And dide also his othere observaunces 1345

That to a lovers longeth in this cas;  
And, after that these dees turnede on chaunces,

So was he outhter glad or seyde 'allas!'  
And held after his gestes ay his pas;  
And aftir swiche answers as he hadde,  
So were his dayes sory outhter gladd. 1351

194. But to Pandare alwey was his recours,  
And pitously gan ay til him to pleyne,  
And him bisoughte of rede and som socours;

And Pandarus, that sey his wode payne,  
Wex wel neigh deed for routh, sooth to seyne, 1356

And bisily with al his horte caste  
Som of his wo to sleen, and that as faste;

195. And seyde, 'lord, and freend, and  
brother dere,  
God woot that thy disese doth me wo. 1360  
But woltow stinten al this woful chere,  
And, by my trouthe, or it be dayes two,  
And god to-forn, yet shal I shape it so,  
That thou shalt come in-to a certayn  
place,  
Ther-as thou mayst thy-self hir preye of  
grace. 1365

196. And certainly, I noot if thou it wost,  
But tho that been expert in love it seye,  
It is oon of the things that furthereth  
most,  
A man to have a leyser for to preye,  
And siker place his wo for to biwreye; 1370  
For in good herte it moot som routhes  
imprese,  
To here and see the gillies in distresse.

197. Paraunter thenkestow: though it  
be so  
That kinde wolde doon hir to biginne  
To han a maner rounthe up-on my wo, 1375  
Seyth Daunger, "Nay, thou shalt me  
never winne;  
So reuleth hir hir hertes goost with-inne,  
That, though she bende, yet sho stant on  
roto;  
What in effect is this un-to my bote?"

198. Tenk here-ayeins, whan that the  
sturdy ook, 1380  
On which men hakketh ofto, for the  
nones,  
Receyved hath the happy falling strook,  
The grete swigh doth it come al at ones,  
As doon these rokkes or these milne-stones.  
For swifter cours cometh thing that is of  
wighte, 1385  
Whan it descendeth, than don thinges  
lighte

199. And reed that boweth down for every  
blast,  
Ful lightly, cesse wind, it wol aryse;  
But so nil not an ook whan it is cast;  
It nedeth me nought thee longe to forbyse.

Men shal rejoysen of a greet emprise 1391  
Acheved wel, and stant with-uten doute,  
Al han men been the longer ther-aboutte.

200. But, Troilus, yet tel me, if thee lest,  
A thing now which that I shal axen  
thee; 1395  
Which is thy brother that thou lovest  
best  
As in thy verray hertes privetee?'  
'Y-wis, my brother Deiphebus,' quod he.  
'Now,' quod Pandare, 'er houres twyes  
twelve,  
He shal thee ese, unwist of it him-selve.

201. Now lat me allone, and werken as  
I may, 1401  
Quod he; and to Deiphebus wente he tho  
Which hadde his lord and grete freend  
ben ay;  
Save Troilus, no man he lovede so.  
To telle in short, with-uten wordes mo,  
Quod Pandarus, 'I pray yow that ye be  
Freend to a cause which that toucheth  
me.' 1407

202. 'Yis, pardee,' quod Deiphebus, 'wel  
thow wost,  
In al that ever I may, and god to-fore,  
Al nere it but for man I love most, 1411  
My brother Troilus, but sey wherfore  
It is; for sith that day that I was bore,  
I nas, ne never-mo to been I thinko,  
Ayeins a thing that mighte thee for-  
thinke.'

203. Pandare gan him thonke, and to  
him seyle, 1415  
'Lo, sire, I have a lady in this toun,  
That is my nece, and callod is Criseyde,  
Which sommen wolden doon oppressioun,  
And wrongfully have hir possessioun:  
Wherfor I of your lordship yow biseche  
To been our freend, with-oute more  
speche.' 1421

204. Deiphebus him answerde, 'O, is not  
this,  
That thow spekest of to me thus  
straungely,  
Criseyda, my freend?' He seyde, 'Yis.'  
'Than nedeth,' quod Deiphebus hardely,



Na-more to speke, for trusteth wel, that I  
Wol be hir championn with spore and  
yerde; 1427

I roughete nought though alle hir foos it  
herde

205. But tel me, thou that woost al this  
matere,

How I might best avaylen? now lat sec.'

Quod Pandarus, 'if ye, my lord so dere,  
Wolden as now don this honour to me,  
To prayen hir to-morwe. lo, that she  
Com un-to yow hir pleyntes to devyse,  
Hir adversaries wolde of hit agryse. 1435

206. And if I more dorste preye as now,  
And chargen yow to have so greet tra-  
vayle,

To han som of your bretheren here with  
yow,

That mighten to hir cause bet avayle,  
Than, woot I wel, she mighte never fayle  
For to be holpen, what at your instance,  
What with hir othere freendes govern-  
aunce.' 1442

207. Deiphebus, which that comen was,  
of kinde,

To al honour and bountee to consente,  
Answerde, 'it shal be doon; and I can  
finde 1445

Yet gretter help to this in myn entente  
What wolt thou seyn, if I for Eleyne  
sente

To speke of this? I trow it be the beste;  
For she may leden Paris as hir leste,

208. Of Ector, which that is my lord, my  
brother, 1450

It nedeth nought to preye him freend  
to be;

For I have herd him, o tyme and eek othere,  
Speke of Criseyde swich honour, that he  
May seyn no bet, swich hap to him hath  
she.

It nedeth nought his helpes for to  
crave; 1455

He shal be swich, right as we wole him  
have.

209. Spek thou thy-self also to Troilus  
On my bihalve, and pray him with us  
dyne.'

'Sire, al this shal be doon,' quod Pan-  
darus;

And took his love, and never gan to  
fyne, 1460

But to his neeces hous, as streight as lyne,  
He com; and fond hir fro the mete aryse;  
And sette him doun, and spak right in  
this wyse.

210. He seyde, 'O veray god, so have  
I ronne!

Lo, nece myn, see ye nought how I swete?  
I noot whether ye the more thank me  
conne. 1466

Be ye nought war how that fals Poliphete  
Is now aboute oft-sones for to plete,  
And bringe on yow advocacyes newe?'

'I? no,' quod she, and chaunged al hir  
hewe. 1470

211. 'What is he more aboute, me to  
drecche

And doon me wrong? what shal I do,  
allas?

Yet of him-self no-thing ne wolde I recche,  
Nere it for Antenor and Eneas,  
That been his freendes in swich maner  
cas; 1475

But, for the love of god, myn uncle dere,  
No fors of that, lat him have al y-fere;

212 With-uten that, I have ynough for  
us.'

'Nay,' quod Pandare, 'it shal no-thing  
be so 1470

For I have been right now at Deiphebus,  
And Ector, and myne othere lordes mo,  
And shortly maket eche of hem his fo;  
That, by my thrift, he shal it never winne  
For ought he can, whan that so he bi-  
ginne.'

213. And as they casten what was best to  
done, 1485

Deiphebus, of his owene curtasye,  
Com hir to preye, in his propre persone,  
To holde him on the morwe companye  
At diner, which she nolde not denye.

But goodly gan to his preyere obeye 1490  
He thanked hir, and wente up-on his  
weye.

214. Whanne this was doon, this Pandare  
up a-noon,  
To telle in short, and forth gan for to  
wende  
To Troilus, as stille as any stoon,  
And al this thing he tolde him, word and  
ende; 1495  
And how that he Deiphebus gan to blende;  
And seyde him, 'now is tyme, if that thou  
conne,  
To bere thee wel to-morwe, and al is  
wonne.

215. Now spek, now prey, now pitously  
compleyne;  
Lat not for nyce shame, or drede, or  
slouth; 1500  
Som-tyme a man mot telle his owene  
peyne;  
Bileve it, and she shal han on thee routh;  
Thou shalt be saved by thy feyth, in  
trouth.  
But wel wot I, thou art now in a drede;  
And what it is, I leye, I can arede. 1505

216. Thow thinkest now, "how sholde  
I doon al this?  
For by my cheres mosten folk aspyc,  
That for hir love is that I fare a-mis;  
Yet hadde I lever unwist for sorwe dye."  
Now think not so, for thou dost greet  
folye. 1510  
For right now have I founden o manere  
Of sleighte, for to coveren al thy chere.

217. Thow shalt gon over night, and that  
as blyve,  
Un-to Deiphebus hous, as thee to pleye,  
Thy maladye a-wey the bet to dryve, 1515  
For-why thou semest syk, soth for to seye.  
Sone after that, doun in thy bed thee leye,  
And sey, thow mayst no lenger up endure,  
And lye right there, and byde thyn avent-  
ture.

218. Sey that thy fever is wont thee for  
to take 1520  
The same tyme, and lasten til a-morwe;  
And lat see now how wel thou canst  
it make,  
For, par-dee, syk is he that is in sorwe.

Go now, farewell! and, Venus here to  
borwe, 1524  
I hope, and thou this purpos holde ferme,  
Thy grace she shal fully ther conferme.'

219. Quod Troilus, 'y-wis, thou nedelees  
Counseylest me, that sykliche I me feyne!  
For I am syk in earnest, doutelees,  
So that wel neigh I sterve for the peyne.'  
Quod Pandarus, 'thou shalt the bettere  
pleyue, 1531  
And hast the lasse nede to countrefete;  
For him men demen hoot that men seen  
swete.

220. Lo, holde thee at thy triste cloos,  
and I  
Shal wel the deer un-to thy bowe dryve.'  
Therwith he took his leve al softly, 1536  
And Troilus to paleys wente blyve.  
So glad ne was he never in al his lyve;  
And to Pandarus reed gan al assente,  
And to Deiphebus hous at night he  
wente. 1540

221. What nedeth yow to tellen al the  
chere  
That Deiphebus un-to his brother made,  
Or his accesse, or his syklich manere,  
How men gan him with clothes for to  
lade,  
Whan he was leyd, and how men wolde  
him glade? 1545  
But al for nought, he held forth ay the  
wyse  
That ye han herd Pandare er this devyse.

222. But certeyn is, er Troilus him leyde,  
Deiphebus had him prayed, over night,  
To been a freend and helping to Criseyde  
God woot, that he it graunted anon-  
right, 1551  
To been hir fulle freend with al his might.  
But swich a nede was to preye him  
thenne,  
As for to bidde a wood man for to renne

223. The morwen com, and neighen gan  
the tyme 1555  
Of meel-tyd, that the faire quene Eleyne  
Shoop hir to been, an houre after the  
pryme.

With Deiphebus, to whom she nolde feyne;

But as his suster, hoonly, sooth to seyne,  
She com to diner in hir playn entente. 1560  
But god and Pandare wiste al what this mente.

224. Come eek Criseyde, al innocent of this,

Antigone, hir sister Tarbe also;  
But flee we now prolixitee best is,  
For love of god, and lat us faste go 1565  
Right to the effect, with-oute tales mo,  
Why al this folk assembled in this place;  
And lat us of hir saluings pace.

225. Gret honour dide hem Deiphebus, certeyn,

And fedde hem wel with al that mighte lyke. 1570

But ever-more, 'allas!' was his refreyn,  
'My goode brother Troilus, the syke,  
Lyth yet'—and therwith-al he gan to syke;

And after that, he peyned him to glade  
Hem as he mighte, and chere good he made. 1575

226. Compleyned eek Eleyne of his syknesse

So feithfully, that pitee was to here,  
And every wight gan waxen for accesse  
A leche anon, and seyde, 'in this manere  
Men curen folk; this charme I wol yow lore.' 1580

But there sat oon, al list hir nought to teche,

That thoughte, best coude I yet been his leche.

227. After compleynt, him gonnen they to preyse,

As folk don yet, whan som wight hath bigonne

To preyse a man, and up with prys him reyse 1585

A thousand fold yet hyer than the sonne:—  
'He is, he can, that fewe lordes conne.'

And Pandarus, of that they wolde afferme,  
He not for-gat hir preysing to conferme.

228. Herde al this thing Criseyde wel y-nough, 1590

And every word gan for to notifie;  
For which with sobre chere hir herto lough;

For who is that ne wolde hir glorifye,  
To mowen swich a knight don live or dye?

But al passe I, lest ye to longedwolle; 1595  
For for o syn is al that ever I telle.

229. The tyme com, fro diner for to ryse,  
And, as hem oughte, arisen everychoon,  
And gonne a whyl of this and that devyse.  
But Pandarus brak al this speche anon,  
And seyde to Deiphebus, 'wole ye goon,  
If youre wille be, as I yow preyde, 1602  
To speke here of the nedes of Criseyde?'

230. Eleyne, which that by the hond hir held,

Took first the tale, and seyde, 'go we blyve,' 1605

And goodly on Criseyde she biheld,  
And seyde, 'Joves lat him never thryve,  
That dooth yow harm, and bringe him sone of lyve!

And yeve me sorwe, but he shal it rewe,  
If that I may, and alle folk be trewe.' 1610

231. 'Tel thou thy neces cas,' quod Deiphebus

To Pandarus, 'for thou canst best it telle.'—

'My lordes and my ladyes, it stant thus;  
What sholde I lenger,' quod he, 'do yow dwelle?'

He rong hem out a proces lyk a belle, 1615  
Up-on hir fo, that highte Poliphete,  
So heynous, that men mighte on it spete.

232. Answerde of this ech worse of hem than other,

And Poliphete they gonnen thus to warien,

'An-honged be swich oon, were he my brother; 1620

And so he shal, for it ne may not varien.'  
What sholde I lenger in this tale tarien?

Pleynly, alle at ones, they hir highten,  
To been hir helpe in al that ever they mighten.

233. Spak than Eleyne, and seyde, 'Pandar-  
dus, 1625  
Woot ought my lord, my brother, this  
matere,  
I mene, Ector? or woot it Troilus?'  
He seyde, 'ye, but wole ye now me here?  
Me thinketh this, sith Troilus is here,  
It were good, if that ye wolde assente, 1630  
She tolde hir-self himal this, er she wente.

234. For he wole have the more hir grief  
at herte,  
By cause, lo, that she a lady is;  
And, hy your leve, I wol but right in  
sterre,  
And do yow wite, and that anon, y-  
wis, 1635  
If that he slepe, or wole ought here of  
this.'  
And in he lepte, and seyde him in his  
ere,  
'God have thy soule, y-brought have I  
thy bere!'

235. To smylen of this gan tho Troilus,  
And Pandarus, with-oute rekeninge, 1640  
Out wente anon t'Eleyne and Deiphobus,  
And seyde hem, 'so there be no tarynge,  
Ne more pres, he wol wel that ye bringe  
Criseyda, my lady, that is here;  
And as he may enduren, he wole here. 1645

236. But wel ye woot, the chaumbre is  
but lyte,  
And fowe folk may lightly make it warm;  
Now loketh ye, (for I wol have no wyte,  
To bringe in pres that mighte doon him  
harm  
Or him disesen, for my bettre arm), 1650  
Wher it be bet she hyde til eft-sones;  
Now loketh ye, that knowen what to  
doon is.

237. I sey for me, best is, as I can knowe,  
That no wight in ne wente but ye tweye,  
But it were I, for I can, in a throwe, 1655  
Reherce hir cas, unlyk that she can seye;  
And after this, she may him ones preye  
To ben good lord, in short, and take hir  
leve;  
This may not muchel of his eue him reve.

238. And eek, for she is straunge, he wol  
forbere 1660  
His ese, which that him thar nought for  
yow;  
Eek other thing, that toucheth not to  
here,  
He wol me telle, I woot it wel right now,  
That secret is, and for the tounes prow.'  
And they, that no-thing knewe of this  
entente, 1665  
With-oute more, to Troilus in they wente.

239. Eleyne in al hir goodly softe wyse,  
Can him saluwe, and womanly to pleye,  
And seyde, 'ywis, ye moste alweyes aryse!  
Now fayre brother, beth al hool, I preye!'  
And gan hir arm right over his sholder  
leye, 1671  
And him with al hir wit to recomforte;  
As she best coude, she gan him to dis-  
porte.

240. So after this quod she, 'we yow  
biseke,  
My dere brother, Deiphobus, and I, 1675  
For love of god, and so doth Pandare eke,  
To ben good lord and freend, right  
hertely,  
Un-to Criseyde, which that certainly  
Receyvethe wrong, as woot wel here Pan-  
dare,  
That can hir cas wel bet than I declare.'

241 This Pandarus gan newe his tunge  
aflye, 1681  
And al hir cas reherce, and that anon;  
Whan it was seyde, sone after, in a whyle,  
Quod Troilus, 'as sone as I may goon,  
I wol right fayn with al my might ben  
oon, 1685  
Have god my trouthe, hir cause to sustene.'  
'Good thrift have ye,' quod Eleyne the  
quene.

242. Quod Pandarus, 'and it your wille be,  
That she may take hir leve, er that she  
go?'  
'Or elles god for-bede,' tho quod he, 1690  
'If that she vouche sauf for to do so.'  
And with that word quod Troilus, 'ye two,  
Deiphobus, and my suster leef and dere,  
To yow have I to speke of o matere,

243. To been avysed by your reed the  
better':— 1695

And fond, as hap was, at his beddes heed,  
The copie of a tretis and a lettre,  
That Ector hadde him sent to axen reed,  
If swich a man was worthy to ben deed,  
Woot I nought who; but in a grisly wyse  
He preuede hem anon on it avyse. 1701

244. Deiphebus gan this lettre to unfold  
In earnest greet; so dide Eleyne the quene;  
And rominge outward, fast it gan biholde,  
Downward a steyre, in-to an herber  
grene. 1705

This ilke thing they reddeden hem bi-twene;  
And largely, the mountaunce of an houre,  
They gonne on it to reden and to poure.

245. Now lat hem rede, and turne we  
anon

To Pandarus, that gan ful faste pryde 1710  
That al was wel, and out he gan to goon  
In-to the grete chambre, and that in hye,  
And seyde, 'god save al this compaignie!  
Com, nece myn; my lady quene Eleyne  
Abydeth yow, and seek my lordes tweyne.

246. Rys, take with yow your nece An-  
tigone, 1716

Or whom yow list, or no fors, hardily;  
The lasse prees, the bet; com forth with  
me,

And loke that ye thonke humbly 1719  
Hem alle three, and, whan ye may goodly  
Your tyme y-see, taketh of hem your leve,  
Lest we to longe his restes him bireve.'

247. Al innocent of Pandarus entente,  
Quod the Criseyde, 'go we, uncle dere';  
And arm in arm inward with him she  
wente, 1725

Avysed wel hir wordes and hir chere;  
And Pandarus, in earnestful manere,  
Seyde, 'alle folk, for goddes love, I preye,  
Stinteth right here, and softly yow playe,

248. Aviseth yow what folk ben here  
with-inne, 1730

And in what plyt oon is, god him a-  
mende!

And inward thus ful softly beginne;  
Nece, I conjure and heighly yow defende,  
On his half, which that sowle us alle  
sende,

And in the vertue of coronounes tweyne,  
Slee nought this man, that hath for yow  
this payne! 1736

249. Fy on the devel! thank which oon  
he is,

And in what plyt he lyth; com of anon;  
Think al swich taried tyd, but lost it nis!  
That wol ye bothe seyn, whan ye ben oon.  
Secoundelich, ther yet dovyneth noon 1741  
Up-on yow two; com of now, if ye comne;  
Whyl folk is blent, lo, al the tyme is  
wonne!

250. In titering, and pursuite, and de'  
layes,

The folk devyne at wagginge of a stree;  
And though ye wolde han after merye  
dayes, 1746

Than dar ye nought, and why? for she,  
and she

Spak swich a word; thus loked he, and he;  
Lest tyme I loste, I dar not with yow dele.  
Com of therfore, and bringeth him to hele.'

251. But now to yow, ye lovers that ben  
here, 1751

Was Troilus nought in a cankedort,  
That lay, and mighte whispringe of hem  
here,

And thoughte, 'O lord, right now renneth  
my sort

Fully to dye, or han anon comfort'; 1755  
And was the firste tyme he shulde hir  
preye

Of love; O mighty god, what shal he seye?

Explicit Secundus Liber.

## BOOK III.

## Incipit Prohemium Tercii Libri.

1. O BLISFUL light, of whiche the bemes  
clere

Adorneth al the thridde hevene faire !  
O sonnes leef, O Joves doughter dere,  
Plesance of love, O goodly debonnaire.  
In gentil hertes ay redy to reparaire ! 5  
O verray cause of hele and of gladnesse,  
Y-heried be thy might and thy goodnesse !

2. In hevene and helle, in erthe and  
salte see

Is felt thy might, if that I wol descerne ;  
As man, brid, best, fish, herbe and grene  
tree 10  
Thee fele in tymes with vapour eterne.  
God loveth, and to love wol nought werne ;  
And in this world no lyves creature,  
With-outen love, is worth, or may endure.

3. Ye Joves first to thilke effectes glade, 15  
Thorough which that thinges liven alle  
and be,

Comeveden, and amorous þim made  
On mortal thing, and as yow list, ay yo  
Yeve him in love ese or adversitee ;  
And in a thousand formes donn him sento  
For love in erthe, and whom yow liste,  
he hente. 21

4. Ye fiers Mars apeysen of his ire,  
And, as yow list, ye maken hertes digne ;  
Algates, hem that ye wol sette a-fyre,  
They dreden shame, and vices they re-  
signe ; 25

Ye do hem corteys be, fresshe and benigne,  
And hye or lowe, after a wight entendeth ;  
The joyes that he hath, your might him  
sendeth.

5. Ye holden regne and hous in unitee ;  
Ye soothfast cause of frendship been also ;  
Ye knowe al thilke covered qualitees 31  
Of thinges which that folk on wondren so,

When they can not construe how it may jo,  
She loveth him, or why he loveth here ;  
As why this fish, and nought that, cometh  
to were. 35

6. Ye folk a lawe han set in universe,  
And this knowe I by hem that lovers be,  
That who-so stryveth with yow hath the  
werso

Now, lady bright, for thy benigittee,  
At reverence of hem that serven thee, 40  
Whos clerk I am, so techeth me devyse  
Som joye of that is felt in thy servyse.

7. Ye in my naked herte sentement  
Inhelde, and do me shewe of thy swet-  
nesse.—

Caliope, thy vois be now present, 45  
For now is nede ; sestow not my destresse,  
How I mot telle anon-right the gladnesse  
Of Troilus, to Vennus herynge ?

To which gladnes, who nede hath, god  
him bringe !

## Explicit prohemium Tercii Libri.

## Incipit Liber Tercius.

8. LAY al this mene whyle Troilus, 50  
Recordinge his lessoun in this manere,  
'Ma fey!' thought he, 'thus wole I seye  
and thus ;

Thus wole I pleyne un-to my lady dere ;  
That word is good, and this shal be my  
chere ;

- This nil I not forgeten in no wyse, 55  
God leve him werken as he gan devyse.

9. And lord, so that his herte gan to  
quappe,  
Heringe hir come, and shorte for to syke !  
And Pandarus, that laddre hir by the  
lape,

Com neer, and gan in at the curtin pyke,  
And seyde, 'god do bote on alle syke ! 61  
See, who is here yow comen to visyte ;  
Lo, here is she that is your deeth to wyte.

10. Ther-with it semed as he wepte almost ;

'A ha,' quod Troilus so rewfully, 65  
'Wher me be wo, O mighty god, thou wost !

Who is al there ? I see nought trewely.  
'Sire,' quod Criseyde, 'it is Pandare and I.'  
'Ye, swete herte ? alas, I may nought ryse  
To knele, and do yow honour in som  
wyse.' 70

11 And dressede him upward, and she right tho

Gan bothe here hondes softe upon him leye,

'O, for the love of god, do ye not so  
To me,' quod she, 'ey ! what is this to seye ?

Sire, come am I to yow for causes tweye ;  
First, yow to thonke, and of your lord-  
shipec eke 76

Continnaunce I wolde yow biseke.'

12. This Troilus, that herde his lady preye

Of lordship him, wex neither quik ne deed,

Ne mighte a word for shame to it seye, 80  
Al-though men sholde smyten of his heed.  
But lord, so he wex sodeinliche reed,  
And sire, his lesson, that he wende conne,  
To preyen hir, is thurgh his wit y-ronne.

13. Criseyde al this aspyede wel y-nough,  
For she was wys, and lovede him never-  
the-lasse, 86

Al nere he malapert, or made it tough,  
Or was to bold, to singe a fool a masse.  
But whan his shame gan somewhat to  
passe,

His resons, as I may my rymes holde, 90  
I yow wol telle, as techen bokes olde

14. In chaunged vois, right for his verrey drede,

Which vois eek quook, and ther-to his manere

Goodly abayst, and now his hewes rede,  
Now pale, un-to Criseyde, his lady dere, 95  
With look doun cast and humble yolden chere,

Lo, th'alderfirste word that him asterte  
Was, twyes, 'mercy, mercy, swete herte !'

15. And stinte a whyl, and whan he mighte out-bringe, 99

The nexte word was, 'god wot, for I have,  
As feythfully as I have had konninge,  
Bon youres, also god my sowle save ;  
And shal, til that I, woful wight, be  
grave.

And though I dar ne can un-to yow pleyne,

Y-wis, I suffre nought the lasse peyne 105

16. Thus mucche as now, O wommanliche wyf,

I may out-bringe, and if this yow displese,  
That shal I wreke upon myn owne lyf

Right sone, I trowe, and doon your herte  
an ese, 109

If with my deeth your herte I may apese.  
But sin that ye han herd me som-what  
seye,

Now recche I never how sone that I deye.'

17 Ther-with his manly sorwe to biholde,  
It mighte han maad an herte of stoon to  
rewe ; 114

And Pandare weep as he to watre wolde,  
And poked ever his nece newe and newe,  
And seyde, 'wo bigon ben hertes trowe'  
For love of god, make of this thing an  
ende,

Or slee us bothe at ones, or that ye wende.'

18. 'I ? what ?' quod she, 'by god and by  
my trouthe, 120

I noot nought what ye wilne that I seye'  
'I ? what ?' quod he, 'that ye han on him  
routhe.

For goddes love, and doth him nought to  
deye.'

'Now thanne thus,' quod she, 'I wolde  
him preye

To telle me the syn of his entente ; 125  
Yet wiste I never wel what that he mente.'

19. 'What that I mene, O swete herte  
dere ?'

Quod Troilus, 'O goodly fresshe free !  
That, with the stromes of your eyen clere,  
Ye wolde som-tyme frendly on me see, 130

And thanne agreeen that I may ben he,  
With-oute braunche of vyce in any wyse,  
In trouthe alwey to doon yow my servyse

20. As to my lady right and chief resort,  
With al my wit and al my diligence, 135  
And I to han, right as yow list, comfort,  
Under your yerde, egal to myn offence,  
As deeth, if that I breke your defence;  
And that ye deigne me so muche honoure,  
Me to comaunden ought in any houre. 140

21. And I to been your verray humble  
trewe,  
Secret, and in my paynes pacient,  
And over-mo desire freshly newe,  
To serven, and been þy-lyke ay diligent,  
And, with good herte, al holly your  
talent 145  
Receyven wel, how sore that me smerte,  
Lo, this mene I, myn owene swete herte.'

22. Quod Pandarus, 'lo, here an hard  
request,  
And resonable, a lady for to werno!  
Now, nece myn, by natal Joves fest, 150  
Were I a god, ye sholde sterve as yerne,  
That heren wel, this man wol no-thing  
yerne  
But your honour, and seen him almost  
sterve,  
And been so looth to suffren him yow  
serve.'

23. With that she gan hir eyen on him  
caste 155  
Ful esily, and ful debonsairly,  
Aysing hir, and hyed not to faste  
With never a word, but seyde him softly,  
'Myn honour sauf, I wol wel trewely,  
And in swich forme as he can now  
devyse, 160  
Receyven him fully to my servyse,

24. Bisoching him, for goddes love, that  
he  
Wolde, in honour of trouthe and gentil-  
esse,  
As I wel mene, eek mene wel to me, 164  
And myn honour, with wit and besinesse,  
Ay kepe; and if I may don him gladnesse,

From hennes-forth, y-wis, I nil not feyne:  
Now beeth al hool, no lenger ye ne pleyne.

25. But nathelees, this warne I yow,  
quod she,  
'A kinges sone al-though ye be, y-wis, 170  
Ye shul na-more have soverainete  
Of me in love, than right in that cas is;  
Ne I nil forbere, if that ye doon a-mis,  
To wrathen yow; and whyl that ye me  
serve,  
Chorycon yow right after ye deserve. 175

26. And shortly, deré herte and al my  
knight,  
Beth glad, and draweth yow to lustinesse,  
And I shal trewely, with al my might,  
Your bittre tornen al in-to swetnesse; 179  
If I be she that may yow do gladnesse,  
For every wo ye shal recovere a blisse';  
And him in armes took, and gan him  
kisse.

27. Fil Pandarus on knees, and up his  
yen  
To hevenc threw, and held his hondes  
hye,  
'Immortal god!' quod he, 'that mayst  
nought dyen, 185  
Cupide I mene, of this mayst glorifye;  
And Venus, thou mayst make melodye;  
With-uten hond, me semeth that in  
towne,  
For this merveyle, I here ech belle sowne

28. But ho! no more as now of this  
matere, 190  
For-why this folk wol comen up anon,  
That han the lettre red: lo, I hem here.  
But I conjure thee, Criseyde, and con,  
And two, thou Troilus, whan thou mayst  
goon,  
That at myn hous ye been at my warn-  
inge, 195  
For I ful wel shal shape your cominge;

29. And eseth ther your hertes right  
y-nough;  
And lat see which of yow shal bere the  
belle  
To speke of love a-right!' ther-with he  
lough.



'For ther have ye a layser for to telle.' 200  
 Quod Troilus, 'how longe shal I dwelle  
 Er this be doon?' Quod he, 'whan thou  
 mayst ryse,  
 This thing shal be right as I yow devyse.'

80. With that Eleyne and also Deiphebus  
 The comen upward, right at the steyres  
 ende; 205

And lord, so than gan grone Troilus,  
 His brother and his suster for to bloude.  
 Quod Pandarus, 'it tyme is that we  
 wende;

Tak, nece myn, your leve at alle thre,  
 And lat hem speke, and cometh forth  
 with me.' 210

81. She took hir leve at hem ful thriftily,  
 As she wel coude, and they hir reverence  
 Un-to the fulle didn hardely,  
 And spoken wonder wel, in hir absence,  
 Of hir, in preysing of hir excellence, 215  
 Hir governaunce, hir wit; and hir man-  
 ere

Commended, it joye was to here.

32. Now lat hir wende un-to hir owne  
 place,  
 And torne we to Troilus a-yein, 219  
 That gan ful lightly of the lettre passe  
 That Deiphebus hadde in the gardin seyn.  
 And of Eleyne and him he wolde fayn  
 Delivered been, and seyde, that him leste  
 To slepe, and after tales have reste.

33. Eleyne him kiste, and took hir leve  
 blyve, 225  
 Deiphebus eak, and hoom wente every  
 wight;  
 And Pandarus, as faste as he may dryve,  
 To Troilus tho com, as lyne right;  
 And on a paillet, al that glade night,  
 By Troilus he lay, with mery chere, 230  
 To tale; and wel was hem they were  
 y-fere.

34. Whan every wight was voided but  
 they two,  
 And alle the dores were faste y-shette,  
 To telle in short, with-oute wordes mo,  
 This Pandarus, with-outen any lette, 235  
 Up roos, and on his beddes syde him sette,

And gan to speken in a sobre wyse  
 To Troilus, as I shal yow devyse.

35. 'Myn alderlevest lord, and brother  
 dere,  
 God woot, and thou, that it sat me so  
 sore, 240

When I thee saw so languissching to-yere,  
 For love, of which thy wo wex alwey  
 more;

That I, with al my might and al my lore,  
 Hath ever sithen doon my bisnesse  
 To bringe thee to joye out of distresse;

36. And have it brought to swich plyt as  
 thou wost, 246  
 So that, thorough me, thou stondest now  
 in weye

To fare wel, I seye it for no bost,  
 And wostow why? for shame it is to seye,  
 For thee have I bigonne a gamen pleye  
 Which that I never doon shal eft for  
 other, 251

Al-though he were a thousand fold my  
 brother.

37. That is to seye, for thee am I bicomen,  
 Bitwixen game and earnest, swich a mene  
 As maken women un-to men to comen;  
 Al sey I nought, thou wost wel what I  
 mene. 256

For thee have I my nece, of vyces clene,  
 So fully maad thy gentillesse triste,  
 That al shal been right as thy-selve liste

38. But god, that al wot, take I to wit-  
 nesse, 260  
 That never I this for coveteise wroughte,  
 But only for to abregge that distresse,  
 For which wel nygh thou deydest, as me  
 thoughte.

But gode brother, do now as thee oughthe,  
 For goddes love, and keep hir out of  
 blame, 265  
 Sin thou art wys, and save alwey hir  
 name.

39. For wel thou wost, the name as yet  
 of here  
 Among the peple, as who seyth, halwed is;  
 For that man is unbore, I dar wel swere,  
 That ever wiste that she dide amis. 270

But wo is me, that I, that cause al this,  
May thenken that she is my nece dere,  
And I hir eem, and traytor eek y-ferre !

40. And were it wist that I, through myn  
engyn,

Hadde in my nece y-put this fantasye, 275  
To do thy lust, and hoolly to be thyn,  
Why, al the world up-on it wolde crye,  
And seye, that I the worste trecherye  
Dide in this cas, that ever was bigonne,  
And she for-lost, and thou right nought  
y-wonne. 280

41. Wher-fore, er I wol ferther goon a  
pas,

Yet eft I thee biseche and fully seye,  
That privetee go with us in this cas,  
That is to seye, that thou us never wreye;  
And be nought wrooth, though I thee  
ofte preyre 285  
To holden secree swich an heigh matere;  
For skilful is, thow wost wol, my preyre.

42. And thenk what wo ther hath bitid  
er this,

For makinge of avauntes, as men rede ;  
And what mischaunce in this world yet  
ther is, 290  
Fro day to day, right for that wikked  
dede ;  
For which these wyse clerkes that ben  
dede

Han ever yet proverbed to us yonge,  
That "firste vertu is to kepe tonge."

43. And, nere it that I wiln. as now  
t'abregge 295

Diffusioun of speche, I coude almost  
A thousand olde stories thee alegge  
Of women lost, thorough fals and foles  
bost ;

Proverbes canst thy-self y-nowe, and wost,  
Ayeins that vyce, for to been a labbe, 300  
Al seyde men sooth as often as they gabbe.

44. O tonge, allas ! so often here-biforn  
Hastow made many a lady bright of hewe  
Seyd, "wolaway ! the day that I was born !"   
And many a maydes sorwes for to newe ;  
And, for the more part, al is untrewes 306

That men of yelp, and it were brought  
to preve ;  
Of kinde non avauntour is to leve.

45. Avauntour and a lyere, al is on ; 309  
As thus : I pose, a womman graunte me  
Hir love, and seyth that other wol she non,  
And I am sworn to holden it secree,  
And after I go telle it two or three ;  
Y-wis, I am avauntour at the leste,  
And lyere, for I breke my biheste. 315

46. Now loke thanne, if they be nought  
to blame,  
Swich maner folk ; what shal I clepe  
hem, what,  
That hem avaunte of wommen, and by  
name,  
That never yet bihighte hem this ne that,  
No knewe hem more than myn olde hat ?  
No wonder is, so god me sende hele, 321  
Though wommen drede with us men to  
dele.

47. I sey not this for no mistrust of yow,  
Ne for no wys man, but for foles nyce,  
And for the harm that in the world is  
now, 325  
As wel for foly ofte as for malyce ;  
For wel wot I, in wyse folk, that vyce  
No womman drat, if she be wel avysed ;  
For wyse ben by foles harm chastysed.

48. But now to purpos ; leve brother dere,  
Have al this thing that I have seyde in  
minde, 331  
And keep thee clos, and be now of good  
chere,  
For at thy day thou shalt me trewe finde.  
I shal thy prooes sette in swich a kinde,  
And god to-forn, that it shall thee suffyse.  
For it shal been right as thou wolt de-  
vyse. 336

49. For wel I woot, thou menest wel,  
parde ;  
Therefore I dar this fully undertake.  
Thou wost eek what thy lady graunted  
thee,  
And day is set, the chartres up to make.  
Have now good night, I may no longer  
wake ; 341

And bid for me, sin thou art now in blisse,  
That god me sende deeth or sone lisse.'

50. Who mighte telle half the joye or feste  
Which that the sowle of Troilus tho felte,  
Horinge th'effect of Pandarus biheste? 346  
His olde wo, that made his herte swelte,  
Gan tho for joye wasten and to-melte,  
And al the richesse of his sykes sore  
At ones fledde, he felte of hem no more.

51. But right so as these holtes and these  
hayes, 351  
That han in winter dede been and dreye,  
Revesten hem in grene, whan that May is,  
Whan every lusty lyketh best to pleye:  
Right in that selve wyse, sooth to seye, 355  
Wex sodeynliche his herte ful of joye,  
That gladder was ther never man in Troye.

52. And gan his look on Pandarus up  
caste  
Ful sobrely, and frendly for to see, 359  
And seyde, 'freend, in Aprille the laste,  
As wel thou wost, if it remembre thee,  
How neigh the deeth for wo thou founde  
me;  
And how thou didest al thy bisnesse  
To knowe of me the cause of my distresse.

53. Thou wost how longe I it for-bar to  
seye 365  
To thee, that art the man that I best  
triste;  
And peril was it noon to thee by-wreye,  
That wiste I wel; but tel me, if thee liste,  
Sith I so looth was that thy-selt it wiste,  
How dorste I mo tellen of this matere, 370  
That quake now, and no wight may us  
here?

54. But natheles, by that god I thee swere,  
That, as him list, may al this world  
governe,  
And, if I lye, Achilles with his spere  
Myn herte cleve, al were my lyf eterne,  
As I am mortal, if I late or yerne 376  
Wolde it biwreye, or dorste, or sholde  
conne,  
For al the good that god made under  
sonne;

55. That rather deye I wolde, and de-  
termyne,  
As thinketh me, now stokked in presoun,  
In wrecchednesse, in filthe, and in ver-  
nynne, 381  
Caytif to cruel king Agamenoun;  
And this, in alle the temples of this  
toun,  
Upon the goddes alle, I wol thee swere,  
To-morwe day, if that thee lyketh here. 385

56. And that thou hast so muche y-doon  
for me,  
That I ne may it never-more deserve,  
This knowe I wel, al mighte I now for  
thee  
A thousand tymes on a morwen sterve,  
I can no more, but that I wol thee serve  
Right as thy slave, whider-so thou  
wende, 391  
For ever-more, un-to my lyves ende!

57. But here, with al myn herte, I thee  
bischepe,  
That never in me thou deme swich folye  
As I shal seyn; me thoughte, by thy  
speche, 395  
That this, which thou me dost for com-  
panye,  
I sholde wene it were a baudorye;  
I am nought wood, al-if I lewed be;  
It is not so, that woot I wel, pardes.

58. But he that goth, for gold or for  
richesse, 400  
On swich message, calle him what thee  
list;  
And this that thou dost, calle it gentillesse,  
Compassioun, and felawship, and trist;  
Depart it so, for wyde-where is wist  
How that there is dyversitee requested 405  
Bitwixen thinges lyke, as I have lered.

59. And, that thou knowe I thenke  
nought ne wene  
That this servyse a shame be or jape,  
I have my faire suster Polixene,  
Cassandre, Eleyne, or any of the frape;  
Be she never so faire or wel y-shape, 411  
Tel me, which thou wilt of overichone,  
To han for thyn, and lat me thanne allone.

60. But sin that thou hast don me this  
servyse, 414  
My lyf to save, and for noon hope of mede,  
So, for the love of god, this grete emprise  
Parforme it out; for now is moste nede.  
For high and low, with-uten any drede,  
I wol alwey thyne hestes alle kepe;  
Have now good night, and lat us bothe  
slepe.' 420

61. Thus held him ech with other wel  
ayayed,  
That al the world ne mighte it bet  
amonde;  
And, on the morwe, whan they were  
ayayed,  
Ech to his owene nedes gan entende.  
But Troilus, though as the fyr he brende  
For sharp desyr of hope and of plesaunce,  
He not for-gat his gode governaunce. 427

62. But in him-self with manhod gan  
restreynen  
Ech rakel dede and ech unbrydled chere,  
That alle tho that liven, sooth to seyne,  
Ne sholde han wist, by word or by manere.  
What that he mente, as touching this  
matere. 432  
From every wight as fer as is the cloude  
He was, so wel dissimulen he coude.

63. And al the whyl which that I yow  
devyse, 435  
This was his lyf; with al his fulle might,  
By day he was in Martes high servyse,  
This is to seyn, in armes as a knight:  
And for the more part, the longe night  
He lay, and thoughte how that he mighte  
serve 440  
His lady best, hir thank for to deserve.

64. Nil I nought swerð, al-though he lay  
softe,  
That in his thought he nas sumwhat  
disosed,  
Ne that he tornede on his pilwes ofte,  
And wolde of that him missed han ben  
sosed; 445  
But in swich cas man is nought alwey  
plesed,  
For ought I wot, no more than was he;  
That can I deme of possibilitee.

65. But certeyn is, to purpos for to go,  
That in this whyle, as writen is in  
geste, 450  
He say his lady som-tyme; and also  
She with him spak, whan that she dorste  
or leste,  
And by hir bothe avys, as was the beste,  
Apoynteden ful warly in this nede,  
So as they dorste, how they wolde pro-  
cede. 455

66. But it was spoken in so short a wyse,  
In swich awayt alwey, and in swich fere,  
Lest any wyght divynen or devyse  
Wolde of hem two, or to it leye an ere,  
That al this world so leef to hem ne  
were 460  
As that Cupido wolde hem grace sende  
To maken of hir speche aright an ende.

67. But thulke litel that they speke or  
wroughte,  
His wyse goost took ay of al swich hede,  
It semed hir, he wiste that she thoughte  
With-uten word, so that it was no nede  
To bidde him ought to done, or ought  
forbede; 467  
For which she thoughte that love, al  
comait late,  
Of alle joye hadde opned hir the yate.

68. And shortly of this proces for to  
pace, 470  
So wel his werk and wordes he bisette,  
That he so ful stood in his lady grace,  
That twenty thousand tymes, or she lette,  
She thonked god she ever with him  
mette;  
So coude he him governe in swich ser-  
vyse, 475  
That al the world ne mighte it bet  
devyse.

69. For-why she fond him so discret in al,  
So secret, and of swich obdisaunce,  
That wel she felte he was to hir a wal  
Of steel, and sheld from every disple-  
saunce; 480  
That, to ben in his gode governaunce,  
So wys he was, she was no more afered,  
I mene, as fer as oughte ben requered.

70. And Pandarus, to quike alwey the fyr,  
Was ever y-lyke preat and diligent; 485  
To ese his frend was set al his desyr.  
He shoof ay on, he to and fro was sent;  
He lettres bar whan Troilus was absent.  
That never man, as in his freendes nede,  
Ne bar him bet than he, with-outen  
drede. 490

71. But now, paraunter, som man wayten  
wolde  
That every word, or sonde, or look, or  
chere  
Of Troilus that I rehersen sholde,  
In al this whyle, un-to his lady dere;  
I trowe it were a long thing for to  
here; 495  
Or of what wight that stant in swich dis-  
joynte,  
His wordes alle, or every look, to poynte.

72. For sothe, I have not herd it doon er  
this,  
In storye noon, ne no man here, I wene;  
And though I wolde I coude not, y-wis;  
For ther was som epistel hem bitwene, 501  
That wolde, as seyth myn auctor, wel  
contene  
Neigh half this book, of which him list  
not wryte;  
How sholde I thanne a lyne of it endyte?

73. But to the grete effect: than sey I  
thus, 505  
That stonding in concord and in quiete  
Thise ilke two, Criseyde and Troilus,  
As I have told, and in this tyme swete,  
Save only often mighte they not mete,  
Ne layser have hir speches to fulfelle, 510  
That it befel right as I shal yow telle,

74. That Pandarus, that ever dide his  
might  
Right for the fyn that I shal speke of  
here,  
As for to bringe to his hous som night  
His faire nece, and Troilus y-ferre, 515  
Wher-as at leyser al this heigh matere,  
Touching hir love, were at the fulle up-  
bounde,  
Hadde out of doute a tyme to it founde.

75. For he with greet deliberacioun  
Hadde every thing that her-to mighte  
avayle 520  
Forn-cast, and put in execucioun,  
And neither laft for cost ne for travayle;  
Come if hem lest, hem sholde no-thing  
fayle;  
And for to been in ought espyed there,  
That, wiste he wel, an impossible were.

76. Droleles, it cleer was in the wind  
Of every pye and every lette-game; 527  
Now al is wel, for al the world is blind  
In this matere, bothe fremed and tame.  
This timber is al redy up to frame; 530  
Us lakketh nought but that we witen  
wolde  
A certein houre, in whiche she comen  
sholde.

77. And Troilus, that al this purveyaunce  
Knew at the fulle, and waytede on it ay,  
Hadde here-up-on eek made gret orde-  
naunce, 535  
And founde his cause, and ther-to his  
aray,  
If that he were missed, night or day,  
Ther-whyle he was aboute this servyse,  
That he was goon to doon his sacrificer,

78. And moste at swich a temple alone  
wake, 540  
Answered of Appollo for to be;  
And first, to seen the holy laurer quake,  
Er that Appollo spak out of the tree,  
To telle him next whan Grekes sholden  
flee;  
And forthy lette him no man, god for-  
bede, 545  
But preye Appollo helpen in this nede.

79. Now is ther litel more for to done,  
But Pandare up, and shortly for to seyne,  
Right sone upon the chaunging of the  
mone,  
Whan lightles is the world a night or  
tweyne, 550  
And that the welken shoop him for to  
reyn,  
He streight a-morwe un-to his nece  
wente;  
Ye han wel herd the fyn of his entente.

80. Whan he was come, he gan anon to pleye  
 As he was wont, and of him-self to jape ;  
 And fynally, he swor and gan hir seye, 556  
 By this and that, she sholde him not escape,  
 Ne lenger doon him after hir to gape :  
 But certeynly she moste, by hir leve,  
 Come soupen in his hous with him at eve. 560
81. At whiche she lough, and gan hir faste excuse,  
 And seyde, 'it rayneth ; lo, how sholde I goon ?'  
 'Lat be,' quod he, 'ne stond not thus to muse ;  
 This moot be doon, ye shal be ther anon '  
 So at the laste her-of they felle at oon, 565  
 Or elles, softe he swor hir in hir ere,  
 He nolde never come ther she were
82. Sone after this, to him she gan to rowne,  
 And asked him if Troilus were there ?  
 He swor hir, 'nay, for he was out of towne,' 570  
 And seyde, 'nece, I pose that he were,  
 Yow þ' thurfte never have the more fere.  
 For rather than men mighte him ther aspye,  
 Me were lever a thousand-fold to dye,'
83. Nought list myn auctor fully to declare 575  
 What that she thoughte whan he seyde so,  
 That Troilus was out of town y-fare,  
 As if he seyde ther-of sooth or no ;  
 But that, with-outeawayt, with him to go,  
 She graunted him, sith he hir that bi-soughte, 580  
 And, as his nece, obeyed as hir oughte
84. But nathelees, yet gan she him bi-soche,  
 Al-though with him to goon it was no fere,  
 For to be war of goosish peples speche,  
 That dremen thinges whiche that never were, 585  
 And wel avyse him whom he broughte there :
- And seyde him, 'eem, sin I mot on yow triste,  
 Loke al be wel, and do now as yow liste.'
85. He swor hir, 'yis, by stokkes and by stones,  
 And by the goddes that in hevene dwelle,  
 Or elles were him lever, soule and bones,  
 With Pluto king as depe been in helle 592  
 As Tantalus !' What sholde I more telle ?  
 Whan al was wel, he roos and took his leve,  
 And she to souper com, whan it was eve,
86. With a certayn of hir owene men, 596  
 And with hir faire nece Antigone,  
 And othere of hir wommen nyne or ten ;  
 But who was glad now, who, as trowe ye,  
 But Troilus, that stood and mighte it see 600  
 Thurgh-out a litel windowe in a stewe,  
 Ther he bishet, sin midnight, was in mewe,
87. Unwist of every wight but of Pandare ?  
 But to the poyn't, now whan she was y-come  
 With alle joye, and alle frendes fare, 605  
 Hir eem anon in armes hath hir nome,  
 And after to the souper, alle and some,  
 Whan tyme was, ful softe they hem sette ;  
 God wot, ther was no deyn'tee for to fette.
- 88 And after souper gonnen they to ryse, 610  
 At ese wel, with hertes fresshe and glade,  
 And wel was him that coude best devyse  
 To lyken him, or that hir laughen made.  
 He song, she pleyde ; he tolde tale of Wade.  
 But at the luste, as every thing hath ende, 615  
 She took hir leve, and nedes wolde wende.
89. But O, Fortune, executrice of wierdes,  
 O influences of thise hevenes hye !  
 Soth is, that, under god, ye ben our hierdes,  
 Though to us bestes been the causes wrye. 620  
 This mene I now, for she gan hoomward lye,

But execut was al bisyde hir leve,  
At the goddes wil; for which she mosto  
bleve.

90. The bente mone with hir hornes pule,  
Saturne, and Jove, in Cancro joynd  
were, 625

That swich a rayn from hevne gan avale,  
That every maner womman that was there  
Hadde of that smoky reyn a verray fere;  
At which Pandare tho lough, and seyde  
thenne,

'Now were it tyme a lady to go henne! 630

91. But goode nece, if I mighte ever plesse  
Yow any-thing, than prey I yow,' quod he,  
'To doon myn herte as now so greet an  
ese

As for to dwelle here al this night with me,  
For-why this is your owene hous, pardoe.  
For, by my trouthe, I sey it nought a-  
game, 636

To wende as now, it were to me a shame.'

92. Criseyde, whiche that conde as muche  
good

As half a world, tok hede of his preyere;  
And sin it ron, and al was on a flood, 640  
She thoughte, as good chep may I dwellen  
here,

And graunte it gladly with a freendes  
chere,

And have a thank, as grucche and thaune  
abyde;

For hoom to goon it may nought wel  
bityde.

93. 'I wol,' quod she, 'myn uncle leef  
and dere, 645

Sin that yow list, it skile is to be so;  
I am right glad with yow to dwellen here;  
I seyde but a-game, I wolde go.'

'Y-wis, graunt mercy, nece!' quod he  
tho; 649

'Were it a game or no, soth for to telle,  
Now am I glad, sin that yow list to dwelle.'

94. Thus al is wel; but tho bigan a right  
The newe joye, and al the feste agayn;  
But Pandarus, if goodly hadde he might,  
He wolde han hyed hir to bedde fayn, 655  
And seyde, 'lord, this is an huge rayn!

This were a weder for to slopen inne;  
And that I reide us sone to biginne.

95. And nece, woot ye wher I wol yow  
leye, 659

For that we shul not ligen for asonder,  
And for ye neither shullen, dar I seye,  
Heren noise of reynes nor of thonder?  
By god, right in my lyte closet yonder.  
And I wol in that outor hous allone  
Be wardeyn of your wommen everichone.

96. And in this middel chaumbre that ye  
see 666

Shul youre wommen slopen wel and softe;  
And ther I seyde shal your-selve be;  
And if ye ligen wel to-night, com ofte,  
And careth not what weder is on-lofte. 670  
The wyn anon, and whan so that yow  
leste,  
So go we slepe, I trowe it be the beste.'

97. Ther nis no more, but here-after sone,  
The voyde dronke, and travers drawe  
anon,  
Gan every wight, that hadde nought to  
done 675  
More in that place, out of the chaumbre  
gon.

And ever-mo so sternelich it ron,  
And blew ther-with so wonderliche loude,  
That wel neigh no man heren other coude.

98. Tho Pandarus, hir eem, right as him  
oughte, 680

With women swiche as were hir most  
aboute,

Ful glad un-to hir beddes syde hir  
broughte,

And took his love, and gan ful lowe loute.  
And seyde, 'here at this closet-dore with-  
outo,

Right over-thwart, your wommen ligen  
alle, 685

That, whom yow liste of hem, ye may  
here calle.'

99. So whan that she was in the closet  
leyd,

And alle hir wommen forth by orde-  
naunce

A-bedde weren, ther as I have seyd,

There was no more to skippen nor to  
trance,<sup>690</sup>

But bode go to bedde, with mischaunce,  
If any wight was sterenge any-where,  
And late hem slepe that a-bedde were.

100. But Pandarus, that wel conde eche  
a del

The olde daunce, and every poynt ther-  
inne,<sup>695</sup>

Whan that he sey that alle thing was wel,  
He thoughte he wolde up-on his werk  
biginne,

And gan the stewe-dore al softe un-pinne,  
And stille as stoon, with-uten lenger  
lette,

By Troilus a-down right he him sette. 700

101. And, shortly to the poynt right for  
to gon,

Of al this werk he tolde him word and  
ende,

And seyde, 'make thee redy right anon,  
For thou shalt in-to hevene blisse wende.'  
'Now blisful Venus, thou me grace  
sende,'<sup>705</sup>

Quod Troilus, 'for never yet no nedo  
Hadde I er now, ne halvondel the drede.'

102. Quod Pandarus, 'ne drede thee never  
a del,

For it shal been right as thou wilt desyre;  
Or thou shalt I, this night shal I make it  
wel,<sup>710</sup>

Or casten al the gruwel in the fyre.'  
'Yit blisful Venus, this night thou me  
enspyre,'

Quod Troilus, 'as wis as I thee serve,  
And ever bet and bet shal, til I sterve.

103. And if I hadde, O Venus ful of  
mirthe,<sup>715</sup>

Aspectes badde of Mars or of Saturne,  
Or thou combust or let were in my birthe,  
Thy fader pray al thiike harm disturne  
Of grace, and that I glad ayein may  
turne,

For love of him thou lovedest in the  
shawe,<sup>720</sup>

I mene Adoon, that with the boor was  
slawe.

G.C.

104. O Jove eek, for the love of faire  
Europe,

The whiche in forme of bole away thou  
fette;

Now help, O Mars, thou with thy bloody  
cope,

For love of Cipris, thou me nought ne  
lette;<sup>725</sup>

O Phebus, think whan Dane hir-selven  
shette

Under the bark, and laurer wex for drede,  
Yet for hir love, O help now at this nedo!

105. Mercurie, for the love of Hiersé eke,  
For which Pallas was with Aglauros  
wrooth,<sup>730</sup>

Now help, and eek Diane, I thee biseke,  
That this viage be not to thee looth.

O fatal sustren, which, er any clooth  
Me shapen was, my destené me sponne,  
So helpeth to this werk that is bi-gonne!'

106. Quod Pandarus, 'thou wrecched  
monses herte,<sup>735</sup>

Art thou agast so that she wol thee byte?  
Why, don this turred cloke up-on thy  
sherte,

And folowe me, for I wol han the wyte;  
But byd, and lat me go bfore a lyte.' 740

And with that word he gan un-do a  
trappe,

And Troilus he broughte in by the lappe.

107. The sterne wind so loude gan to  
route

That no wight other noyse mighte here;  
And they that layen at the dore with-  
oute,<sup>745</sup>

Ful sikerly they slepten alle y-fere;  
And Pandarus, with a ful sobre chere,

Goth to the dore anon with-uten lette,  
Ther-as they laye, and softly it shette.

108. And as he com ayeinward prively,  
His nece awook, and asked 'who goth  
there?'<sup>751</sup>

'My dere nece,' quod he, 'it am I;  
Ne wondreth not, ne have of it no fere;'

And ner he com, and seyde hir in hir are,  
'No word, for love of god I yow biseche;

Lat no wight ryse and heren of our  
speche.'

756



109. 'What! which way be ye comen,  
*benedicte?*'

Quod she, 'and how thus unwist of hem  
alle?'

'Here at this secree trappe-dore,' quod he.  
Quod tho Criseyde, 'lat me som wight  
calle.' 760

'Ey! god forbode that it sholde falle,'  
Quod Pandarus, 'that ye swich foly  
wroughte!

They mighte deme thing they never er  
thoughte!

110. It is nought good a sleping hound to  
wake,

Ne yeve a wight a cause to devyno; 765  
Your wommen slepen alle, I undertake,  
So that, for hem, the hous men mighte  
myne;

And slepen wolen til the sonne shyne.  
And when my tale al brought is to an  
ende,

Unwist, right as I com, so wol I wende.

111. Now nece myn, ye shul wel under-  
stonde,' 771

Quod he, 'so as ye wommen demen alle,  
That for to holde in love a man in honde,  
And him hir "leef" and "dere herte"  
calle,

And maken him an howve above a calle,  
I mene, as love an other in this whyle, 776  
She doth hir-self a shame, and him a gyle.

112. Now wherby that I telle yow al this?  
Ye woot your-self, as wel as any wight,  
How that your love al fully graunted is  
To Troilus, the worthieste knight, 781  
Oon of this world, and ther-to trouthe  
plyght,

That, but it were on him along, ye nolde  
Him never falsen, whyl ye liven sholde.

113. Now stant it thus, that sith I fro  
yow wente, 785

This Troilus, right platly for to seyn,  
Is thurgh a goter, by a prive wente,  
In-to my chaumbre come in al this reyn,  
Unwist of every maner wight, certeyn,  
Save of my-self, as wisly have I joye, 790  
And by that feith I shal Pryam of Troye!

114. And he is come in swich payne and  
distresse

That, but he be al fully wood by this,  
He so deyntly mot falle in-to wodnesse,  
But-if god helpe; and cause why this is,  
He seyth him told is, of a freend of his,  
How that ye sholde love oon that haite  
Horaste, 797

For sorwe of which this night shalt been  
his laste.'

115. Criseyde, which that al this wonder  
herde,

Gan so deyntly aboute hir herte colde, 800  
And with a syk she sorwfully answerde,  
'Allas! I wende, who-so tales tolde,  
My dere herte wolde me not holde  
So lightly fals! alas! conceytes wronge,  
What harm they doon, for now live I to  
longo! 805

116. Horaste! alas! and falsen Troilus?  
I knowe him not, god helpe me so,' quod  
she;

'Allas! what wikked spirit tolde him  
thus?

Now certes, eem, to-morwe, and I him see,  
I shal ther-of as ful excusen me 810  
As ever dide womman, if him lyke',  
And with that word she gan ful sore syke.

117. 'O god!' quod she, 'so worldly seli-  
nesse,

Which clerkes callen fals felicitie,  
Y-medled is with many a bitternesse! 815  
Ful anguissous than is, god woot,' quod  
she,

'Condicoun of veyn prosperitee;  
For either joyes comen nought y-fere,  
Or elles no wight hath hem alwey here.

118. O brotel wele of mannes joye un-  
stable! 820

With what wight so thou be, or how thou  
pleye,

Either he woot that thou, joye, art mu-  
able,

Or woot it not, it moot ben oon of tweye;  
Now if he woot it not, how may he seye  
That he hath verray joye and selinesse, 825  
That is of ignoraunce ay in darknesse?

119. Now if he woot that joye is transi-  
torie,

As every joye of worldly thing mot flee,  
Than every tyme he that hath in me-  
morie,

The drede of lesing maketh him that he  
May in no parfit selinesse be. 831  
And if to lese his joye he set a myte,  
Than semeth it that joye is worth ful  
lyte.

120. Wherefore I wol deffyne in this  
matere,

That trewely, for ought I can espye, 835  
Ther is no verray wele in this world here.  
But O, thou wikked serpent Jalousye,  
Thou misbeveled and envious folye,  
Why hastow Troilus me mad untriste,  
That never yet agilte him, that I wiste?

121. Quod Pandarus, 'thus fallen is this  
cas.' 841

'Why, uncle myn,' quod she, 'who tolde  
him this?

Why doth my dere herte thus, allas?'  
'Ye woot, ye nece myn,' quod he, 'what is;  
I hope al shal be wel that is amis. 845  
For ye may quenche al this, if that yow  
leste,

And doth right so, for I holde it the  
beste.'

122. 'So shal I do to-morwe, y-wis,' quod  
she,

'And god to-forn, so that it shal suffyse.'

'To-morwe? allas, that were a fayr,' quod  
he, 850

'Nay, nay, it may not stonden in this  
wyse;

For, nece myn, thus wryten clerkes wyse,  
That peril is with drecheing in y-drawe;  
Nay, swich abodes been nought worth an  
hawe.

123. Nece, al thing hath tyme, I dar  
avowe; 855

For whan a chaumber a-fyr is, or an halle,  
Wel more nede is, it sodainly rescowe  
Than to dispute, and axe amonges alle  
How is this candel in the straw y-falle?  
A! *benedicite!* for al among that fare 860  
The harm is doon, and fare-wel feldefare!

124. And, nece myn, ne take it not a-  
greef,

If that ye suffre him al night in this wo,  
God help me so, ye hadde him never leef,  
That dar I seyn, now there is but we  
two; 865

But wel I woot, that ye wol not do so;  
Ye been to wys to do so gret folye,  
To putte his lyf al night in jupartye.'

125. 'Hadde I him never leef? By god,  
I wone

Ye hadde never thing so leef,' quod she.  
'Now by my thrift,' quod he, 'that shal  
be sene; 871

For, sin ye make this ensample of me,  
If I al night wolde him in sorwe see  
For al the tresour in the toun of Troye,  
I bidde god, I never mote have joye! 875

126. Now loke thanne, if ye, that been  
his love,

Shul putte al night his lyf in jupartye  
For thing of nought! Now, by that god  
above,

Nought only this delay comth of folye,  
But of malyce, if that I shal nought lye.  
What, platly, and ye suffre him in dis-  
tresse, 881

Ye neither bountee doon ne gentillesse!'

127. Quod tho Criseyde, 'wole ye doon  
o thing,

And ye therwith shal stinte al his disese;  
Have here, and bereth him this blewe  
ring, 885

For ther is no-thing mighte him bettre  
plese,

Save I my-self, ne more his herte apese;  
And sey my dere herte, that his sorwe  
Is causeles, that shal be seen to-morwe.'

128. 'A ring?' quod he, 'ye, hasel-wodes  
shaken! 890

Ye, nece myn, that ring moste han a stoon  
That mighte dode men alyve maken;  
And swich a ring, trowe I that ye have  
noon.

Discrecioun out of your heed is goon;  
That fele I now,' quod he, 'and that is  
routhe; 895

O tyme y-lost, wel maystow cursen  
slouth!

129. Wot ye not wel that noble and heigh  
corage  
Ne sorweth not, ne stinteth eek for lyte?  
But if a fool were in a jalous rage,  
I nolde setten at his sorwe a myte, 900  
But feffe him with a fewe wordes whyte  
Another day, whan that I mighte him  
finde:  
But this thing stont al in another kinde.
130. This is so gentil and so tendre of  
horte,  
That with his deeth he wol his sorwes  
wreke; 905  
For trusteth wel, how sore that him  
smerte,  
He wol to yow no jalouse wordes speke.  
And for-thy, nece, er that his herte breke,  
So spek your-self to him of this matere;  
For with o word ye may his herte stere.
131. Now have I told what peril he is  
inne, 911  
And his coming unwist is t' every wight;  
Ne, pardee, harm may ther be noon ne  
sinne;  
I wol my-self be with yow al this night.  
Ye knowe eek how it is your owne knight,  
And that, by right, ye moste upon him  
triste, 916  
And I al prest to fecche him whan yow  
liste.'
132. This accident so pitous was to here,  
And eek so lyk a sooth, at pryme face,  
And Troilus hir knight to hir so dere, 920  
His prive coming, and the siker place,  
That, though that she dide him as  
thanne a grace,  
Considered alle thinges as they stode,  
No wonder is, sin she dide al for gode.
133. Cryseyde answerde, 'as wisly god at  
reste 925  
My sowle bringe, as me is for him wo!  
And eem, y-wis, fayn wolde I doon the  
beste,  
If that I hadde grace to do so.  
But whether that ye dwelle or for him go,  
I am, til god me bettre minde sende, 930  
At dulcarnon, right at my wittes ende.'
134. Quod Pandarus, 'ye, nece, wol ye  
here?  
Dulcarnon called is "fleminge of  
wrooches";  
It semeth hard, for wrecches wol not lere  
For verray slouth or othere wilful  
tecches; 935  
This seyde by hem that be not worth two  
fecches.  
But ye ben wys, and that we han on  
honde  
Nis neither hard, ne skilful to withstonde.'
135. 'Thanne, eem,' quod she, 'doth her-  
of as yow list;  
But er he come I wil up first aryse; 940  
And, for the love of god, sin al my trist  
Is on yow two, and ye ben bothe wyse,  
So wirceth now in so discreet a wyse,  
That I honour may have, and he ples-  
aunce;  
For I am here al in your governaunce.'
136. 'That is wel seyde,' quod he, 'my  
nece dere, 946  
Ther good thrift on that wyse gentil  
herte!  
But liggho stille, and taketh him right  
here,  
It nedeth not no farther for him sterte;  
And ech of yow ese otheres sorwes smerte,  
For love of god; and, Venus, I thee  
heris; 951  
For sone hope I we shulle ben alle merie.'
137. This Troilus ful sone on knees him  
sette  
Ful sobrelly, right by hir beddes heed,  
And in his beste wyse his lady grette; 955  
But lord, so she wex sodeynliche reed!  
Ne, though men sholden smyten of hir  
heed,  
She coude nought a word a-right out-  
bringe  
So sodeynly, for his sodeyn cominge.
138. But Pandarus, that so wel coude fele  
In every thing, to playe anon bigan, 961  
And seyde, 'nece, see how this lord can  
knele!  
Now, for your trouthe, seeth this gentil  
man!'

And with that word he for a quissen  
 ran,  
 And seyde, 'kneleth now, whyl that yow  
 leste, 965  
 Ther god your hertes bringe sone at  
 reste!'

139. Can I not seyn, for she bad him not  
 ryse,  
 If sorwe it putte out of hir remembraunce,  
 Or elles if she toke it in the wyse  
 Of dūteē, as for his observaunce; 970  
 But wel finde I she dide him this  
 plesaunce,  
 That she him kiste, al-though she ayked  
 sore;  
 And bad him sitte a-doun with-outen more.

140. Quod Pandarus, 'now wol ye wel  
 biginne;  
 Now doth him sitte, gode nece dere, 975  
 Upon your beddes syde al there with-  
 inne,  
 That ech of yow the bet may other here.'  
 And with that word he drow him to the  
 fere,  
 And took a light, and fond his conten-  
 aunce  
 As for to loke up-on an old romaunce. 980

141. Criseyde, that was Troilus lady right,  
 And cleer stood on a ground of sikernesse,  
 Al thoughte she, hir servaunt and hir  
 knight  
 Ne sholde of right non untrouthe in hir  
 gesse, 984  
 Yet nathelees, considered his distresse,  
 And that love is in cause of swich folye,  
 Thus to him spak she of his jelousye:

142. 'Lo, herte myn, as wolde the excel-  
 lence  
 Of love, ayeins the which that no man  
 may,  
 Ne oughte eek goodly maken resistence;  
 And eek bycause I felte wel and say 991  
 Your gretetrouthe, and servyse every day;  
 And that your herte al myn was, sooth to  
 seyne,  
 This droof me for to rowe up-on your  
 peyne.

143. And your goodnesse have I founde  
 alwey yit, 995  
 Of whiche, my dere herte and al my  
 knight,  
 I thonke it yow, as fer as I have wit,  
 Al can I nought as muche as it were right;  
 And I, emforth my conninge and my  
 might,  
 Have and ay shal, how sore that me  
 smerte, 1000  
 Ben to yow trewe and hool, with al myn  
 herte;

144. And dredeles, that shal be founde  
 at preve.—  
 But, herte myn, what al this is to seyne  
 Shal wel be told, so that ya noght yow  
 greve,  
 Though I to yow right on your-self com-  
 pleyne. 1005  
 For ther-with mene I fynally the peyne,  
 That halt your herte and myn in hev-  
 nesse,  
 Fully to sleen, and every wrong redresse.

145. My goode, myn, not I for-why ne  
 how  
 That Jalousye, allas! that wikked wivere,  
 Thus causeles is copen in-to yow; 1011  
 The harm of which I wolde fayn deliver!  
 Allas! that he, al hool, or of him slivere,  
 Shuld have his refut in so digne a place,  
 Ther Jove him some out of your herte  
 arace: 1015

146. But O, thou Jove, O auctor of nature,  
 Is this an honour to thy deite,  
 That folk ungiltif suffren here injure,  
 And who that giltif is, al quit goth he?  
 O were it leful for to playne on thee, 1020  
 That undeserved suffrest jalousye,  
 And that I wolde up-on thee playne and  
 crye!

147. Eek al my wo is this, that folk now  
 usen  
 To seyn right thus, "ye, Jalousye is  
 Love!" 1024  
 And wolde a busshel venom al exousen,  
 For that o greyn of love is on it shove!  
 But that wot heighe god that sit above,

If it be lyker love, or hate, or grame ;  
And after that, it oughte here his name.

148. But certeyn is, som maner jalousye  
Is excusable more than som, y-wis. 1031  
As whan cause is, and som swich fantasye  
With pietee so wel repressed is,  
That it unnethe dooth or seyth amis,  
But goodly drinketh up al his distresse ;  
And that excuse I, for the gentillesse. 1036

149. And som so ful of furie is and despyt,  
That it sourmounteth his repressioun ;  
But herte myn, ye be not in that plyt,  
That thanke I god, for whiche your  
passioun 1040  
I wol not calle it but illusioun,  
Of habundaunce of love and biay cure,  
That dooth your herte this disease endure.

150. Of which I am right sory, but not  
wrooth ; 1044  
But, for my devoir and your hertes reste,  
Wher-so yow list, by ordal or by ooth,  
By sort, or in what wyse so yow leste,  
For love of god, lat prove it for the beste !  
And if that I be giltif, do me deye, 1049  
Allas ! what mighte I more doon or seye ?

151. With that a fewe brighte teres newe  
Out of hir eyen fille, and thus she seyde,  
' Now god, thou wost, in thought ne dede  
untrewe

To Troilus was never yet Criseyde.'  
With that hir heed down in the bed she  
leyde, 1055

And with the shete it wreigh, and syghed  
sore,  
And held hir pees ; not o word spak she  
more.

152. But now help god to quenchen al  
this sorwe,  
So hope I that he shal, for he best may ;  
For I have seyn, of a ful misty morwe 1060  
Folwen ful ofte a mery someres day ;  
And after winter folweth grene May.  
Men seen alday, and reden eek in stories,  
That after sharpe shoures been victories.

153. This Troilus, whan he hir wordes  
herde, 1065  
Have ye no care, him liste not to slepe ;

For it thoughte him no strokes of a yerde  
To here or seen Criseyde his lady wepe ;  
But wel he felte aboute his herte crepe,  
For every teer which that Criseyde a-  
sterste, 1070  
The crampe of deeth, to streyne him by  
the herte.

154. And in his minde he gan the tyme  
acurse  
That he cam therè, and that he was born ;  
For now is wikke y-turned in-to worse,  
And al that labour he bath doon biforn,  
He wende it lost, he thoughte he nas but  
lorn. 1076  
' O Pandarus,' thoughte he, 'allas ! thy  
wyle  
Serveth of nought, so weylaway the  
whyle !'

155. And therewithal he heng a-down the  
heed,  
And fil on knees, and sorwfully he sighte ;  
What mighte he seyn ? he felte he nas  
but deed, 1081  
For wrooth was she that shulde his sorwes  
lighte.  
But nathelees, whan that he speken  
mighte,  
Than seyde he thus, ' god woot, that of  
this game,  
Whan al is wist, than am I not to blame !'

156. Ther-with the sorwe so his herte  
shette, 1086  
That from his eyen fil ther not a tere,  
And every spirit his vigour in-knette,  
So they astoned and oppressed were.  
The feling of his sorwe, or of his fere, 1090  
Or of ought elles, fled was out of townne ;  
And down he fel al sodeynly a-swowne.

157. This was no litel sorwe for to see ;  
But al was hust, and Pandare up as faste,  
' O nece, pees, or we be lost,' quod he, 1095  
' Beth nought agast ;' but certeyn, at the  
laste,  
For this or that, he in-to bedde him caste,  
And seyde, ' O theef, is this a mannes  
herte ?'  
And of he rente al to his bare sherte ;

158. And seyde, 'nece, but ye helpe us  
now, 1100

Allas, your owne Troilus is lorn !'  
'Y-wis, so wolde I, and I wiste how,  
Ful fayn,' quod she ; 'allas ! that I was  
born !'

'Ye, nece, wol ye pullen out the thorn  
That stiketh in his herte?' quod Pandare ;  
'Sey "al foryeve," and stint is al this  
fare!' 1106

159. 'Ye, that to me,' quod she, 'ful  
lever were

Than al the good the sonne aboute gooth ;  
And therwith-al she swoor him in his ere,  
'Y-wis, my dere herte, I am nought  
wrooth, 1110

Have here my trouthe and many another  
ooth ;

Now speek to me, for it am I, Criseyde !'  
But al for nought ; yet mighte he not  
a-breyde.

160. Therwith his pous and pawmes of  
his hondes

They gan to frote, and wete his temples  
tweyne, 1115

And, to deliveren him from bittre bondes,  
She ofte him kiste ; and, shortly for to  
seyne,

Him to revoken she dide al hir payne.

And at the laste, he gan his breeth to  
drawe,

And of his swough sone after that adawe,

161. And gan bet minde and reson to him  
take, 1121

But wonder sore he was abayst, y-wis.

And with a syk, whan he gan bet a-wake,  
He seyde, 'O mercy, god, what thing is  
this?'

'Why do ye with your-selven thus amis?'

Quod the Criseyde, 'is this a mannes  
game? 1126

What, Troilus ! wol ye do thus, for  
shame?'

162. And therwith-al hir arm over him  
she leyde,

And al foryaf, and ofte tyme him keste.

He thonked hir, and to hir spak, and  
seyde 1130

As fil to purpos for his herte reste.

And she to that answerde him as hir  
leste ;

And with hir goodly wordes him disporte  
She gan, and ofte his sorwes to comforte.

163. Quod Pandarus, 'for ought I can  
espyen, 1135

This light nor I ne serven here of nought ;  
Light is not good for syke folkes yën.

But for the love of god, sin ye be brought  
In thus good plyt, lat now non hery  
thought

Ben hanginge in the hertes of yow  
tweye ;' 1140

And bar the candel to the chimeneye.

164. Sone after this, though it no nede  
were,

Whan she swich othes as hir list devyse  
Hadde of him take, hir thoughte tho no  
fere,

Ne cause eek non, to bidde him thennes  
ryse. 1145

Yet lesse thing than othes may suffyse  
In many a cas ; for every wight, I gesse,  
That loveth wel meneth but gentilesse.

165. But in effect she wolde wite anon  
Of what man, and eek where, and also

why 1150

He jelous was, sin ther was cause noon ;

And eek the signe, that he took it by,

She bad him that to telle hir bisily,

Or elles, certeyn, she bar him on honde,

That this was doon of malis, hir to fonde.

166. With-uten more, shortly for to  
seyne, 1156

He moste obeye un-to his lady heste ;

And for the lasse harm, he moste feyne.

He seyde hir, whan she was at swiche  
a feste

She mighte on him han loked at the  
leste ; 1160

Not I not what, al dere y-nough a risshe,  
As he that nedes moste a cause fisshe,

167. And she answerde, 'swete, al were  
it so,

What harm was that, sin I non yvel  
mene?

For, by that god that boughte us bothe  
two, 1165

In alle thinge is myn entente clene.

Swich arguments ne been not worth a  
bene;

Wol ye the childish jealous contrefete?

Now were it worthy that ye were y-bete.'

168. Tho Troilus gan sorrowfully to syke,  
Lest she be wrooth, him thoughte his  
herte deyde; 1171

And seyde, 'allas! upon my sorwes syke  
Have mercy, swete herte myn, Criseyde!  
And if that, in the wordes that I seyde,  
Be any wrong, I wol no more trespass;  
Do what yow list, I am al in your grace.'

169. And she answerde, 'of gilt miseri-  
corde!

That is to seyn, that I foryeve al this;

And ever-more on this night yow recorde,

And both wel war ye do no more amis.' 1180

'Nay, dere herte myn,' quod he, 'y-wis.'

'And now,' quod she, 'that I have do  
yow smerte,

Foryeve it me, myn owene swete herte.'

170. This Troilus, with blisse of that sup-  
prysed, 1184

Put al in goddes hond, as he that mente

No-thing but wel; and, so deyntly avysed,

He hir in armes faste to him hente.

And Pandarus, with a ful good entente,  
Leyde him to slepe, and seyde, 'if ye ben  
wyse,

Swowneth not now, lest more folk aryse.'

171. What mighte or may the sely larke  
seye, 1191

Whan that the sparhawk hath it in his  
foot?

I can no more, but of this ilke tweye,

To whom this tale suere be or soot,

Though that I tarie a yeer, som-tyme  
I moot, 1195

After myn auctor, tellen hir gladnesse,

As wel as I have told hir hevynesse.

172. Criseyde, which that felte hir thus  
y-take,

As writen clerkes in hir bokes olde,

Right as an aspes leef she gan to quake,  
Whan she him felte hir in his armes  
folde. 1201

But Troilus, al hool of cares co'le,  
Gan thanken tho the blisful goddes  
sevene;

Thus sondry paynes bringen folk to  
hevene.

173. This Troilus in armes gan hir  
streyn, 1205

And seyde, 'O swete, as ever mote I goon,  
Now be ye caught, now is ther but we  
tweyne;

Now yeldeth yow, for other boot is noon.'

To that Criseyde answerde thus anon,  
'No hadde I er now, my swete herte  
dere, 1210

Ben yolde, y-wis, I were now not here!'

174. O! sooth is seyde, that heled for to be  
As of a fevre or othere greet syknesse,

Men moste drinke, as men may often see,

Ful bitter drink; and for to han glad-  
nesse, 1215

Men drinken often peyne and greet dis-  
tresse;

I mene it here, as for this aventure,

That thourgh a peyne hath founden al  
his cure.

175. And now swetnesse semeth more  
swete,

That bitternesse assayed was biforn; 1220

For out of wo in blisse now they flete.

Non swich they felten, sith they were  
born;

Now is this bet, than bothe two be lorn!

For love of god, take every womman  
hede

To werken thus, if it comth to the nede.

176. Criseyde, al quit from every drede  
and tene, 1226

As she that juste cause hadde him to tristo,  
Made him swich feste, it joye was to sene,

Whan she his trouthe and clene entente  
wiste. 1229

And as aboute a tree, with many a twist,  
Bitrent and wryth the sote wode-binde,

Gan eche of hem in armes other winde.

177. And as the newe abaysshed nightin-  
gale,  
That stinthe first whan she biggineth  
singe,

Whan that she hereth any herde tale, 1235  
Or in the heggas any wight steringe,  
And after siker dooth hir voys out-ringe;  
Right so Criseyde, whan hir drede stente,  
Opned hir herte, and tolde him hir entente.

178. And right as he that seeth his deeth  
y-shapen, 1240  
And deye moot, in ought that he may  
gesso,

And sodeynly rescous doth him escapen,  
And from his deeth is brought in siker-  
nesse, 1244  
For al this world, in swich present glad-  
nesso

Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete;  
With worse hap god lat us never mete!

179. Hir armes smale, hir streyghte bak  
and softe,  
Hir sydes longe, fleshy, smoth, and  
whyte

He gan to stroke, and good thrift bad ful  
ofte

Hir snowish throte, hir brestes rounde and  
lyte; 1250

Thus in this hevone he gan him to delyte,  
And ther-with-al a thousand tyme hir  
kiste;

That, what to dona, for joye unneth he  
wiste.

180. Than seyde he thus, 'O, Love, O,  
Charitee,

Thy moder eek, Cithorea the swete, 1255  
After thy-self next heried be she,

Venus mene I, the wel-willy planete;  
And next that, Imenens, I thee grete;  
For never man was to yow goddes holde  
As I, which ye han brought fro cares  
colde. 1260

181. Benigne Love, thou holy bond of  
things,

Who-so wol grace, and list thee nought  
honouren,

Lo, his desyr wol fle with-outen winges.

For, noldestow of bountee hem socouren  
That serven best and most alwey labouren,  
Yet were al lost, that dar I wel seyn,  
certes, 1266

But-if thy grace passed our desertes.

182. And for thou me, that coude leest  
deserve

Of hem that nombred been un-to thy  
grace,

Hast holpen, ther I lykly was to sterve,  
And me bistowed in so heygh a place 1271  
That thilke boundes may no blisse pace,  
I can no more, but laude and reverence  
Be to thy bounte and thyn excellence!

183. And ther-with-al Criseyde anon he  
kiste, 1275

Of which, certeyn, she felte no disese.

And thus seyde he, 'now wolde god I  
wiste,

Myn herte swete, how I yow mighte please!  
What man,' quod he, 'was ever thus at ese  
As I, on whiche tho faireste and the  
beste 1280

That ever I say, deynoth hir herte resta.

184. Here may men seen that mercy  
passeth right;

The experience of that is felt in me,  
That am unworthy to so swete a wight  
But herte myn, of your benigneitee, 1285  
So thenketh, though that I unworthy be,  
Yet mot I nede amenden in som wyse,  
Right thourgh the vertu of your heyghe  
servyse.

185. And for the love of god, my lady  
dere,

Sin god hath wrought me for I shal yow  
serve, 1290

As thus I mene, that ye wol be my sterve,  
To do me live, if that yow liste, or sterve,  
So techeth me how that I may deserve

Your thank, so that I, thurgh myn  
ignoraunce, 1294

Ne do no-thing that yow be displeaunce.

186. For certes, fresshe wommanliche wyf,  
This dar I seye, that trouthe and dili-  
gence,

That shal ye finden in me al my lyf,



Ne I wol not, certeyn, broken your defence;

And if I do, present or in absence, 1300  
For love of god, lat slee me with the dede,  
If that it lyke un-to your womanhede.'

187. 'Y-wis,' quod she, 'myn owne hertes list,

My ground of ese, and al myn herte dere,  
Graunt mercy, for on that is al my trist;

But late us falle away fro this matere; 1305  
For it suffyseth, this that seyde is here.  
And at o word, with-outen repentaunce,  
Wel-come, my knight, my pees. my suffisaunce!'

188. Of hir delyt, or joyes oon the leste  
Were impossible to my wit to seye; 1311  
But juggeth, ye that han ben at the feste  
Of swich gladnesse, if that hem listepleye!  
I can no more, but thus thise ilke tweye  
That night, be-twixen dreed and siker-  
nesse, 1315  
Falten in love the grete worthinesse.

189. O blisful night, of hem so longe  
y-sought,  
How blithe un-to hem bothe two thou  
were!

Why ne hadde I swich on with my soule  
y-bought,

Ye, or the leeste joye that was there? 1320  
A-wei, thou foule daunger and thou fere,  
And lat hem in this hevne blisse dwelle,  
That is so heigh, that al ne can I telle!

190. But sooth is, though I can not tellen al,  
As can myn auctor, of his excellence, 1325  
Yet have I seyde, and, god to-forn, I shal  
In every thing al hoolly his sentence.  
And if that I, at loves reverence,  
Have any word in echid for the beste,  
Doth therwith-al right as your-selven  
leste. 1330

191. For myne wordes, here and every  
part,

I speke hem alle under correccioun  
Of yow, that feling han in loves art,  
And putte it al in your discrecioun  
T' encrese or maken diminucioun 1335

Of my langage, and that I yow bi-seche;  
But now to purpos of my rather speche.

192. Thise ilke two, that ben in armes  
laft,

So looth to hem a-sonder goon it were,  
That ech from other wende been biraft,  
Or elles, lo, this was hir moste fere, 1341  
That al this thing but nyce dremes were;  
For which ful ofte ech of hem seyde, 'O  
swete,

Clippe ich yow thus, or elles I it mete?'

193. And, lord! so he gan goodly on hir  
see, 1345

That never his look ne bleynte from hir  
face,

And seyde, 'O dere herte, may it be  
That it be sooth, that ye ben in this  
place?'

'Ye, herte myn, god thank I of his grace!'  
Quod the Criseyde, and therwith-al him  
kiste, 1350

That where his spirit was, for joye he nieste.

194. This Troilus ful ofte hir eyen two  
Gan for to kisse, and seyde, 'O eyen clere,  
It were ye that wroughte me swich wo,  
Ye humble nettes of my lady dere! 1355  
Though ther be mercy written in your  
chore,

God wot, the text ful hard is, sooth, to  
finde,

Howcoude ye with-outen bond me binde?'

195. Therwith he gan hir faste in armes  
take, 1359

And wel an hundred tymes gan he syke,  
Nought swiche sorwful sykes as men make  
For wo, or elles whan that folk ben syke,  
But esy sykes, swiche as been to lyke,  
That shewed his affeccioun with-inne;  
Of swiche sykes coude he nought bilinne.

196. Sone after this they spake of sondry  
things, 1366

As fil to purpos of this aventure,  
And playenge entrechaungeden hir ringes,  
Of which I can nought tellen no scripture;  
But wel I woot a broche, gold and asure,  
In whiche a ruby set was lyk an herte, 1371  
Criseyde him yaf, and stak it on his  
sherte.

197. Lord ! trowe ye, a coveitous, a wrecche,  
That blameth love and holt of it despyt,  
That, of the pens that he can mokre and  
kecche, 1375

Was ever yet y-yeve him swich delyt,  
As is in love, in oo poynt, in som plyt ?  
Nay, douteles, for also god me save,  
So parfit joye may no nigard have !

198. They wol sey 'yis,' but lord ! so  
that they lyo, 1380

The bisy wrecches, ful of wo and drede !  
They callen love a woodnesse or folye,  
But it shal falle hem as I shal yow rede ;  
They shul forgo the whyte and eke the  
rede,

And live in wo, ther god yeve hem mis-  
chaunce, 1385  
And every lover in his trouthe avaunce !

199. As wolde god, the wrecches, that  
dispyse

Servyse of love, hadde eres al-so longe  
As hadde Myda, ful of coveityse ;  
And ther-to dronken hadde as hoot and  
stronge 1390

As Crassus dide for his affectis wronge,  
To techen hem that they ben in the vyce,  
And lovers nought, al-though they holde  
hem nyce !

200. Thise ilke two, of whom that I yow  
seye, 1394

Whan that hir hertes wel assured were,  
Tho gonne they to speken and to pleye,  
And eek rehercen how, and whanne, and  
where,

They knewe hem first, and every wo and  
fere

That passed was ; but al swich hevynesse,  
I thanke it god, was tourned to gladnesse.

201. And ever-mo, whan that hem fel to  
speke 1401

Of any thing of swich a tyme agoon,  
With kissing al that tale sholde breke,  
And fallen in a newe joye anoon,  
And diden al hir might, sin they were  
oon, 1405

For to recoveren blisse and been at ese,  
And passed wo with joye countrepeyse.

202. Reson wil not that I speke of sleep,  
For it accordeth nought to my matere ;  
God woot, they toke of that ful litel keep,  
But lest this night, that was to hem so  
dere, 1411

Ne sholde in veyn escape in no manere,  
It was biset in joye and bisynesse  
Of al that souneth in-to gentilnesse. 1414

203. But whan the cok, comuneastrologer,  
Gan on his brest to bete, and after crowe,  
And Lucifer, the dayes messenger,  
Gan for to ryse, and out hir bemes  
throwe ;

And estward roos, to him that coude it  
knowe, 1419

*Fortuna mator*, †than anoon Criseyde,  
With herte sore, to Troilus thus seyde :—

204. 'Myn hertes lyf, my trist and my  
plesaunce,

That I was born, allas ! what me is wo,  
That day of us mot make desseveraunce !  
For tyme it is to ryse, and hennes go, 1425  
Or elles I am lost for evermo !  
O night, allas ! why niltow over us hove,  
As longe as whanne Almena lay by Jove ?

205. O blake night, as folk in bokes rede,  
That shapen art by god this world to  
hyde 1430

At certeyn tymes with thy derke wede,  
That under that men mighte in reste  
abyde,

Wel oughte bestes pleyne, and folk thes  
chyde,

That there-as day with labour wolde us  
breste,

That thou thus fleest, and deynest us  
nought reste ! 1435

206. Thou dost, allas ! to shortly thyn  
offyce,

Thou rakel night, ther god, makere of  
kinde,

Thee, for thyn hast and thyn unkinde  
vyce,

So faste ay to our hemi-spere binde,  
That never-more under the ground thou  
winde ! 1440

For now, for thou so hyst out of Troye,  
Have I forgon thus hastily my joye !'

207. This Troilus, that with the wordes  
felte,

As thoughte him tho, for pietyous distresse,  
The bloody teres from his herte malte, 1445  
As he that never yet swich hevynesse  
Assayed hadde, out of so greet gladnesse,  
Gan therewith-al Criseyde his lady dere  
In armes streyne, and seyde in this  
manere:—

208. 'O cruel day, accusour of the joye  
That night and love han stole and faste  
y-wryen, 1451

A-cursed be thy coming in-to Troye,  
For every bore hath oon of thy bright yen!  
Envyous day, what list thee so to spyen?  
What hastow lost, why sekestow this  
place, 1455  
Ther god thy lyght so quenche, for his  
grace?

209. Allas! what han thise lovers thee  
agilt,  
Dispitous day? thyn be the pyne of helle!  
For many a lovee hastow shent, and  
wilt;

Thy pouring in wol no-where lete hem  
dwelle. 1460

What proferestow thy light here for to  
sello?

Go selle it hem that smale selos graven,  
We wol thee nought, us nedeth no day  
haven.'

210. And eek the sonne Tytan gan he  
chyde,

And seyde, 'O fool, wel may men thee  
dispyse, 1465

That hast the Dawing al night by thy  
syde,

And suffrest hir so some up fro thee ryse,  
For to disesen lovers in this wyse.

What! hold your bed thier, thou, and eek  
thy Morwe!

I bidde god, so yeve yow bothe sorwe!'

211. Therwith ful sore he sighte, and  
thus he seyde, 1471

'My lady right, and of my wele or wo  
Thewelle and rote, O goodly myn, Criseyde,  
And shal I ryse, allas! and shal I go?

Now fele I that myn herte moot a-two! 1475

For how sholde I my lyf an houre save,  
Sin that with yow is al the lyf I have?

212. What shal I doon, for certes, I not  
how,

No whanne, allas! I shal the tyme see,  
That in this plyt I may be eft with yow,  
And of my lyf, god woot how that shal  
be, 1481

Sin that desyr right now so byteth me,  
That I am deed anon, but I retourne.  
How sholde I longe, allas! fro yow so-  
journe?

213. But natheless, myn owene lady  
bright, 1485

Yit were it so that I wiste outrely,  
That I, your humble servaunt and your  
knight,

Were in your herte set so fermely  
As ye in myn, the which thing, trowely,  
Me lever were than thise worldes twayne,  
Yet sholde I bet enduren al my payne.'

214. To that Criseyde answerde right  
anon, 1492

And with a syk she seyde, 'O herte dere,  
The game, y-wis, so forforth now is goon,  
That first shal Phebus falle fro his spere,  
And every egle been the dowwes fere, 1496  
And every roche out of his place sterte,  
Er Troilus out of Criseydes herte!

215. Ye be so depe in-with myn herte  
grave,

That, though I wolde it turne out of my  
thought, 1500

As wisly verray god my soule save,  
To dyen in the payne, I coude nought!  
And, for the love of god that us hath  
wrought,

Lat in your brayn non other fantasye  
So crepe, that it cause me to dye! 1505

216. And that ye me wolde han as faste  
in minde

As I have yow, that wolde I yow bi-seche;  
And, if I wiste soothly that to finde,  
God mighte not a poynt my joyes eche!  
But, herte myn, with-oute more speche,  
Both to me trewe, or elles were it rounthe;  
For I am thyn, by god and by my trouthe!

217. Beth glad for-thy, and live in siker-  
nesse;

Thus seyde I never er this, ne shal to  
mo; 1514

And if to yow it were a gret gladnesse  
To turne ayein, soone after that ye go,  
As fayn wolde I as ye, it were so,  
As wisly god myn herte bringe at reste!  
And him in armes took, and ofte keste.

218. Agayns his wil, sin it mot nedes be,  
This Troilus up roos, and faste him  
cledde, 1521

And in his armes took his lady free  
An hundred tyme, and on his way him  
spedde,

And with swich wordes as his herte  
bledde,  
He seyde, 'farewel, my dere herte swete,  
Ther god us graunte sounde and sone to  
mete!' 1526

219. To which no word for sorwe she  
answerde,

So sore gan his parting hir destreyne;  
And Troilus un-to his palays ferde,  
As woo bigon as she was, sooth to seyne;  
So hard him wrong of sharp desyr the  
payne 1531  
For to ben eft there he was in plesaunce,  
That it may never out of his remem-  
braunce.

220. Retorned to his réal palais, sone 1534

He softe in-to his bed gan for to slinke,  
To slepe longe, as he was wont to done,  
But al for nought; he may wel ligge and  
winke,

But sleep ne may ther in his herte  
sinke;

Thenkinge how she, for whom desyr him  
brende,

A thousand-fold was worth more than he  
wonde. 1540

221. And in his thought gan up and down  
to winde

Hir wordes alle, and every contenaunce,  
And fermely impressen in his minde  
The laste poynt that to him was plesaunce;  
And verrayliche, of thilke remembraunce,

Desyr al newe him brende, and lust to  
brede 1546

Gan more than erst, and yet took he non  
hede.

222. Criseyde also, right in the same wyse,  
Of Troilus gan in hir herte shette 1549  
His worthinesse, his lust, his dedes wyse,  
His gentillesse, and how she with him  
mette,

Thenkinge love he so wel hir bisette;  
Desyring eft to have hir herte dere  
In swich a plyt, she dorste make him  
chere.

223. Pandare, a-morwe which that comen  
was 1555

Un-to his nece, and gan hir fayre grete,  
Seyde, 'al this night so reyned it, alas!  
That al my drede is that ye, nece swete,  
Han litel layser had to slepe and mete;  
Al night, quod he, 'hath reyn so do me  
wake, 1560

That som of us, I trowe, hir hedes ake.'

224. And ner he com, and seyde, 'how  
stont it now

This mery morwe, nece, how can ye fare?'  
Criseyde answerde, 'never the bet for yow,  
Fox that ye been, god yeve your herte  
care! 1565

God helpe me so, ye caused al this fare,  
Trow I, quod she, 'for alle your wordes  
whyte;

O! who-so seeth yow knoweth yow ful  
lyte!'

225. With that she gan hir face for to  
wrye

With the shete, and wex for shame al  
reed; 1570

And Pandarus gan under for to pryde,  
And seyde, 'nece, if that I shal ben deed,  
I have here a swerd, and smyteth of myn  
heed.'

With that his arm al soodeynly he thriste  
Under hir nekke, and at the laste hir  
kiste. 1575

226. I passe al that which chargeth  
nought to seye,

What! God foryaf his deeth, and she  
al-so

Foryaf, and with hir uncle gan to pleye,  
 For other cause was ther noon than so.  
 But of this thing right to the effect to go,  
 Whan tyme was, hom til hir hous she  
 wente, 1581  
 And Pandarus hath fully his entente.

227. Now torne we ayein to Troilus,  
 That resteles ful longe a-bedde lay,  
 And prevely sente after Pandarus, 1585  
 To him to come in al the hasty he may.  
 He com anon, nought ones seyde he  
 'nay,'  
 And Troilus ful sobrelly he grette,  
 And down upon his beddes syde him  
 sette, 1589

228. This Troilus, with al the affeccoun  
 Of frendes love that herte may devyse,  
 To Pandarus on knees fil adoun,  
 And er that he wolde of the place aryse,  
 He gan him thonken in his beste wyse ;  
 A hondred sythe he gan the tyme blesse,  
 That he was born to bringe him fro  
 distresse. 1596

229. He seyde, 'O frend, of frendes th'  
 alderbeste  
 That ever was, the sothe for to telle,  
 Thou hast in hevne y-brought my soule  
 at reste  
 Fro Flegiton, the fery flood of helle ; 1600  
 That, though I mighte a thousand tymes  
 selle,  
 Upon a day, my lyf in thy servyse,  
 It mighte nought a mote in that suffyse.

230. The sonne, which that al the world  
 may see,  
 Saw never yet, my lyf, that dar I laye,  
 So inly fair and goodly as is she, 1606  
 Whos I am al, and shal, til that I deye ;  
 And, that I thus am hires, dar I seye,  
 That thanked be the heighe worthinesse  
 Of love, and eek thy kinde businessse. 1610

231. Thus hastow me no litel thing y-yive,  
 Fo which to thee obliged be for ny  
 My lyf, and why? for thorough thyn help  
 I live ;  
 For elles deed hadde I be many a day.'

And with that word down in his bed he  
 lay, 1615  
 And Pandarus ful sobrelly him herde  
 Til al was seyde, and thanne he him  
 answerde :

232. 'My dere frend, if I have doon for  
 thee  
 In any cas, god wot, it is me leef ;  
 And am as glad as man may of it be, 1620  
 God help me so ; but tak now not a-greef  
 That I shal seyn, be war of this myschoef,  
 That, ther-as thou now brought art in-to  
 blisse,  
 That thou thy-self ne cause it nought to  
 misse.

233. For of fortunes sharp adversitee 1625  
 The worst kinde of infortune is this,  
 A man to have ben in prosperitee,  
 And it remembren, whan it passed is.  
 Thou art wys y-nough, for-thy do nought  
 amis ;  
 Be not to rakel, though thou sitte  
 warme, 1630  
 For if thou be, certeyn, it wol thee  
 harme.

234. Thou art at ese, and hold thee wel  
 ther-inne.  
 For also seur as reed is every fyr,  
 As greet a craft is kepe wel as winne ;  
 Brydle alwey wel thy speche and thy  
 desyr. 1635  
 For worldly joye halt not but by a wyr ;  
 That preveth wel, it brest alday so ofte ;  
 For-thy node is to werke with it softe.'

235. Quod Troilus, 'I hope, and god to-  
 forn,  
 My dere frend, that I shal so me bere,  
 That in my gilt ther shal no thing be  
 lorn, 1641  
 N' I nil not rake as for to greven here ;  
 It nedeth not this matere ofte tore ;  
 For wistestow myn herte wel, Pandare,  
 God woot, of this thou woldest litel care.'

236. Tho gan he telle him of his glade  
 night. 1646  
 And wher-of first his herte dredde, and  
 how,

And seyde, 'freend, as I am trewe knight,  
And by that feyth I shal to god and yow,  
I hadde it never half so hote as now; 1650  
And ay tho more that desyr me byteth  
To love hir best, the more it me delyteth.

237. I noot my-self not wisly what it is ;  
But now I fele a newe qualitee,  
Ye, al another than I dide er this.' 1655  
Pandare answerde, and seyde thus, that he  
That ones may in hevone blisse be,  
He feleth other weyes, dar I leye,  
Than thilke tyme he first herde of it seye.

238. This is o word for al ; this Troilus  
Was never ful, to speke of this matere,  
And for to preyson un-to Pandarus 1662  
The bountee of his righte lady dere,  
And Pandarus to thanke and maken  
chere.

This tale ay was span-newe to biginne 1665  
Til that the night departed hem a-twinne.

239. Sone after this, for that fortune it  
wolde,  
I-comen was the blisful tyme swete,  
That Troilus was warned that he sholde,  
Ther he was erst, Criseyde his lady  
mete ; 1670  
For which he felte his herte in joye  
flete ;  
And feythfully gan alle the goddes herie ;  
And lat see now if that he can be merie.

240. And holden was the forme and al  
the wyse,  
Of hir cominge, and eek of his also, 1675  
As it was erst, which nedeth nought  
devyse.  
But playnly to the effect right for to go,  
In joye and seurte Pandarus hem two  
A-bedde broughte, whan hem bothe leste,  
And thus they ben in quiete and in  
reste. 1680

241. Nought nedeth it to yow, sin they  
ben met,  
To aske at me if that they blythe were ;  
For if it erst was wel, tho was it bet  
A thousand-fold, this nedeth not enquire.  
A-gon was every sorwe and every fere ;

And bothe, y-wis, they hadde, and so  
they wende, 1686  
As muche joye as herte may comprende.

242. This is no litel thing of for to seye,  
This passeth every wit for to devyse ; 1689  
For eche of hem gan otheres lust obeye ;  
Felicitee, which that thise clerkes wyse  
Commenden so, ne may not here suffyse.  
This joye may not writen been with inke,  
This passeth al that herte may bithinke.

243. But cruel day, so wel-away the  
stounde ! 1695  
Gan for to aproche, as they by signes  
knewe,  
For whiche hem thoughte felen dethes  
wounde,  
So wo was hem, that changen gan hir  
hewe, 1698  
And day they gonnen to dispyse al newe,  
Calling it traytour, envyous, and worse,  
And bitterly the dayes light they curse.

244. Quod Troilus, 'allas ! now am I war  
That Pirous and the swifte stodes three,  
Whiche that drawn forth the sonnes  
char,  
Han goon som by-path in despyt of me ;  
That maketh it so sone day to be ; 1706  
And, for the sonne him hasteth thus to  
ryse,  
Ne shal I never doon him sacrificyso !'

245. But nudes day departe moste hem  
sone,  
And whanne hir speche doon was and hir  
chere, 1710  
They twinne anon as they were wont to  
done,  
And setten tyme of meting eft y-fere ;  
And many a night they wroughte in this  
manere.  
And thus Fortune a tyme ladde in joye  
Criseyde, and eek this kinges sone of  
Troye. 1715

246. In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in sing-  
inges,  
This Troilus gan al his lyf to lode ;  
He spendeth, justeth, maketh †festey-  
inges ;

He yeveth frely ofte, and chaungeth  
wede, 1719

And held aboute him alwey, out of drede,  
A world of folk, as cam him wel of kinde,  
The fresheste and the beste he coude  
finde;

247. That swich a voys was of him and  
a stevene

Thorough-out the world, of honour and  
largesse, 1724

That it up rong un-to the yate of hevene.  
And, as in love, he was in swich gladnesse,  
That in his herte he demede, as I gesse,  
That there nis lover in this world at ese  
So wel as he, and thus gan love him  
plese.

248. The godlihede or beautee which that  
kinde 1730

In any other lady hadde y-set  
Can not the mountaunce of a knot un-  
binde,

A-boute his herte, of al Criseydes net.  
He was so narwe y-masked and y-knet,  
That it undoon on any manere syde, 1735  
That nil not been, for ought that may  
betyde.

249. And by the hond ful ofte he wolde  
take

This Pandarus, and in-to gardin lede,  
And swich a feste and swich a proces  
make 1739

Him of Criseyde, and of hir womanhede,  
And of hir beautee, that, with-outen drede,  
It was an hevene his wordes for to here;  
And thanne he wolde singe in this  
manere

250. 'Love, that of erthe and see hath  
gouvernaunce,

Love, that his hestes hath in hevene hye,  
Love, that with an holsom alliaunce 1746  
Halt peples joyned, as him list hem gye,  
Love, that knetteth lawe of companye,  
And couples doth in vertu for to dwelle,  
Bind this acord, that I have told and  
telle; 1750

251. That that the world with feyth,  
which that is stable,  
Dyverseth so his stoundes concordinge,

That elements that been so discordable  
Holden a bond perpetuely duringe,  
That Phebus mote his rosy day forth  
bringe, 1755

And that the mone hath lordship over  
the nightes,  
Al this doth Love; ay heried be his  
mightes!

252. That that the see, that gredy is to  
flowen,

Constroyne to a certeyn ende so 1759  
His flodes, that so feraly they ne grown  
To drenchen erthe and al for ever-mo;  
And if that Love ought lete his brydel go,  
Al that now loveth a-sonder sholde lepe,  
And lost were al, that Love halt now to-  
hepe.

253. So wolde god, that auctor is of  
kinde, 1765

That, with his bond, Love of his vertu  
liste

To cerclen hertes alle, and faste binde,  
That from his bond no wight the wey out  
wiste.

And hertes colde, hem wolde I that he  
twiste

To make hem love, and that hem leste ay  
rewe 1770

On hertes sore, and kepe hem that ben  
trewe,

254. In alle nedes, for the tounes werre,  
He was, and ay the firste in armes dight;  
And certeynly, but-if that bokes erre, 1774  
Save Ector, most y-drad of any wight;  
And this encrees of hardynesse and might  
Cam him of love, his ladies thank to  
winne,

That altered his spirit so with-inne.

255. In tyme of trewe, on haukinge wolde  
he ryde,

Or elles hunten boor, bere, or lyoun; 1780  
The smale bestes leet he gon bi-syde.

And whan that he com rydinge in-to  
toun,

Ful ofte his lady, from hir window down,  
As fresh as faucon comen out of muwe,  
Ful redy was, him goodly to saluwa. 1785

256. And most of love and vertu was his  
speche,  
And in despyt hadde alle wrecchednesse;  
And douteles, no nede was him biseche  
To honouren hem that hadde worthi-  
nesse, 1789  
And esen hem that weren in distresse.  
And glad was he if any wight wel ferde,  
That lover was, whan he it wiste or herde.

257. For sooth to seyn, he lost held every  
wight

But-if he were in loves heigh servyse,  
I mene folk that oughte it been of right.  
And over al this, so wel coude he de-  
vyse 1796

Of sentement, and in so unkouth wyse  
Al his array, that every lover thoughte,  
That al was wel, what-so he seyde or  
wroughte.

258. And though that he be come of  
blood royal, 1800  
Him liste of pryde at no wight for to  
chase;  
Benigne he was to ech in general,

For which he gat him thank in every  
place.

Thus wolde Love, y-heried be his grace,  
That Pryde, Envy, Ire, and Avaryce 1805  
He gan to flee, and every other vyce.

259. Thou lady bright, the doughter to  
Dione,  
Thy blinde and winged sone eek, daun  
Cupyde;

Ye susteren nyne eek, that by Elicone  
In hil Parnaso listen for to abyde, 1810  
That ye thus fer han deyned me to gyde,  
I can no more, but sin that ye wol wende,  
Ye heried been for ay, with-outen ende!

260. Thourgh yow have I seyde fully in  
my song

Th'effect and joye of Troilus servyse, 1815  
Al be that ther was som disese among,  
As to myn auctor listeth to devyse.

My thridde book now ende ich in this  
wyse;

And Troilus in luste and in quiete 1819  
Is with Criseyde, his owne herte swete.

Explicit Liber Tercius.

## BOOK IV.

## [Prohemium.]

1. But al to litel, weylaway the whyle,  
Lasteth swich joye, y-thonked be For-  
tune!

That semeth trewest, whan she wol  
bygyle,

And can to foles so hir song entune,  
That she hem hent and blent, traytour  
comune; 5

And whan a wight is from hir wheel  
y-throwe,

Than laugheth she, and maketh him the  
mowe.

2. From Troilus she gan hir brighte face  
Awey to wrythe, and took of him non  
hede,

But caste him clene oute of his lady  
grace, 10

And on hir wheel she sette up Diomede;  
For which right now myn herte ginneth  
blede,

And now my penne, allas! with which  
I wryte,

Quaketh for drede of that I moot endyte.

3. For how Criseyde Troilus forsook, 15  
Or at the leste, how that she was un-  
kinde,

Mot hennes-forth ben matere of my  
book,

As wryten folk thourgh which it is in  
minde.

Allas! that they shulde ever cause  
finde



To speke hir harm ; and if they on hir  
lye, 20

Y-wis, hem-self sholde han the vilanye.

4. O ye Herines, Nightes doughtren three,  
That endelees compleynen ever in pyne,  
Megera, Alete, and eek Thesiphone ;  
Thou cruel Mars eek, fader to Quiryn, 25  
This ilke ferthe book me helpeth fyne,  
So that the los of lyf and love y-fere  
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

Explicit †prohemium. Incipit Quartus  
Liber.

5. Legera in ost, as I have seyd er this,  
The Grekes stronge, aboute Troye toun, 30  
Bifel that, whan that Phebus shynyn is  
Up-on the brest of Hercules Lyoun,  
That Ector, with ful many a bold baroun,  
Caste on a day with Grekes for to fighte,  
As he was wont to greve hem what he  
myghte. 35

6. Not I how longe or short it was bi-  
twene

This purpos and that day they fighte  
mente ;

But on a day wel armed, bright and  
shene,

Ector, and many a worthy wight out  
wente,

With spere in hond and bigge bowes  
bente ; 40

And in the berd, with-oute lenger lette,  
Hir fomen in the feld anon hem mette.

7. The longe day, with speres sharpe  
y-grounde,

With arwes, dartes, swerdes, maces felle,  
They fighte and bringen hors and man  
to grounde, 45

And with hir axes out the braynes quelle.  
But in the laste shour, sooth for to telle,

The folk of Troye hem-selven so mis-  
ledden,

That with the worse at night homward  
they fledden.

8. At whiche day was taken Antenor, 50  
Mangre Polydamas or Monesteo,  
Santippe, Sarpedon, Polynestor,

Polyte, or eek the Trojan daun Ripheo,  
And othere lasse folk, as Phebuso.

So that, for harm, that day the folk of  
Troye 55

Dredde to lese a greet part of hir joye.

9. Of Pryamus was yeve, at Greek re-  
queste,

A tyme of trewo, and tho they gounen  
trete,

Hir prisoneres to chaungen, moste and  
leste, 59

And for the surplus yeven sommes grete.  
This thing anon was couth in every

strete,

Bothe in th'assege, in tounne, and every-  
where,

And with the firste it cam to Calkas ere.

10. Whan Calkas knew this tretis sholde  
holde,

In consistorie, among the Grekes, sone 65  
He gan in thringe forth, with lordes olde,

And sette him there-as he was wont to  
done ;

And with a chaunged face hem bad a  
bone,

For love of god, to don that reverence,  
To stinte noyse, and yeve him audience.

11. Thanne seyde he thus, 'lo ! lordes  
myne, I was 71

Trojan, as it is knowen out of drede,  
And if that yow remembre, I am Calkas.

That alderfirst yaf comfort to your nede,  
And tolde wel how that ye sholden spede.

For dredelees, thorough yow, shal, in a  
stounde, 76

Ben Troye y-brend, and beten down to  
grounde.

12. And in what forme, or in what maner  
wyse

This town to shende, and al your lust to  
acheve,

Ye han er this wel herd it me devyse ; 80  
This knowe ye, my lordes, as I lave.

And for the Grekes weren me so leve,  
I com my-self in my propre persone,

To teche in this how yow was best to  
done ;

13. Havinge un-to my tresour ne my  
rente 85  
Right no resport, to respect of your ese.  
Thus al my good I loste and to yow  
wente,  
Wening in this you, lordes, for to plesse.  
But al that los ne doth me no disese.  
I vouche-sauf, as wisely have I joye, 90  
For you to lese al that I have in Troye,
14. Save of a doughter, that I laste, alas!  
Sleeping at hoom, whanne out of Troye  
I sterte.  
O sterne, O cruel fader that I was!  
How mighte I have in that so hard an  
herte? 95  
Allas! I ne hadde y-brought hir in hir  
sherte!  
For sorwe of which I wol not live to  
morwe,  
But-if ye lordes rowe up-on my sorwe.
15. For, by that cause I say no tyme er  
now  
Hir to delivere, I holden have my pees;  
But now or never, if that it lyke yow, 101  
I may hir have right sone, doutelees.  
O help and grace! amonges al this prees,  
Rewe on this olde caitif in destresse,  
Sin I through yow have al this hevynesse!
16. Ye have now caught and fetered in  
prisoun 106  
Trojans y-nowe; and if your willes be,  
My child with oon may have redempcioun.  
Now for the love of god and of bountee,  
Oon of so fele, alas! so yeve him me. 110  
What nede were it this preyere for to  
werne,  
Sin ye shul bothe han folk and toun as  
yerne?
17. On peril of my lyf, I shal not lye,  
Appollo hath me told it feithfully;  
I have eek founde it by astronomye, 115  
By sort, and by augurie eek trewely,  
And dar wel seye, the tyme is faste by,  
That fyr and flaumbe on al the toun shal  
sprede;  
And thus shal Troye turne in aschen  
dede.
18. For certeyn, Phebus and Neptunus  
bothe, 120  
That makeden the walles of the toun,  
Ben with the folk of Troye alwey so  
wrothe,  
That thei wol bringe it to confusioun,  
Right in despyt of king Lameadoun. 124  
By-cause he nolde payen hem hir hyre,  
The toun of Troye shal ben set on-fyre.'
19. Telling his tale alwey, this olde greye,  
Humble in speche, and in his lokinge eke,  
The salte teres from his eyen twaye 129  
Ful faste rennen down by cyther cheke.  
So longe he gan of secour hem by-seke  
That, for to hele him of his sorwes sore,  
They yave him Antenor, with-oute more.
20. But who was glad y-nough but Calkas  
tho?  
And of this thing ful sone his nedes  
loyde 135  
On hem that sholden for the tretis go,  
And hem for Antenor ful ofte preyde  
To bringon hoom king Toas and Criseyde;  
And whan Pryam his save-garde sente,  
Th'embassadours to Troye streyght they  
wente. 140
21. The cause y-told of hir cominge, the  
olde  
Pryam the king ful sone in general  
Let here-upon his parlement to holde,  
Of which the effect rehersen yow I shal.  
Th'embassadours ben answered for fynal,  
Th'eschaunge of prisoners and al this  
nede 146  
Hem lyketh wel, and forth in they pro-  
cede.
22. This Troilus was present in the place,  
Whan axed was for Antenor Criseyde,  
For which ful sone chaungen gan his face,  
As he that with tho wordes wel neigh  
dayde. 151  
But nathelees, he no word to it seyde,  
Lest men sholde his affeccioun espye;  
With mannes herte he gan his sorwes  
drye.
23. And ful of anguish and of grisly  
drede 155  
Abod what lordes wolde un-to it seye;

And if they wolde graunte, as god forbede,  
 Th'eschaunge of hir, than thoughte he  
 thinges tweye,  
 First, how to save hir honour, and what  
 weye  
 He mighte best th'eschaunge of hir with-  
 stonde; 160  
 Ful faste he caste how al this mighte  
 stonde.

24. Love him made al prest to doon hir  
 byde,  
 And rather dye than she sholde go;  
 But resoun seyde him, on that other syde,  
 'With-oute assent of hir ne do not so, 165  
 Lest for thy werk she wolde be thy fo,  
 And seyn, that thorough thy medling is  
 y-blowe  
 Your bother love, there it was erst un-  
 knowe.'

25. For which he gan deliberen, for the  
 beste,  
 That though the lordes wolde that she  
 wente, 170  
 He wolde late hem graunte what hem  
 leste,  
 And telle his lady first what that they  
 mente.  
 And whan that she had seyde him hir  
 entente,  
 Ther-after wolde he werken also blyve,  
 Though al the world ayein it wolde  
 stryve. 175

26. Ector, which that wel the Grekes  
 herde,  
 For Antenor how they wolde han Cri-  
 seyde,  
 Gan it withstonde, and sobrely an-  
 swerde:—  
 'Sires, she nis no prisoner,' he seyde;  
 'I noot on yow who that this charge  
 leyde, 180  
 But, on my part, ye may eft-sone him  
 telle,  
 We usen here no wommen for to selle.'

27. The noyse of peple up-stirte thanne  
 at ones,  
 As brume as blase of straw y-set on fyre;

For infortune it wolde, for the nones, 185  
 They sholden hir confusioun desyre.  
 'Ector,' quod they, 'what goost may yow  
 enspyre,  
 This woman thus to shilde and doon us  
 lesse  
 Daun Antenor?—a wrong wey now ye  
 chese—'

28. That is so wys, and eek so bold baroun,  
 And we han nede of folk, as men may  
 see; 191  
 He is eek oon, the grettest of this toun;  
 O Ector, lat tho fantasye be!  
 O king Pryam,' quod they, 'thus seggen  
 we, 194  
 That al our voys is to for-gon Criseyde;  
 And to deliveren Antenor they preyde.

29. O Juvenal, lord! trewe is thy sen-  
 tence,  
 That litel witen folk what is to yerne  
 That they ne finde in hir desyr offence;  
 For clound of errour lat hem not descerne  
 What best is; and lo, here ensample as  
 yerne. 201  
 This folk desiren now deliveraunce  
 Of Antenor, that broughte hem to mis-  
 chaunce!

30. For he was after traytour to the toun  
 Of Troye; alas! they quitte him out to  
 rathe; 205  
 O nyce world, lo, thy discrecioun!  
 Criseyde, which that never dide hem  
 skathe,  
 Shal now no lenger in hir blisse bathe;  
 But Antenor, he shal com hoom to tounne,  
 And she shal out: thus seyden here and  
 howne. 210

31. For which delibered was by parle-  
 ment,  
 For Antenor to yelden up Criseyde,  
 And it pronounced by the president,  
 Al-theigh that Ector 'nay' ful ofte  
 preyde.  
 And fynaly, what wight that it with-  
 seyde, 215  
 It was for nought; it moste been, and  
 sholde;  
 For substaunce of the parlement it wolde.

32. Departed out of parlement echone,  
This Troilus, with-oute wordes mo,  
Un-to his chaumbre spedde him faste  
allone, 220

But-if it were a man of his or two,  
The whiche he bad out faste for to go,  
By-cause he wolde slepen, as he seyde,  
And hastely up-on his bed him leyde.

33. And as in winter leues been biraft, 225  
Eche after other, til the tree be bare,  
So that ther nis but bark and braunche  
y-laft,

Lyth Troilus, biraft of ech wel-fare,  
Y-bounden in the blake bark of care,  
Disposed wood out of his wit to breyde,  
So sore him sat the chaunginge of Cri-  
seyde. 231

34. He rist him up, and every dore he  
shette  
And windowe oek, and tho this sorweful  
man

Up-on his beddes syde a-doun him sette,  
Ful lyk a deed image pale and wan; 235  
And in his brest the heped wo bigan  
Out-breste, and he to werken in this  
wyse

In his woodnesse, as I shal yow devyse.

35. Right as the wilde bole biginneth  
springe

Now here, now there, y-darted to the  
herte, 240

And of his deeth roreth in compleyninge,  
Right so gan he aboute the chaumbre  
storte,

Smytyng his brest ay with his festes  
smerte;

His heed to the wal, his body to the  
grounde

Ful ofte he swapte, him-selven to con-  
founde. 245

36. His eyen two, for pitee of his herte,  
Out strenoden as swifte welles tweye;  
The heighe sobbes of his sorwes smerte  
His speche him rafte, unnethes mighte  
he seye, 249

'O deeth,allas! why niltow do me deye?  
A-cursed be the day which that nature  
Shoop me to ben a lyves creature!'

37. But after, whan the furie and the  
rage

Which that his herte twiste and faste  
threste, 254

By lengthe of tyme somewhat gan asswage,  
Up-on his bed he leyde him doun to reste;  
But the bigonne his teres more out-breste,  
That wonder is, the body may suffice  
To half this wo, which that I yow devyse.

38. Than seyde he thus, 'Fortune! allas  
the whyle! 260

What have I doon, what have I thus  
a-gilt?

How mightestow for reuthe me bigyle?

Is ther no grace, and shal I thus be spilt?  
Shal thus Criseyde awey, for that thou  
wilt? 264

Allas! how maystow in thyn horte finde  
To been to me thus cruel and unkinde?

39. Have I thee nought honoured al my  
lyve,

As thou wel wost, above the goddes alle?  
Why wiltow me fro joye thus depryve?

O Troilus, what may men now thee calle  
But wrecche of wrecches, out of honour  
falle 271

In-to miserie, in which I wol biwayle  
Criseyde, allas! til that the breeth me  
fayle?

40. Allas, Fortune! if that my lyf in joye  
Displeased hadde un-to thy foule envye,

Why ne haddestow my fader, king of  
Troye, 276

By-raft the lyf, or doon my bretheren dye,  
Or slayn my-self, that thus compleyne  
and crye,

I, combre-world, that may of no-thing  
serve,

But ever dyo, and never fully sterve? 280

41. If that Criseyde allone were me laft,  
Nought roughte I whider thou woldest  
me stere;

And hir, allas! than hastow me biraft.

But ever-more, lo! this is thy manere,  
To reve a wight that most is to him dere,  
To preve in that thy gerful violence. 286  
Thus am I lost, ther helpeth no defence.

42. O verray lord of love, O god, allas !  
That knowest best myn herte and al my  
thought,

What shal my sorful lyf don in this cas  
If I for-go that I so dere have bought? 291  
Sin ye Cryseyde and me han fully brought  
In-to your grace, and bothe our hertes  
seled,

How may ye suffre, allas ! it be repeled ?

43. What I may doon, I shal, why! I may  
dure 295

On lyve in torment and in cruel payne,  
This infortune or this disaventure,  
Allone as I was born, y-wis, compleyne ;  
Ne never wil I seen it shyne or reyne ;  
But ende I wil, as Edippe, in derknesse  
My sorful lyf, and dyen in distresse. 301

44. O very goost, that errest to and fro,  
Why niltow fleen out of the wofulleste  
Body, that ever mighte on grounde go ?  
O soule, lurking in this wo, unneste, 305  
Flee forth out of myn herte, and lat it  
breste,

And folwe alwey Criseyde, thy lady dere ;  
Thy righte place is now no lenger here !

45. O wofulle eyen two, sin your disport  
Was al to seen Criseydes eyen brighte,  
What shal ye doon but, for my discom-  
fort, 311

Stonden for nought, and wepen out your  
sightes?

Sin she is queynt, that wont was yow to  
lighte,

In veyn fro-this-forth have I eyen tweye  
Y-formed, sin your vertue is a-weye. 315

46. O my Criseyde, O lady sovereyne  
Of thilke woful soule that thus cryeth,  
Who shal now yeven comfort to my peyne?  
Allas, no wight ; but when myn herte  
dyeth,

My spirit, which that so un-to yow hyeth,  
Receyve in gree, for that shal ay yow  
serve ; 321

For-thy no fors is, though the body sterve.

47. O ye loveres, that heighe upon the  
wheel

Ben set of Fortune, in good aventure,

God leve that ye finde ay love of steel, 325  
And longe mot your lyf in joye endure !  
But whan ye comen by my sepulture,  
Remembreth that your felawe resteth  
there ;

For I lovede eek, though I unworthy  
were. 329

48. O olde unholsom and mislyved man,  
Calkas I mene, allas ! what eyleth thee  
To been a Greek, sin thou art born  
Trojan ?

O Calkas, which that wilt my bane be,  
In cursed tyme was thou born for me !  
As wolde blisful Jove, for his joye, 335  
That I thee hadde, where I wolde, in  
Troye !

49. A thousand sykes, hottere than the  
glede,  
Out of his brest ech after other wente,  
Medled with pleyntes newe, his wo to  
fede, 339

For which his woful teres never stonte ;  
And shortly, so his peynes him to-rente,  
And wax so mat, that joye nor penaunce  
He feleth noon, but lyth forth in a trance.

50. Pandare, which that in the parlement  
Hadde herd what every lord and burgeys  
seyde, 345  
And how ful graunted was, by oon assent,  
For Antenor to yelden so Criseyde,  
Gan wel neigh wood out of his wit to  
breyde,

So that, for wo, he niste what he mente ;  
But in a rees to Troilus he wente. 350

51. A certeyn knight, that for the tyme  
kepte  
Thechaumbre-dore, un-dide it him anon ;  
And Pandare, that ful tendreliche wepte,  
In-to the derke chaumbre, as stille as  
stoon,

Toward the bed gan softly to goon, 355  
So confus, that he niste what to seye ;  
For verray wo his wit was neigh aweye.

52. And with his chere and loking al  
to-torn,  
For sorwe of this, and with his armes  
folden,

He stood this woful Troilus biforn, 360  
And on his pitous face he gan biholden;  
But lord, so often gan his herte colden,  
Seing his freend in wo, whos hevynesse  
His herte slow, as thoughte him, for dis-  
tresse.

53. This woful wight, this Troilus, that  
felte 365  
His freend Pandare y-comen him to see,  
Gan as the snow ayein the sonne melte,  
For which this sorwful Pandare, of pitee,  
Gan for to wepe as tendreliehe as he;  
And specheles thus been thise ilke tweye,  
That neyther mighte o word for sorwe  
seye. 371

54. But at the laste this woful Troilus,  
Ney deed for smert, gan bresten out to  
rore,  
And with a sorwful noyse he seyde thus,  
Among his sobbes and his sykes sore, 375  
'Lo! Pandare, I am deed, with-outen  
more.  
Hastow nought herd at parlement,' he  
seyde,  
'For Antenor how lost is my Criseyde?'

55. This Pandarus, ful deed and pale of  
hewe,  
Ful pitously answerde and seyde, 'yis!  
As wisly were it fals as it is trowe, 381  
That I have herd, and wot al how it is.  
O mercy, god, who wolde have trowed  
this?  
Who wolde have wend that, in so litel  
a throwe, 384  
Fortune our joye wolde han over-throwe?

56. For in this world ther is no creature,  
As to my doom, that ever saw ruyn  
Straungere than this, thorough cas or  
aventure.  
But who may al eschewe or al devyne?  
Swich is this world; for-thy I thus de-  
fyne, 390  
†Ne truste no wight finden in Fortune  
Ay proprete; hir yestes been comune.

57. But tel me this, why thou art now so  
mad  
To sorwen thus? Why lystow in this  
wyse,

Sin thy desyr al holly hastow had, 395  
So that, by right, it oughte y-now suffyse?  
But I, that never felte in my servyse  
A frendly chere or loking of an y8,  
Lat me thus wepe and wayle, til I dye.

58. And over al this, as thou wel wost  
thy-selve, 400  
This town is ful of ladies al aboute;  
And, to my doom, fairer than swiche  
twelve  
As ever she was, shal I finde, in som  
route,  
Ye, oon or two, with-outen any doute. 404  
For-thy be glad, myn owene dere brother,  
If she be lost, we shul recovere another.

59. What, god for-bede alwey that ech  
plesaunce  
In o thing were, and in non other wight!  
If oon can singe, another can wel daunce;  
If this be goodly, she is glad and light;  
And this is fayr, and that can good  
a-right. 411  
Ech for his vertu holden is for dere,  
Bothe heroner and faucon for rivere.

60. And eek, as writ Zanzis, that was ful  
wys,  
"The newe love out chaceth ofte the  
olde;" 415  
And up-on newe cas lyth newe avys.  
Thenk eek, thy-self to saven artow holde;  
Swich fyr, by proces, shal of kinde colde.  
For sin it is but casuel plesaunce,  
Som cas shal putte it out of remem-  
braunce. 420

61. For al-so seur as day cometh after  
night,  
The newe love, labour or other wo,  
Or elles selde seinge of a wight,  
Don olde affeccions alle over-go.  
And, for thy part, thou shalt have oon of  
tho 425  
To abrigge with thy bittre peynes smarte;  
Absence of hir shal dryve hir out of herte.'

62. Thise wordes seyde he for the nones  
alle,  
To helpe his freend, lest he for sorwe  
deyde.

For douteles, to doon his wo to falle, 430  
He rougte not what unthrift that he  
seyde.

But Troilus, that neigh for sorwe deyde,  
Tok lital hede of al that ever he mente ;  
Oon ere it herde, at the other out it  
wente :—

63. But at the laste answerde and seyde,  
'freend, 435

This lechecraft, or heled thus to be,  
Were wel sitting, if that I were a feend,  
To traysen hir that trewe is unto me '  
I pray god, lat this consayl never y-thee ;  
But do me rather sterve anon-right  
here 440

Er I thus do as thou me woldest lere.

64. She that I serve, y-wis, what so thou  
seye,

To whom myn herte enhabit is by right,  
Shal han me holly hires til that I deye.  
For, Pandarus, sin I have trouthe hir  
hight, 445

I wol not been untrewre for no wight ;  
But as hir man I wol ay live and sterve,  
And never other creature serve.

65. And ther thou seyst, thou shalt as  
faire finde

As she, lat be, make no comparisoun 450  
To creature y-formed here by kinde.

O leve Pandare, in conclusioun,  
I wol not be of thyn opinioun,  
Touching al this ; for whiche I thee bi-  
seche,

So hold thy pees ; thou sleest me with  
thy speche. 455

66. Thow biddest me I sholde love an-  
other

Al freshly newe, and lat Criseyde go !  
It lyth not in my power, leve brother.  
And though I mighte, I wolde not do so.  
But canstow playen raket, to and fro, 460  
Nettle in, dokke out, now this, now that,  
Pandare ?

Now foule falle hir, for thy wo that care !

67. Thow farest eek by me, thou Pan-  
darns,

As he, that whan a wight is wo bi-gooun,

He cometh to him a pas, and seyth right  
thus, 465

"Think not on smert, and thou shalt fele  
noon."

Thou most me first transmuwen in a  
stoon,

And reve me my passiounes alle,  
Er thou so lightly do my wo to falle.

68. The deeth may wel out of my brest  
departe 470

The lyf, so longe may this sorwe myne ;  
But fro my soule shal Criseydes darte  
Out never-mo ; but doun with Proserpyne,  
Whan I am deed, I wol go wone in pyne ;  
And ther I wol eternally compleyne 475  
My wo, and how that twinned be we  
tweyne.

69. Thow hast here maad an argument,  
for fyn,

How that it sholde lasse payne be  
Criseyde to for-gooun, for she was myn,  
And live in ese and in felicitye. 480  
Why gabbestow, that seydest thus to me  
That "him is wors that is fro wole y-  
throwe,  
Than he hadde erst non of that wele  
y-knowe?"

70. But tel me now, sin that thee thinketh  
so light

To chaungen so in love, ay to and fro, 485  
Why hastow not don bisily thy might  
To chaungen hir that doth thee al thy wo ?  
Why niltow lete hir fro thyn herte go ?  
Why niltow love an-other lady swote,  
That may thyn herte setten in quiete ?

71. If thou hast had in love ay yet mis-  
chaunce, 491

And canst it not out of thyn herte dryve,  
I, that livede in lust and in plesaunce  
With hir as muche as creature on-lyve,  
How sholde I that foryete, and that so  
blyve ? 495

O where hastow ben hid so longe in muwe,  
That canst so wel and formely arguwe ?

72. Nay, nay, god wot, nought worth is al  
thy reed,

For which, for what that ever may bifalle,

With-onten wordes mo, I wol be deed. 500  
O deeth, that endere art of sorwes alle,  
Com now, sin I so ofte after thee calle;  
For sely is that deeth, soth for to seyne,  
That, ofte y-cleped, cometh and endeth  
peyne.

73. Wel wot I, wnyl my lyf was in quiete,  
Er thou me slowe, I wolde have yeven  
lyre; 506  
But now thy cominge is to me so swete,  
'That in this world I no-thing so desyre.  
O deeth, sin with this sorwe I am a-fyre,  
Thou outherdome anon in teres drenche,  
Or with thy colde strook myn hete  
quenche! 511

74. Sin that thou sleest so fele in sondry  
wyse  
Ayens hir wil, unpreyed, day and night,  
Do me, at my requeste, this servyse,  
Delivere now the world, so dostow right,  
Of me, that am the wofulleste wight 516  
That ever was; for tyme is that I sterve,  
Sin in this world of right nought may  
I serve.'

75. This Troilus in teres gan distille,  
As licour out of alamyk ful faste; 520  
And Pandarus gan holde his tunge stille,  
And to the ground his eyen down he  
caste.  
But nathelees, thus thoughte he at the  
laste,  
'What, parde, rather than my felawe  
deye,  
Yet shal I som-what more un-to him seye.'

76. And seyde, 'freend, sin thou hast  
swich distresse, 526  
And sin thee list myn arguments to blame,  
Whynilt thy-selven helpen doon redresse,  
And with thy manhod letten al this  
game?  
Go ravisshe hir ne canstow not for shame!  
And outhir lat hir out of toun fare, 531  
Or hold hir stille, and leve thy nyce fare.

77. Artow in Troye, and hast non hardi-  
ment  
To take a womman which that loveth  
thee,

And wolde hir-selven been of thyn assent?  
Now is not this a nyce vanitee? 536  
Rys up anon, and lat this weping be,  
And kyth thou art a man, for in this  
houre  
I wil be deed, or she shal bleven oure.'

78. To this answerde him Troilus ful  
softe, 540  
And seyde, 'parde, leve brother dere,  
Al this have I my-self yet thought ful ofte,  
And more thing than thou devysest here.  
But why this thing is last, thou shalt wel  
here; 544  
And whan thou me hast yve an audience,  
Ther-after mayst thou telle al thy sen-  
tence.

79. First, sin thou wost this toun hath al  
this werre  
For ravissing of wommen so by might,  
It sholde not be suffred me to erre, 549  
As it stant now, ne doon so gret unright.  
I sholde han also blame of every wight,  
My fadres graunt if that I so withstode,  
Sin she is chaunged for the tounes goode.

80. I have eek thought, so it were hir  
assent,  
To aske hir at my fader, of his grace; 555  
Than thenke I, this were hir accusation,  
Sin wel I woot I may hir not purchace.  
For sin my fader, in so heigh a place  
As parlament, hath hir eschaunge anseled,  
Ho nil for me his lettre be repeled. 560

81. Yet drede I most hir herte to per-  
tourbe  
With violence, if I do swich a game;  
For if I wolde it openly distourbe,  
It moste been disclaundre to hir name.  
And me were lever deed than hir defame,  
As nolde god but-if I sholde have 566  
Hir honour lever than my lyf to save!

82. Thus am I lost, for ought that I can  
see;  
For certeyn is, sin that I am hir knight,  
I moste hir honour lever han than me  
In every cas, as lovers ought of right. 571  
Thus am I with desyr and reson twight;



Desyr for to distourben hir me redeth,  
And reson nil not, so myn herte dredeth.'

83. Thus wepinge that he coude never  
cesse, 575  
He seyde, 'allas! how shal I, wrecche,  
fare?

For wel fele I alwey my love encresse,  
And hope is lasse and lasse alwey, Pan-  
dare!

Encressen eek the causes of my care;  
So wel-a-vey, why nil myn herte breste?  
For, as in love, ther is but litel reste.' 581

84. Pandare answerde, 'freend, thou  
mayst, for me,  
Don as thee list; but hadde ich it so hote,  
And thyn estat, she sholde go with me;  
Though al this toun cryede on this thing  
by note, 585

I nolde sette at al that noyse a grote.  
For when men han wel cryed, than wol  
they rounne;  
A wonder last but nyne night never in  
tounne.

85. Devyne not in reson ay so depe  
Ne curteysly, but help thy-self anon; 590  
Bet is that othere than thy-selven wepe,  
And namely, sin ye two been al oon.  
Bys up, for by myn heed, she shal not  
goon;  
And rather be in blame a lyte y-founde  
Than sterve here as a gnat, with-oute  
wounde. 595

86. It is no shame un-to yow, ne no vyce  
Hir to with-holden, that ye loveth most.  
Paraunter, she mighte holden thee for  
nyce  
To lete hir go thus to the Grekes ost.  
Thenk eek Fortune, as wel thy-selven  
wost, 600  
Helpeth hardy man to his empyrse,  
And weyveth wrecches, for hir cowardyse.

87. And though thy lady wolde a litel hir  
greve,  
Thou shalt thy pees ful wel here-after  
make,  
But as for me, certayn, I can not leve 605  
That she wolde it as now for yvel take.

Why sholde than for ferd thyn herte  
quake?

Thenk eek how Paris hath, that is thy  
brother,  
A love; and why shaltow not have  
another?

88. And Troilus, o thing I dar thee  
swere, 610  
That if Criseyde, whiche that is thy leef,  
Now loveth thee as wel as thou dost here,  
God helpo me so, she nil not take a-greef,  
Though thou do bote a-noon in this  
mischeef.

And if she wilneth fro thee for to passe,  
Thanne is she fals; so love hir wel the  
lasse. 615

89. For-thy tak herte, and thenk, right as  
a knight,  
Though love is broken alday every lawe.  
Kyth now sumwhat thy corage and thy  
might,  
Have mercy on thy-self, for anyawe. 620  
Lat not this wrecched wo thin herte  
guawe,  
But manly set the world on size and  
sevene;  
And, if thou deye a martir, go to hevене.

90. I wol my-self be with thee at this  
dede,  
Though ich and al my kin, up-on a  
stounde, 625  
Shulle in a strete as dogges ligen dede,  
Thourgh-girt with many a wyd and bloody  
wounde.

In every cas I wol a freend be founde.  
And if thee list here sterven as a wrecche,  
A-dieu, the devel spede him that it  
recche!' 630

91. This Troilus gan with tho wordes  
quiken,  
And seyde, 'freend, graunt mercy, ich  
assente;  
But certaynly thou mayst not me so  
priken,  
Ne peyne noon ne may me so tormente,  
That, for no cas, it is not myn entente,  
At shorte wordes, though I dyen sholde,  
To ravisshe hir, but-if hir-self it wolde.' 637

92. 'Why, so mene I,' quod Pandarus, 'al  
this day.

But tel me than, hastow hir wel assayed,  
That sorwest thus?' And he answerde,  
'nay.' 640

'Whor-of artow,' quod Pandare, 'than  
a-mayed,

That nost not that she wol ben yvel  
apayed

To ravisshe hir, sin thou hast not ben  
there,

But-if that Jove tolde it in thyn ere?

93. For-thy rys up, as nought ne were,  
anoon, 645

And wash thy face, and to the king thou  
wende,

Or he may wondren whider thou art goon.  
Thou most with wisdom him and othere  
blende;

Or, up-on cas, he may after thee sende  
Er thou be war; and shortly, brother  
dere, 650

Be glad, and lat me werke in this matere.

94. For I shal shape it so, that sikerly  
Thou shalt this night som tyme, in som  
manere,

Com speke with thy lady prevely,  
And by hir wordes eek, and by hir chere,

Thou shalt ful sone aparceyve and wel  
here 656

Al hir entente, and in this cas the leste;  
And fare now wel, for in this point I  
reste.'

95. The swifte Fame, whiche that false  
things

Egal reporteth lyk the thinges trewe, 660  
Was thorough-out Troye y-fled with preste  
winges

Fro man to man, and made this tale al  
newe,

How Calkas doughter, with hir brighte  
hewe,

At parlement, with-oute wordes more,  
I-graunted was in chantage of Antenore. 665

96. The whiche tale anoон-right as Cri-  
seyde

Had herd, she which that of hir fader  
roughste,

As in this cas, right nought, ne whanne  
he deyde,

Ful bisily to Juppiter bisoughte  
Yeve him mischaunce that this tretis  
broughte. 670

But shortly, lest thise tales sothe were,  
She dorste at no wight asken it, for fere;

97. As she that hadde hir herte and al hir  
minde

On Troilus y-set so wonder faste,  
That al this world ne mighte hir love  
unbinde, 675

Ne Troilus out of hir herte caste;  
She wol ben his, whyl that hir lyf may  
laste.

And thus she brenneth bothe in love and  
drede,

So that she niste what was best to rede.

98. But as men seen in toune, and al  
aboute, 680

That women usen frendes to visyte,  
So to Criseyde of women com a route

For pitous joye, and wenden hir delyte;  
And with hir tales, dere y-nough a myte,

These women, whiche that in the cite  
dwelle, 685

They sette hem down, and seyde as I shal  
telle.

99. Quod first that oon, 'I am glad,  
trewely,

By-cause of yow, that shal your fader see.'  
A-nother seyde, 'y-wis, so nam not I;

For al to litel bath she with us be.' 690  
Quod tho the thridde, 'I hope, y-wis,

that she

Shal bringen us the pees on every syde,  
That, whan she gooth, almighty god hir  
gyde!'

100. Tho wordes and tho wommannisshe  
things,

She herde hem right as though she  
thennes were; 695

For, god it wot, hir herte on other thing  
is,

Although the body sat among hem there.  
Hir advertence is alwey elles-where;

For Troilus ful faste hir soule soughte;  
With-uten word, alwey on him she  
thoughte. 700

101. Thise women, that thus wenden  
hir to plesse,  
Aboute nought gonne alle hir tales  
spende;

Swich vanitee ne can don hir non ese,  
As she that, al this mene whyle, brande  
Of ether passioun than that they wende,  
So that she felte almost hir herte dye 706  
For wo, and wery of that companye.

102. For which no lenger mighte she  
restreine

Hir teres, so they gonnen up to welle,  
That yeven signes of the bitter payne 710  
In whiche hir spirit was, and moste  
dwelle;

Remembering hir, fro heven unto which  
helle

She fallen was, sith she forgoth the  
sighte

Of Troilus, and sorowfully she sighte. 714

103. And thilke foles sittinge hir aboute  
Wenden, that she wepte and syked sore  
By-cause that she sholde out of that route  
Depart, and never playe with hem more.  
And they that hadde y-knownen hir of yore  
Seye hir so wepe, and thoughte it kinde-  
nesse, 720

And eche of hem wepte eek for hir dis-  
trese;

104. And bisily they gonnen hir conforten  
Of thing, god wot, on which she litel  
thoughte;

And with hir tales wenden hir disporten,  
And to be glad they often hir bisoughte.  
But swich an ese ther-with they hir  
wroughte 726

Right as a man is used for to fele,  
For ache of heed, to clawen him on his  
hale!

105. But after al this nyce vanitee  
They took hir leve, and hoom they wenten  
alle. 730

Criseyde, ful of sorweful pitee,  
In-to hir chaumbre up wente out of the  
halle,

And on hir bed she gan for deed to falle,  
In purpos never thennes for to ryse;

And thus she wroughte, as I shal yow  
devyse. 735

106. Hir ~~oummed~~ hear, that sonnish was  
of hewe,  
She rente, and eek hir fingres longe and  
smale

She wrong ful ofte, and bad god on hir  
rewre,  
And with the deeth to doon bote on hir  
hale.

Hir hewe, whylom bright, that tho was  
pale, 740

Bar witnes of hir wo and hir constreynthe;  
And thus she spak, sobbinge, in hir com-  
pleynthe:

107. 'Alas!' quod she, 'out of this  
regioun

I, woful wrecche and infortuned wight,  
And born in corseid constellacioun, 745  
Mot goon, and thus departen fro my  
knight;

Wo worth, alas! that ilke dayes light  
On which I saw him first with eyen  
tweyne,  
That causeth me, and I him, al this  
payne!'

108. Therwith the teres from hir eyen  
two 750

Doun fille, as shour in Aparill, ful swythe;  
Hir whyte breast she bet, and for the wo  
After the deeth she cryed a thousand  
sythe,

Sin he that wont hir wo was for to lythe,  
She mot for-goon; for which disaventure  
She held hir-self a forlost creature. 756

109. She seyde, 'how shal he doon, and  
I also?

How sholde I live, if that I from him  
twinne?

O dere herte eek, that I love so,  
Who shal that sorwe sleen that ye ben  
inne? 760

O Calkas, fader, thyn be al this sinne!  
O moder myn, that cleped were Argive,  
Wo worth that day that thou me bere on  
lyve!

110. To what fyn sholde I live and sorwen  
thus?

How sholde a fish with-oute water dure?  
What is Criseyde worth, from Troilus? 766

How sholde a plaunte or lyves creature.  
Live, with-oute his kinde norture?  
For which ful oft a by-word here I seye,  
That, "roteles, mot grene sone deye." 770

111. I shal don thus, sin neither sward ne  
darte  
Dar I non handle, for the crueltee,  
That ilke day that I from yow departe,  
If sorwe of that nil not my bane be,  
Than shal no mete or drinke come in  
me 775  
Yil I my soule out of my breste unshethe;  
And thus my-selven wol I do to dethe.

112. And, Troilus, my clothes everichoon  
Shul blake been, in tokeninge, herte  
swete,  
That I am as out of this world agoon, 780  
That wont was yow to setten in quiete;  
And of myn ordre, ay til deeth me mete,  
The observaunce ever, in your absence,  
Shal sorwe been, compleynte, and absti-  
nence.

113. Myn herte and eek the woful goost  
ther-inne 785  
Biquethe I, with your spirit to compleyne  
Eternally, for they shul never twinne.  
For though in erthe y-twinned be we  
tweyne,  
Yet in the feld of piteo, out of peyne,  
That hight Elysos, shul we been y-fere, 790  
As Orpheus and Erudice his fere.

114. Thus herte myn, for Antenor, alas!  
I sone shal be changed, as I wene.  
But how shul ye don in this sorwful  
cas,  
How shal your tendre herte this sustene?  
But herte myn, for-yet this sorwe and  
tene, 796  
And me also; for, soothly for to seye,  
So ye wel fare, I recche not to deye.'

115. How mighte it ever y-red ben or  
y-songe,  
The pleynte that she made in hir dis-  
tresse? 800  
I noot; but, as for me, my litel tonge,  
If I discreven wolde hir hevynesse,  
It sholde make hir sorwe seme lesse

Than that it was, and childishly deface  
Hir heigh compleynte, and therefore I it  
pace. 805

116. Pandare, which that sent from  
Troilus  
Was to Criseyde, as ye han herd devyse,  
That for the beste it was accorded thus,  
And he ful glad to doon him that serveyse,  
Un-to Criseyde, in a ful secree wyse, 810  
Ther-as she lay in torment and in rage,  
Com hir to telle al hoolly his message.

117. And fond that she hir-selven gan to  
tetre  
Ful pitously; for with hir salte teres  
Hir brest, hir face y-bathed was ful  
wete; 815  
The mighty tresses of hir sonnish heres,  
Unbroyden, hangen al aboute hir eres;  
Which yaf him verray signal of martyre  
Of deeth, which that hir herte gan  
desyre.

118. Whan she him saw, she gan for sorwe  
anoon 820  
Hir tery face a-twixe hir armes hyde,  
For which this Pandare is so wo bi-goon,  
That in the hous he mighte unnethe  
abyde,  
As he that pitee felte on every syde.  
For if Criseyde hadde erst compleyned  
sore, 825  
The gan she pleyne a thousand tymes  
more.

119. And in hir aspre pleynte than she  
seyde,  
'Pandare first of joyes mo than two  
Was cause causinge un-to me, Criseyde,  
That now transmawed been in cruel  
wo. 830  
Wher shal I seye to yow "wel come" or  
no,  
That alderfirst me broughte in-to serveyse  
Of love, alas! that endeth in swich wyse?

120. Endeth than love in wo? Ye, or men  
lyeth I! 834  
And alle worldly blisse, as thinketh me,  
The ende of blisse ay sorwe it occupyeth;  
And who-so troweth not that it so be,

Let him upon me, woful wrecche, y-see,  
That my-self hate, and ay my birthe  
    acorse,  
Felinge alwey, fro wikke I go to worse.

121. Who-so me seeth, he seeth sorwe al  
    at ones, 841

Payne, torment, pleynte, wo, distresse.  
Out of my woful body harm ther noon is,  
As anguish, langour, cruel bitternesse,  
A-noy, smert, drede, fury, and eek sik-  
    nesse. 845

I trowe, y-wis, from hevene teres reyne,  
For pitee of myn aspre and cruel payne !'

122. 'And thou, my suster, ful of dis-  
    comfort,' 848

Qued Pandarus, 'what thenkestow to do?  
Why ne hastow to thy-selven som resport,  
Why woltow thus thy-selve, alas, for-do ?  
Leef al this werk and tak now hede to  
That I shal seyn, and herkne, of good  
    entente,

This, which by me thy Troilus thee  
    sente,'

123. Torned hir tho Criseyde, a wo  
    makege 855

So greet that it a deeth was for to see :—  
'Allas !' quod she, 'what wordes may ye  
    bringe ?

What wol my dere herte seyn to me,  
Which that I drede never-mo to see ? 859  
Wol he have pleynte or teres, er I wende ?  
I have y-nowe, if he ther-after sende !'

124. She was right swich to seen in hir  
    visage

As is that wight that men on bere binde ;  
Hir face, lyk of Paradys the image,  
Was al y-chaunged in another kinde. 865  
The pleye, the laughtre men was wont to  
    finde

In hir, and eek hir joyes everychone,  
Ben fled, and thus lyth now Criseyde  
    allone.

125. Aboute hir eyen two a purple ring  
Bi-trent, in sothfast tokninge of hir  
    peyne, 870

That to biholde it was a dedly thing,  
For which Pandare mighte not restreynen

The teres from his eyen for to reyne.  
But nathelees, as he best mighte, he seyde  
From Troilus these wordes to Criseyde. 875

126. 'Lo, nece, I trowe ye han herd al  
    how

The king, with othere lordes, for the  
    beste,

Hath mad eschaunge of Antenor and  
    yow,

That cause is of this sorwe and this  
    unreste.

But how this cas doth Troilus moleste, 880  
That may non erthely mannes tonge  
    seye ;

For verray wo his wit is al awaye.

127. For which we han so sorwed, he  
    and I,

That in-to litel bothe it hadde us slawe ;  
But thurgh my conseil this day, fynally,  
He somewhat is fro weping now with-  
    drawe. 886

And semeth me that he desyroth fawe  
With yow to been al night, for to devyse  
Remede in this, if ther were any wyse.

128. This, short and pleyne, th'effect of  
    my message, 890

As ferforth as my wit can comprehend.  
Forye, that been oftorment in swich rage,  
May to no long prologe as now entende ;  
And her-upon ye may answers himsende.  
And, for the love of god, my nece dere,  
So leef this wo er Troilus be here.' 896

129. 'Gret is my wo,' quod she, and sighte  
    sore,

As she that feleth dedly sharp distresse ;  
'But yet to me his sorwe is muchel more,  
That love him bet than he him-self,  
    I gesse. 900

Allas ! for me hath he swich hevynesse ?  
Can he for me so pitously compleyne ?  
Y-wis, this sorwe doubleth al my payne.

130. Grevous to me, god wot, is for to  
    twinne,'

Quod she, 'but yet it hardere is to me 905  
To seen that sorwe which that he is inne ;  
For wel wot I, it wol my bane be ;  
And deye I wol in certayn,' tho quod she ;

'But bidde him come, er deeth, that thus  
me threteth,  
Dryve out that goost, which in myn herte  
betheth.' 910

131. Thise wordes seyde, she on hir armes  
two

Fil gruf, and gan to wepe pitously.  
Quod Pandarus, 'allas! why do ye so,  
Syn wel ye wot the tyme is faste by,  
That he shal come? Arys up hastely, 915  
That he yow nat biwopen thus ne finde,  
But ye wol han him wood out of his  
minde!

132. For wiste he that ye ferde in this  
manere,  
He wolde him-selve slee; and if I wende  
To han this fare, he sholde not come  
here 920  
For al the good that Pryam may despende.  
For to what fyn he wolde anon pretende,  
That knowe I wel; and for-thy yet I seye,  
So leef this sorwe, or platly he wol deye.

133. And shapeth yow his sorwe for to  
abregge, 925  
And nought encresse, leve nece swete;  
Beth rather to him cause of flat than  
ogge,  
And with som wysdom ye his sorwes bete.  
What helpeth it to wepen ful a strete,  
Or though ye bothe in salte teres dreynte?  
Bet is a tyme of cure ay than of pleynte, 931

134. I mene thus; whan I him hider  
bringe,  
Sin ye ben wyse, and bothe of oon assent,  
So shapeth how distourbe your goinge,  
Or come ayen, sone after ye be went. 935  
Wommen ben wyse in short avysement;  
And lat sen how your wit shal now  
avayle;  
And what that I may helpe, it shal not  
fayle.'

135. 'Go,' quod Criseyde, 'and uncle,  
trewely,  
I shal don al my might, me to restreynen  
From weping in his sight, and bisilly, 941  
Him for to glade, I shal don al my payne,  
And in myn herte seken every veyne;

If to this soor ther may be founden salve,  
It shal not lakken, certain, on myn  
halve.' 945

136. Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he  
soughte,  
Til in a temple he fond him allone,  
As he that of his lyf no lenger roughte;  
But to the pitouse goddes everichone  
Ful tendrely he preyde, and made his  
mone, 950  
To doon him sone out of this world to  
pace;  
For wel he thoughte ther was non other  
grace.

137. And shortly, al the sothe for to seye,  
He was so fallen in despayr that day,  
That outrely he shoop him for to deye. 955  
For right thus was his argument alwey:  
He seyde, he nas but loren, waylawey!  
'For al that comth, comth by necesitee;  
Thus to be lorn, it is my destinee.

138. For certaynly, this wot I wel,' he  
seyde, 960  
'That for-sight of divyne purveyaunce  
Hath seyn alwey me to for-gon Criseyde,  
Sin god seeth every thing, out of dout-  
aunce,  
And hem desponeth, thourgh his orde-  
naunce, 965  
In hir merytes sothly for to be, 970  
As they shul comen by predestinee.

139. But natheless, alas! whom shal I  
leve?  
For ther ben grete clerkes many oon,  
That destinee thourgh argumentes preve;  
And som men seyn that nedely ther is  
noon; 975  
But that tree choise is yeven us everichoon.  
O, welaway! so sleye arn clerkes olde,  
That I not whos opinion I may holde.

140. For som men seyn, if god seth al  
biforn,  
Ne god may not deceyved ben, pardee, 975  
Than moot it fallen, though men hadde it  
sworn,  
That purveyaunce hath seyn bifore to be.  
Wherfor I seye, that from eterne if he

Hath wist biforn our thought eek as our dede,  
 We have no free chois, as these clerkes rede. 980

141. For other thought nor other dede also

Might never be, but swich as purveyaunce,  
 Which may not ben deceyved never-mo,  
 Hath feled biforn, with-uten ignoraunce.  
 For if ther mighte been a variannce 985  
 To wrythen out fro goddes purveyinge,  
 Ther nere no prescience of thing cominge;

142. But it were rather an opinioun  
 Uncerteyn, and no stedfast forseinge;  
 And certes, that were an abusoun, 990  
 That god shuld han no parfit cleer witinge  
 More than we men that han doutous wenings.

But swich an errour up-on god to geesse  
 Were fals and foul, and wikked corsed-  
 nesse.

143. Eek this is an opinioun of somme 995  
 That han hir top ful heighe and smothe y-shore;

They seyn right thus, that thing is not to come

For that the prescience hath seyn bifore  
 That it shal come; but they seyn, that therfore

That it shal come, therefore the purvey-  
 aunce 1000

Wot it biforn with-uten ignoraunce;

144. And in this manere this necessitee  
 Retorneth in his part contrarie agayn.  
 For needfully bihoveth it not to be  
 That thilke thinges fallen in certayn 1005  
 That ben purveyed; but nedely, as they seyn,

Biheveth it that thinges, whiche that falle,

That they in certayn ben purveyed alle.

145. I mene as though I laboured me in this,

To enqueren which thing cause of which thing be; 1010

As whether that the prescience of god is  
 The certayn cause of the necessitee

Of thinges that to comen been, pardee;  
 Or if necessitee of thing cominge  
 Be cause certeyn of the purveyinge. 1015

146. But now ne enforce I me nat in shewinge

How the ordre of causes stant; but wel wot I,

That it bihoveth that the bifallinge  
 Of thinges wist biforen certeynly  
 Be necessarie, al seme it not ther-by 1020  
 That prescience put fallinge necessaire  
 To thing to come, al falle it foule or faire.

147. For if ther sit a man yond on a see,  
 Than by necessitee bihoveth it  
 That, certes, thyn opinioun soth be, 1025  
 That wenest or conjectest that he sit;  
 And ferther-over now ayenward yit,  
 Lo, right so it is of the part contrarie,  
 As thus; (now herkno, for I wol not tarie):

148. I seye, that if the opinioun of thee  
 Be sooth, for that he sit, than seye I this, 1031

That he mot sitten by necessitee;  
 And thus necessitee in either is.

For in him node of sitting is, y-wis,  
 And in thee node of sooth; and thus, for-sothe, 1035

Ther moot necessitee ben in yow bothe.

149. But thou mayst seyn, the man sit not therfore,

That thyn opinion of sitting soth is;  
 But rather, for the man sit ther bifore,  
 Therfore is thyn opinion sooth, y-wis. 1040  
 And I seye, though the cause of sooth of this

Comth of his sitting, yet necessitee  
 Is entrechaunged, bothe in him and thee.

150. Thus on this same wyse, out of doutaunce,

I may wel maken, as it semeth me, 1045  
 My resoninge of goddes purveyaunce,  
 And of the thinges that to comen be;  
 By whiche reson man may wel y-see,  
 That thilke thinges that in erthe falle,  
 That by necessitee they comen alle. 1050

151. For al-though that, for thing shal  
come, y-wis,  
Therefore is it purveyed, certaynly,  
Nat that it comth for it purveyed is :  
Yet nathelees, bihoveth it nedfully,  
That thing to come be purveyed, trowely ;  
Or elles, thinges that purveyed be, 1056  
That they bityden by necessitee.

152. And this suffyseth right y-now,  
corteyn,  
For to destroye our free chois every del.—  
But now is this abusion to seyn, 1060  
That fallinge of the thinges temporal  
Is cause of goddes prescience eternal.  
Now trowely, that is a fals sentence,  
That thing to come sholde cause his  
prescience.

153. What mighte I wene, and I hadde  
swich a thought, 1065  
But that god purveyth thing that is to  
come  
For that it is to come, and elles nought ?  
So mighte I wene that thinges alle and  
some,  
That whylom been bifalle and over-come,  
Ben cause of thilke sovereyn purvey-  
aunce, 1070  
That for-wot al with-uten ignoraunce.

154 And over al this, yet seye I more  
harto,  
That right as whan I woot ther is a  
thing,  
Y-wis, that thing not nedefully be so ;  
Eek right so, whan I woot a thing  
coming, 1075  
So mot it come ; and thus the bifalling  
Of thinges that ben wist before the tyde,  
They inowe not been eschewed on no  
syde.'

155. Than seyde he thus, ' almighty Jove  
in trone,  
That wost of al this thing the soothfast-  
nesse, 1080  
Rewe on my sorwe, or do me deye sone,  
Or bring Criseyde and me fro this dis-  
tresse.'  
And whyl he was in al this hevynesse,

Disputinge with him-self in this matere,  
Com Pandare in, and seyde as ye may  
here. 1085

156. ' O mighty god,' quod Pandarus, ' in  
trone,  
Ey ! who seigh ever a wys man faren so ?  
Why, Troilus, what thenkestow to done ?  
Hastow swich lust to been thyn owene fo ?  
What, parde, yet is not Criseyde a-go ! 1090  
Why lust thee so thy-self for-doon for  
drede,  
That in thyn heed thyn eyen semen dede ?

157. Hastow not lived many a yeer bi-  
forn  
With-uten hir, and ferd ful wel at ese ?  
Artow for hir and for non other born ?  
Hath kind thee wroughte al-only hir to  
pless ? 1096  
Lat be, and thenk right thus in thydise :  
That, in the dees right as ther fallen  
chaunces,  
Right so in love, ther come and goen  
plesaunces.

158. And yet this is a wonder most of alle,  
Why thou thus sorwest, sin thou nost  
not yit, 1101  
Touching hir goinge, how that it shal  
falle,  
Ne if she can hir-self distorben it,  
Thou hast not yet assayed al hir wit,  
A man may al by tyme his nekke bede 1105  
Whan it shal of, and sorwen at the nede,

159. For-thy take hede of that that I shal  
seye ;  
I have with hir y-spoke and longe y-be,  
So as accorded was bitwixe us tweye.  
And ever-mo me thinketh thus, that she  
Hath som-what in hir hertes prevetee,  
Wher-with she can, if I shal right arde,  
Distorbe al this, of which thou art in  
drede. 1113

160. For which my counsail is, whan it is  
night,  
Thou to hir go, and make of this an  
ende ;  
And blisful Juno, thourgh hir grete  
mightes, 1116



Shal, as I hope, hir grace un-to us sende.  
Myn herte seyth, "certeyn, she shal not  
wende;"

And for-thy put thyn herte a while in  
reste, 1119  
And hold this purpos, for it is the beste.'

161. This Troilus answerde, and sighte  
sore,  
'Thou seyst right wel, and I wil do right  
so;'

And what him list, he seyde un-to it  
more.

And whan that it was tyme for to go,  
Ful prevely him-self, with-outen mo, 1125  
Un-to hir com, as he was wont to done;  
And how they wroughte, I shal yow telle  
sone.

162. Soth is, that whan they gonne first  
to mete, 1128

So gan the payne hir hertes for to twiste,  
That neither of hem other mighte grete,  
But hem in armes toke and after kiste.  
The lasse wofulle of hem bothe niste

Wher that he was, ne mighte o word  
out-bringe,

As I seyde erst, for wo and for sobbinge.

163. Tho woful teres that they leten  
falle 1135

As bittre weren, out of teres kinde,  
For payne, as is ligne-aloës or galle.  
So bittre teres weep nought, as I finde,  
The woful Myrra through the bark and  
rinde.

That in this world ther nis so hard an  
herte, 1140

That nolde han rewed on hir paynes  
smerte.

164. But whan hir woful wery gostes  
tweyne

Retorned been ther-as hem oughte dwelle,  
And that som-what to wayken gan the  
payne

By lengthe of playnte, and ebben gan the  
wells 1145

Of hire teres, and the herte unswelle,  
With broken voys, al hoors for-shright,  
Criseyde

To Troilus thise ilke wordes seyde:

165. 'O Jove, I deye, and mercy I be-  
seche!

Help, Troilus!' and ther-with-al hir face  
Upon his brost she leyde, and loste  
speche; 1151

Hir woful spirit from his propre place,  
Right with the word, alwey up poynt to  
pace.

And thus she lyth with hewes pale and  
grene,

That whylom fresh and fairest was to  
sene. 1155

166. This Troilus, that on hir gan biholde,  
Clepinge hir name, (and she lay as for  
deed,

With-oute answer, and felte hir limes  
colde,

Hir eyen throwen upward to hir heed),  
This sorwful man can now noon other  
read, 1160

But ofte tyme hir colde mouth he kiste,  
Wher him was wo, god and him-self it  
wiste!

167. He rist him up, and long streight he  
hir leyde;

For signe of lyf, for ought he can or  
may,

Can he noon finde in no-thing on Cri-  
seyde, 1165

For which his song ful ofte is 'weylaway!'  
But whan he saugh that specheles she  
lay,

With sorwful voys, and herte of blisse al  
bare,

He seyde how she was fro this world  
y-fure!

168. So after that he longe hadde hir  
compleyned, 1170

His hondes wronge, and seyde that was to  
seye,

And with his teres salte hir brost bi-  
reyned,

He gan tho teres wyppen of ful dreye,  
And pitously gan for the soule preye,

And seyde, 'O lord, that set art in thy  
trone, 1175

Rewe eek on me, for I shal folwe hir  
sone!'

169. She cold was and with-uten sente-  
ment,

For aught he woot, for breeth ne felte he  
noon ;

And this was him a preignant argument  
That she was forth out of this world  
agoon ; 1180

And whan he seigh ther was non other  
woon,

He gan hir limes dresse in swich manere  
As men don hem that shul be leyd on bere.

170 And after this, with sterne and cruel  
herte,

His swerd a-noon out of his shethe he  
twighte, 1185

Him-self to sleen, how sore that him  
smerte,

So that his sowle hir sowle folwen mighte,  
Ther-as the doom of Mynos wolde it dighte ;  
Sin love and cruel Fortune it ne wolde,  
That in this world he lenger liven sholde.

171. Thanne seyde he thus, fulfid of  
heigh desdayn, 1191

O cruel Jove, and thou, Fortune adverse,  
This al and som, that falsly have ye  
slayn

Criseyde, and sin ye may do me no werse,  
Fy on your might and werkis so di-  
verse ! 1195

Thus cowardly ye shul me never winne ;  
Ther shal no deeth me fro my lady twinne.

172. For I this world, sin ye han slayn hir  
thus,

Wollete, and folowe hir spirit lowe or hye ;  
Shal never lover seyn that Troilus 1200

Dar not, for fere, with his lady dye ;  
For certeyn, I wol bere hir companye.

But sin ye wol not suffre us liven here,  
Yet suffreth that our soules ben y-fere.

173. And thou, citee, whiche that I leve  
in wo, 1205

And thou, Pryam, and bretheron al y-fere,  
And thou, my moder, farewell ! for I go ;

And Atropos, make redy thou my bere !

And thou, Criseyde, o swete herte dere,  
Receyve now my spirit !' wolde he seye,  
With swerd at herte, al redy for to deye.

174. But as god wolde, of swough ther-  
with she abreyde, 1212

And gan to syke, and 'Troilus' she cryde ;  
And he answerde, 'lady myn Criseyde,  
Live ye yet ?' and leet his swerd doun  
glyde. 1215

'Ye, herte myn, that thanked be Cuppyde'  
Quod she, and ther-with-al she sore sighte ;  
And he bigan to glade hir as he mighte ;

175. Took hir in armes two, and kiste hir  
ofte,

And hir to glade he dide al his entente ;  
For which hir goost, that flikered ay  
on-lofte, 1221

In-to hir woful herte ayein it wente.  
But at the laste, as that hir eyen glente  
A-syde, anoon she gan his swerd aspye,  
As it lay bare, and gan for fere crye, 1225

176. And asked him, why he it hadde  
out-drawe ?

And Troilus anoon the cause hir tolde,  
And how himself ther-with he wolde  
have slawe.

For which Criseyde up-on him gan bi-  
holde,

And gan him in hir armes faste folde, 1230  
And seyde, 'O mercy, god, lo, which a  
dede !

Allas ! how neigh we were bothe dede !

177. Thanne if I ne hadde spoken, as  
grace was,

Ye wolde han slayn your-self anoon ?'  
quod she,

'Ye, douteless ;' and she answerde, 'allas !  
For, by that ilke lord that made me, 1236  
I nolde a forlong wey on-lyve han be,  
After your deeth, to han be crowned quene  
Of al the lond thesonne on shyneth shene.

178. But with this selve swerd, which  
that here is, 1240

My-selve I wolde have slayn !'—quod she  
tho ;

'But ho, for we han right y-now of this,  
And late us ryse and streight to bedde go,  
And theræt lat vs speken of our wo.

For, by the mortar which that I see  
brenne, 1245  
Knowe I ful wel that day is not fer henna.'

179. When they were in hir bedde, in  
armes folde,

Nought was it lyk the nightes here-biforn ;  
For pitously ech other gan biholde, 1249  
As they that hadden al hir blisse y-lorn,  
Biwaylinge ay the day that they were born.  
Til at the last this sorful wight Criseyde  
To Troilus these ilke wordes seyde :—

180. 'Lo, herte myn, wel wot ye this,'  
quod she, 1254

'That if a wight alway his wo compleyne,  
And seketh nought how holpen for to be,  
It nis but folye and encrees of payne ;  
And sin that here assembled be we tweyne  
To finde bote of wo that we ben inne,  
It were al tyme sone to biginne. 1260

181. I am a womman, as ful wel ye woot,  
And as I am avysed sodeynly,  
So wol I telle yow, whyl it is hoot.  
Me thinketh thus, that neither ye nor I  
Oughte half this wo to make skilfully. 1265  
For there is art y-now for to redresse  
That yet is mis, and sleen this hevinesse.

182. Sooth is, the wo, the whiche that we  
ben inne,

For ought I woot, for no-thing elles is  
But for the cause that we sholden twinno.  
Considered al, ther nis no-more amis, 1271  
But what is thanne a remede un-to this,  
But that we shape us sone for to mete ?  
This al and som, my dere herte swete.

183. Now that I shal wel bringen it  
aboute 1275

To come ayein, sone after that I go,  
Ther-of am I no maner thing in doute.  
For dredeles, with-inne a wouke or two,  
I shal ben here ; and, that it may be so  
By alleright, and in a wordes fewe, 1280  
I shal yow wel an heap of weyes shewe.

184. For which I wol not make long  
sermoun,

For tyme y-lost may not recovered be ;  
But I wol gon to my conclusioun, 1284  
And to the beste, in ought that I can see.  
And, for the love of god, for-yeve it me  
If I speke ought ayein your hertes reste ;  
For trewely, I speke it for the beste ;

185. Makinge alway a protestacioun,  
That now these wordes, whiche that I shal  
seye, 1290

Nis but to shewe yow my mocioun,  
To finde un-to our helpe the beste weye ;  
And taketh it non other wyso, I preye.  
For in effect what-so ye me comaunde,  
That wol I doon, for that is no demaunde.

186. Now herkeneth this, ye han wel  
understondo, 1296

My going graunted is by parlement  
So ferforth, that it may not be with-stonde  
For al this world, as by my judgement.  
And sin ther helpeth noon avysement 1300  
To letten it, lat it passe out of minde ;  
And lat us shape a better weye to finde.

187. The sothe is, that the twinninge of  
us tweyne

Wol us disese and cruelliche anye.  
But him bihoveth som-tyme han a payne,  
That serveth love, if that he wol have  
joye. 1306

And sin I shal no ferther out of Troye  
Than I may ryde ayein on half a morwe.  
It oughte lasse causen us to sorwe :

188. So as I shal not so ben hid in muwe,  
That day by day, myn owene herte dere,  
Sin wel ye woot that it is now a truwe,  
Ye shul ful wel al myn estat y-here. 1313  
And er that truwe is doon, I shal ben here,  
And thanne have ye bothe Antenor y-  
wonne

And me also ; beth glad now, if ye conne ;

189. And thenk right thus, " Criseyde is  
now agoon, 1317

But what ! she shal come hastely ayein ;"  
And whanne, allas ? by god, lo, right  
anoon,

Er dayes ten, this dar I saufully seyn. 1320  
And thanne at erste shul we been so fayn,  
So as we shulle to-gederes ever dwelle,  
That al this world ne mighte our blisse  
telle.

190. I see that ofte, ther-as we ben now,  
That for the beste, our conseil for to hyde,  
Ye speke not with me, nor I with yow 1326  
In fourtnight ; ne see yow go ne ryde.

May ye not ten dayes thanne abyde,  
For myn honour, in swich an aventure?  
Y-wis, ye mowen elles lyte endure! 1330

191. Ye knowe eek how that al my kin is  
here,  
But-if that onliche it my fader be;  
And eek myn othere thinges alle y-fere,  
And nameliche, my dere herte, ye,  
Whom that I nolde leven for to see 1335  
For al this world, as wyd as it hath space;  
Or elles, see ich never Joves face!

192. Why trowe ye my fader in this wyse  
Coveiteth so to see me, but for drede 1339  
Lest in this toun that folkes me dispyse  
By-cause of him, for his unhappy dede?  
What woot my fader what lyf that I lede?  
For if he wiste in Troye how wel I fare,  
Us neded for my wending nought to care.

193. Ye seen that every day eek, more  
and more, 1345  
Men trete of pees; and it supposed is,  
That men the quene Eleyne shal restore,  
And Grekes us restore that is mis.  
So though ther nere comfort noon but  
this, 1349  
That men purposen pees on every syde,  
Ye may the bettre at ese of herte abyde.

194. For if that it be pees, myn herte  
dere,  
The nature of the pees mot nedes dryve  
That men moste entrecomunen y-fere,  
And to and fro eek ryde and gon as blyve  
Alday as thikke as been fien from an  
hyve; 1356  
And every wight han libertee to bleve  
Wher-as him list the bet, with-uten leve.

195. And though so be that pees ther may  
be noon,  
Yet hider, though ther never pees ne  
were, 1360  
I moste come; for whider sholde I goon,  
Or how mischaunce sholde I dwelle there  
Among the men of armes ever in fere?  
For which, as wisly god my soule rede,  
I can not seen wher-of ye sholden drede.

196. Have here another wey, if it so be  
That al this thing ne may yow not suffyse.

My fader, as ye knowen wel, pardee,  
Is old, and elde is ful of coveityse.  
And I right now have founden al the  
gyse, 1370  
With-oute net, wher-with I shal him  
hente;  
And herkeneth how, if that ye wole  
assente.

197. Lo, Troilus, men seyn that hard it is  
The wolf ful, and the wether hool to have;  
This is to seyn, that men ful ofte, y-wis,  
Mot spenden part, the remenaunt for to  
save. 1376  
For ay with gold men may the herte  
grave  
Of him that set is up-on coveityse;  
And how I mene, I shal it yow dovysse.

198. The moeble which that I have in  
this toun 1380  
Un-to my fader shal I take, and seye,  
That right for trust and for savacioun  
It sent is from a freend of his or tweye,  
The whiche freendes ferventliche him  
preye  
To senden after more, and that in hye,  
Whyl that this toun stant thus in ju-  
partye. 1386

199. And that shal been an huge  
quantitee,  
Thus shal I seyn, but, lest it folk aspyde,  
This may be sent by no wight but by me;  
I shal eek shewen him, if pees bityde, 1390  
What frendes that ich have on every syde  
Toward the court, to doon the wrathe  
pace  
Of Priamus, and doon him stonde in  
grace.

200. So, what for o thing and for other,  
swote,  
I shal him so enchaunten with my sawes,  
That right in hevене his sowle is, shal he  
mete! 1396  
For al Appollo, or his clerkes lawes,  
Or calculinge awayleth nought three  
hawes;  
Desyr of gold shal so his sowle blende,  
That, as me lyst, I shal wel make an  
ende. 1400

201. And if he wolde ought by his sort it  
preve

If that I lye, in certayn I shal fonde  
Distorben him, and plukke him by the  
sleve,

Makinge his sort, and beren him on  
honde,

He hath not wel the goddes understonde.  
For goddes speken in amphibologyes, 1406  
And, for a sooth, they tellen twenty lyes.

202. Eek drede fond first goddes, I sup-  
pose,

Thus shal I seyn, and that his coward  
herte

Made him amis the goddes text to glose,  
Whan he for ferde out of his Delphos  
sterne. 1411

And but I make him sone to converte,  
And doon my reed with-inne a day or  
tweye,

I wol to yow oblige me to deye.'

203. And treweliche, as writen wel I finde,  
That al this thing was seyde of good en-  
tente; 1416

And that hir herte trewe was and kinde  
Towardes him, and spak right as she  
mente,

And that she starf for wo neigh, whan  
she wente,

And was in purpos ever to be trewe; 1420  
Thus writen they that of hir werkes  
knewe.

204. This Troilus, with herte and eres  
spradde,

Herde al this thing devyssen to and fro;  
And verraylich him semed that he hadde  
The selve wit; but yet to lete hir go 1425  
His herte misforyaf him ever-mo.  
But fynally, he gan his herte wreste  
To trusten hir, and took it for the beste.

205. For which the grete furie of his  
penaunce

Was queynt with hope, and ther-with  
hem bitwene 1430

Bigan for joye the amoureuse daunce.  
And as the briddes, whan the sonne is  
shene,

Delyten in hir song in leves grene,

Right so the wordes that they spake  
y-fere

Delyted hem, and made hir hertes clere.

206. But natheles, the wending of Cri-  
seyde, 1436

For al this world, may nought out of his  
minde;

For which ful ofte he pitously hir preyde,  
That of hir heste ho might hir trewe  
finde. 1439

And seyde hir, 'certes, if ye be unkinde,  
And but ye come at day set in-to Troye,  
Ne shal I never have hele, honour, ne  
joye.

207. For al-so sooth as sonne up-rist on  
morwe,

And, god! so wisly thou me, woful  
wrecche, 1444

To reste bringe out of this cruel sorwe,  
I wol my-selven slee if that ye drecche.  
But of my deeth though litel be to recche,  
Yet, er that ye me cause so to smerte,  
Dwel rather here, myn owene swete herte!

208. For trewely, myn owene lady dere,  
Tho sleightes yet that I have herd yow  
stere 1451

Ful shaply been to failen alle y-fere.  
For thus men seyn, "that oon thenketh  
the bere,

But al another thenketh his ledere."

Your sire is wys, and seyde is, out of drede,  
"Men may the wyse at-renne, and not at-  
rede." 1456

209. It is ful hard to halten unespyed  
Bifore a crepul, for he can the craft;  
Your fader is in sleighte as Argus yed;  
For al be that his moeble is him biraft,  
His olde sleighte is yet so with him laft,  
Ye shal not blende him for your woman-  
hede, 1462

Ne feyne a-right, and that is al my drede.

210. I noot if pees shal ever-mo bityde;  
But, pees or no, for ernest ne for game,  
I woot, sin Calkas on the Grekes syde  
Hath ones been, and lost so foule his  
name, 1467

He dar no more come here ayein for  
shame;

For which that weye, for ought I can  
espye,

To trusten on, nis but a fantasye. 1470

211. Ye shal eek seen, your fader shal  
yow glose

To been a wyf, and as he can wel preche,  
He shal som Greek so preyse and wel  
alose,

That ravisschen he shal yow with his  
speche, 1474

Or do yow doon by force as he shal teche.  
And Troilus, of whom ye nil han routhie,  
Shal causeles so sterven in his trouthe!

212. And over al this, your fader shal  
despyse

Us alle, and seyn this citee nis but lorn;  
And that th'assege never shal aryse, 1480

For-why the Grekes han it alle sworn  
Til we be slayn, and donn our walles torn.

And thus he shal you with his wordes  
fere,

That ay drede I, that ye wol bleve there.

213. Ye shul eek seen so many a lusty  
knight 1485

A-mong the Grekes, ful of worthinesse,  
And eche of hem with herte, wit, and  
might

To plesen yow don al his besinesse,  
That ye shul dullen of the rudenesse

Of us sely Trojanes, but-if ronthe 1490  
Remorde yow, or vertue of your trouthe.

214. And this to me so grevous is to  
thinke,

That fro my brest it wol my soule rende;  
Ne dredeles, in me ther may not sinke

A good opinioun, if that ye wende; 1495  
For-why your faderes sleighte wol us  
shende.

And if ye goon, as I have told yow yore,  
So think I nam but deed, with-oute more.

215. For which, with humble, trewe, and  
pitous herte, 1499

A thousand tymes mercy I yow preye;  
So reweth on myn aspre paynes smerte,

And doth somewhat, as that I shal yow  
seye,

And lat us stele away bitwixe us tweye;  
And think that folye is, whan man may  
chese, 1504

For accident his substaunce ay to lesse.

216. I mene this, that sin we mowe er  
day

Wel stele away, and been to-gider so,  
What wit were it to putten in assay,

In cas ye sholden to your fader go,  
If that ye mighte come ayein or no? 1510

Thus mene I, that it were a gret folye  
To putte that sikernes in jupartye.

217. And vulgarly to speken of substaunce  
Of tresour, may we bothe with us lede

Y-nough to live in honour and plesaunce,  
Til in-to tyme that we shul ben dede;

And thus we may eschewen al this  
drede.

For everich other wey ye can recorde,  
Myn herte, y-wis, may not ther-with  
acorde. 1519

218. And hardily, ne dredeth no poverte,  
For I have kin and freendes elles-where

That, though we comen in our bare sherte,  
Us sholde neither lakke gold ne gere,

But been honoured whyl we dwelten  
there. 1524

And go we anon, for, as in myn entente,  
This is the beste, if that ye wole assente.'

219. Criseyde, with a syk, right in this  
wyse 1527

Answerde, 'y-wis, my dere herte trewe,  
We may wel stele away, as ye devyse,

And finde swiche unthrifty weyes newe;  
But afterward, ful sore it wol us rewe.

And help me god so at my moste nede  
As causeles ye suffren al this drede!

220. For thilke day that I for cherissinge  
Or drede of fader, or of other wight, 1535

Or for estat, delyt, or for weddinge  
Be fals to yow, my Troilus, my knight,

Saturnes daughter, Juno, thorough hir  
might,

As wood as Athamante do me dwelle  
Eternaly in Stix, the put of helle! 1540

221. And this on every god celestial  
I swere it yow, and eek on echo goddesse,  
On every Nympe and deite infernal,  
On Satyre and Faunny more and lesse,  
That halve goddes been of wildernesse;  
And Attropos my threed of lyf to-bresto  
If I be fals; now trowe me if thou leste!

222. And thou, Simoys, that as an arwe  
clere 1548  
Thorough Troye rennest ay downward to  
the see,  
Ber witnessse of this word that seyde is  
here, 1550

That thilke day that ich untrowe be  
To Troilus, myn owene herte free,  
That thou retorne bakwarde to thy welle,  
And I with body and soule sinke in helle!

223. But that ye speke, away thus for  
to go 1555  
And leten alle your freendes, god for-  
bede,

For any womman, that ye sholden so,  
And namely, sin Troye hath now swich  
nede

Of help; and eek of o thing taketh hede,  
If this were wist, my lif laye in balaunce,  
And your honour; god shilde us fro mis-  
chaunce! 1561

224. And if so be that pees her-after take,  
As alday happeth, after anger, game,  
Why, lord! the sorwe and wo ye wolden  
make, 1564

That ye no dorste come ayein for shame!  
And er that ye juparten so your name,  
Beth nought to hasty in this hote fare;  
For hasty man ne wanteth never care.

225. What trowe ye the peple eek al  
aboute 1569  
Wolde of it seye? It is ful light to arede.  
They wolden seye, and swere it, out of  
doute,

That love ne droof yow nought to doon  
this dede,

But lust voluptuous and coward drede.  
Thus were al lost, y-wis, myn herte dere,  
Your honour, which that now shyneth so  
clere. 1575

226. And also thenketh on myn honestee,  
That floureth yet, how foule I sholde it  
shende,

And with what filthe it spotted sholde be,  
If in this forme I sholde with yow wende.  
Ne though I livede un-to the worldes  
onde, 1580

My name sholde I never ayeinward  
winne;

Thus were I lost, and that were routho  
and sinne.

227. And for-thy slee with reson al this  
hote;

Men seyn, "the suffraunt overcometh,"  
pardee;

Eek "who-so wol han leef, he leef mot  
lete;" 1585

Thus maketh vertue of necessitee  
By pacience, and thenk that lord is he  
Of fortune ay, that nought wol of hir  
recche;

And she ne daunteth no wight but a  
wrecche.

228. And trusteth this, that certes, herte  
swete, 1590

Er Phebus suster, Lucina the shene,  
The Leoun passe out of this Ariote,  
I wol ben here, with-outen any wene.

I mene, as helpe me Juno, hevenes quene,  
The tenthe day, but-if that deeth me  
assayle, 1595

I wol yow seen, with-outen any fayle.'

229. 'And now, so this be sooth,' quod  
Troilus,

'I shal wel suffre un-to the tenthe day,  
Sin that I see that nede it moot be thus.  
But, for the love of god, if it be may, 1600  
So lat us stele prively away;

For ever in oon, as for to live in reste,  
Myn herte seyth that it wol been the  
beste.'

230. 'O mercy, god, what lyf is this?'  
quod she; 1604

'Allas, ye slee me thus for verray tene!  
I see wel now that ye mistrusten me;  
For by your wordes it is wel y-sene.  
Now, for the love of Cynthia the shene,

Mistrust me not thus causeles, for routhe;  
Sin to be trewe I have yow plight my  
trouthe. 1610

231. And thenketh wel, that som tyme it  
is wit

To spende a tyme, a tyme for to winne;  
Ne, pardes, lorn am I nought fro yow yit,  
Though that we been a day or two  
a-twinne.

Dryf out the fantasyes yow with-inne; 1615  
And trusteth me, and levethe eek your  
sorwe,

Or here my trouthe, I wol not live til  
morwe.

232. For if ye wiste how sore it doth me  
smerte,

Ye wolde cesso of this; for god, thou  
wost,

The pure spirit wepeth in myn herte, 1620  
To see yow wepen that I love most,  
And that I moot gon to the Grekes ost.  
Ye, nere it that I wiste remedye  
To come ayein, right here I wolde dye!

233. But certes, I am not so nyce a wight  
That I ne can imaginen a way 1626

To come ayein that day that I have hight.  
For who may holde thing that wol a-way?  
My fader nought, for al his queynte pley.  
And by my thrift, my wending out of  
Troye 1630

Another day shal torne us alle to joye.

234. For-thy, with al myn herte I yow  
beseke,

If that yow list don ought for my preyere,  
And for the love which that I love yow  
eke,

That er that I departe fro yow here, 1635  
That of so good a comfort and a chere  
I may yow seen, that ye may bringe at  
reste

Myn herte, which that is at point to  
breste.

235. And over al this, I pray yow,' quod  
she tho, 1639

'Myn owene hertes soothfast suffisaunce,  
Sin I am thyn al hool, with-uten mo,  
That whyl that I am absent, no plesaunce

Of othere do me fro your remembraunce.  
For I am ever a-gast, for-why mon rede,  
That "love is thing ay ful of bisy drede."

236. For in this world ther liveth lady  
noon, 1646

If that ye were untrewes, as god defende!  
That so bitraysed were or wo bigoon  
As I, that alle trouthe in yow entende.  
And douteles, if that ich other wende,  
I nere but deed; and er ye cause finde,  
For goddes love, so beth me not un-  
kinde.'

237. To this answerde Troilus and seyde,  
'Now god, to whom ther nis no cause  
y-wrye, 1654

Me glade, as wis I never un-to Criseyde,  
Sin thilke day I saw hir first with yð,  
Was fals, ne never shal til that I dye.  
At shorte wordes, wel ye may me leve;  
I can no more, it shal be founde at preve.'

238. 'Graunt mercy, goode myn, y-wis,'  
quod she, 1660

'And blisful Venus lat me never sterve  
Er I may stonde of plesaunce in degre  
To quyte him wel, that so wol can deserve;  
And whyl that god my wit wol me con-  
serve,

I shal so doon, so trewe I have yow  
founde, 1665  
That ay honour to me-ward shal rebounde.

239. For trusteth wel, that your estat  
royal

Ne veyn delyt, nor only worthinesse  
Of yow in werre, or torney marcial, 1669  
Ne pompe, array, nobley, or eek richesse,  
Ne made me to rewe on your distresse;  
But moral vertue, grounded upon trouthe,  
That was the cause I first hadde on yow  
routhe!

240. Eek gentil herte and manhod that ye  
hadde,

And that ye hadde, as me thoughte, in  
despyt 1675

Every thing that souned in-to badde,  
As rudenesse and poeplich appetyt;  
And that your reson brydled your delyt,



This made, aboven every creature,  
That I was your, and shal, whyl I may  
dure. 1680

241. And this may longthe of yeres not  
for-do,

Ne remuable fortune deface;  
But Juppiter, that of his might may do  
The sorwful to be glad, so yeve us grace,  
Er nightes ten, to meten in this place,  
So that it may your herte and myn suf-  
fyse; 1686

And fareth now wel, for tyme is that ye  
ryse.'

242. And after that they longe y-pleyned  
hadde,

And ofte y-kist and streite in armes folde,  
The day gan ryse, and Troilus him  
cladde, 1690

And rewfulliche his lady gan biholde,  
As he that felte dethes cares colde.  
And to hir grace he gan him recomaunde;  
Wher him was wo, this holde I no de-  
maunde. 1694

243. For mannes heed imaginen ne can,  
Ne entendement considere, ne tonge  
telle

The cruel peynes of this sorwful man,  
That passen every torment down in  
helle. 1698

For whan he saugh that she ne mighte  
dwelle,

Which that his soule out of his herte  
rente,

With-uten more, out of the chaumbre  
he wente. 1701

Explicit Liber Quartus.

## BOOK V.

### Incipit Liber Quintus.

1. Aprochen gan the fatal destinee  
That Joves hath in disposicioun,  
And to yow, angry Parcas, sustren three,  
Committeth, to don execucioun;  
For which Criseyde moste out of the  
toun, 5  
And Troilus shal dwelle forth in pyne  
Til Lachesis his threed no lenger twyne.—

2. The golden-tressed Phebus heighe on-  
lofte

Thryes hadde alle with his bemes shene  
The snowes molte, and Zephirus as ofte 10  
Y-brought ayein the fendre leves grene,  
Sin that the sone of Ecuba the quene  
Bigan to love hir first, for whom his sorwe  
Was al, that she departe sholde a-morwe.

3. Ful redy was at pryme Dyomede, 15  
Criseyde un-to the Grekes ost to lede,  
For sorwe of which she felte hir herte  
blede,

As she that niste what was best to rede.  
And trowely, as men in bokes rede,

Men wiste never womman han the care, 20  
Ne was so looth out of a toun to fare.

4. This Troilus, with-uten reed or lore,  
As man that hath his joyes eek forlore,  
Was waytinge on his lady ever-more  
As she that was the soothfast crop and  
more 25

Of al his lust, or joyes here-tofore.  
But Troilus, now farewell al thy joye,  
For shaltow never seen hir eft in  
Troye!

5. Soth is, that whyl he bood in this  
manere,

He gan his wo ful manly for to hyde, 30  
That wel unnethe it seen was in his  
chere;

But at the yate ther she sholde oute  
ryde

With certeyn folk, he hoved hir t'abyde,  
So wo bigoon, al wolde he nought him  
playne,

That on his hors unnethe he sat for  
peyne. 35

6. For ire he quook, so gan his herte  
gnaue,

Whan Diomed on horse gan him dresse,  
And seyde un-to him-self this ilke sawe,  
'Allas,' quod he, 'thus foul a wrecched-  
nosse

Why suffre ich it, why nil ich it re-  
dresse? 40

Were it not bet at ones for to dye  
Than ever-more in langour thus to drye?

7. Why nil I make at ones riche and  
pore

To have y-nough to done, er that she go?  
Why nil I bringe al Troye upon a rore? 45

Why nil I sleen this Diomed also?

Why nil I rather with a man or two

Stele hir a-way? Why wol I this endure?

Why nil I helpen to myn owene cure?' 46

8. But why he nolde doon so fel a dede,  
That shal I seyn, and why him liste it  
spare: 51

He hadde in herte alwey a maner drede,  
Lest that Criseyde, in rumour of this fare,  
Sholde han ben slayn; lo, this was al his  
care.

And elles, certeyn, as I seyde yore, 55  
He hadde it doon, with-uten wordes  
more.

9. Criseyde, whan she redy was to ryde,  
Ful sorwfully she sighte, and seyde  
'allas!'

But forth she moot, for ought that may  
bityde,

And forth she rit ful sorwfully a pas. 60  
Ther nis non other remedie in this cas.

What wonder is though that hir sore  
smerte,

Whan she forgoth hir owene swete herte?

10. This Troilus, in wyse of curteisye,  
With hauke on hond, and with an huge  
route 65

Of knightes, rood and dide hir companye,  
Passinge al the valley fer with-oute.

And farther wolde han riden, out of  
doute,

Ful fayn, and wo was him to goon so  
sone;

But torne he moste, and it was eek to  
done. 70

11. And right with that was Antenor  
y-come

Out of the Grekes ost, and every wight  
Was of it glad, and seyde he was wel-  
come.

And Troilus, al nere his herte light,  
He peyned him with al his fulle might 75

Him to with-holde of wepinge at the  
leste,

And Antenor he kiste, and made feste.

12. And ther-with-al he moste his leve  
take,

And caste his eye upon hir pitously,  
And neer he rood, his cause for to make,

To take hir by the honde al sobrelly. 81

And lord! so she gan wepen tendrely!

And he ful softe and sleighly gan hir  
seye,

'Now hold your day, and dooth me not to  
deye.'

13. With that his courser torned he  
a-boute 85

With face pale, and un-to Diomed

No word he spak, ne noon of al his route;

Of which the sone of Tydeus took hede,

As he that coude more than the crede

In swich a craft, and by the reyne hir  
hente; 90

And Troilus to Troye homwarde he wente.

14. This Diomed, that ladde hir by the  
brydel,

Whan that he saw the folk of Troye  
awaye,

Thoughte, 'al my labour shal not been  
on ydel,

If that I may, for somewhat shal I seye. 95

For at the worste it may yet shorte our  
weye.

I have herd seyd, eek tymes twyës twelve,

"He is a fool that wol for-yete him-  
selve."

15. But natheles this thoughte he wel  
ynough,

'That certaynly I am aboute nought 100

If that I speke of love, or make it tough;

For douteles, if she have in hir thought

Him that I gesse, he may not been  
y-brought

So sone away ; but I shal finde a mene,  
That she not wite as yet shal what I  
mene.' 105

16. This Diomede, as he that coude his  
good,  
Whan this was doon, gan fallen forth in  
speche

Of this and that, and asked why she  
stood

In swich disese, and gan hir eek biseche,  
That if that he encrese mighte or echo 110  
With any thing hir ese, that she sholde  
Comaunde it him, and seyde he doon it  
wolde.

17. For trowely he swoor hir, as a knight,  
That ther nas thing with whiche he  
mighte hir plesse,

That he nolde doon his payne and al his  
might 115

To doon it, for to doon hir herte an ese.  
And preyede hir, she wolde hir sorwe  
apose,

And seyde, 'y-wis, we Grekes can have  
joye

To honouren yow, as wel as folk of Troye.'

18. He seyde eek thus, 'I woot, yow  
thinketh straunge, 120

No wonder is, for it is to yow newe,  
Th'acquaintance of these Trojanes to  
chaunge,

For folk of Grece, that ye never knewe.  
But wolde never god but-if as trewe  
A Greek ye shulde among us alle finde 125  
As any Trojan is, and eek as kinde.

19. And by the cause I swoor yow right,  
lo, now,

To been your freend, and helply, to my  
might,

And for that more acquaintance eek of  
yow

Have ich had than another straunger  
wight, 130

So fro this forth I pray yow, day and  
night,

Comaundeth me, howsore that me smerte,  
To doon al that may lyke un-to your  
herte ;

20. And that ye me wolde as your brother  
trete,

And taketh not my frendship in despyt ;  
And though your sorwes be for thinges  
grete, 135

Noot I not why, but out of more respyt,  
Myn herte hath for to amende it greet  
delyt.

And if I may your harmes not redresse,  
I am right sory for your hevynesse. 140

21. And though ye Trojans with us  
Grekes wrothe

Han many a day be, alwey yet, pardee,  
O god of love in sooth we serven bothe.  
And, for the love of god, my lady free,  
Whom so ye hate, as beth not wroth with  
me. 145

For trowely, ther can no wight yow  
serve,

That half so looth your wraththe wolde  
deserve.

22. And nere it that we been so neigh the  
tente

Of Calkas, which that seen us bothe  
may,

I wolde of this yow telle al myn entente ;  
But this enseled til another day. 151

Yeve me your hond, I am, and shal ben  
ay,

God help me so, whyl that my lyf may  
dure,

Your owene aboven every creature.

23. Thus seyde I never er now to womman  
born ; 155

For god myn herte as wisly gladeso,  
I lovede never womman here-biforn  
As paramours, ne never shal no mo.

And, for the love of god, beth not my fo ;  
Al can I not to yow, my lady dere, 160  
Compleyne aright, for I am yet to lere.

24. And wondreth not, myn owene lady  
bright,

Though that I spoke of love to you thus  
blyve ;

For I have herd or this of many a wight,  
Hath loved thing he never saugh his  
lyve. 165

Eek I am not of power for to stryve

Ayens the god of love, but him obeye  
I wol alwey, and mercy I yow preye.

25. Ther been so worthy knightes in this  
place, 169  
And ye so fair, that everich of hem alle  
Wol peynen him to stonden in your grace.  
But mighte me so fair a grace falle,  
That ye me for your servaunt wolde calle,  
So lowly ne so trewely yon serve  
Nil noon of hem, as I shal, til I sterve.' 175

26. Criseide un-to that purpos lyte an-  
swerde,  
As she that was with sorwe oppressed so  
That, in effect, she nought lus tales herde,  
But here and there, now here a word or  
two.  
Hir thoughte hir sorwful herte brast  
a-two. 180  
For whan she gan hir fader fer aspye,  
Wel neigh doun of hir hors she gan to  
sye.

27. But natheles she thonked Diomedé  
Of al his travaille, and his goode chere,  
And that him liste his friendship hir to  
bede; 185  
And she accepteth it in good manere,  
And wolde do fayn that is him leet and  
dere;  
And trusten him she wolde, and wel she  
nighte,  
As seyde she, and from hir hors she  
alighte.

28. Hir fader hath hir in his armes nome,  
And tweenty tyme he kiste his doughter  
swete, 191  
And seyde, 'O dere doughter myn, wel-  
come!'  
She seyde eek, she was fayn with him to  
mete,  
And stood forth mewet, mildé, and man-  
suete.  
But here I leve hir with hir fader dwelle,  
And forth I wol of Troilus yow telle. 196

29. To Troye is come this woful Troilus.  
In sorwe above alle sorwes smerte,  
With felon look, and face dispitous.

Tho sodeinly doun from his hors he  
sterte, 200  
And thorough his paleys, with a swollen  
herte,  
To chambre he wente; of no-thing took  
he hede,  
Ne noon to him dar speke a word for  
drede.

30. And there his sorwes that he spared  
hadde  
He yaf an issue large, and 'doeth!' he  
cryde; 205  
And in his throwes frenetyk and maddé  
He cursed Jove, Appollo, and eek Cupyde,  
He cursed Ceres, Bacus, and Cipryde,  
His burthe, him-self, his fate, and eek  
nature,  
And, save his lady, every creature. 210

31. To bedde he goth, and weyleth there  
and torneth  
In furie, as dooth he, Ixion, in helle;  
And in this wyse he neigh til day so-  
jorneth.  
But tho bigan his herte a lyte unswelle  
Thorough teres which that gonnen up to  
welle; 215  
And pitously he cryde up-on Criseyde,  
And to him-self right thus he spak, and  
seyde:—

32. 'Wher is myn owene lady luf and  
dere,  
Wher is hir whyte brest, whor is it,  
whore?  
Wher been hir armes and hir eyen clere,  
That yesternight this tyme with me  
were? 221  
Now may I wepe allone many a tere,  
And gaspe aboute I may, but in this  
place,  
Save a pilowe, I finde nought t'enbrace.

33. How shal I do? Whan shal she com  
ayeyn? 225  
I noot, allas! why leet ich hir to go?  
As wolde god, ich hadde as tho be sleyn!  
O herte myn, Criseyde, O swete fo!  
O lady myn, that I love and no mo! 229  
To whom for ever-mo myn herte I dowe;  
See how I deye, ye nil me not rescowe!

34. Who seeth yow now, my righte lode-sterre?

Who sit right now or stant in your presence?

Who can conforten now your hertes werre?

Now I am gon, whom yeve ye audience?

Who speketh for me right now in myn absence? 236

Allas, no wight; and that is al my care;  
For wel wot I, as yvel as I ye fare.

35. How shulde I thus ten dayes ful endure,

Whan I the firste night have al this tene? 240

How shal she doon eek, sorwful creature?  
For tendernesse, how shal she this sustene,

Swich wo for me? O pitous, pale, and grene

Shal been your fresshe wommanliche face  
For langour, er ye torne un-to this place.' 245

36. And whan he fil in any slomeringes,  
Anoon biginne he sholde for to grone,  
And dremen of the dredfulleste thinges  
That mighte been; as, mete he were allone

In place horrible, makinge ay his mone,  
Or meten that he was amonges alle 251  
His enemyes, and in hir hondes falle.

37. And ther-with-al his body sholde sterte,

And with the stert al sodeinliche awake,  
And swich a tremour fele aboute his herte, 255

That of the feer his body sholde quake;  
And there-with-al he sholde a noyse make,

And seme as though he sholde falle depe  
From heighe a-lofte; and than he wolde wepe,

38. And rewen on him-self so pitously, 260  
That wonder was to here his fantasye.

Another tyme he sholde mightily  
Conforte him-self, and seyn it was folye,  
So causeles swich drede for to drye,

And eft biginne his aspre sorwes newe,  
That every man mighte on his sorwes rewe. 266

39. Who coude telle aright or ful dyscryve

His wo, his pleynte, his langour, and his pyne?

Nought al the men that han or been on-lyve.

Thou, redere, mayst thy-self ful wel devyne 270

That swich a wo my wit can not defyne.  
On ydel for to wryte it sholde I swinke,  
Whan that my wit is wery it to thinke.

40. On hevене yet the sterres were sene,  
Al-though ful pale y-waxen was the mone; 275

And whyten gan the orisonte shene  
Al estward, as it woned is to done.

And Phebus with his rosy carte sone  
Gan after that to dresse him up to fare,  
Whan Troilus hath sent after Pandare.

41. This Pandare, that of al the day biforn 281

Ne mighte have comen Troilus to see,  
Al-though he on his heed it hadde y-sworn,  
For with the king Pryam alday was he,  
So that it lay not in his libertee 285

No-wher to gon, but on the morwe he wente

To Troilus, whan that he for him sente.

42. For in his herte he coude wel devyne,

That Troilus al night for sorwe wook;

And that he wolde telle him of his pyne,  
This knew he wel y-nough, with-oute book. 291

For which to 'chaumbre streight the wey he took,

And Troilus the sobreliche he grette,  
And on the bed ful sone he gan him sette.

43. 'My Pandarus,' quod Troilus, 'the sorwe 295

Which that I drye, I may not longe endure.

I trowe I shal not liven til to-morwe;  
For whiche I wolde alwey, on aventure,  
To thee devysen of my sepulture

The forme, and of my moeble thou dis-  
pono 300  
Right as thee someth best is for to dono.

44. But of the fyr and flaumbe funeral  
In whiche my body brennes shal to glede,  
And of the feste and playes palestral 304  
At my vigile, I pray thee take good hede  
That al be wel; and offro Mars my stede,  
My sword, myn helm, and, leve brother  
dere,  
My sheld to Pallas yef, that shyneth  
clere.

45. The poudro in which myn herte y-  
brend shal torne,  
That preye I thee thou take and it con-  
serve 310  
In a vessel, that men clepeth an urne,  
Of gold, and to my lady that I serve,  
For love of whom thus pitously I sterve,  
So yeve it hir, and do me this plesaunce,  
To preye hir kepe it for a remembraunce.

46. For wel I fele, by my maladye, 316  
And by my dremes now and yore ago,  
Al certainly, that I mot nedes dye.  
The owle eek, which that hight Ascapulo,  
Hath after me shright alle thise nightes  
two. 320  
And, god Mercurie! of me now, woful  
wrecche,  
The soule gyde, and, whan thee list, it  
fecche!

47. Pandare answerde, and seyde, 'Troilus,  
My dere freend, as I have told thee yore,  
That it is folye for to sorwen thus, 325  
And caucleis, for whiche I can no-more.  
But who-so wol not trowen reed ne lore,  
I can not seen in him no remedye,  
But lete him worthen with his fantasye.

48. But Troilus, I pray thee tel me now,  
If that thou trowe, er this, that any  
wight 331  
Hath loved paramours as wel as thou?  
Ye, god wot, and fro many a worthy  
knight  
Hath his lady goon a fourtenight,  
And he not yet made halvendel the  
fare. 335  
What nede is thee to maken al this care?

49. Sin day by day thou mayst thy-selven  
see

That from his love, or elles from his wyf,  
A man mot twinnon of necessitee,  
Ye, though he love hir as his owene lyf; 340  
Yet nil he with him-self thus maken  
stryf.  
For wel thou wost, my leve brother dere,  
That alwey freendes may nought been  
y-fere.

50. How doon this folk that seen hir loves  
wedded  
By freendes might, as it bi-tit ful ofte, 345  
And seen hem in hir spouses bed y-bedded?  
God woot, they take it wysly, faire and  
softe.  
For-why good hope halt up hir herte on-  
lofte,  
And for they can a tyme of sorwe endure;  
As tyme hem hurt, a tyme doth hem  
cure. 350

51. So sholdestow endure, and late slyde  
The tyme, and fonde to ben glad and  
light.  
Ten dayes nis so long not t' abyde.  
And sin she thee to comen hath bihight,  
She nil hir hestes breken for no wight. 355  
For dred thee not that she nil finden weye  
To come ayein, my lyf that dorste I leye.

52. Thy swevenes eek and al swich fan-  
tasye  
Dryf out, and lat hem faren to mis-  
chaunce;  
For they procede of thy malencolye, 360  
That doth thee fele in sleep al this pen-  
aunce.  
A straw for alle swevenes signifiante!  
God helpe me so, I counte hem not a  
bene,  
Ther woot no man aright what dremes  
mene.

53. For prestes of the temple tellen this,  
That dremes been the revelaciouns 366  
Of goddes, and as wel they telle, y-wis,  
That they ben infernals illusiouns;  
And leches seyn, that of complexiouns  
Proceden they, or fast, or glotonye. 370  
Who woot in sooth thus what they  
signifye?

54. Eek othere seyn that thorough im-  
pressionis,

As if a wight hath faste a thing in minde,  
That ther-of cometh swiche avisounis;  
And othere seyn, as they in bokes finde,  
That, after tymes of the year by kinde,  
Men dreme, and that th'effect goth by the  
mone; 377  
But leve no dreem, for it is nought to  
done.

55. Wel worth of dremes ay thise olde  
wyves,

And trefeliche eek augurie of thise  
foules; 380

For fere of which men wenen lese her  
lyves,

As ravenes qualm, or shryking of thise  
oules.

To trowen on it bothe fals and foul is.

Allas, alas, so noble a creature

As is a man, shal drede swich ordure! 385

56. For which with al myn herte I thee  
beseche,

Un-to thy-self that al this thou foryive;  
And rys up now with-oute more speche,  
And lat us caste how forth may best be  
drive

This tyme, and eek how freshly we may  
live 390

Whan that she cometh, the which shal  
be right sone;

God help me so, the beste is thus to done.

57. Rys, lat us speke of lusty lyf in Troye  
That we han lad, and forth the tyme  
dryve;

And eek of tyme cominge us rejoye, 395  
That bringen shal our blisse now so blyve;  
And langour of these twyes dayes fyve  
We shal ther-with so foryete or oppresse,  
That wel unnethe it doon shal us duresse.

58. This toun is ful of lordes al aboute,  
And trefwes lasten al this mene whyle.

Go we playe us in som lusty route 402  
To Sarpedon, not hennes but a myle.

And thus thou shalt the tyme wel bigyle,  
And dryve it forth un-to that blisful  
morwe, 405

That thou hir see, that cause is of thy  
sorwe.

59. Now rys, my dere brother Troilus;

For certes, it noon honour is to thee

To wepe, and in thy bed to jouken thus.

For trewely, of o thing trust to me, 410

If thou thus ligge a day, or two, or three,

The folk wol wene that thou, for  
cowardyse,

Thee feynest syk, and that thou darst  
not ryse.'

60. This Troilus answerde, 'O brother  
dere,

This knowen folk that han y-suffred  
payne, 415

That though he wepe and make sorwful  
chere,

That feleth harm and smert in every  
veyne,

No wonder is; and though I ever pleyne,  
Or alwey wepe, I am no-thing to blame,

Sin I have lost the cause of al my game.

61. But sin of fyne force I moot aryse,

I shal aryse, as sone as ever I may; 422

And god, to whom myn herte I sacrificyse,

So sende us hastely the tenthe day!

For was ther never fowl so fayr of May,

As I shal been, whan that she cometh in  
Troye, 426

That cause is of my torment and my joye.

62. But whider is thy reed,' quod Troilus.

'That we may playe us best in al this  
toun?'

'By god, my conseil is,' quod Pandarus,

'To ryde and playe us with king Sarpe-  
doun.' 431

So longe of this they spoken up and down,

Til Troilus gan at the laste assente

To ryse, and forth to Sarpedoun they  
wente.

63. This Sarpedoun, as he that honourable  
Was ever his lyve, and ful of heigh

promesse, 436  
With al that mighte y-served been on  
table,

That deyntee was, al coste it greet  
richesse,

He fedde hem day by day, that swich  
noblesse,

As seyden bothe the moste and eek the  
lest, 440

Was never er that day wist at any feste.

64. Nor in this world ther is non instru-  
ment

Delicious, through wind, or touche, or  
corde,

As fer as any wight hath ever y-went,  
That tonge telle or herte may recorde, 445  
That at that feste it nas wel herd acorde;  
Ne of ladies eek so fayr a companyo  
On daunce, er tho, was never y-seyn with  
yð.

65. But what awayleth this to Troilus,  
That for his sorwe no-thing of it roughte?  
For ever in oon his herte puctous 451

Ful bisily Criseyde his lady soughte.  
On hir was ever al that his herte thoughte.  
Now this, now that, so faste imagmyng,  
That glade, y-wis, can him no festeyng.

66. These ladies eek that at this feste  
been, 456

Sin that he saw his lady was a-weye,  
It was his sorwe upon hem for to seen,  
Or for to here on instrumentz so pleye.  
For she, that of his herte borth the keye,  
Was absent, lo, this was his fantasye, 461  
That no wight sholde make melodye.

67. Nor ther nas houre in al the day or  
night,

Whan he was ther-as no wight mighte  
him here,

That he ne seyde, 'O lufsom lady bright,  
How have ye faren, sin that ye were  
here? 466

Wel-come, y-wis, myn owene lady dero.'  
But welaway, al this nas but a maso;  
Fortune his howwe entended bet to glase.

68. The lettres eek, that she of olde tyme  
Hadde him y-sent, he wolde allone rede,  
An hundred sythe, a-twixen noon and  
pryme; 472

Refiguringe hir shap, hir womanhede,  
With-inne his herte, and every word and  
dede

That passed was, and thus he droof to an  
ende 475

The ferthe day, and seyde, he wolde  
wende.

69. And seyde, 'leve brother Pandarus,  
Intendestow that we shul here bleve  
Til Sarpedoun wol forth congeyen us?  
Yet were it fairer that we toke our leve  
For goddes love, lat us now sone at eve  
Our leve take, and homward lat us torne;  
For trewely, I nil not thus sojorne.' 483

70. Pandare answerde, 'be we comen  
hider

To fecchen fyr, and rennen hoom ayeyn?  
God helpe me so, I can not tellen whider  
We mighten goon, if I shal soothly seyn,  
Ther any wight is of us more sayn  
Than Sarpedoun; and if we hennas hye  
Thus sodeinly, I holde it vilanye, 490

71. Sin that we seyden that we wolde  
bleve

With him a wouke; and now, thus  
sodeinly,

The ferthe day to take of him our leve,  
He wolde wondren on it, trewely! 494  
Lat us holde forth our purpos formely;  
And sin that ye bihighten him to hyde,  
Hold forward now, and after lat us ryde.'

72. Thus Pandarus, with alle payne and  
wo,

Made him to dwelle; and at the woukes  
ende,

Of Sarpedoun they toke hir leve tho, 500  
And on hir wey they spedden hem to  
wende.

Quod Troilus, 'now god me grace sende,  
That I may finden, at myn hom-cominge,  
Criseyde comen!' and ther-with gan he  
singe.

73. 'Ye, hasel-wode!' thoughte this Pan-  
dare, 505

And to him-self ful softly he seyde,  
'God woot, refrayden may this hote fare  
Er Calkas sende Troilus Criseyde!'  
But natheles, he japed thus, and seyde,  
And swor, y-wis, his herte him wel  
bihighte, 510  
She wolde come as sone as ever she  
mighte.

74. Whan they un-to the paleys were  
y-comen

Of Troilus, they doun of hors alighte,



And to the chambre hir wey than han  
they nomen.

And in-to tyme that it gan to nighte, 515  
They spaken of Criseyde the brighte.

And after this, whan that hem bothe  
leste,  
They spedde hem fro the soper un-to  
reste.

75. On morwe, as sone as day bigan to  
clere,

This Troilus gan of his sleep t'abreyde, 520  
And to Pandare, his owene brother dero,  
'For love of god,' ful pitously he seyde,  
'As go we seen the paleys of Criseyde ;  
For sin we yet may have namore feste,  
So lat us seen hir paleys at the leste.' 525

76. And ther-with-al, his meynnee for to  
blende,

A cause he fond in tounne for to go,  
And to Criseydes hous they gonnen wende.  
But lord ! this sely Troilus was wo !  
Him thoughte his sorweful herte braste  
a-two. 530  
For whan he saugh hir dores sperred alle,  
Wel neigh for sorwe a-doun he gan to  
falle.

77 Therwith whan he was war and gan  
biholde

How shet was every windowe of the place,  
As frost, him thoughte, his herte gan to  
colde ; 535

For which with chaunged deedlich pale  
face,

With-outen word, he forth bigan to pace ;  
And, as god wolde, he gan so faste ryde,  
That no wight of his contenance aspyde.

78. Than seyde he thus, 'O paleys desolat,  
O hous, of houses whylom best y-hight,  
O paleys empty and disconsolat, 542  
O thou lanterne, of which queynt is the  
light,

O paleys, whylom day, that now art night,  
Wel oughtestow to falle, and I to dye, 545  
Sin she is went that wont was us to gye !

79. O paleys, whylom crounne of houses alle,  
Enlumined with sonne of alle blisse !

O ring, fro which the ruby is out-falle,  
O cause of wo, that cause hast been of  
lisso ! 550

Yet, sin I may no bet, fayn wolde I kisse  
Thy colde dores, dorste I for this route .  
And fare-wel shryne, of which the seynt  
is oute !'

80. Ther-with he caste on Pandarus his ye  
With chaunged face, and pitous to biholde ;  
And whan he mighte his tyme aright  
aspye, 555

Ay as he rood, to Pandarus he tolde  
His newe sorwe, and eek his joyes olde,  
So pitously and with so dede an hewe,  
That every wight mighte on his sorwe rewte.

81. Fro thennesforth he rydeth up and  
doun, 561

And every thing com him to remem-  
braunce

As he rood forth by places of the toun  
In whiche he whylom hadde al his ples-  
aunce. 564

'Lo, yond saugh I myn owene lady daunce,  
And in that temple, with hir eyen clere,  
Me caughte first my righte lady dier.

82. And yonder have I herd ful lustily  
My dero herte laughe, and yonder pleye  
Saugh I hir ones eek ful blisfully. 570  
And yonder ones to me gan she seye,  
" Now goode swete, love me wel, I preye."  
And yond so goodly gan she me biholde,  
That to the deeth myn herte is to hir holde.

83. And at that corner, in the yonder hous,  
Herde I myn alderlevest lady dero 576  
So wommanly, with voys melodious,  
Singen so wel, so goodly, and so clere,  
That in my soule yet me thinketh I here  
The blisful soun ; and, in that yonder  
place, 580  
My lady first me took un-to hir grace.'

84. Thanne thoughte he thus, 'O blisful  
lord Cupyde,  
Whanne I the proces have in my memorie,  
How thou me hast werreyed on every syde,  
Men mighte a book make of it, lyk a storie.  
What nede is thee to seke on me victorie,

Sin I am thyn, and hoolly at thy wille?  
What joye hastow thyn owene folk to  
spille? 588

85. Wel hastow, lord, y-wroke on me thyn  
ire,  
Thou mighty god, and dredful for to greve!  
Now mercy, lord, thou wost wel I desire  
Thy grace most, of alle lustes love. 592  
And live and deye I wol in thy bileve;  
For which I n'axe in guerdon but a bone,  
That thou Criseyde ayein me sende sone.

86. Distreyne hir herte as faste to retorne  
As thou dost myn to longen hir to see;  
Than woot I wel, that she nil not sojorne.  
Now, blisful lord, so cruel thou ne be  
Un-to the blood of Troye, I preye thee, 600  
As Juno was un-to the blood Thebane,  
For which the folk of Thebes caughte hir  
bane.'

87. And after this he to the yates wente  
Ther-as Criseyde out-rood a ful good paws,  
And up and down ther made he many  
a wente, 605  
And to him-self ful ofte he seyde 'allas!  
From hennes rood my blisse and my solas!  
As wolde blisful god now, for his joye,  
I mighte hir seen ayein come in-to Troye.

88. And to the yonder hille I gan hir gyde,  
Allas! and there I took of hir my leve!  
And yond I saugh hir to hir fader ryde,  
For sorwe of which myn herte shal to-  
cleve. 613  
And hider hoom I com whan it was eve;  
And here I dwelle out-cast from alle joye,  
And shal, til I may seen hir eft in Troye.'

89. And of him-self imagined he ofte  
To ben defet, and pale, and waxen lesse  
Than he was wont, and that men seyde  
softe,  
'What may it be? who can the sothe  
gesse 620

Why Troilus hath al this hevynesse?'  
And al this nas but his malencolye,  
That he hadde of him-self swich fantasye.

90. Another tyme imaginen he wolde  
That every wight that wente by the weye

Had of him rounthe, and that they seyen  
sholdo, 626

'I am right sory Troilus wol doye.'  
And thus he droof a day yet forth or tweye.  
As ye have herd, swich lyf right gan he lede,  
As he that stood bitwixen hope and drede.

91. For which him lyked in his songes  
shewe 631  
Th'encheson of his wo, as he best mighte,  
And make a song of wordes but a fewe,  
Somwhat his woful herte for to lighte.  
And whan he was from every mannes  
sight, 635  
With softe voys he, of his lady dere,  
That was absent, gan singe as ye may here.

92. 'O sterre, of which I lost have al the  
light,  
With herte soor wel oughte I to bewaile,  
That ever derk in torment, night by night,  
Toward my deeth with wind in store I  
sayle; 641  
For which the tenthe night if that I fayle  
The gyding of thy bemes brighte an houre,  
My ship and me Caribdis wol devour.'

93. This song when he thus songen hadde,  
sone 645  
He fil ayein in-to his sykes olde;  
And every night, as was his wone to done,  
He stood the brighte mone to beholde,  
And al his sorwe he to the mone tolde;  
And seyde, 'y-wis, whan thou art horned  
newe, 650  
I shal be glad, if al the world be trewe!

94. I saugh thyn hornes olde eek by the  
morwe,  
Whan hennes rood my righte lady dere,  
That cause is of my torment and my sorwe;  
For whiche, O brighte Lucina the clere, 655  
For love of god, ren faste aboute thy spere!  
For whan thyn hornes newe ginne springe,  
Than shal she come, that may my blisse  
bringe!'

95. The day is more, and lenger every  
night,  
Than they be wont to be, him thoughte  
tho; 660

And that the sonne wente his course  
unright

By lenger wey than it was wont to go ;  
And seyde, 'y-wis, me dredeth ever-mo,  
The sonnes sone, Pheton, be on-lyve,  
And that his fadres cartamis he dryve.' 665

96. Upon the walles fasto eek wolde he  
walke,

And on the Grekes ost he wolde see,  
And to him-self right thus he wolde talke,  
'Lo, yonder is myn owene lady free,  
Or elles yonder, ther tho tentes be ! 670  
And thennes comth this eyr, that is so  
sote,

That in my soule I fele it doth me bote.

97. And hardely this wind, that more and  
more

Thus stoundemele encreseth in my face,  
Is of my ladyes depe sykes sore. 675  
I preve it thus, for in non othere place  
Of al this toun, save onliche in this space,  
Fele I no wind that souneth so lyk payne;  
It seyth, "allas ! why twinned be we  
tweyne ?"

98. This longe tyme he dryveth forth right  
thus, 680

Til fully passed was the nythe night ;  
And ay bi-syde him was this Pandarus,  
That bisily dide alle his fulle might  
Him to comferte, and make his hertelicht ;  
Yevinge him hope alwey, the tenth morwe  
That she shal come, and stinten al his  
sorwe. 686

99. Up-on that other syde eek was Cri-  
seyde,

With women fewe, among the Grekes  
strange ;

For which ful ofte a day 'allas !' she seyde,  
'That I was born ! Wel may myn herte  
longe 690

After my deeth ; for now live I to longe !  
Allas ! and I ne may it not amende ;  
For now is wors than ever yet I wende.

100. My fader nil for no-thing do me grace  
To goon ayein, for nought I can him  
queme ; 695

And if so be that I my terme passe,

My Troilus shal in his herte deme 697  
That I am fals, and so it may wel seme.  
Thus shal I have unthank on every syde ;  
That I was born, so weylawey the tydo !

101. And if that I me putte in jupartye,  
To stele away by nighte, and it bifalle  
That I be caught, I shal be holde a spye ;  
Or elles, lo, this drede I most of alle,  
If in the hondes of som wrecche I fülle,  
I am but lost, al be myn herte trewe ; 706  
Now mighty god, thou on my sorwe rewe !"

102. Ful paley-waxen was hir brighte face,  
Hir limes lene, as she that al the day  
Stood whan she dorste, and loked on the  
place 710

Ther she was born, and ther she dwelt  
hadde ay.

And al the night wepinge, allas ! she lay.  
And thus despeired, out of alle cure,  
She ladde hir lyf, this woful creature.

103. Ful ofte a day she sighte eek for  
destresse, 715

And in hir-self she wente ay portrayinge  
Of Troilus the grete worthinesse,  
And alle his goodly wordes recordinge  
Sin first that day hir love bigan to springe.  
And thus she sette hir woful herte a-fyre  
Thorough remembraunce of that she gan  
desyre. 721

104. In al this world ther nis so cruel  
herte

That hir hadde herd compleynen in hir  
sorwe,

That nolde han wopen for hir paynes  
smerte,

So tendrely she weep, bothe eve and morwe.  
Hir nedede no teres for to borwe. 726

And this was yet the worste of al hir payne,  
Ther was no wight to whom she dorste hir  
pleyne.

105. Ful rowfully she loked up-on Troye,  
Bihold the toures heighe and eek the  
halles ; 730

'Allas !' quod she, 'the plesaunce and the  
joye

The whiohe that now al torned in-to  
galle is,

Have I had ofte with-inne yonder walles!  
O Troilus, what dostow now,' she seyde;  
'Lord! whether yet thou thenke up-on  
Criseyde? 735

106. Allas! I ne hadde trowed on your lore,  
And went with yow, as ye me radde er this!  
Thanne hadde I now not syked half so sore.  
Who mighte have seyde, that I had doon  
a-mis

To stele away with swich on as he is? 740  
But al to late cometh tho letuarie,  
Whan men the cors un-to the grave carie.

107. To late is now to speke of this matere;  
Prudence, allas! oon of thyn eyen three  
Me lakked alwey, or that I cam here; 745  
On tyme y-passed, wel remembered me;  
And present tyme eek coude I wel y-see.  
But futur tyme, er I was in the snare,  
Coude I not seen; that causeth now my  
care. 749

108. But natheles, bityde what bityde,  
I shal to-morwe at night, by est or waste,  
Out of this ost stele on som maner syde,  
And go with Troilus wher-as him leste.  
This purpos wol I holde, and this is beste.  
No fors of wikked tonges janglerye, 755  
For ever on love han wroccches had envye.

109. For who-so wole of every word take  
hede,  
Or rewlen him by every wightes wit,  
Ne shal he never thryven, out of drede.  
For that that som men blamen ever yit,  
Lo, other maner folk commendun it. 761  
And as for me, for al swich variaunce,  
Felicitee clepe I my suffisaunce.

110. For which, with-outen any wordes mo,  
To Troye I wol, as for conclusioun.' 765  
But god it wot, er fully monthes two,  
She was ful fer fro that entencioun.  
For bothe Troilus and Troye toun  
Shal knotteles through-out hir herte  
slyde;

For she wol take a purpos for t'abydo. 770

111. This Diomede, of whom yow telle  
I gan,  
Goth now, with-inne him-self ay arguinge

With al the sleighte and al that ever he  
can,

How he may best, with shortest taryinge,  
In-to his net Criseydes herte bringe. 775  
To this entente he coude never fyne;  
To fisshen hir, he leyde out hook and lyne.

112. But natheles, wel in his herte he  
thoughte,  
That she nas nat with-oute a love in Troye.  
For never, sithen he hir thennes broughte,  
Ne coude he seen her laughe or make  
joye. 781

He niste how best hir herte for t'acoye.  
'But for t'assaye,' he seyde, 'it nought  
ne greveth;  
For he that nought n'assayeth, nought  
n'acheveth.'

113. Yet seide he to him-self upon a night,  
'Now am I not a fool, that woot wel how  
Hir wo for love is of another wight,  
And here-up-on to goon assaye hir now?  
I may wel wite, it nil not been my prow.  
For wyse folk in bokes it expresse, 790  
"Menshal not wowe a wight in hevinesse."

114. But who-so mighte winnen swich  
a flour  
From him, for whom she morneth night  
and day,  
He mighte seyn, he were a conquerour.'  
And right anon, as he that bold was ay,  
Thoughte in his herte, 'happe, how happe  
may, 796  
Al sholde I deye, I wole hir herte seche;  
I shal no more lesen but my speche.'

115. This Diomede, as bokes us declare,  
Was in his nodes prest and corageous;  
With sternevoys and mighty limes square,  
Hardy, testif, strong, and chevalrous  
Of dedes, lyk his fader Tideus.  
And som men seyn, he was of tunge large;  
And heir he was of Calidoine and Arge. 805

116. Criseyde mene was of hir stature,  
Ther-to of shap, of face, and oek of chere,  
Ther mighte been no fairer creature.  
And ofte tyme this was hir manere,  
To gon y-tressed with hir heres clere 810

Doun by hir coler at hir bak bihinde,  
Which with a threde of gold she wolde  
binde.

117. And, save hir browes joyneden y-fero,  
Ther nas no lak, in ought I can espyen ;  
But for to spoken of hir eyen clere, 815  
Lo, trewely, they writen that hir syen,  
That Paradys stood formed in hir yñ.  
And with hir riche beantee ever-more  
Strof love in hir, ay which of hem was  
more.

118. She sobre was, eek simple, and wys  
with-al, 820  
The beste y-norissched eek that mighte be,  
And goodly of hir speche in general,  
Charitable, estatliche, lusty, and free ;  
Ne never-mo no lakkede hir pitee ;  
Tendre-herted, slydinge of corage ; 825  
But trewely, I can not telle hir age.

119. And Troilus wel waxen was in highte,  
And complet formed by proporcioun  
So wel, that kinde it not amenden mighte ;  
Yong, fresshe, strong, and hardy as loun ;  
Trewes as steel in ech condicioun ; 831  
On of the beste enteched creature,  
That is, or shal, whyl that the world may  
dure.

120. And certainly in storie it is y-founde,  
That Troilus was never un-to no wight, 835  
As in his tyme, in no degree secunde  
In durring don that longeth to a knight.  
Al mighte a geaunt passen him of might,  
His herte ay with the firste and with the  
beste 839  
Stod paregal, to durre don that him leste.

121. But for to tellen forth of Diomede :—  
It fil that after, on the tenthe day,  
Sin that Criseyde out of the citee yede,  
This Diomede, as fresshe as braunche in  
May,  
Com to the tente ther-as Calkas lay, 845  
And feyned him with Calkas han to done ;  
But what he mente, I shal yow telle sone.

122. Criseyde, at shorte wordes for to telle,  
Welcomed him, and doun by hir him sette ;  
And he was ethe y-nough to maken dwelle.

And after this, with-outen longe lette, 851  
The spyces and the wyn men forth hem  
fette ;  
And forth they speke of this and that  
y-fero,  
As freendes doon, of which som shal ye  
here.

123. He gan first fallen of the werre in  
speche 855  
Bitwixe hem and the folk of Troye toun,  
And of th'assege he gan hir eek byseche,  
To telle him what was hir opinioun.  
Fro that demaunde he so descendeth doun  
To asken hir, if that hir straungo thoughte  
The Grokes gyse, and werkes that they  
wroughte? 861

124. And why hir fader tarieth so longe  
To wedden hir un-to som worthy wight ?  
Criseyde, that was in hir peynes stronge  
For love of Troilus, hir owene knight, 865  
As fer-forth as she conning hadde or  
might,  
Answerde him tho ; but, as of his entente,  
It semed not she wiste what he mente.

125. But natheles, this ilke Diomede  
Gan in him-self assure, and thus he seyde,  
' If ich aright have taken of yow hede, 871  
Me thinketh thus, O lady myn, Criseyde,  
That sin I first hond on your brydel  
leyde,  
Whan ye out come of Troye by the morwe,  
Ne coude I never seen yow but in sorwe.

126. Can I not seyn what may the cause  
be 876  
But-if for love of som Troyan it were,  
The which right sore wolde athinken me  
That ye, for any wight that dwelleth  
there,  
Sholden spille a quarter of a tere, 880  
Or pitously your-selven so bigyle ;  
For dredelees, it is nought worth the  
whyle.

127. The folk of Troye, as who seyth, alle  
and some  
In prason been, as ye your-selven see ;  
For thennes shal not oon on-lyve come 885

For al the gold bitwixen sonne and see.  
Trusteth wel, and understondeth me,  
Ther shal not oon to mercy goon on-lyve,  
Al were he lord of worldes twyës fyve !

128. Swich wreche on hem, for fecching  
of Eleyne, 890

Ther shal be take, er that we hennes  
wende,

That Manes, which that goddes ben of  
peyne,  
Shal been agast that Grekes wol hem  
shende.

And men shul drede, un-to the worldes  
ende, 894

From hennes-forth to ravisshe any quene,  
So cruel shal our wreche on hem be sene.

129. And but-if Calkas lede us with am-  
bages,  
That is to seyn, with double wordes slye,  
Swich as men clepe a " word with two  
visages,"

Ye shul wel knowen that I nought ne  
lye, 900

And al this thing right seen it with your  
ye,

And that anon ; ye nil not trowe how  
sone ;

Now taketh heed, for it is for to done.

130. What wene ye your wyse fader  
wolde

Han yeven Antenor for yow anon, 905  
If he ne wiste that the citee sholde  
Destroyed been ? Why, nay, so mote  
I goon !

He knew ful wel ther shal not scapen oon  
That Troyan is ; and for the grete fere,  
He dorste not, ye dwelte lenger there. 910

131. What wole ye more, lufsom lady  
dere ?

Lat Troye and Troyan fro your herte  
pace !

Dryf out that bittre hope, and make good  
chere,

And clepe ayein the beautee of your face,  
That ye with salte teres so deface. 915

For Troye is brought in swich a jupartye,  
That, it to save, is now no remedye.

132. And thenketh wel, ye shal in Grekes  
finde

A more parfyt love, er it be night,  
Than any Troyan is, and more kinde, 920  
And bet to serven yow wol doon his  
might.

And if ye vouche sauf, my lady bright,  
I wol ben he to serven yow my-selve,  
Ye, lever than be lord of Greces twelve !'

133. And with that word he gan to waxen  
reed, 925

And in his speche a litel wight he quook,  
And caste a-ayde a litel wight his heed,  
And stinte a while ; and afterward awook,  
And sobreliehe on hir he threw his look,  
And seyde, ' I am, al be it yow no joye,  
As gentil man as any wight in Troye. 931

134. For if my fader Tydens, ' he seyde,  
' Y-lived hadde, I hadde been, er this,  
Of Calidoine and Arge a king, Criseyde !  
And so hope I that I shal yet, y-wis. 935  
But he was slayn, alas ! the more harm  
is,

Unhappily at Thebes al to rathe,  
Polymites and many a man to seathe.

135. But herte myn, sin that I am your  
man,

And been the ferste of whom I seche  
grace, 940

To serven you as hertely as I can,  
And ever shal, whyl I to live have space,  
So, er that I departe out of this place,  
Ye wol me graunte, that I may-to-morwe,  
At bettre leyser, telle yow my sorwe. 945

136. What shold I telle his wordes that he  
seyde ?

He spak y-now, for o day at the meste ;  
It preveth wel, he spak so that Criseyde  
Graunted, on the morwe, at his requeste,  
For to spoken with him at the leste, 950  
So that he nolde speke of swich matere ;  
And thus to him she seyde, as ye may  
here :

137. As she that hadde hir herte on  
Troilus

So faste, that ther may it noon arace ;  
And straungely she spak, and seyde thus

'O Diomedé, I love that ilke place 956  
 Ther I was born; and Joves, for his  
 grace,  
 Delivere it sone of al that doth it care!  
 God, for thy might, so love it wel to fare!

138. That Grekes wolde hir wraththe on  
 Troye wreke, 960  
 If that they mighte, I knowe it wel,  
 y-wis.

But it shal not bifallen as ye speke;  
 And god to-forn, and fether over this,  
 I wot my fader wys and redy is;  
 And that he me hath bought, as ye me  
 tolde, 965  
 So dere, I am the more un-to him holde.

139. That Grekes been of heigh con-  
 dicioun,  
 I woot eek wel; but certain, men shal  
 finde  
 As worthy folk with-inne Troye toun,  
 As conning, and as parfit and as kindo,  
 As been bitwixen Orcaes and Indo. 971  
 And that ye coude wel your lady serve,  
 I trowe eek wel, hir thank for to deserve.

140. But as to speke of love, y-wis, she  
 seyde,  
 'I hadde a lord, to whom I wedded was,  
 The whos myn herte al was, til that he  
 deyde; 976  
 And other love, as helpe me now Pallas,  
 Ther in myn herte nis, no never was.  
 And that ye been of noble and heigh  
 kinrede,  
 I have wel herd it tellen, out of drede. 980

141. And that doth me to han so gret a  
 wonder,  
 That ye wol scornen any womman so.  
 Eek, god wot, love and I be fer a-sonder;  
 I am disposed bet, so mote I go,  
 Un-to my deeth, to pleyne and maken  
 wo. 985  
 What I shal after doon, I can not seye;  
 But trewely, as yet me list not pleye.

142. Myn herte is now in tribulacioun,  
 And ye in armes bisy, day by day.  
 Here-after, whan ye wonnen han the  
 toun, 990

Paraunter, thanne so it happen may,  
 That whan I see that I never er say,  
 Than wole I werke that I never wroughte!  
 This word to yow y-nough suffyssen  
 oughte.

143. To-morwe eek wol I speke with yow  
 fayn, 995  
 So that ye touchen nought of this matere.  
 And whan yow list, ye may come here  
 ayeyn;  
 And, er ye gon, thus muche I seye yow  
 here:  
 As helpe me Pallas with hir heles clere,  
 If that I sholde of any Greek han routhe,  
 It sholde be your-selven, by my trouthe!

144. I seye not therfore that I wol yow  
 love, 1002  
 Ne I seye not nay, but in conclusioun,  
 I mene wel, by god that sit above:—  
 And ther-with-al she caste hir eyen  
 down,  
 And gan to syke, and seyde, 'O Troye  
 toun, 1006  
 Yet bidde I god, in quiete and in reste  
 I may yow seen, or do myn herte breste.'

145. But in effect, and shortly for to seye,  
 This Diomedé al freshly newe ayeyn 1010  
 Gan pressen on, and faste hir mercy  
 preye; 1011  
 And after this, the sothe for to seyn,  
 Hir glove he took, of which he was ful  
 fayn.  
 And fynally, whan it was waxen eve,  
 And al was wel, he roos and took his  
 leve. 1015

146. The brighte Venus folwede and ay  
 taughte  
 The wey, ther brode Phebus down alighte;  
 And Cynthia hir char-hors over-raughte  
 To whirle out of the Lyon, if she mighte;  
 And Signiter his candelless shewed brighte,  
 Whan that Criseyde un-to hir bedde  
 wente 1021  
 In-with hir fadres faire brighte tente.

147. Retorning in hir soule ay up and  
 doun  
 The wordes of this sodein Diomedé,

His greet estat, and peril of the toun, 1025  
And that she was allone and hadde nede  
Of freendes help; and thus bigan to  
brede

The cause why, the sothe for to telle,  
That she tok fully purpos for to dwelle.

148. The morwe com, and goostly for to  
speke, 1030

This Diomede is come un-to Criseyde,  
And shortly, lest that ye my tale breke,  
So wel he for him-selve spak and seyde,  
That alle hir sykes sore adoun he leyde.  
And fynally, the sothe for to seyne, 1035  
He reffe hir of the grote of al hir peyne.

149. And after this the story telleth us,  
That she him yaf the faire baye stede,  
The which he ones wan of Troilus;  
And eek a broche (and that was litel  
nede) 1040  
That Troilus was, she yaf this Diomede.  
And eek, the bet from sorwe him to  
releve,  
She made him were a pencil of hir sleve.

150. I finde eek in the stories elles-where,  
Whan through the body hurt was Diomede 1045  
Of Troilus, the weep she many a tere,  
Whan that she saugh his wyde woundes  
blede;  
And that she took to kepen him good  
hede,  
And for to hele him of his sorwes smerte.  
Men seyn, I not, that she yaf him hir  
herte. 1050

151. But trewely, the story telleth us,  
Ther made never womman more wo  
Than she, whan that she falsed Troilus.  
She seyde, 'allas! for now is clene a-go  
My name of trouthe in love, for ever-mo!  
For I have falsed oon, the gentileste  
That ever was, and oon the worthieste!

152. Allas, of me, un-to the worldes ende,  
Shal neither been y-written nor y-songe  
No good word, for thisse bokes wol me  
shende, 1060  
O, rolled shal I been on many a tonge!

Through-out the world my belle shal be  
ronge;  
And wommen most wol hate me of alle.  
Allas, that swich a cas me sholde falle!

153. They wol seyn, in as muche as in  
me is, 1065  
I have hem doon dishonour, weylaway!  
Al be I not the firste that dido amis,  
What helpeth that to do my blame away?  
But sin I see there is no bettre way,  
And that to late is now for me to rewe,  
To Diomede algate I wol be trewe. 1071

154. But Troilus, sin I no better may,  
And sin that thus departen ye and I,  
Yet preye I god, so yeve yow right good  
day  
As for the gentileste, trewely, 1075  
That ever I say, to serven feithfully,  
And best can ay his lady honour kepe:—  
And with that word she brast anon to  
wepe.

155. 'And certes, yow no haten shal I  
never,  
And freendes love, that shal ye han of  
me, 1080  
And my good word, al mighte I liven ever.  
And, trewely, I wolde sory be  
For to seen yow in adversitee.  
And giltelees, I woot wel, I yow leve;  
But al shal passe; and thus take I my  
leve.' 1085

156. But trewely, how longe it was bi-  
twene,  
That she for-sook him for this Diomede,  
Ther is non auctor telleth it. I wene.  
Take every man now to his bokes hede;  
He shal no terme finden, out of drede.  
For though that he bigan to wove hir  
sone, 1091  
Er he hir wan, yet was ther more to done.

157. No me no list this sely womman  
chydo  
Ferther than the story wol devyse.  
Hir name, alas! is published so wyde,  
That for hir gilt it oughte y-now suffysse  
And if I mighte excuse hir any wysse,



For she so sory was for hir untrouthe,  
Y-wis, I wolde excuse hir yet for routhe.

158. This Troilus, as I biforn have told,  
Thus dryveth forth, as wel as he hath  
might. 1101

But often was his herte hoot and cold,  
And namely, that ilke nynthe night,  
Which on the morwe she hadde him  
byhight

To come ayein : god wot, ful litel reste  
Hadde he that night ; no-thing to slope  
him leste. 1106

159. The laurer-crowned Phebus, with his  
hete,

Gan, in his course ay upward as he wente,  
To warmen of +th' est see the wawes wete ;  
And Nisus daughter song with fresh en-  
tente, 1110

Whan Troilus his Pandare after sente ;  
And on the walles of the toun they  
pleyde,  
To loke if they can seen ought of Criseyde.

160. Til it was noon, they stoden for to  
see

Who that ther come ; and every maner  
wight, 1115

That cam fro fer, they seyden it was she,  
Til that they coude knowen him a-right,  
Now was his herte dul, now was it light ;  
And thus by-japed stonden for to stare  
Aboute nought, this Troilus and Pandare.

161. To Pandarus this Troilus tho seyde,  
'For ought I wot, bi-for noon, sikerly,  
In-to this toun ne comth nought here  
Criseyde.

She hath y-now to done, hardily, 1124  
To winnen from hir fader, so trowe I ;  
Hir olde fader wol yet make hir dyne  
Er that she go ; god yeve his herte pyne !'

162. Pandare answerde, 'it may wel be,  
certeyn ;

And for-thy lat us dyne, I thee biseche ;  
And after noon than mayst thou come  
ayein.' 1130

And hoom they go, with-oute more  
speche ;

And comen ayein, but longe may they  
seche

Er that they finde that they after cape ;  
Fortune hem bothe thenketh for to jape.

163. Quod Troilus, 'I see wel now, that  
she 1135

Is taried with hir olde fader so,  
That er she come, it wol neigh even be.  
Com forth, I wol un-to the yate go.

Thise portours been unkonninge ever-mo ;  
And I wol doon hem holden up the yate  
As nought ne were, al-though she come  
late.' 1141

164. The day goth faste, and after that  
comth eve,

And yet com nought to Troilus Criseyde.  
He loketh forth by hegge, by tree, by  
greve,

And fer his heed over the wal he leyde.  
And at the laste he torned him, and  
seyde, 1146

'By god, I woot hirmening now, Pandare !  
Al-most, y-wis, al newe was my care

165. Now douteles. this lady can hir  
good ;

I woot, she meneth ryden prively. 1150  
I comende hir wysdom, by myn hood !

She wol not maken peple nyce  
Gaure on hir, whan she comth ; but  
softely

By nighte in-to the toun she thenketh  
ryde.

And, dere brother, thenk not longe t'  
abyde. 1155

166. We han nought elles for to doon,  
y-wis.

And Pandarus, now woltow trowen me ?  
Have here my trouthe, I see hir ! yond  
she is.

Heve up thyn eyen, man ! maystow not  
see ?'

Pandare answerde, 'nay, so mote I thee !  
Al wrong, by god ; what seystow, man,  
wher art ?' 1161

That I see yond nis but a fare-cart.'

167. 'Allas, thou seist right sooth,' quod  
Troilus ;

'But hardely, it is not al for nought 1164

That in myn herte I now rejoyse thus.  
It is ayein som good I have a thought.  
Noot I not how, but sin that I was  
wrought,  
Ne felte I swich a confort, dar I seye;  
She comth to-night, my lyf, that dorste  
I leye!

168. Pandare answerde, 'it may be wel,  
y-nough'; 1170  
And held with him of al that ever he  
seyde;  
But in his herte he thoughte, and soft  
lough,  
And to him-self ful sobrelly he seyde:  
'From hasel-wode, ther Joly Robin pleyde,  
Shal come al that that thou abydest  
here; 1175  
Ye, fare-wel al the snow of ferne yere!'

169. The wardein of the yates gan to calle  
The folk which that with-oute the yates  
were,  
And bad hem dryven in hir bestes alle,  
Or al the night they moste bleven there.  
And fer with-in the night, with many  
a tere, 1181  
This Troilus gan hoomward for to ryde;  
For wel he seeth it helpeth nought t'a-  
byde.

170 But natheles, hegladded him in this;  
He thoughte he misaccounted hadde his  
day, 1185  
And seyde, 'I understonde have al a-mis.  
For thilke night I last Criseyde say,  
She seyde, "I shal ben here, if that I  
may,  
Er that the mone, O dere herte swete!  
The Lyon passe, out of this Ariete." 1190

171. For which she may yet holde al hir  
bilhete.'  
And on the morwe un-to the yate he  
wente,  
And up and down, by west and eek by  
este,  
Up-on the walles made he many a wente.  
But al for nought; his hope alwey him  
blente; 1195

For which at night, in sorwe and sykes  
sore  
He wente him hoom, with-uten any  
more.

172. This hope al clene out of his herte  
fledde,  
He nath wher-on now lenger for to honge;  
But for the peyne him thoughte his herte  
bledde, 1200  
So were his throwes sharpe and wonder  
stronge.  
For when he saugh that she abood so  
longe,  
He niste what he juggen of it mighte,  
Sin she hath broken that she him bi-  
highte.

173. The thridde, ferthe, fifte, sixte day  
After the dayes ten, of which I tolde,  
Bitwixen hope and drede his herte lay,  
Yet som-what trustinge on hir hestesolde.  
But whan he saugh she nolde hir terme  
holde,  
He can now seen non other remedye, 1210  
But for to shape him sone for to dye.

174. Ther-with the wikked spirit, god us  
blesse,  
Which that men clepeth wode jalousye,  
Gan in him crepe, in al this hevynesse;  
For which, by-cause he wolde sone dye,  
He ne eet ne dronk, for his malencolye,  
And eek from every companye he fledde;  
This was the lyf that al the tyme he  
ledde.

175. He so defet was, that no maner man  
Unnethe mighte him knowe ther he  
wente; 1220  
So was he lene, and ther-to pale and wan,  
And feble, that he walketh by potente;  
And with his ire he thus him-selven  
shente.  
And who-so axed him wher-of him smerte,  
He seyde, his harm was al aboute his  
herte. 1225

176. Pryam ful ofte, and eek his moder  
dere,  
His bretheren and his sustren gonne him  
freyne

Why he so sorful was in al his chero,  
And what thing was the cause of al his  
peyne?

But al for nought; he nolde his cause  
pleyne, 1230

But seyde, he felte a grevous maladye  
A-boute his herte, and fayn he wolde dye.

177 So on a day he leyde him down to  
slepe,

And so bifel that in his sleep him  
thoughte,

That in a forest faste he welk to wepe 1235  
For love of hir that him these peynes  
wroughte;

And up and down as he the forest soughte,  
He mette he saugh a boor with tuskes  
grete,

That sleep ayein the bright sonnes hete.

178. And by this boor, faste in his armes  
folde, 1240

Lay kissing ay his lady bright Criseyde-  
For sorwe of which, whan he it gan  
biholde,

And for despyt, out of his slepe he breyde,  
And loude he cryde on Pandarus, and  
seyde,

'O Pandarus, now knowe I crop and  
rote! 1245

I nam but deed, ther nis non other bote!

179. My lady bright Criseyde hath me  
bitrayed,

In whom I trusted most of any wight,  
She elles-where hath now hir herte  
apayed;

The blisful goddes, through hir grete  
might, 1250

Han in my dreem y-shewed it ful right,  
Thus in my dreem Criseyde I have  
biholde'—

And al this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

180. 'O my Criseyde, allas! what subtil-  
tee,

What newe lust, what beautee, what  
science, 1255

What wratthe of juste cause have ye to  
me?

What gilt of me, what fel experience  
Hath fro me raft, allas! thyn advertence?

O trust, O feyth, O depe assuraunce,  
Who hath me reft Criseyde, al my ple-  
saunce? 1260

181. Allas! why leet I you from hennet  
go,

For which wol neigh out of my wit I  
breyde?

Who shal now trowe on any othes mo?  
God wot I wende, O lady bright, Criseyde,  
That every word was gospel that ye seyde!  
But who may bet bigylen, if him liste, 1266  
Than he on whom men weneth best to  
triste?

182. What shal I doon, my Pandarus,  
allas!

I fele now so sharpe a newe peyne,  
Sin that ther is no remedie in this cas,  
That bet were it I with myn hondes  
tweyne 1271

My-selven slow, than alwey thus to pleyne,  
For through my deeth my wo sholde han  
an ende,

Ther every day with lyf my-self I shende.'

183. Pandarus answerde and seyde, 'allas  
the whyle 1275

That I was born; have I not seyde er this,  
That dremes many a maner man bigyle?  
And why? for folk expounden hem a-mis.  
How darstow seyn that fals thy lady is,  
For any dream, right for thyn owene  
drede? 1280

Lat be this thought, thou canst no dremes  
rede.

184. Paraunter, ther thou dremest of this  
boor,

It may so be that it may signifye  
Hir fader, which that old is and ook hoor,  
Ayein the sonne lyth, on poynt to dye, 1285  
And she for sorwe ginneth wepe and crye,  
And kisseth him, ther he lyth on the  
grounde;  
Thus shuldestow thy dreem a-right ex-  
pounde.'

185. 'How mighte I thanne do?' quod  
Troilus,

'To knowe of this, ye, were it never so  
lyte?' 1290

'Now seystow wysly,' quod this Pandarus,  
 'My reed is this, sin thou canst wel  
 endyte,  
 That hastily a lettre thou hir wryte,  
 Thorough which thou shalt wel bringen it  
 aboute,  
 To knowe a sooth of that thou art in  
 doute. 1295

186. And see now why; for this I dar wel  
 seyn,  
 That if so is that she untrewed be,  
 I can not trowe that she wol wryte ayein.  
 And if she wryte, thou shalt ful sone see,  
 As whether she hath any libertee 1300  
 To come ayein, or elles in som clause,  
 If she be let, she wol assigne a cause.

187. Thou hast not writen hir sin that  
 she wente,  
 Nor she to thee, and this I dorste leye,  
 Ther may swich cause been in hir en-  
 tente, 1305  
 That hardely thou wolt thy-selven seye,  
 That hir a-bood the beste is for yow twaye.  
 Now wryte hir thanne, and thou shalt  
 fele sone  
 A sothe of al; ther is no more to done.'

188. Accorded been to this conclusioun, 1310  
 And that anon, these ilke lordes two;  
 And hastily sit Troilus adoun,  
 And rolleth in his herte to and fro,  
 How he may best discreyven hir his wo.  
 And to Criseyde, his owene lady dere, 1315  
 He wroght right thus, and seyde as ye may  
 here.

189. 'Right fresshe flour, whos I have  
 been and shal,  
 With-uten part of elles-where servyse,  
 With herte, body, lyf, lust, thought, and  
 al;  
 I, woful wight, in every humble wyse 1320  
 That tonge telle or herte may devyse,  
 As ofte as matere occupyeth place,  
 Me recomaunde un-to your noble grace.

190. Lyketh it yow to witen, swete herte,  
 As ye wel knowe how longe tyme agoon  
 That ye me lafte in aspre peynes smerte,

Whan that ye wente, of which yet bote  
 noon 1327  
 Have I non had, but ever wers bigoon  
 Fro day to day am I, and so mot dwelle,  
 While it yow list, of wele and wo my  
 welle! 1330

191. For which to yow, with dredful  
 herte trewe,  
 I wryte, as he that sorwe dryfth to wryte,  
 My wo, that every houre encreseth newe,  
 Complaynyng as I dar or can endyte.  
 And that defaced is, that may ye wyte 1335  
 The teres, which that fro myn eyen reyne,  
 That wolde speke, if that they coude, and  
 pleyne.

192. Yow first biseche I, that your eyen  
 clere  
 To look on this defouled ye not holde;  
 And over al this, that ye, my lady dere,  
 Wol vouchen-sauf this lettre to biholden. 1341  
 And by the cause eek of my cares colde,  
 That sleeth my wit, if ought amis me  
 asterte,  
 For-yeve it me, myn owene swete herte.

193. If any servant dorste or oughte of  
 right 1345  
 Up-on his lady pitously complayne,  
 Than wene I, that ich oughte be that  
 wight,  
 Considered this, that ye these monthes  
 twayne  
 Han taried, ther ye seyden, sooth to  
 seyne,  
 But dayes ten yenolde in ost sojournen, 1350  
 But in two monthes yet ye not retourne.

194. But for-as-muche as me mot nedes  
 lyke  
 Al that yow list, I dar not playne more,  
 But humbly with sorwful sykes syke;  
 Yow wryte ich myn unresty sorwes sore,  
 Fro day to day desyring ever-more 1356  
 To knowen fully, if your wil it were,  
 How ye han ferd and doon, whyl ye be  
 there.

195. The whos wel-fare and hele eek god  
 encresse 1359  
 In honour swich, that upward in degre

It growe alwey, so that it never cesse;  
Right as your herte ay can, my lady free,  
Devyse, I prey to god so mote it be.

And graunte it that ye sone up-on me  
rewe

As wisly as in al I am yow trewe. 1365

196. And if yow lyketh knowen of the fare  
Of me, whos wo ther may no wight dis-  
cryve,

I can no more but, cheste of every care,  
At wrytinge of this lettre I was on-lyve,  
Al redy out my woful gost to dryve; 1370  
Which I delaye, and holde him yet in  
honde,

Upon the sight of maters of your sonde.

197. Myn eyen two, in veyn with which  
I see,

Of sorweful teres salte arn waxen welles;  
My song, in pleynte of myn adversitee;  
My good in harm; myn ese eek waxen  
helle is. 1376

My joye, in wo; I can sey yow nought  
elles,

But turned is, for which my lyf I warie,  
Everich joye or ese in his contrarie.

198. Which with your cominge hoom  
ayein to Troye 1380

Ye may redresse, and, more a thousand  
sythe

Than ever ich hadde, encresen in me joye.  
For was ther never herte yet so blythe  
To han his lyf, as I shal been as swythe  
As I yow see; and, though no maner  
routhe 1385

Commeve yow, yet thinketh on your  
trouthe.

199. And if so be my gilt hath deeth  
deserved,

Or if you list no more up-on me see,  
In guerdon yet of that I have you served,  
Biseche I yow, myn hertes lady free, 1390  
That here-upon ye wolden wryte me,  
For love of god, my righte lode-sterre,  
Ther deeth may make an ende of al my  
werre.

200. If other cause aught doth yow for to  
dwelle, 1394

That with your lettre ye me recomforte;

For though to me your absence is an helle,  
With pacience I wol my wo comorte,  
And with your lettre of hope I wol  
desporte.

Now wryteth, swete, and lat me thus not  
pleyne;

With hope, or deeth, delivereth me fro  
peyne. 1400

201. Y-wis, myn owene dere herte trewe,  
I woot that, whan ye next up-on me see,  
Solost have I myn hele and eek myn hewe,  
Criseyde shal nought conne knowe me!  
Y-wis, myn hertes day, my lady free, 1405  
So thursteth ay myn herte to biholde  
Your beautee, that my lyf unnethe I holde.

202. I sey no more, al have I for to seye  
To you wel more than I telle may; 1409  
But whether that ye do me live or deye,  
Yet pray I god, so yeve yow right good day  
And fareth wel, goodly fayre freshe may,  
As ye that lyf or deeth me may comaunde;  
And to your tronthe ay I me recomaunde

203. With hele swich that, but ye even  
me 1415

The same hele, I shal noon hele have.

In you lyth, whan yow list that it so be,  
The day in which me clothen shal my  
grave.

In yow my lyf, in yow might for to save  
Me from disese of alle peynes smerte; 1420  
And fare now wel, myn owene swete herte!  
Le vostre T.'

204. This lettre forth was sent un-to  
Criseyde,

Of which hir answer in effect was this;  
Ful pitously she wroot ayein, and seyde,  
That al-so sone as that she might, y-wis,  
She wolde come, and mende al that was  
mis. 1426

And fynally she wroot and seyde him  
thanne,

She wolde come, ye, but she niste whanne.

205. But in hir lettre made she swich  
festes,

That wonder was. and swereth she loveth  
him best, 1430

Of which he fond but botmelees bihestes.

But 'troilus, thou mayst now, est or west,  
Pyte in an ivy leef, if that thee lest;  
'Thus gooth the world; god shilde us fro  
mischaunce,  
And every wight that meneth trouthe  
avaunce! 1435

206. Encresen gan the wo fro day to night  
Of Troilus, for taryinge of Criseyde;  
And lessen gan his hope and eek his  
might,  
For which al doun he in his bed him  
leyde;  
He ne eet, ne dronk, ne sleep, ne word he  
seyde, 1440  
Imagininge ay that she was unkinde;  
For which wel neigh he wex out of his  
minde.

207. This dreem, of which I told have eek  
biforn,  
May never come out of his remembraunce;  
He thoughte ay wel he hadde his lady  
lorn, 1445  
And that Joves, of his purveyaunce,  
Him shewed hadde in sleep the signifi-  
aunce  
Of hir untrouthe and his disaventure,  
And that the boor was shewed him in  
figure.

208. For which he for Sibille his suster  
sente, 1450  
That called was Cassandre eek al aboute;  
And al his dreem he tolde hir er he stente,  
And hir bisoughte assoilen him the doute  
Of the stronge boor, with tuskes stoute;  
And fynally, with-inne a litel stounde,  
Cassandre him gan right thus his dreem  
expounde. 1456

209. She gan first smyle, and seyde, 'O  
brother dere,  
If thou a sooth of this desyrest knowe,  
Thou most a fewe of olde stories here,  
To purpos, how that fortune over-throwe  
Hath lordes olde; through which, with-  
inne a throwe, 1461  
Thou wel this boor shalt knowe, and of  
what kinde  
He comen is. as men in bokes finde.

210. Diane, which that wrooth was and in  
ire

For Grekes nolde doon hir sacrificyse, 1465  
Ne encens up-on hir auter sette a-fyre,  
She, for that Grekes gonne hir so dyspyre.  
Wrak hir in a wonder cruel wyse.  
For with a boor as greet as oxe in stalle  
She made up frete hir corn and vynes alle.

211. To slee this boor was al the contree  
reysed, 1471  
A-monges which ther com, this boor to see,  
A mayde, oon of this world the best  
y-preysed;  
And Meleagre, lord of that contree,  
He lovede so this fresshe mayden free 1475  
That with his manhod, er he wolde stente,  
This boor he slow, and hir the heed he  
sente;

212. Of which, as olde bokes tellen us,  
Ther roos a kontek and a greet envye;  
And of this lord descended Tydeus 1480  
By ligne, or elles olde bokes lye;  
But how this Meleagre gan to dye  
Thorough his moder, wol I yow not telle,  
For al to long it were for to dwelle.'

[Argument of the 12 Books of Statius'  
Thebais.]

Associat profugum Tideo *primus* Polimi-  
tem;  
Tidea legatum docet insidiasque *secundus*;  
Tercius Hemoniden canit et vates lati-  
tantes;  
Quartus habet reges ineuntes prelia sep-  
tem; 4  
Mox furie Lenne *quinto* narratur et anguis;  
Archimori bustum *sexto* ludique leguntur;  
Dat Graios Thebes et vatem *septimus*  
vmbis;  
Octavo cecidit Tideus, spes, vita Pelasgis;  
Ypomedon *nono* moritur cum Partho-  
nopeo; 9  
Fulmine percussus, *decimo* Capaneus  
superatur;  
Undecimo sese perimunt per vulnera  
fratres;  
Argium flentem narrat *duodenus* et  
ignem. 11

213. She tolde eek how Tydeus, er she  
stente, 1485

Un-to the stronge citee of Thebes,  
To cleyne kingdom of the citee, wente,  
For his felawe, daun Polymites,  
Of which the brother, daun Ethyocles,  
Ful wrongfully of Thebes held the  
strengthe; 1490  
This tolde she by proces, al by lengthe.

214. She tolde eek how Hemonides asterte,  
Whan Tydeus slough fifty knyghtes stoute.  
She tolde eek al the prophesyes by herte,  
And how that sevene kinges, with hir  
route, 1495  
Disgeden the citee al aboute;  
And of the holy serpent, and the welle,  
And of the furies, al she gan him telle.

215. Of Archimoris buryinge and the  
pleyes,  
And how Amphiorax fil through the  
grounde, 1500  
How Tydeus was slayn, lord of Argeyes,  
And how Ypomedoun in litel stounde  
Was dreynt, and deed Parthonope of  
wounde;  
And also how Cappaneus the proude  
With thonder-dint was slayn, that cryde  
loude. 1505

216. She gan eek telle him how that  
either brother,  
Ethyocles and Polimyte also,  
At a scarmyche, ache of hem slough other,  
And of Argyves wepinge and hir wo;  
And how the town was brent she tolde  
eek tho. 1510  
And so descendeth doun from gestes olde  
To Diomede, and thus she spak and tolde.

217. 'This ilke boor bitokneth Diomede,  
Tydeus sone, that doun descended is  
Fro Meleagre, that made the boor to  
blede. 1515  
And thy lady, wher-so she be, y-wis,  
This Diomede hir herte hath, and she his.  
Weep if thou wilt, or leef; for, out of  
doute,  
This Diomede is inne, and thou art oute.'

218. 'Thou seyst nat sooth,' quod he,  
'thou sorceresse,  
With al thy falso goost of prophesye! 1521  
Thou wonest been a greet devyneresse;  
Now seestow not this fool of fantasye  
Peyneth hir on ladyes for to lye?  
Awey,' quod he, 'ther Joves yewe thee  
sorwe! 1525  
Thou shalt be fals, paraunter, yet to-  
morrow!

219. As wel thou mightest lyen on Alceste,  
That was of creatures, but men lye,  
That ever weren, kindest and the beste,  
For whanne hir housbonde was in ju-  
purtye 1530  
To dye him-self, but-if she wolde dye,  
She chees for him to dye and go to  
helle,  
And starf anon, as us the bokes telle.'

220. Cassandre goth, and he with cruel  
herte 1534  
For-ȝat his wo, for angre of hir speche;  
And from his bed al sodeinly he sterte,  
As though al hool him hadde y-mad a  
leche. 1537  
And day by day he gan enquere and seche  
A sooth of this, with al his fulle cure;  
And thus he dryeth forth his aventure.

221. Fortune, whiche that permutacioun  
Of thinges hath, as it is hir committed  
Through purveyaunce and disposicioun  
Of heighe Jove, as regnes shal ben fittid  
Fro folk in folk, or whan they shal ben  
smitted, 1545  
Gan pulle away the fetheres brighte of  
Troye  
Fro day to day, til they ben bare of joye.

222. Among al this, the fyn of the parodie  
Of Ector gan approchen wonder blyve;  
The fate wolde his soule sholde unbodie,  
And shapen hadde a mene it out to dryve;  
Aycins which fate him helpeth not to  
stryve; 1552  
But on a day to fighten gan he wende,  
At which, allas! he caughte his lyves  
ende.

223. For which me thinketh every maner  
wight 1555

That haunteth armes oughte to biwayle  
The deeth of him that was so noble  
a knight,

For as he drough a king by th'aventayle,  
Unwar of this, Achilles through the mayle  
And through the body gan him for to  
ryve; 1560

And thus this worthy knight was brought  
of lyve.

224. For whom, as olde bokes tellen us,  
Was maad swich wo, that tonge it may  
not telle;

And namoly, the sorwe of Troilus, 1564  
That next him was of worthinesse welles.  
And in this we gan Troilus to dwelle,  
That, what for sorwe, and love, and for  
unreste,

Ful ofte a day he bad his herte breste.

225. But natheles, though he gan him  
dispeyre, 1569

And dradde ay that his lady was untrewed,  
Yet ay on hir his herte gan repeyre.

And as these lovers doon, he soughte ay  
newe

To gete ayein Criseyde, bright of hewe.  
And in his herte he wente hir excusinge,  
That Calcas causede al hir taryinge. 1575

226. And ofte tyme he was in purpos  
grete

Him-selven lyk a pilgrim to disgyse,  
To seen hir, but he may not contrefete  
To been unknowen of folk that weren  
wyse, 1579

No finde excense aright that may suffice,  
If he among the Grekes known were;  
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

227. To hir he wroot yet ofte tyme al  
newe

Ful pitously, he lefte it nought for slouth,  
Biseling hir that, sin that he was trewe,  
†She wolde come ayein and holde hir  
trouth. 1586

For which Criseyde up-on a day, for  
routhe,

I take it so, touchinge al this matere,  
Wrot him ayein, and seyde as ye may  
here

228. Cupydes sone, ensample of goodli-  
hede, 1590

O sword of knightthod, sours of gentillesse!  
How mighte a wight in torment and in  
drede

And heleeles, yow sende as yet gladnesse?  
I hertelees, I sylke, I in distresse; 1594  
Sin ye with me, nor I with yow may dele,  
Yow neither sende ich herte may nor hele,

229. Your lettres ful, the papir al y-  
pleynted,

Conseyved hath myn hertes pietee;  
I have eek seyn with teres al depeynted  
Your lettre, and how that yo requeren me  
To come ayein, which yet ne may not be.  
But why, lest that this lettre founden  
were, 1602

No mencounen we make I now, for fere.

230. Grevous to me, god woot, is your  
unreste,

Your haste, and that, the goddes or-  
denaunce, 1605

It semeth not ye take it for the beste.  
Nor other thing nis in your remem-  
braunce,

As thinketh me, but only your plesaunce.  
But beth not wrooth, and that I yow  
bisoche; 1609

For that I taise, is al for wikked speche.

231. For I have herd wel more than I  
wende,

Touchinge us two, how thinges han y-  
stonde,

Which I shal with dissimulinge amende.  
And beth nought wrooth, I have eek  
understonde, 1614

How ye ne doon but holden me in honde.  
But now no fors, I can not in yow gesse  
But alle trouthe and alle gentillesse.

232. Comen I wol, but yet in swich dis-  
joynte

I stonde as now, that what yeer or what  
day

That this shal be, that can I not apoynte,  
But in effect, I prey yow, as I may, 1621  
Of your good word and of your frendship  
ay.



For trewely, whyl that my lyf may dure,  
As for a freend, ye may in me assure.

233. Yet preye I yow on yvel ye ne take,  
That it is short which that I to yow  
wryte; 1626

I dar not, ther I am, wel lettres make.  
Ne never yet ne coude I wel endyte.  
Eek greet effect men wryte in place lyte.  
Th'entente is al, and nought the lettres  
space; 1630  
And fareth now wel, god have you in his  
grace!

La vostre C.'

234. This Troilus this lettre thoughte al  
straunge,  
Whan he it saugh, and sorwefully he  
sighte;  
Him thoughte it lyk a kalendes of  
change;  
But fynally, he ful ne trowen mighte 1635  
That she ne wolde him holden that she  
highte;  
For with ful yvel will list him to leve  
That loveth wel, in swich cas, though  
him greve.

235. But natheles, men seyn that, at the  
laste, 1639  
For any thing, men shal the sothe see;  
And swich a cas bitidde, and that as faste,  
That Troilus wel understood that she  
Nas not so kinde as that hir oughte be.  
And fynally, he woot now, out of doute,  
That al is lost that he hath been aboute.

236. Stood on a day in his malencolye 1646  
This Troilus, and in suspicioun  
Of hir for whom he wende for to dye.  
And so bifel, that through-out Troye toun,  
As was the gyse, y-bore was up and down  
A maner cote-armure, as seyth the storie,  
Biforn Deiphebe, in signe of his victorie,

237. The whiche cote, as telleth Lollius,  
Deiphebe it hadde y-rent from Diomede  
The same day; and whan this Troilus 1655  
It saugh, he gan to taken of it hede,  
Avysing of the lengthe and of the brede,  
And al the werk; but as he gan biholde,  
Ful sodeinly his herte gan to colde.

238. As he that on the coler fond with-  
inne 1660

A broche, that he Criseyde yaf that morwe  
That she from Troye moste nedes twinne,  
In remembrance of him and of his sorwe;  
And she him leyde ayein hir feyth to  
borwe 1664

To kepe it ay; but now, ful wel he wiste.  
His lady nas no lenger on to triste.

239. He gooth him hoom, and gan ful  
sone sende

For Pandarus; and al this newe chaunce,  
And of this broche, he tolde him word  
and ende, 1669

Compleyninge of hir hertes variaunce,  
His longe love, his trouthe, and his pen-  
aunce;

And after deeth, with-outen wordes more,  
Ful faste he cryde, his reste him to restore.

240. Than spak he thus, 'O lady myn  
Criseyde,

Wher is your feyth, and wher is your  
biheste? 1675

Wher is your love, wher is your trouthe?'  
he seyde;

'Of Diomede have ye now al this feste!  
Allas, I wolde have trowed at the leste,  
That, sin ye nolde in trouthe to mestonde,  
That ye thus nolde han holden me in  
honde! 1680

241. Who shal now trowe on any othes  
mo?

Allas, I never wolde han wend, er this,  
That ye, Criseyde, coude han changed so;  
Ne, but I hadde a-gilt and doon amis, 1684  
So cruel wende I not your herte, y-wis,  
To slee me thus; allas, your name of  
trouthe

Is now for-doon, and that is al my routhe.

242. Was ther non other broche yow liste  
lete

To seffe with your newe love,' quod he, 1689  
'But thilke broche that I, with teres wete,  
Yow yaf, as for a remembrance of me?  
Non other cause, allas, ne hadde ye  
But for despyt, and eek for that ye mente  
Al-outrely to shewen your entente!

243. Through which I see that clene out  
of your minde 1695

Ye han me cast, and I ne can nor may,  
For al this world, with-in myn herte finde  
T' unloven yow a quarter of a day!  
In cursed tyme I born was, weylaway!  
That ye, that doon me al this wo endure,  
Yet love I best of any creature. 1701

244. Now god,' quod he, 'me sende yet  
the grace

That I may meten with this Diomedé!  
And trewely, if I have might and space,  
Yet shal I make, I hope, his sydes blede.  
O god,' quod he, 'that oughtest taken hede  
To fortheren trouthe, and wronges to  
punyce, 1707  
Why niltow doon a vengeaunce on this  
vyce?

245. O Pandare, that in dremes for to  
triste

Me blamed hast, and wont art ofte up-  
breyde, 1710  
Now maystow see thy-selve, if that thee  
liste,  
How trewe is now thy nece, bright Cri-  
seyde!

In sondry formes, god it woot,' he seyde,  
'The goddes shewen bothe joye and tene  
In slepe, and by my dreame it is now sene.

246. And certaynly, with-oute more  
speche, 1716

From hennes-forth, as ferforth as I may,  
Myn owene deeth in armes wol I seche;  
I recche not how sone be the day!  
But trewely, Criseyde, swete may, 1720  
Whom I have ay with al my might y-  
served,  
That ye thus doon, I have it nought  
deserved.'

247. This Pandarus, that alle these thinges  
herde,

And wiste wel he seyde a sooth of this,  
He nought a word ayein to him answerde;  
For sory of his frendes sorwe he is, 1726  
And shamed, for his nece hath doon a-mis;  
And stant, astoned of these causes tweye,  
As stille as stoon; a word ne coude he  
seye.

248. But at the laste thus he spak, and  
seyde, 1730

'My brother dere, I may thee do no-more.  
What shulde I seyn? I hate, y-wis,  
Criseyde!

And god wot, I wol hate hir evermore!  
And that thou me bisoughtest doen of  
yore, 1734

Havinge un-to myn honour ne my roste  
Right no reward, I dide al that thee leste,

249. If I dide ought that mighte lyken  
thee,

It is me leef; and of this treson now,  
God woot, that it a sorwe is un-to me!  
And dredelees, for hertes ese of yow, 1740  
Right fayn wolde I amende it, wiste I how.  
And fro this world, almighty god I preye,  
Delivere hir sone; I can no-more seye.'

250. Gret was the sorwe and pleynt of  
Troilus;

But forth hir cours fortune ay gan to  
holde. 1745

Criseyde loveth the sone of Tydeus,  
And Troilus mot wepe in cares colde.

Swich is this world; who-so it can bi-  
holde,

In eche estat is litel hertes reste: 1749  
God leve us for to take it for the beste!

251. In many cruel batayle, out of drede,  
Of Troilus, this ilke noble knight,

As men may in these olde bokes rede,  
Was sene his knighthod and his grete  
might.

And dredelees, his ire, day and night, 1755  
Ful cruelly the Grekes ay aboughte;  
And alwey most this Diomedé he soughte.

252. And ofte tyme, I finde that they  
mette 1758

With blodystrokes and with wordes grete,  
Assayinge how hir speres waren whette;  
And god it woot, with many a cruel hete  
Gan Troilus upon his helm to-bete.

But natheles, fortune it nought ne wolde,  
Of othere shond that either deyen sholde.—

253. And if I hadde y-taken for to wryte  
The armes of this ilke worthy man, 1766

Than wolde I of his batailles endyte.  
But for that I to wryte first bigan  
Of his love, I have seyde as that I can. 1769  
His worthy dedes, who-so list hem here,  
Reed Dares, he can telle hem alle y-fere.

251. Bisechinge every lady bright of hewe,  
And every gentil womman, what she be,  
That al be that Criseyde was untrewed,  
That for that gilt she be not wrooth with  
me. 1775

Ye may hir gilt in othere bokes see;  
And gladlier I wol wryten, if yow laste,  
Penelope's trouthe and good Alceste.

255. Ne I sey not this al-only for these  
men,

But most for women that bitraysed be  
Through false folk; god yeve hem sorwe,  
amen! 1781

That with hir grete wit and subtiltee  
Bitrayse yow! and this comneveth me  
To speke, and in effect yow alle I preye,  
Beth war of men, and herkeneth what  
I seye!— 1785

256. Go, lital book, go lital myn tregedie,  
Ther god thy maker yet, er that he dye,  
So sende might to make in wom comedie!  
But lital book, no making'thou n'envye,  
But subgit be to alle poesy; 1790  
And kis the steppes, wher-as thou seest  
pace  
Virgile, Ovyde, Omer, Lucan, and Stace.

257. And for ther is so greet diversitee  
In English and in wryting of our tonge,  
So preye I god that noon miswryte thee,  
Ne thee mismetre for defaute of tonge. 1796  
And red wher-so thou be, or elles songe,  
That'thou be understonde I god besече!  
But yet to purpos of my rather speche.—

258. The wraththe, as I began yow for to  
seye, 1800

Of Troilus, the Grekes boughten dere;  
For thousandes his hondes maden deye,  
As he that was with-ouen any pere,  
Save Ector, in his tyme, as I can here.  
But weylaway, save only goddes wille, 1805  
Dispitously him slough the fiers Achille.

259. And whan that he was slayn in this  
manere,

His lighte goost ful blisfully is went  
Up to the holownesse of the seventh spere,  
In convers letinge every element; 1810  
And ther he saugh, with ful avysement,  
The erratik sterres, herkeninge armoye  
With sownes fulle of heavenish melodye.

260. And down from thennes faste he gan  
avyse 1814

This lital spot of erthe, that with the see  
Enbraced is, and fully gan despyse  
This wretched world, and held al vanitee  
To respect of the pleyn felicittee  
That is in hevens above; and at the laste,  
Thar he was slayn, his loking down he  
caste; 1820

261. And in him-self he lough right at  
the wo

Of hem that wepten for his deeth so faste,  
And dampned al our werk that folweth so  
The blinde lust, the which that may not  
laste, 1824

And sholden al our herte on hevencaste.  
And forth he wente, shortly for to telle,  
Ther as Mercurie sorted him to dwelle.—

262. Swich fyn hath, lo, this Troilus for  
love,

Swich fyn hath al his grete worthinesse;  
Swich fyn hath his estat real above, 1830  
Swich fyn his lust, swich fyn hath his  
noblesse;

Swich fyn hath false worldes brotelnesse.  
And thus bigan his lovinge of Criseyde,  
As I have told, and in this wyse he deyde.

263. O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she, 1835  
In which that love up groweth with your  
age,

Repeyeth hoom from worldly vanitee,  
And of your herte up-casteth the visage  
To thilke god that after his image

Yow made, and thinketh al nis but  
a fayre 1840

This world, that passeth sone as floures  
fayre.

264. And loveth him, the which that  
right for love  
Upon a cros, our soules for to boye,

First starf, and roos, and sit in hevene  
a-bove ;

For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye, 1845  
That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye.  
And sin he best to love is, and most meke,  
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke ?

265. Lo here, of Payens corsed olde rytes,  
Lo here, what alle hir goldes may availle ;  
Lo here, these wrecched worldes appe-  
tytes ; 1851

Lo here, the fyn and guerdon for travaillo  
Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich  
rascaille !

Lo here, the forme of olde clerkes speche  
In poetrye, if ye hir bokes seche.— 1855

266. O moral Gower, this book I directe  
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,  
To vouchen sauf, ther nede is, to corecte,

Of your benigneities and zales gode.

And to that sothfast Crist, that starf on  
rode, 1860

With al myn herte of mercy ever I preye ;  
And to the lord right thus I speke and  
seye :

267. Thou oon, and two, and three, eterne  
on-lyve,

That regnest ay in three and two and  
oon,

Uncircumscrip, and al mayst circum-  
scripve, 1865

Us from visible and invisible foon

Defende, and to thy mercy, everychoon,

So make us, Jesus, for thy grace, digne,

For love of mayde and moder thyn  
benigne ! Amen.

Explicit Liber Troilli et Criseydis.





# THE HOUS OF FAME.

## BOOK I.

God turne us every dreem to gode !	That no man may him bote bede ;	
For hit is wonder, by the rode,	Or elles, that devocioun	
To my wit, what causeth swevones	Of somme, and contemplacioun	
Either on morwes, or on evenes ;	Causeth swiche dremes ofte ;	35
And why th'effect folweth of somme,	Or that the cruel lyf unsofte	
And of somme hit shal never come ;	Which these ilke lovers leden	
Why that is an avisioun,	That hopen over muche or dreden,	
And †this a revelacioun ;	That purely hir impressiouns	
Why this a dreem, why that a sweven,	Causeth hem avisiouns ;	40
And nat to every man liche even ;	Or if that spirits have the might	
Why this a fantom, †these oracles,	To make folk to dreme a-night ;	
I noot ; but who-so of these miracles	Or if the soule, of propre kinde,	
The causes knoweth bet than I,	Be so parfit, as men finde,	
Devyne he ; for I certainly	That hit forwot that is to come,	45
Ne can hem noght, ne never thinke	And that hit warneth alle and somme	
To besily my wit to swinke,	Of everiche of hir aventures	
To knowe of hir signifaunce	By avisiouns, or by figures,	
The gendres, neither the distance	But that our flesh ne hath no might	
Of tymes of hem, ne the causes	To understanden hit aright,	50
For-why this †more than that cause is ;	For hit is warred to derkly ;—	
As if folkes complexiouns	But why the cause is, noght wot I.	
Make hem dreme of reflexiouns ;	Wel worthe, of this thing, grete clerkes,	
Or elles thus, as other sayn,	That trete of this and other werkes ;	
For to greet feblenesse of †brayn,	For I of noon opinioun	55
By abstinence, or by seeknesse,	Nil as now make mencoun,	
Prison, stewe. or greet distresse ;	But only that the holy rode	
Or elles by disordinaunce	Turne us every dreem to gode !	
Of naturel acustomaunce,	For never, sith that I was born,	
That som man is to curious	Ne no man elles, me biforn,	60
In studie, or melancolicous,	Mette, I trowe stedfastly,	
Or thus, so inly ful of drede,	So wonderful a dreem as I	

The tenthe day [dide] of Decembre,  
The which, as I can now remembre,  
I wol yow tellen every del.

*The Invocation.*

But at my ginning, trusteth wel,  
I wol make invocacioun,  
With special devocioun,  
Unto the god of slepe anon,  
That dwelleth in a cave of stoon 70  
Upon a stream that comth fro Lete,  
That is a flood of helle unsweete;  
Besyde a folk men clepe Cimerie,  
Ther slepeth ay this god unmerie  
With his slepy thousand sones 75  
That alway for to slepe hir wone is—  
And to this god, that I of rede,  
Preye I, that he wol me spede  
My sweven for to telle aright,  
If every dreem stonde in his might. 80  
And he, that mover is of al  
That is and was, and ever shal,  
So yive hem joye that lit here  
Of alle that they dreme to-yere,  
And for to stonden alle in grace 85  
Of hir loves, or in what place  
That hem wer levest for to stonde,  
And shelde hem fro þovert and shonde,  
And fro unhappe and ech disease,  
And sende hem al that may hem plese, 90  
That take hit wel, and scorne hit noght,  
Ne hit misdemen in her thought  
Through malicious entencioun.  
And who-so, through presumpcioun,  
Or hate or scorne, or through envye, 95  
Dispyt, or jape, or vilanye,  
Misdeme hit, preye I Jesus god  
That (dreme he barfoot, dreme he shod),  
That every harm that any man  
Hath had, sith [that] the world began, 100  
Befalle him therof, or he sterve,  
And graunte he mote hit ful deserve,  
Lo! with swich a conclusioun  
As had of his avisioun  
Cresus, that was king of Lyde, 105  
That high upon a gebet dyde!  
This prayer shal he have of me;  
I am no bet in charite!  
Now herkneth, as I have you seyde,  
What that I mette, or I abreyd. 110

*The Dream.*

Of Decembre the tenthe day,  
Whan hit was night, to slepe I lay  
Right ther as I was wont to done,  
And fil on slepe wonder sone,  
As he that wery was for-go 115  
On pilgrimage myles two  
To the corseynt Leonard,  
To make lythe of that was hard.  
But as I þ sleep, me mette I was  
Within a temple y-mad of glas; 120  
In whiche ther were mo images  
Of gold, stondinge in sondry stages,  
And mo riche tabernacles,  
And with perree mo pinacles,  
And mo curious portreytures, 125  
And queynte maner of figures  
Of olde werke, then I saw ever.  
For certeynly, I niste never  
Wher that I was, but wel wiste I,  
Hit was of Venus redely, 130  
The temple; for, in portreyture,  
I saw anon-right hir figure  
Naked fetinge in a see.  
And also on hir heed, pardee,  
Hir rose-garland whyt and reed, 135  
And hir comb to kembe hir heed,  
Hir dowves, and daun Cupido,  
Hir blinde sone, and Vulcano,  
That in his face was ful broun.  
But as I romed up and down, 140  
I fond that on a wal ther was  
Thus writen, on a table of bras:  
'I wol now singe, if that I can,  
The armes, and al-so the man,  
That first cam, through his destinee, 145  
Fugitif of Troye contree,  
In Itaille, with ful moche pyne,  
Unto the strondes of Lavyne.'  
And the began the story anon,  
As I shal telle yow echoon. 150  
First saw I the destruccioun  
Of Troye, through the Greek Sinoun,  
[That] with his false forsweringe,  
And his chere and his lesinge  
Made the hors broght into Troye, 155  
Thorgh which Troyens loste al hir joye.  
And after this was grave, allas!  
How Ilioun assailed was  
And wonne, and king Priam y-slayn,



And Polites his sone, certayn, 160  
Dispitously, of dan Pirrus.

And next that saw I how Venus,  
Whan that she saw the castel brende,  
Doun fro the hevene gan descende,  
And bad hir sone Eneas flee; 165  
And how he fledde, and how that he  
Escaped was from al the pres,  
And took his fuder, Anchises,  
And bar him on his bakke away,  
Cryinge, 'Allas, and welaway!' 170  
The whiche Anchises in his honde  
Bar the goddess of the londe,  
Thilke that unbrende were.

And I saw next, in alle this fere,  
How Creusa, daun Eneas wyf,  
Which that he lovede as his lyf,  
And hir yonge sone Iulo,  
And eek Ascanius also,  
Fledden eek with drery chere,  
That hit was pitee for to hero, 180  
And in a forest, as they wente,  
At a turninge of a wente,  
How Creusa was y-lost, alas!  
That deed, [but] noot I how, she was;  
How he hir soughte, and how hir gost 185  
Bad him to flee the Grekes ost,  
And seyde, he moste unto Itaile,  
As was his destinee, sauns faille;  
That hit was pitee for to here,  
Whan hir spirit gan appere, 190  
The wordes that she to him seyde,  
And for to kepe hir sone him preyde.  
Ther saw I graven eek how he,  
His fader eek, and his meynee.  
With his shippes gan to sayle 195  
Toward the contree of Itaile,  
As streight as that they mighte go.

Ther saw I thee, cruel Juno,  
That art daun Jupiteres wyf,  
That hast y-hated, al thy lyf,  
Al the Troyanische blood,  
Renne and crye, as thou were wood,  
On Eolus, the god of windes,  
To blowen out, of alle kindes,  
So loude, that he shulde drenche 205  
Lord and lady, grome and wenche  
Of al the Troyan nacioun,  
Withoute any savacioun.

Ther saw I swich tempeste aryse, 210  
That every herte mighte agryse,

To see hit peynted on the walle.

Ther saw I graven eek withalle,  
Venus, how ye, my lady dero,  
Wepinge with ful woful chero, 215  
Prayen Jupiter an hye  
To save and kepe that navyo  
Of the Troyan Eneas,  
Sith that he hir sone was.

Ther saw I Joves Venus kisse,  
And graunted of the tempest lisse. 220  
Ther saw I how the tempest stento,  
And how with alle pyne he wente,  
And prevely took arrivage  
In the contree of Cartago;  
And on the morwe, how that he 225  
And a knight, hight Achatee,  
Metten with Venus that day,  
Goinge in a queynt array,  
As she had ben an hunterosse,  
With wind blowinge upon hir tresse; 230  
How Eneas gan him to pleyne,  
Whan that he knew hir, of his payne;  
And how his shippes dreynthe were,  
Or elles lost, he niste where,  
How she gan him comforte tho, 235  
And bad him to Cartago go,  
And ther he shulde his folk finde,  
That in the see were left behinde.

And, shortly of this thing to pace,  
She made Eneas so in grace 240  
Of Dido, quene of that contree,  
That, shortly for to tellen, she  
Becam his love, and leet him do  
That that wedding longeth to.  
What shulde I speke more queynte, 245  
Or payne me my wordes peynthe,  
To speke of love? hit wol not be;  
I can not of that facultee  
And eek to telle the manere  
How they aqeynteden in-dere, 250  
Hit were a long proces to telle,  
And over long for yow to dwellen

Ther saw I grave, how Eneas  
Tolde Dido every cas,  
That him was tid upon the see. 255

And after grave was, how she  
Made of him, shortly, at oo word,  
Hir lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord.  
And dide him al the reverence,  
And leyde on him al the dispence. 260  
That any woman mighte do,

Weninge hit had al be so,  
As he hir swoor; and her-by demed  
That he was good, for he swich seemed.  
Allas! what harm doth apparence, 265  
Whan hit is fals in existence!  
For he to hir a traitour was;  
Wherefor she slow hir-self, alas!

Lo, how a woman doth amis,  
To love him that unknownen is! 270  
For, by Crist, lo! thus hit fareth;  
'Hit is not al gold, that glareth'  
For, al-so brouke I wel myn heed,  
Ther may he under goodliheed  
Kevered many a shrewed vice;  
Therfor be no wight so nyce,  
To take a love only for chere,  
For speche, or for frendly manere,  
For this shal every woman finde  
That som man, of his pure kinde, 280  
Wol shewen outward the faireste,  
Til he have caught that what him leste;  
And thanne wol he causes finde,  
And swere how that she is unkinde,  
Or fals, or prevy, or double was.  
Al this seye I by Eneas  
And Dido, and hir nyce lest,  
That lovede al to sone a gest;  
Therfor I wol seye a proverbe,  
That 'he that fully knowoth th'erbe 290  
May sauely lye hit to his ye';  
Withoute draed, this is no lye.

But let us spoke of Eneas,  
How he betrayed hir, alas!  
And leste hir ful unkindely,  
So whan she saw al-utterly,  
That he wolde hir of trouthe faille,  
And wende fro hir to Iteile,  
She gan to wringe hir bondes two

'Allas!' quod she, 'what me is wo' 300  
Allas! is every man thus trewe,  
That every yere wolde have a newe,  
If hit so longe tyme dure,  
Or elles three, peraventure?  
As thus: of oon he wolde have fame 305  
In magnifying of his name;  
Another for friendship, seith he;  
And yet ther shal the thridre be,  
That shal be taken for delyt,  
Lo, or for singular profyt.' 310

In swiche wordes gan to pleyne  
Dido of hir grete payne,

As me mette redely;  
Non other auctour alegge I.  
'Allas!' quod she, 'my swete herte, 315  
Have pitee on my sorwes smerte,  
And slee me not! go noght away!  
O woful Dido, wel away!'  
Quod she to hir-selve tho,  
'O Encas! what wil ye do? 320  
O, that your love, no your bonde,  
That ye han sworn with your right honde,  
No my cruel deeth,' quod she,  
'May holde yow still heer with me!  
O, haveth of my deeth pitee! 325  
Y-wis, my dere herte, ye  
Knownen ful wel that never yit,  
As fer-forth as I hadde wit,  
Agilte [I] yow in thoght no deed,  
O, have ye men swich goodliheed 330  
In speche, and never a deel of trouthe?  
Allas, that ever hadde ronthe  
Any woman on any man!  
Now see I wel, and telle can,  
We wrecched wimmen conne non art; 335  
For certeyn, for the more part,  
Thus we be served everichone.  
How sore that ye men conne grone,  
Anoon, as we have yow receyved,  
Certainly we ben deceyved; 340  
For, though your love laste a sesoun,  
Wayte upon the conclusioun.  
And cek how that ye determynen,  
And for the more part diffynen.  
'O, welaway that I was born' 345  
For through yow is my name lorn,  
And alle myn actes red and songe  
Over al this lond, on every tonge  
O wikke Fame! for ther nis  
Nothing so switt, lo, as she is' 350  
O, sooth is, every thing is wist,  
Though hit be kevered with the mist,  
Eek, thogh I nighte duren ever,  
That I have doon, rekever I never,  
That I ne shal be seyde, alas, 355  
Y-shamed be through Eneas,  
And that I shal thus juged be --  
'Lo, right as she hath doon, now sh'he  
Wol do eitsones, hardily;' 360  
Thus seyth the peple prevely. --  
But that is doon, nis not to done;  
+Al hir compleynt ne al hir mone,  
Certeyn, availleth hir not a stree.

And when she wiste sothly he  
Was forth unto his shippes goon, 365  
She þin hir chambre wente anon,  
And called on hir suster Anne,  
And gan hir to compleyne thanne;  
And seyde, that she cause was  
That she first lovede þe Eneas, 370  
And thus counseilled hir therto.  
But what! when this was seyde and do,  
She roof hir-selfe to the herte,  
And deyde through the wounde smerte.  
But al the maner how she deyde, 375  
And al the wordes that she seyde,  
Who-so to knowe hit hath purpos,  
Reed Virgile in Eneidos  
Or the Epistle of Ovyde,  
What that she wroot or that she dyde: 380  
And nere hit to long to endyte,  
By god, I wolde hit here wryte.

But, welaway! the harm, the routhe,  
That hath betid for swich untrouthe,  
As men may ofte in bokes rede, 385  
And al day seen hit yet in dede,  
That for to thenken hit, a tene is.

Lo, Demophon, duk of Athenis,  
How he forswor him ful falsly  
And trayed Phillis wikkedly, 390  
The kinges doghter was of Trace,  
And falsly gan his terme pace;  
And when she wiste that he was fals,  
She heng hir-self right by the hals,  
For he had do hir swich untrouthe; 395  
Lo! was not this a wo and routhe?

Eek lo! how fals and reccheles  
Was to Briseida Achilles,  
And Paris to þe Oenone;  
And Jason to Isiphile; 400  
And eft Jason to Medea;  
And Ercules to Dyanira;  
For he lefte hir for Iole,  
That made him cacche his deeth, pardee.

How fals eek was he, Theseus; 405  
That, as the story telleth us,  
How he betrayed Adriane;  
The devel be his soules bane!  
For had he laughed, had he loured,  
He moste have be al devoured, 410  
If Adriane ne had y-be!  
And, for she had of him pitee,  
She made him fro the dethe escape,  
And he made hir a ful fals jape;

For after this, within a whyle 415  
He lefte hir slepinge in an yle,  
Deserte alone, right in the see,  
And stal away, and leet hir be;  
And took hir suster Phedra tho  
With him, and gan to shippe go. 420  
And yet he had y-sworn to here,  
On al that ever he mighte swere,  
That, so she saved him his lyf,  
He wolde have take hir to his wyf;  
For she desired nothing elles, 425  
In certain, as the book us telles.

But to excusen Eneas  
Fulliche of al his greet trespas,  
The book seyth, Mercurio, sauns faile,  
Bad him go into Itaile, 430  
And leve Auffrykes regioun,  
And Dido and hir faire toun.

The saw I grave, how to Itaile  
Daun Eneas is go to saile;  
And how the tempest al began, 435  
And how he loste his steresman,  
Which that the sters, or he took keep,  
Smot over-bord, lo! as he sleep.

And also saw I how Sibyle  
And Eneas, besyde an yle, 440  
To helle wente, for to see  
His fader, Anchises tho free.  
How he ther fond Palinurus,  
And Dido, and eek Deiphebus;  
And every tourment eek in helle 445  
Saw he, which is long to telle.  
Which who-so willeth for to knowe,  
He moste rede many a rowe  
On Virgile or on Claudian,  
Or Daunte, that hit telle can. 450

The saw I grave al th'arivaile  
That Eneas had in Itaile;  
And with king Latine his trettee,  
And alle the batailles that he  
Was at him-self, and eek his knyghtes, 455  
Or he had al y-wonne his rightes;  
And how he Turnus refte his lyf,  
And wan Lavyna to his wyf;  
And al the marvelous signals  
Of the goddes celestials; 460  
How, maugre Juno, Eneas,  
For al hir sleighte and hir compas,  
Acheved al his aventure;  
For Jupiter took of him cure  
At the prayere of Venus 465

The whiche I preye alway save us,  
 And us ay of our sorwes lighte !  
 When I had seyen al this sighte  
 In this noble temple thus,  
 'A, Lord !' thoughte I, 'that madest us,  
 Yet saw I never swich noblesse 471  
 Of images, ne swich richesse,  
 As I saw graven in this chirche ;  
 But not woot I who dide hem wirche,  
 Ne wher I am, ne in what contrée. 475  
 But now wol I go out and see,  
 Right at the wicket, if I can  
 See o-wher stering any man,  
 That may me telle wher I am.'  
 When I out at the dores cam, 480  
 I faste aboute me beheld.  
 Then saw I but a large feld,  
 As far as that I mighte see,  
 Withouten toun, or hous, or tree,  
 Or bush, or gras, or erod lond ; 485  
 For al the feld nas but of sond  
 As smal as man may see yet lye

In the desert of Libye ;  
 Ne I no maner creature,  
 That is y-formed by nature, 490  
 Ne saw, me [for] to rede or wisse.  
 'O Crist,' thoughte I, 'that art in blisse,  
 Fro fantom and illusioun  
 Me save !' and with devocioun  
 Myn yēn to the heven I caste. 495  
 Tho was I war, lo ! at the laste,  
 That faste by the sonne, as hyð  
 As kenne mighte I with myn yē,  
 Me thoughte I saw an egle sore,  
 But that hit semed moche more 500  
 Then I had any egle seyn.  
 But this as sooth as deeth, certeyn,  
 Hit was of golde, and shoon so brighte,  
 That never saw men such a sighte,  
 But-if the heven hadde y-wonne 505  
 Al newe of golde another sonne ;  
 So shoon the egles fethres brighte,  
 And somewhat downward gan hit lighte.

Explicit liber primus.

## BOOK II.

## Incipit liber secundus.

## Proem.

Now herkneth, every maner man  
 That English understonde can, 510  
 And listeth of my dream to lore ;  
 For now at erste shul ye here  
 So þsely an avisoun,  
 That Isaye, ne Scipioun,  
 Ne king Nabugodonosor, 515  
 Pharo, Turnus, ne Elcanor,  
 Ne motte swich a dream as this !  
 Now faire blisful, O Cipris, (10)  
 So be my favour at this tyme !  
 And ye, me to endyte and ryme 520  
 Helpeth, that on Parnaso dwelle  
 By Elicon the clere welle.  
 O Thought, that wroot al that I mette,  
 And in the tresorie hit shette  
 Of my brayn ! now shal men see 525  
 If any vertu in thee be,  
 To tellen al my dream aright ;  
 Now kythe thyn engyn and might ! (20)

## The Dream.

This egle, of which I have yow told,  
 That shoon with fethres as of gold, 530  
 Which that so hyð gan to sore,  
 I gan beholde more and more,  
 To see hir beaute and the wonder ;  
 But never was ther dint of thonder,  
 Ne that thing that men calle foudre, 535  
 That smoot somtyme a tour to poudre,  
 And in his swifte coming brande,  
 That so swythe gan descende, (30)  
 As this foul, whan hit behelde  
 That I a-roume was in the felde ; 540  
 And with his grimme pawes stronge,  
 Within his sharpe nayles longe,  
 Me, fleinge, at a swappe he hente,  
 And with his sours agayn up wente,  
 Me caryinge in his clawes starke 545  
 As lightly as I were a lark,  
 How high, I can not telle yow,  
 For I cam up, I niste how. (40)  
 For so astonied and a-sweved

Was every vertu in my hoked, 550  
 What with his sours and with my drede,  
 That al my feling gan to dede;  
 For-why hit was to greet affray.

Thus I longe in his clawes lay,  
 Til at the laste he to me spak 555  
 In mannes vois, and seyde, 'Awak!  
 And be not so a-gast, for shame!'  
 And called me tho by my name. (50)  
 And, for I sholde the bet abreyde—  
 Me mette—'Awak,' to me he seyde, 560  
 Right in the same vois and stevene  
 That useth oon I coude nevene;  
 And with that vois, soth for to sayn,  
 My minde cam to me agayn;  
 For hit was goodly seyde to me, 565  
 So nas hit never wont to be.

And herewithal I gan to stere,  
 And he me in his feet to bere, (60)  
 Til that he felte that I had hete,  
 And felte eek tho myn herte bete. 570  
 And tho gan he me to disporte,  
 And with wordes to comforte,  
 And sayde twyes, 'Seynte Marie!  
 Thou art noyous for to carie,  
 And nothing nedeth hit, pardee! 575  
 For al-so wis god helpe me  
 As thou non harm shalt have of this;  
 And this cas, that betid thee is, (70)  
 Is for thy lore and for thy prow;—  
 Let see! darst thou yet loke now? 580  
 Be ful assured, boldely,  
 I am thy frend.' And therewith I  
 Gan for to wondren in my minde.  
 'O god,' thoughte I, 'that madest kinde,  
 Shal I non other weyes dye? 585  
 Wher Joves wol me stellifye,  
 Or what thing may this signifye?  
 I neither am Enok, ne Elye,  
 Ne Romulus, ne Canymede (80)  
 That was y-bore up, as men rede, 590  
 To hevене with dan Jupiter,  
 And maad the goddes boteler.'

Lo! this was tho my fantasie!  
 But he that bar me gan espye  
 That I so thoughte, and seyde this:— 595  
 'Thou demest of thy-self amis;  
 For Joves is not ther-about—  
 I dar wel putte thee out of doute— (90)  
 To make of thee as yet a sterre.  
 But er I bere thee moche ferre, 600

I wol thee telle what I am,  
 And whider thou shalt, and why I cam  
 To done this, so that thou take  
 Good herte, and not for sere quake.'  
 'Gladly,' quod I. 'Now wel,' quod he:—  
 'First I, that in my feet have thee, 606  
 Of which thou hast a feer and wonder,  
 Am dwelling with the god of thonder,  
 Which that men callen Jupiter, (101)  
 That dooth me flec ful ofte for 610  
 To do al his comaundement.  
 And for this cause he hath me sent  
 To thee: now herkne, by thy trouthe!  
 Certeyn, he hath of thee rounthe,  
 That thou so longe trewely 615  
 Hast served so ententilly  
 His blinde nevew Cupido,  
 And fair Venus [goddesse] also, (110)  
 Withoute guerdoun ever yit,  
 And nevertheles hast set thy wit— 620  
 Although that in thy hede ful lyte is—  
 To make bokes, songes, dytees,  
 In ryme, or elles in cadence,  
 As thou best canst, in reverence  
 Of Love, and of his servants eke, 625  
 That have his servise soght, and seke;  
 And peynest thee to preysse his art,  
 Although thou haddest never part; (120)  
 Wherfor, al-so god me blesse,  
 Joves halt hit greet humblesse 630  
 And vertu eek, that thou wolt make  
 A-night ful ofte thyne heed to ake,  
 In thy studie so thou wrytest,  
 And ever-mo of love endyttest,  
 In honour of him and preysinges, 635  
 And in his folkes furtheringes,  
 And in hir matere al devyest, (129)  
 And noght him nor his folk despyest,  
 Although thou mayst go in the daunce  
 Of hem that him list not avance. 640  
 'Wherfor, as I seyde, y-wis,  
 Jupiter considereth this,  
 And also, beau sir, other thinges;  
 That is, that thou hast no tydinges  
 Of Loves folk, if they be glade, 645  
 Ne of noght elles that god made;  
 And noght only fro fer contree  
 That ther no tyding comth to thee, (140)  
 But of thy verray neyghbores,  
 That dwellon almost at thy dores, 650  
 Thou herest neither that ne this;

For whan thy labour doon al is,  
 And hast y-maad thy rekeninges,  
 In stede of reste and newe thinges,  
 Thou gost boon to thy hous anon ; 655  
 And, also dumb as any stoon,  
 Thou sittest at another boke,  
 Til fully dawed is thy loke, (150)  
 And livest thus as an hermyte,  
 Although thyn abstinence is lyte. 660  
 ' And therfor Joves, through his grace,  
 Wol that I bere thee to a place,  
 Which that hight the House of Fame,  
 To do thee som disport and game,  
 In som recompensacioun 665  
 Of labour and devocioun  
 That thou hast had, lo ! canseles,  
 To Cupido, the reccheles ! (160)  
 And thus this god, thogh his meryte,  
 Wol with som maner thing thee quyte,  
 So that thou wolt be of good chere. 671  
 For truste wel, that thou shalt here,  
 When we be comen ther I seye,  
 Mo wonder thinges, dar I lye,  
 Of Loves folke mo tydings, 675  
 Bothe soth-sawes and lesinges ;  
 And mo loves newe begonne,  
 And longe y-served loves wonne, (170)  
 And mo loves casuelly  
 That been betid, no man wot why, 680  
 But as a blind man stert an hare ;  
 And more jolyte and fare,  
 Whyl that they finde love of stele,  
 As thinketh hem, and over-al wele ;  
 Mo discords, and mo jelousyes, 685  
 Mo murmurs, and mo novelryes,  
 And mo dissimulaciouns,  
 And feyned reparaciouns ; (180)  
 And mo berdes in two houres  
 Withoute rasour or sisours 690  
 Y-maad, then greynes be of sondes ;  
 And eke mo holdinge in hondes,  
 And also mo renovaunces  
 Of olde forleten aqueyntaunces ;  
 Mo love-dayes and acordes 695  
 Then on instruments ben cordes ;  
 And eke of loves mo eschaunges  
 Than ever cornes were in graunges ; (190)  
 Unethe maistow trowen this ?— 699  
 Quod he. ' No, helpe me god so wis !—  
 Quod I. ' No ? why ? ' quod he. ' For hit  
 Were impossible, to my wit,

Though that Fame hadde al the pyes  
 In al a realme, and al the spyces,  
 How that yet she shulde here al this, 705  
 Or they espye hit. ' O yis, yis !'  
 Quod he to me, ' that can I preve  
 By rescoun, worthy for to leve, (200)  
 So that thou yewe thyn advertence  
 To understonde my sentence. 710  
 ' First shalt thou hereon wher she dwell-  
 eth,  
 And so thyn owne book hit telleth ;  
 Hir paleys stant, as I shal seye,  
 Right even in middes of the weye  
 Betwixen hevenc, erthe, and see ; 715  
 That, what-so-ever in al these three  
 Is spoken, in privce or aperte,  
 The wey therto is so overte, (210)  
 And stant eek in so juste a place,  
 That every soun mot to hit pace, 720  
 Or what so comth fro any tonge,  
 Be hit rouned, red, or songe,  
 Or spoke in seurtee or drede,  
 Certein, hit moste thider nede.  
 ' Now herkne wel ; for-why I wille 725  
 Tellen thee a propre skile,  
 And þ'worthy demonstracioun  
 In myn imagynacioun. (220)  
 ' Geffrey, thou wost right wel this,  
 That every kindly thing that is, 730  
 Hath a kindly stede ther he  
 May best in hit conserved be ;  
 Unto which place every thing,  
 Through his kindly enclynynge,  
 Moveth for to come to, 735  
 Whan that hit is away therfro ;  
 As thus ; lo, thou mayst al day see  
 That any thing that hevye be, (230)  
 As stoon or leed, or thing of wights,  
 And ber hit never so hye on highte, 740  
 Lat go thyn hand, hit falleth down.  
 ' Right so seye I by fyre or soun,  
 Or smoke, or other thinges lighte,  
 Alwey they seke upward on highte ;  
 Whyl ech of hem is at his large, 745  
 Light thing up, and downward chargo.  
 ' And for this cause mayst thou see,  
 That every river to the see (240)  
 Enclyned is to go, by kinde.  
 And by these skilles, as I finde, 750  
 Hath fish dwellinge in floode and see,  
 And trees eek in erthe be,

Thus every thing, by this resoun, Hath his propre mansioun, To which hit seketh to repaire, As ther hit shulde not apaire. Lo, this sentence is knowen couthe Of every philosophres mouthe, As Aristotle and dan Platon, And other clerkes many oon ; And to confirme my resoun, Thou wost wel this, that speche is soun, Or elles no man mighte hit here ; Now þherkne what I wol thee lere. ' Soun is noght but air y-broken, And every speche that is spoken, Loud or privee, foul or fair, In his substaunce is but air ; For as flaumbe is but lighted smoke, Right so soun is air y-broke. But this may be in many wyse, Of which I wil thee two devyse, As soun that comth of pype or harpe. For whan a pype is blowen sharpe, The air is twist with violence, And rent ; lo, this is my sentence ; Eek, whan men harpe-strings smyte, Whether hit be moche or lyte, Lo, with the strook the air to-brekeþ ; Right so hit breketh whan men spekeþ. Thus wost thou wel what thing is speche. ' Now hennesforth I wol thee teche, How every speche, or noise, or soun, Through his multiplicacioun, Thogh hit were pypped of a mouse, Moot nede come to Fames House. I preve hit thus—tak hede now— By experience ; for if that thou Throwe on water now a stoon, Wel wost thou, hit wol make anon A litel roundel as a cercele, Paraventure brood as a covercle ; And right anon thou shalt see weel, That wheel wol cause another wheel, And that the thridde, and so forth, brother, Every cercele causing other, Wyder than himselve was ; And thus, fro roundel to compas, Ech aboute other goinge, Caused of otheres steringe, And multiplying ever-mo, Til that hit be so fer y-go	755 (250) 760 765 (260) 770 (270) 779 (280) 790 785 (290) 800
That hit at bothe brinkes be. Al-though thou mowe hit not y-see Above, hit goth yet alway under, Although thou thenke hit a gret wonder. And who-so seith of trouthe I varie. Bid him proven the contrarie. And right thus every word, y-wis, That loude or privee spoken is, Moveth first an air aboute, And of this moving, out of doute, Another air anon is moved, As I have of the water preved, That every cercele causeth other. Right so of air, my leve brother ; Everich air in other stereth More and more, and speche up bereth, Or vois, or noise, or word, or soun, Ay through multiplicacioun, Til hit be atte House of Fame ;— Tak hit in earnest or in game. ' Now have I told, if thou have minde, How speche or soun, of pure kinde, Enclyned is upward to move ; This, mayst thou felo, wel I preve. And that þthe mansioun, y-wis, That every thing enclyned to is, Hath his kindeliche stede : þThan sheweth hit, withouten drede, That kindly the mansioun Of every speche, of every soun, Be hit either foul or fair, Hath his kinde place in air. And sin that every thing, that is Out of his kinde place, y-wis, Moveth thider for to go If hit a-weye be therfro, As I before have proved thee, Hit seweth, every soun, pardoe, Moveth kindly to pace Al up into his kindly place. And this place of which I telle, Ther as Fame list to dwelle, Is set amidde of these three, Heven, erthe, and eek the see, As most conservatif the soun. Than is this the conolusioun, That every speche of every man As I thee telle first began, Moveth up on high to pace Kindly to Fames place. ' Telle me this feithfully,	805 (300) 810 815 (309) 820 (320) 830 835 (330) 840 845 (340) 850

Have I not proved thus simply,  
 Withouten any subtiltee 855  
 Of speche, or gret prolixitee  
 Of termes of philosophye,  
 Of figures of poetrye, (350)  
 Or colouris of rethoryke?  
 Pardee, hit oghte thee to lyke; 860  
 For hard langage and hard matere  
 Is encombrous for to here  
 At ones; wost thou not wel this?  
 And I answerde, and seyde, 'Yis.'  
 'A ha!' quod he, 'lo, so I can 865  
 Lewedly to a lewed man  
 Spoke, and shewe him swiche skiles,  
 That he may shake hem by the biles, (360)  
 So palpable they shulden be.  
 But tel me this, now pray I thee, 870  
 How thinkth thee my conclusioun?'  
 [Quod he]. 'A good persuasioun,'  
 Quod I, 'hit is; and lyk to be  
 Right so as thou hast proved me.'  
 'By god,' quod he, 'and as I leve, 875  
 Thou shalt have yit, or hit he eve,  
 Of every word of this sentence  
 A preve, by experience; (370)  
 And with thyn eres heren wol  
 Top and tail, and everydel, 880  
 That every word that spoken is  
 Comth into Fames Hous, y-wis,  
 As I have seyd; what wilt thou more?'  
 And with this word upper to sore  
 He gan, and seyde, 'By Seynt Jame! 885  
 Now wil we speken al of game.'—  
 'How farest thou?' quod he to me.  
 'Wel,' quod I. 'Now see,' quod he, (380)  
 'By thy trouthe, yond adoun,  
 Wher that thou knowest any toun, 890  
 Or hous, or any other thing.  
 And whan thou hast of ought knowing,  
 Loke that thou warne me,  
 And I anon shal telle thee  
 How fer that thou art now therfro.' 895  
 And I adoun gan loken tho,  
 And beheld feldeis and plaines, (389)  
 And now hilles, and now mountaines,  
 Now valeys, and now forestes,  
 And now, unethes, grete bestes; 900  
 Now riveres, now citees,  
 Now tounes, and now grete trees,  
 Now shippes sailinge in the see.  
 But thus sone in a whyle he

Was flowen fro the grounde so hye, 905  
 That al the world, as to myn yf,  
 No more semed than a prikke;  
 Or elles was the air so thikke (400)  
 That I ne mighte not discernen,  
 With that he spak to me as yerne, 910  
 And seyde: 'Seestow any toun  
 Or ought thou knowest yonder doun?'  
 I seyde, 'Nay.' 'No wonder nis,'  
 Quod he, 'for half so high as this  
 Nas Alexander Macedo; 915  
 Ne the king, dan Scipio,  
 That saw in dreame, at point devys,  
 Helle and erthe, and paradys; (410)  
 Ne eek the wrecche Dedalus,  
 Ne his child, nyce Icarus, 920  
 That fleigh so highte that the hete  
 His winges malt, and he fel wete  
 In-mid the see, and ther he dreynete,  
 For whom was maked moche compleynte.  
 'Now turn upward,' quod he, 'thy face,  
 And behold this large place, 925  
 This air; but loke thou ne be  
 Adrad of hem that thou shalt see; (420)  
 For in this regioun, certein,  
 Dwelleth many a citezein, 930  
 Of which that speketh dan Plato.  
 These ben the eyrish bestes, lo!'  
 And so saw I al that meynes  
 Bothe goon and also flee.  
 'Now,' quod he tho, 'cast up thyn yf; 935  
 See yonder, lo, the Galaxy,  
 Which men clepeth the Milky Wey,  
 For hit is whyt: and somme, parfey, (430)  
 Callen hit Watlinge Strete:  
 That ones was y-brent with hete, 940  
 Whan the sonnes sone, the rede,  
 That highte Pheton, wolde lede  
 Algate his fader cart, and gye.  
 The cart-hors gonne wel epyo  
 That he ne coude no governaunce, 945  
 And gonne for to lepe and launce,  
 And beren him now up, now doun,  
 Til that he saw the Scorpioun, (440)  
 Which that in heven a signe is yit.  
 And he, for ferde, loste his wit, 950  
 Of that, and leet the reynes goon  
 Of his hors; and they anon  
 Gonne up to mounte, and doun descende  
 Til bothe the eyr and erthe brende;  
 Til Jupiter, lo, atte laste, 955



Him slow, and fro the carte caste.  
Lo, is it not a greet mischaunce,  
To lete a fole han governaunce (450)  
Of thing that he can not demeine ?

And with this word, soth for to seyne,  
He gan alway upper to sope, 961  
And gladded me ay more and more,  
So feithfully to me spak he.

Tho gan I loken under me,  
And beheld the eyrish bestes, 965  
Cloudes, mistes, and tempestes,  
Snowes, hailes, reines, windes,  
And th'engending in hir kindes, (460)  
And al the way through whiche I cam ;  
' O god,' quod I, ' that made Adam, 970  
Moche is thy might and thy noblesse !'

And tho thoughte I upon Boëce,  
That writ, ' a thought may see so hye,  
With fetheres of Philosophye,  
To passen everich element ; 975  
And whan he hath so fer y-went,  
Than may be seen, behind his bak,  
Cloud, and al that I of spak.' (470)

Tho gan I wexen in a were,  
And seyde, ' I woot wel I am here, 980  
But wher in body or in gost  
I noot, y-wis ; but god, thou wost !'  
For more cleer entementement  
Nadde he me never yit y-sent.  
And than thoughte I on Marcian, 985  
And eek on Antecaudian,  
That sooth was hir descripcioun  
Of al the hevenes regioun, (480)  
As far as that I saw the preve ;  
Therfor I can hem now beleve. 990

With that this egle gan to crye :  
' Lat be,' quod he, ' thy fantasye ;  
Wilt thou lere of sterres aught ?'  
' Nay, certainly,' quod I, ' right naught ;  
And why ? for I am now to old.' 995  
' Elles I wolde thee have told,'  
Quod he, ' the sterres names, lo,  
And al the hevenes signes to, (490)  
And which they been.' ' No fors,' quod I.  
' Yis, pardee,' quod he, ' wostow why ? 1000  
For whan thou redest poetrye,  
How goddes gonne stellifye  
Brid, fish, beste, or him or here,  
As the Raven, or either Bere,  
Or Ariones harpe fyn, 1005  
Castor, Pollux, or Delphyn,

Or þat Atlantes doughtres sevene,  
How alle these arm set in hevene ; (500)  
For though thou have hem ofte on honde,  
Yet noston not wher that they stonde.'  
' No fors,' quod I, ' hit is no neede : 1011  
I love as wel, so god me spele,  
Hem that wryte of this matere,  
As though I knew hir places here ;  
And eek they shynen here so brighte,  
Hit shulde shenden al my sighte, 1016  
To loko on hem.' ' That may wel be,'  
Quod he. And so forth bar he me (510)  
A whyl, and than he gan to crye,  
That never herde I thing so hye, 1020  
' Now up the heed ; for al is wel ;  
Seynt Julyan, lo, bon hostel !  
See here the House of Fame, lo !  
Maistow not heren that I do ?'  
' What ?' quod I. ' The grete soun,' 1025  
Quod he, ' that rumbleth up and down  
In Fames Hous, ful of tydinges,  
Bothe of fair speche and chydinges, (520)  
And of fals and soth compouned.  
Herken wel ; hit is not rounded 1030  
Herestow not the grete swogh ?'  
' Yis, pardee,' quod I, ' wel y-nough.'  
' And what soun is it lyk ?' quod he.  
' Peter ! lyk beting of the see,'  
Quod I, ' again the roches holowe, 1035  
Whan tempest doth the shippes swalowe ;  
And lat a man stonde, out of doute,  
A mylo thens, and here hit route ; (530)  
Or elles lyk the last humblinge  
After the clappe of a thundringe, 1040  
When Joves hath the air y-bete ;  
But hit doth me for fere swete '  
' Nay, dred thee not therof,' quod he,  
' Hit is nothing wil hyten thee ;  
Thou shalt non harm have, trewely.' 1045  
And with this word bothe he and I  
As nigh the place arryved were  
As men may casten with a spere. (540)  
I niste how, but in a stroto  
He sette me faire on my fete, 1050  
And seyde, ' Walke forth a pas,  
And tak thyn aventure or cas,  
That thou shalt finde in Fames place.'  
' Now,' quod I, ' whyl we han space  
To speke, or that I go fro thee, 1055  
For the love of god, tel me,  
In sooth that wil I of thee lere,

<p>If this noise that I here Be, as I have herd thee tellen, Of folk that doun in erthe dwellen, And comth here in the same wyse As I thee herde or this devyse; And that ther lyves body nis In al that hous that yonder is, That maketh al this louds fare?' 'No,' quod he, 'by Seynte Clare, And also wis god rede me! But o thinge I wil warne thee Of the which thou wolt have wonder. Lo, to the House of Fame yonder Thou wost how cometh every spoche, Hit nedeth noght thee eft to toche. But understand now right wel this, Whan any speche y-comen is</p>	<p>(550) 1060     1065   (560) 1070</p>	<p>Up to the paleys, anon-right Hit wexeth lyk the same wight Which that the word in erthe spak, Be hit clothed reed or blak; And hath so verray his lyknesse That spak the word, that thou wilt gesse That hit the same body be, Man or woman, he or she. And is not this a wonder thing?' 'Yis,' quod I tho, 'by hevene king!' And with this worde, 'Farwel,' quod he, 'And here I wol abyden thee; And god of hevene sende thee grace, Som good to lernen in this place.' And I of him took leve anon, And gan forth to the paleys goon.</p>	<p>1075   (570)   1081      1086 (580) 1090</p>
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Explicit liber secundus.

## BOOK III.

## Incipit liber tercius.

## Invocation.

O god of science and of light,  
Apollo, through thy grete might,  
This litel luste book thou gye!  
Nut that I wilne, for maistrye,  
Here art poetical be shewed;  
But, for the rym is light and lowel,  
Yit make hit sumwhat agreable,  
Though som vers faile in a sillable;  
And that I do no diligence  
To shewe craft, but o sentencee. (10) 1100  
And if, divyne vertu, thou  
Wilt helpe me to shewe now  
That in myn hede y-marked is—  
Lo, that is for to menen this,  
The Hous of Fame to descriye—  
Thou shalt see me go, as blyve,  
Unto the nexte laure I see,  
And kisse hit, for hit is thy tree;  
Now entreth in my breste anon!—

## The Dream.

Whan I was fro this eghe goon, (20) 1110  
I gan beholde upon this place.

And certain, or I farther pace,  
I wol yow al the shap devyse  
Of hous and site; and al the wyse  
How I gan to this place aproche 1115  
That stood upon so high a roche,  
Hyer stant ther noon in Spaine.  
But up I elomb with alle paine,  
And though to climbe hit greved me,  
Yit I ententif was to see, (30) 1120  
And for to pouren wonder lowe,  
If I coude any weyes knowe  
What maner stoon this roche was;  
For hit was lyk a thing of glas,  
But that hit shoon ful more clere; 1125  
But of what congeled matere  
Hit was, I niste redely.

But at the laste espied I,  
And found that hit was, every deel,  
A roche of yse, and not of steel. (40) 1130  
Thoughto I, 'By Seynt Thomas of Kent!  
This were a foble fondnement  
To bidden on a place hye;  
He oughte him litel glorifye  
That her-on bilt, god so me save!' 1135

Tho saw I al the half y-grave  
With famous folkes names fele,  
That had y-been in mochel wele,

And hir fames wyde y-blowe.  
 But wel unethes coude I knowe (50) 1140  
 Any lettres for to rede  
 Hir names by; for, out of drede,  
 They were almost of-thowed so,  
 That of the lettres oon or two  
 Was molte away of every name, 1145  
 So unfamous was wexe hir fame;  
 But men seyn, 'What may ever laste?'

Tho gan I in myn herte caste,  
 That they were molte away with hete,  
 And not away with stormes bete. (60) 1150  
 For on that other syde I sey  
 Of this hille, that northward lay,  
 How hit was written ful of names  
 Of folk that hadden grete fames  
 Of olde tyme, and yit they were 1155  
 As fresshe as men had written hem  
 there

The selve day right, or that houre  
 That I upon hem gan to poure.  
 But wel I wiste what hit made;  
 Hit was conserved with the shade— (70)  
 Al this wrytinge that I sy— 1161  
 Of a castel, that stood on hy,  
 And stood eek on so cold a place,  
 That hete mighte hit not deface.

Tho gan I up the hille to goon, 1165  
 And fond upon the coppe a woon,  
 That alle the men that ben on lyve  
 Ne han the cunning to descryve  
 The beantee of that ilke place,  
 Ne coude casten no compace (80) 1170  
 Swich another for to make,  
 That mighte of beantee be his make,  
 Ne [be] so wonderliche y-wrought;  
 That hit astonieth yit my thought,  
 And maketh al my wit to swinke 1175  
 On this castel to bethinke.  
 So that the grete craft, beantee,  
 The cast, the curiositee  
 Ne can I not to yow devyse,  
 My wit ne may me not suffyse. (90) 1180

But natheles al the substance  
 I have yit in my remembrance;  
 For-why me thoughte, by Seynt Gyle!  
 Al was of stone of beryle,  
 Bothe castel and the tour, 1185  
 And eek the halle, and every bour,  
 Withouten peces or joininges.  
 But many subtil compassinges,

†Babewinnes and pinacles,  
 Imageries and tabernacles, (100) 1190  
 I saw; and ful eek of windowes,  
 As flakes falle in grete snowes.  
 And eek in ech of the pinacles  
 Weren sondry habitacles,  
 In whiche stoden, al withoute— 1195  
 Ful the castel, al aboute—  
 Of alle maner of minstrales,  
 And gestiours, that tellen tales  
 Bothe of weping and of game,  
 Of al that longeth unto Fame. (110) 1200

Ther herde I playen on an harpe  
 That souned bothe wel and sharpe,  
 Orpheus ful craftoly,  
 And on his syde, faste by,  
 Sat the harper Orion, 1205  
 And Eacides Chiron,  
 And other harpers many oon,  
 And the Bret Glascurion;  
 And smale harpers with her glees  
 †Seten under hem in sees, (120) 1210  
 And gonne on hem upward to gape,  
 And countrefete hem as an ape,  
 Or as craft countrefeteth kinde.

Tho saugh I stonden hem behinde,  
 A-fer fro hem, al by hymselfe, 1215  
 Many thousand tymes twelve,  
 That maden loude menstraloyes  
 In cornemuse, and shalmes,  
 And many other maner pype,  
 That craftoly begunne pype (130) 1220  
 Bothe in doncet and in rede,  
 That ben at festes with the brede;  
 And many floute and liltynghorne,  
 And pyperes made of grene corne,  
 As han thise litel herde-gromes, 1225  
 That kepen bestes in the bromes.

Ther saugh I than Atiteris,  
 And of Athenes dan Pseustis,  
 And Marcia that lost her skin,  
 Bothe in face, body, and chin, (140) 1230  
 For that she wolde envyen, lo!  
 To pyper bet then Apollo.  
 Ther saugh I famous, olde and yonge,  
 Pyperes of the Duche tonge,  
 To lerne love-daunces, springes, 1235  
 Reyes, and these straunge thinges.

Tho saugh I in another place  
 Stonden in a large space,  
 Of hem that maken blody soun

In trumpe, beme, and clarioun ; (150) 1240  
For in fight and blood-shedinge  
Is used gladly clarioninge.

Ther herde I trumpen Messenus,  
Of whom that speketh Virgilius.  
Ther herde I Joab trumpe also, 1245  
Theodomas, and other mo ;  
And alle that used clarion  
In Cataloigne and Aragon,  
That in hir tyme famous were  
To lerne, saugh I trumpe there. (160) 1250

Ther saugh I sitte in other seȝis,  
Pleyinge upon sondry gleis,  
Whiche that I cannot nevene,  
Mo then storres been in hevене,  
Of whiche I nil as now not ryme, 1255  
For ese of yow, and losse of tyme :  
For tyme y-lost, this knowon ye,  
By no way may recovered be.

Ther saugh I ȝpleyen jodelours,  
Magiciens and tregetours, (170) 1260  
And phitonesses, charmeresses,  
Olde wicches, sorceresses,  
That use exorsisaciouns  
And eek thise fumigaciouns ;  
And clerkes eek, which conne wel 1265  
Al this magyke naturel,  
That craftely don hir ententes,  
To make, in certeyn ascendentis,  
Images, lo, through which magyk  
To make a man ben hool or syk. (180) 1270  
Ther saugh I ȝ thee, quene Medea,  
And Circes eke, and Calipsa ;  
Ther saugh I Hermes Ballenus,  
Lymote, and eek Simon Magnus. 1274  
Ther saugh I, and knew hem by name,  
That by such art don men han fame.  
Ther saugh I Collo tregetour  
Upon a table of sicamour  
Pleye an uncouth thing to telle ;  
I saugh him carien a wind-melle (190) 1280  
Under a walsh-note shale.

What shuld I make lenger tale  
Of al the peple that I say,  
Fro hennes in-to domesday ?

Whan I had al this folk beholde, 1285  
And fond me lous, and noght y-holde,  
And eft y-mused longe whyle  
Upon these walles of beryle,  
That shoon ful lighter than a glas,  
And made wel more than hit was (200)

To semen, every thing, y-wis, 1291  
As kinde thing of fames is ;  
I gan forth romen til I fond  
The castel-yate on my right hond,  
Which that so wel corven was 1295  
That never swich another nas ;  
And yit hit was by aventure  
Y-wrought, as often as by cure.

Hit nedeth noght yow for to tellen,  
To make yow to longe dwellen, (210) 1300  
Of this yates florissinges,  
Ne of compasses, ne of kervinges,  
Ne how they ȝ hatte in masoneries,  
As, corbets fulle of imageries.  
But, lord ! so fair hit was to shewe, 1305  
For hit was al with gold behewe.  
But in I wente, and that anon ;  
Ther mette I crying many oon,—  
' A larges, larges, hold up wel !  
God save the lady of this pel, (220) 1310  
Our owne gentil lady Fame,  
And hem that wilnen to have name  
Of us !' Thus herde I cryen alle,  
And faste comen out of halle,  
And shoken nobles and sterlinges. 1315  
And somme crowned were as kinges,  
With crounes wrought ful of losenges ;  
And many riban, and many fringes  
Were on hir clothes trowely.

The atte laste aspyed I (230) 1320  
That pursevauntes and herandes,  
That cryen riche folkes laudes,  
Hit weren alle ; and every man  
Of hem, as I yow tellen can,  
Had on him throwen a vesture, 1325  
Which that men clepe a cote-armure,  
Enbrowded wonderliche riche,  
Al-though they nere nought y-liche.  
But noght nil I, so mote I thryve,  
Been aboute to discryve (240) 1330  
Al these armes that ther weren,  
That they thus on hir cotes beren,  
For hit to me were impossible ;  
Men mighte make of hem a bible  
Twenty foot thikke, as I trowe. 1335  
For certeyn, who-so coude y-knowe  
Mighte ther alle the armes seen  
Of famous folk that han y-been  
In Aufrike, Europe, and Asye,  
Sith first began the chevalrye. (250) 1340  
Lo ! how shulde I now telle al this ?

Ne of the halle eek what nede is  
 To tellen yow, that every wal  
 Of hit, and floor, and roof and al  
 Was plated half a fote thikke 1345  
 Of gold, and that nas no-thing wikke,  
 But, for to prove in alle wyse,  
 As fyn as ducat in Venyse,  
 Of whiche to lyte al in my pouche is ?  
 And they wer set as thikke of nouchis (260)  
 Fulle of the fynest stones faire, 1351  
 That men rode in the Lapidaira,  
 As greses growen in a mede ;  
 But hit were al to longe to rede  
 The names ; and therfore I pace. 1355  
 But in this riche lusty place,  
 That Fames halle called was,  
 Ful moche prees of folk ther nas,  
 Ne crowding, for to mochil prees.  
 But al on hye, above a dees, (270) 1360  
 † Sitte in a see imperial,  
 That maad was of a rubee al,  
 Which that a carbuncle is y-called,  
 I saugh, perpetually y-stalled,  
 A feminyne creature ; 1365  
 That never formed by nature  
 Nas swich another thing y-seye.  
 For althefirst, soth for to seye,  
 Me thoughte that she was so lyte,  
 That the lengthe of a cubyte (280) 1370  
 Was longer than she semed be ;  
 But thus sone, in a while, she  
 Hir tho so † wonderliche streighte,  
 That with hir feet she th'erthe reighte,  
 And with hir heed she touched hevene,  
 Ther as shynen sterres sevene. 1376  
 And ther-to eek, as to my wit,  
 I saugh a gretter wonder yit,  
 Upon hir eyen to beholde ;  
 But certeyn I hem never tolde ; (290) 1380  
 For as fele eyen hadde she  
 As fetheres upon foules be,  
 Or weren on the bestes four,  
 That goddes trone gunne honoure,  
 As John writ in th'apocalips. 1385  
 Hir heer, that oundy was and crips,  
 As burned gold hit shoon to see.  
 And sooth to tellen, also she  
 Had also fele up-standing eres  
 And tonges, as on bestes heres ; (300) 1390  
 And on hir feet wexen saugh I  
 Partriches winges redely

But, lord ! the perrie and the richesse  
 I saugh sitting on this goddesse !  
 And, lord ! the hevenish melodye 1395  
 Of songes, ful of armonye,  
 I herde aboute her trone y-songe,  
 That al the paleys-walles ronge !  
 So song the mighty Muse, she  
 That cleped is Caliopee, (310) 1400  
 And hir eighte sustren eke,  
 That in hir face semen meke ;  
 And evermo, eternally,  
 They songe of Fame, as tho herde I :—  
 ' Heried be thou and thy name, 1405  
 Goddesse of renoun and of fame !'  
 Tho was I war, lo, atte laste,  
 As I myn eyen gan up caste,  
 That this ilke noble quene  
 On hir shuldres gan sustene (320) 1410  
 Bothe th'armes and the name  
 Of tho that hadde large fame ;  
 Alexander, and Hercules  
 That with a sherte his lyf lees !  
 † Thus fond I sitting this goddesse, 1415  
 In nobley, honour, and richesse ;  
 Of which I stinte a while now,  
 Other thing to tellen yow.  
 Tho saugh I stonde on either syde,  
 Streight down to the dores wyde, (330) 1420  
 Fro the dees, many a pileer  
 Of metal, that shoon not ful cleer ;  
 But though they nere of no richesse,  
 Yet they were maad for greet noblesse,  
 And in hem greet [and hy] sentence, 1425  
 And folk of digne reverence,  
 Of whiche I wol yow telle fonde,  
 Upon the piler saugh I stonde.  
 Alderfirst, lo, ther I sigh,  
 Upon a piler stonde on high, (340) 1430  
 That was of lede and yren fyn,  
 Him of secte Saturnyn,  
 Th' Ebrayk Josephus, the olde,  
 That of Jewes gestes tolde ;  
 And bar upon his shuldres hye 1435  
 The fame up of the Jewerye.  
 And by him stoden other sevene,  
 Wyse and worthy for to nevone,  
 To helpen him bere up the charge,  
 Hit was so hevy and so large, (350) 1440  
 And for they writen of batailles,  
 As wel as other olde mervailles,  
 Therfor was, lo, this pileer,

Of which that I yow telle heer,  
 Of lede and yren bothe, y-wis. 1445  
 For yren Martes metal is,  
 Which that god is of bataile;  
 And the leed, withouten faille,  
 Is, lo, the metal of Saturne,  
 That hath ful large wheel to turne. (360) 1450  
 Tho stoden forth, on every rowe, 1451  
 Of hem which that I coude knowe,  
 Thogh I hem noght by ordre telle,  
 To make yow to long to dwelle.  
 These, of whiche I ginne rede, 1455  
 Ther saugh I stonden, out of drede :  
 Upon an yran piler strong,  
 That peynted was, al endelong,  
 With tygres blode in every place,  
 The Tholosan that highte Stace, (370) 1460  
 That bar of Thebes up the fame  
 Upon his shuldres, and the name  
 Also of cruel Achilles.  
 And by him stood, withouten leas,  
 Ful wonder hye on a pileer 1465  
 Of yren, he, the grot Omeer ;  
 And with him Dares and Tytus  
 Before, and eek he, Lollus,  
 And Guido eek de Columpnis,  
 And English Gaufride eek, y-wis ; (380) 1470  
 And ech of these, as have I joye,  
 Was hevy for to bere up Troye.  
 So hevy ther-of was the fame,  
 That for to bere hit was no game.  
 But yit I gan ful wel espye, 1475  
 Betwix hem was a litel envye.  
 Oon seyde, Omere made lyes,  
 Feyninge in his poetries,  
 And was to Grekes favorable ;  
 Therfor held he hit but fable. (390) 1480  
 Tho saugh I stonde on a pileer,  
 That was of tinned yren cleer,  
 That Latin poete, [dan] Virgyle,  
 That bore hath up a longe whylle  
 The fame of Pius Eneas. 1485  
 And next him on a piler was,  
 Of coper, Venus clerk, Ovyde,  
 That hath y-sown wonder wyde  
 The grette god of Loves name.  
 And ther he bar up wel his fame, (400)  
 Upon this piler, also hye 1491  
 As I might see hit with myn yē :  
 For-why this halle, of whiche I rede  
 Was woxe on þighthe, lengthe and brede,

Wel more, by a thousand del, 1495  
 Than hit was erst, that saugh I wel.  
 Tho saugh I, on a piler by,  
 Of yren wrought ful sternely,  
 The grette poete, daun Lucan,  
 And on his shuldres bar up than, (410)  
 As highe as that I mighte see, 1501  
 The fame of Julius and Pompea.  
 And by him stoden alle these clerkes,  
 That writen of Romes mighty werkes,  
 That, if I wolde hir names telle, 1505  
 Al to longe moste I dwelle.  
 And next him on a piler stood  
 Of soulfre, lyk as he were wood,  
 Dan Claudian, the soth to telle,  
 That bar up al the fame of halle, (420) 1510  
 Of Plato, and of Proserpyne,  
 That quene is of the derke pyne.  
 What shulde I more telle of this ?  
 The halle was al ful, y-wis,  
 Of hem that writen olde gastes, 1515  
 As ben on treës rokes nestes ;  
 But lit a ful confus matere  
 Were al the gastes for to here,  
 That thay of write, and how they  
 highte.  
 But whyl that I beheld this sighte, (430)  
 I herde a noise aprochen blyve, 1521  
 That ferde as ben don in an hye,  
 Agen her tyme of out-feyninge ;  
 Right swiche a maner murmuringe,  
 For al the world, hit semed me. 1525  
 Tho gan I loken aboute and see,  
 That ther com entring þin the halle  
 A right gret company with-alle,  
 And that of sondry regionis,  
 Of alleskinnes condiciouns, (440) 1530  
 That dwelle in erthe under the mone,  
 Pore and ryche. And also sone  
 As they were come into the halle,  
 They gonne down on kneës falle  
 Before this ilke noble quene, 1535  
 And seyde, 'Graunte us, lady shene,  
 Ech of us, of thy grace, a bone !'  
 And somme of hem she graunted  
 sone,  
 And somme she werned wel and faire ;  
 And somme she graunted the contraire  
 Of hir axing utterly. (451) 1541  
 But thus I seye yow trewely,  
 What hir cause was, I niste.

For this folk, ful wel I wiste,  
They hadde good fame ech deserved, 1545  
Although they were diversly served;  
Right as hir suster, dame Fortune,  
Is wont to serven in comune.

Now herkne how she gan to paye  
That gonne hir of hir grace praye; (460)  
And yit, lo, al this companye 1551  
Seyden sooth, and noght a lye.

'Madame,' seyden they, 'we be  
Folk that heer besechen thee,  
That thou graunte us now good fame, 1555  
And lets our werkes han that name;  
In ful recompensacioun  
Of good werk, give us good renoun.'  
'I werne yow hit,' quod she anon,  
'Ye gete of me good fame noon, (470) 1560  
By god! and therfor go your wey.'

'Alas,' quod they, 'and welaway!  
Telle us, what may your cause be?'

'For me list hit noght,' quod she;  
'No wight shal speke of yow, y-wis, 1565  
Good ne harm, ne that ne this.'

And with that word she gan to calle  
Hir messenger, that was in halle,  
And bad that he shulde faste goon,  
†Up payne to be blind anon, (480) 1570  
For Eolus, the god of winde;—

'In Trace ther ye shul him finde,  
And bid him bringe his clarioun,  
That is ful dyvers of his soun,  
And hit is cleped Clere Laude, 1575

With which he went is to heraude  
Hem that me list y-preised be:  
And also bid him how that he  
Bringe his other clarioun,  
That highte Sclaundre in every toun, (490)  
With which he went is to difame 1581  
Hem that me list, and do hem shame.'

This messenger gan faste goon,  
And found wher, in a cave of stoon,  
In a cuntry that highte Trace, 1585  
This Eolus, with harde grace,  
Held the windes in distresse,  
And gan hem under him to presse,  
That they gonne as beres rore,  
He bond and pressed hem so sore. (500)

This messenger gan faste crye, 1591  
'Rys up,' quod he, 'and faste lye,  
Til that thou at my lady be;  
And tak thy clarions eek with thee,

And speed thee forth.' And he anon 1595  
Took to a man, that hight Triton,  
His clariouns to bere tho,  
And leet a certeyn wind to go,  
That blew so hidously and hye,  
That hit ne lefte not a skye (510) 1600  
In al the welken longe and brood.

This Eolus no-wher abood  
Til he was come at Fames feet,  
And eek the man that Triton heet;  
And ther he stood, as still as stoon. 1605

And her-withal ther com anon  
Another huge companye  
Of gode folk, and gunne crye,

'Lady, graunte us now good fame,  
And lat our werkes han that name (520)  
Now, in honour of gentillesse, 1611  
And also god your soule blesse!

For we han wel deserved hit,  
Therfor is right that we ben quit.'

'As thryve I,' quod she, 'ye shal  
faile,

Good werkes shal yow noght availle 1616  
To have of me good fame as now.

But wite ye what? I graunte yow,  
That ye shal have a shrewed fame 1619  
And wikked loos, and worse name, (530)  
Though ye good loos have wel deserved.  
Now go your wey, for ye be served;  
And thou, dan Eolus, let see!

Tak forth thy trumpe anon,' quod she,  
'That is y-cleped Sclaunder light, 1625  
And blow hir loos, that every wight  
Speke of hem harm and shrewednesse,  
In stede of good and worthinesse.

For thou shalt trumpe al the contraire  
Of that they han don wel or faire.' 1630

'Alas,' thoughte I, 'what aventures  
Han these sory creatures! (542)  
For they, amonges al the pres,  
Shul thus be shamed gilteles!

But what! hit moste nedes be.' 1635

What did this Eolus, but he  
Tok out his blakke trumpe of bras,  
That fouler than the devil was,  
And gan this trumpe for to blowe,  
As al the world shulde overthowe; (550)  
That through-out every regioun 1641

Wente this foule trumpe soun,  
As swift as pelet out of gonne,  
Whan fyr is in the poudre ronne.

And swiche a smoke gan out-wende 1645  
 Out of his foule trumpes ende,  
 Blak, blo, grenish, swartish reed,  
 As doth wher that men melte leed,  
 Lo, al on high fro the tuel!  
 And therto oo thing saugh I wel, (560) 1650  
 That, the ferther that hit ran,  
 The gretter wexen hit began,  
 As doth the river from a welle,  
 And hit stank as the pit of helle.  
 Alas, thus was hir shame y-ronge, 1655  
 And gylteles, on every tonge.

Tho com the thridde companye,  
 And gunne up to the dees to hye,  
 And down on knees they fille anon,  
 And seyde, 'We ben everichon (570) 1660  
 Folk that han ful trewely  
 Deserved fame rightfully,  
 And praye yow, hit mot be knowe,  
 Right as hit is, and forth y-blowe.'  
 'I graunte,' quod she, 'for me list 1665  
 That now your gode þwerk be wist;  
 And yit ye shul han better loos,  
 Right in dispyt of alle your foos,  
 Than worthy is; and that anon:  
 Lat now,' quod she, 'thy trumpe goon, (580)  
 Thou Eolus, that is so blak; 1671  
 And out thyn other trumpe tak  
 That highte Laude, and blow hit so  
 That through the world hir fame go  
 Al esely, and not to faste, 1675  
 That hit be knowne atte laste.'

'Ful gladly, lady myn,' he seyde;  
 And out his trumpe of golde he brayde  
 Anon, and sette hit to his mouthe,  
 And blew hit est, and west, and southe, (590)  
 And north, as loude as any thunder, 1681  
 That every myght hadde of hit wonder,  
 So brode hit ran, or than hit stente.  
 And, certes, al the breeth that wente  
 Out of his trumpes mouthe smelde 1685  
 As men a pot-ful þbawme helde  
 Among a basket ful of roses;  
 This favour dide he til hir loses.

And right with this I gan aspye,  
 Ther com the ferthe companye—(600) 1690  
 But certeyn they were wonder fewe—  
 And gonne stonden in a rewe,  
 And seyden, 'Certes, lady brighte,  
 We han don wel with al our mighte;  
 But we ne kepen have no fama. 1695

Hyd our werkes and our name,  
 For goddes love! for certes we  
 Han certeyn donoit hit for bountee,  
 And for no maner other thing.'  
 'I graunte yow al your asking,' (610) 1700  
 Quod she; 'let your þwerk be deed.'

With that aboute I clew myn heed,  
 And saugh anon the fift route  
 That to this lady gonne loute,  
 And down on knees anon to falle; 1705  
 And to hir tho besoughten alle  
 To hyde hir gode werkes eek,  
 And seyde, they yeven noght a leek  
 For fame, ne for swich renoun;  
 For they, for contemplacioun (620) 1710  
 And goddes love, hadde y-wrought;  
 No of fame wolde they nought.

'What?' quod she, 'and be ye wood?  
 And wene ye for to do good,  
 And for to have of that no fame? 1715  
 Have ye dispyt to have my name?  
 Nay, ye shul liven everichoon!  
 Blow thy trumpe and that anon,'  
 Quod she, 'thou Eolus, I hote,  
 And ring this folkes þwerk by note, (630)  
 That al the world may of hit here.' 1721  
 And he gan blowe hir loos so clere  
 In his golden clarioun,  
 That through the world wente the soun,  
 þSo kenely, and eek so softe; 1725  
 But atte laste hit was on-lofte.

Thoo com the sexte companye,  
 And gonne faste on Fame crye.  
 Right verrailly, in this manere  
 They seyden: 'Mercy, lady dere! (640) 1730  
 To telle certain, as hit is,  
 We han don neither that ne this,  
 But ydel al our lyf y-be,  
 But, natheles, yit preye we,  
 That we mowe han so good a fame, 1735  
 And greet renoun and knownen name,  
 As they that han don noble gestes,  
 And acheved alle hir lestes,  
 As wel of love as other thing;  
 Al was us never broche ne ring, (650) 1740  
 Ne elles nought, from wimmen sent,  
 Ne ones in hir herte y-ment  
 To make us only frendly chere,  
 But mighte temen us on here;  
 Yit lat us to the peple seme 1745  
 Swiche as the world may of us deme,



That wimman loven us for wood.  
 Hit shal don us as moche good,  
 And to our herte as moche availle  
 To countrepeise ese and travaille, (660) 1750  
 As we had wonne hit with labour;  
 For that is dere boght honour  
 At regard of our grete ese.  
 And yit thou most us more plesse;  
 Let us be holden eek, therto, 1755  
 Worthy, wyse, and gode also,  
 And riche, and happy unto love.  
 For goddes love, that sit above,  
 Though we may not the body have  
 Of wimman, yet, so god yow save! (670) 1760  
 Let men glewe on us the name;  
 Suffysoth that we han the fame.'

'I graunte,' quod she, 'by my trouthe!  
 Now, Eolus, with-outen slonthe,  
 Tak out thy trumpe of gold, †let see, 1765  
 And blow as they han axed me,  
 That every man wene hem at ese,  
 Though they gon in ful badde lese.'  
 This Eolus gan hit so blowe, (679) 1769  
 That through the world hit was y-  
 knowe.

Tho com the seventh route anon,  
 And fel on knees everichoon,  
 And seyde, 'Lady, graunte us sone  
 The same thing, the same bone,  
 That [ye] this nexte folk han doon.' 1775  
 'Fy on yow,' quod she, 'everichoon!  
 Ye masti swyn, ye ydel wrecches,  
 Ful of roten slowe tecches!  
 What? false theves! wher ye wolde  
 Be famous good, and no-thing nolde (690)  
 Deserve why, ne never roughte? 1781  
 Men rather yow to-hangen oughite!  
 For ye be lyk the sweynte cat,  
 That wolde have fish; but wostow what?  
 He wolde no-thing wete his clowes. 1785  
 Yvel thrift come on your jowes,  
 And eek on myn, if I hit graunte,  
 Or do yow favour, yow to avaunte!  
 Thou Eolus, thou king of Trace!  
 Go, blow this folk a sory grace,' (700) 1790  
 Quod she, 'anon; and wostow how?  
 As I shal telle thee right now;  
 Sey: "These ben they that wolde honour  
 Have, and do noskinnes labour,  
 Ne do no good, and yit han laude; 1795  
 And that men wende that bele lsaude

Ne coude hem nocht of love werne;  
 And yit she that grint at a querne  
 Is al to good to ese hir herte."

This Eolus anon up sterte, (710) 1800  
 And with his blakke clarionn  
 He gan to blasen out a soun,  
 As loude as belweth wind in helle.  
 And eek therwith, [the] sooth to telle,  
 This soun was [al] so ful of japes, 1805  
 As ever mowes were in apes.  
 And that wente al the world aboute,  
 That every wight gan on hem shoute,  
 And for to laughe as they were wode;  
 Such game fonde they in hir hode. (720)

Tho com another companye, 1811  
 That had y-doon the traiterye,  
 The harm, the †grettest wikkednesse  
 That any herte conthe gesso;  
 And preyed hir to han good fame, 1815  
 And that she nolde hem doon no  
 shame,  
 But yeve hem loos and good renoun,  
 And do hit blowe in clarionn.  
 'Nay, wis!' quod she, 'hit were a  
 vyce;

Al be ther in me no justyce, (730) 1820  
 Me listeth not to do hit now,  
 Ne this nil I not graunte you.'

Tho come ther lepinge in a route,  
 And gonne choppen al aboute  
 Every man upon the croune, 1825  
 That al the halle gan to sounne,  
 And seyden: 'Lady, lefe and dere,  
 We ben swich folk as ye mowe here.  
 To tellen al the tale aright,  
 We ben shrewes, every wight, (740) 1830  
 And han delyt in wikkednesse,  
 As gode folk han in goodnesse;  
 And joye to be knowen shrewes,  
 And fulle of vyece and wikked thewes;  
 Wherfor we preyen yow, a-rowe, 1835  
 That our fame swich be knowe  
 In alle thing right as hit is.'

'I graunte hit yow,' quod she, 'y-wis.  
 But what art thou that seyst this tale,  
 That werest on thy hose a pale, (750) 1840  
 And on thy tipet swiche a bello!  
 'Madame,' quod he, 'sooth to telle,  
 I am that ilke shrewe, y-wis,  
 That brende the temple of Isidis  
 In Athens, lo, that citee.' 1845

'And wherfor didest thou so?' quod she.

'By my thrift,' quod he, 'madame,  
I wolde fayn han had a fame,  
As other folk hadde in the toun,  
Al-though they were of greet renoun (760)  
For hir vertu and for hir thewes; 1851  
Thoughte I, as greet a fame han shrewes,  
Thogh hit be þ but for shrowednesse,  
As gode folk han for goodnesse;  
And sith I may not have that oon, 1855  
That other nil I noght for-goon.  
And for to gette of Fames hyre,  
The temple sette I al a-fyre.  
Now do our loos be blowne swythe,  
As wisly be thou ever blytho.' (770) 1860  
'Gladly,' quod she; 'thou Eolus,  
Herestow not what they preyen us?'  
'Madame, yis, ful wel,' quod he,  
'And I wil trumpon hit, parde!'  
And tok his blakke trumpe faste, 1865  
And gan to puffen and to blaste,  
Til hit was at the worldes ende.

With that I gan aboute wende;  
For oon that stood right at my bak,  
Me thoughte, goodly to me spak, (780) 1870  
And seyde: 'Frend, what is thy name?'  
Artow come hider to han fame?'  
'Nay, for-sothe, frend!' quod I;  
'I cam noght hider, graunt mercy!  
For no swich cause, by my heed! 1875  
Suffyceth me, as I were deed,  
That no wight have my name in  
honde.

I woot my-self best how I stonde;  
For what I drye or what I thinke,  
I wol my-selven al hit drinke, (790) 1880  
Certeyn, for the more part,  
As ferforth as I can myn art.'  
'But what dost thou here than?' quod he.  
Quod I, 'that wol I tellen thee,  
The cause why I stondȝ here:— 1885  
Som newe tydings for to lere:—  
Som newe þthings, I not what,  
Tydings, other this or that,  
Of love, or swiche things glade.  
For certeynly, he that me made (800) 1890  
To comen hider, seyde me,  
I shulde bothe here and see,  
In this place, wonder things;  
But these be no swiche tydings

As I mene of.' 'No?' quod he. 1895  
And I answerde, 'No, pardee!  
For wel I þwiste, ever yit,  
Sith that first I hadde wit,  
That som folk han desyred fame  
Dyversly, and loos, and name; (810) 1900  
But certeynly, I niste how  
Ne wher that Fame þdwelte, er now;  
Ne eek of hir descripcioun,  
Ne also hir condicioun,  
Ne the ordre of hir dome, 1905  
Unto the tyme I hider come.'  
'þWhiche be, lo, these tydinges,  
That thou now [thus] hider bringes,  
That thou hast herd?' quod he to me;  
'But now, no fors; for wel I see (820) 1910  
What thou desyrest for to here.  
Com forth, and stond no longer here,  
And I wol thee, with-outen drede,  
In swich another place lede,  
Ther thou shalt here many oon.' 1915

The gan I forth with him to goon  
Out of the castel, soth to seye.  
Tho saugh I stonde in a valeye,  
Under the castel, faste by,  
An hous, that *domus Dcdali*, (830) 1920  
That *Laborintus* cleped is,  
Nas maad so wonderliche, y-wis,  
Ne half so queynteliche y-wrought.  
And evermo, so swift as thought,  
This queynte hous aboute wente, 1925  
That never-mo hit stille stento.  
And ther-out com so greet a noise,  
That, had hit stonden upon Oise,  
Men mighte hit han herd esely  
To Rome, I trowe sikerly. (840) 1930  
And the noyse which that I herde,  
For al the world right so hit ferde,  
As doth the routing of the stoon  
That from th'engyn is leten goon.

And al this hous, of whiche I rede, 1935  
Was made of twigges, falwe, rede,  
And grene eek, and som weren whyte,  
Swiche as men to these cages thwyte,  
Or maken of these paniers,  
Or elles þhottes or dossers; (850) 1940  
That, for the swough and for the  
twigges,  
This hous was also ful of gigges,  
And also ful eek of chirkinges,  
And of many other werkinges:

And eek this hous hath of entrees 1945  
 As fele as leves been on trees  
 In somer, whan they grene been ;  
 And on the roof men may yit seen  
 A thousand holes, and wel mo,  
 To leten wel the soun out go. (860) 1950

And by day, in every tyde,  
 Ben al the dores open wyde,  
 And by night, echoon, unshette ;  
 Ne porter ther is non to lette  
 No maner tydings in to pace ; 1955  
 Ne never reste is in that place,  
 That hit nis fild ful of tydings,  
 Other loude, or of whispringes ;  
 And, over alle the houses angles,  
 Isful of rouninges and of jangles (870) 1960  
 Of þwerre, of pees, of mariages,  
 Of þreste, of labour of viages,  
 Of abood, of deoth, of lyfe,  
 Of love, of hate, acorde, of stryfe,  
 Of loos, of lore, and of winnings, 1965  
 Of hele, of sokenesse, of bildinges,  
 Of faire windes, þof tempestes,  
 Of qualme of folk, and eek of bestes ;  
 Of dyvers transmutaciouns  
 Of estate, and eek of regions ; (880) 1970  
 Of trust, of drede, of jelousye,  
 Of wit, of winninge, of folye ;  
 Of plentee, and of greet famyne,  
 Of chepe, of derth, and of ruyn ;  
 Of good or þmis governement, 1975  
 Of fyr, of dyvers accident.

And lo, this hous, of whiche I wryte,  
 Siker be ye, hit nas not lyte ;  
 For hit was sixty myle of lengthe ;  
 Al was the timber of no strengthe, (890)  
 Yet hit is founded to endure 1981  
 Why! that it list to Adventure,  
 That is the moder of tydings,  
 As the see of welles and springes,—  
 And hit was shapen lyk a cage. 1985  
 ' Certes,' quod I, ' in al myn age,  
 Ne saugh I swich a hous as this.'  
 And as I wondred me, y-wis,  
 Upon this hous, tho war was I  
 How that myn egle, faste by, (900) 1990  
 Was perched hye upon a stoon ;  
 And I gan streighte to him goon  
 And seyde thus : ' I preys thee  
 That thou a whyl abyde me  
 For goddes love. and let me seen 1995

What wondres in this place been ;  
 For yit, paraventure, I may lere  
 Som good ther-on, or sumwhat here  
 That leef me were, or that I wente.'  
 ' Peter ! that is myn entente,' (910) 2000  
 Quod he to me ; ' therfor I dwelle ;  
 But certein, oon thing I thee telle,  
 That, but I bringe thee ther-inne,  
 Ne shalt thou never cunne ginne  
 To come in-to hit, out of doute, 2005  
 So faste hit whirlleth, lo, aboute,  
 But sith that Joves, of his grace,  
 As I have seyde, wol thee solace  
 Fynally with þswiche thinges,  
 Unconthe sightes and tydings, (920) 2010  
 To passe with thyn hevynesse ;  
 Suche routhe hath he of thy distresse,  
 That thou suffrest debonairly—  
 And wost thy-selven utterly  
 Disesperat of alle blis, 2015  
 Sith that Fortune hath maad a-mis  
 The þfruit of al thyn hertes reste  
 Languishe and eek in point to breste—  
 That he, through his mighty meryte,  
 Wol do thee ese, al be hit lyte, (930) 2020  
 And þyaf expres commaundement,  
 To whiche I am obediht,  
 To furthre thee with al my might,  
 And wisse and teche thee aright  
 Wher thou maist most tydings here ; 2025  
 Shaltow þanon heer many oon lere.'

With this worde he, right anon,  
 Hente me up bitwene his toon,  
 And at a windowe in me broghte, 2030  
 That in this hous was, as methoghte—(940)  
 And ther-withal, me thoghte hit stente,  
 And no-thing hit aboute wente—  
 And me sette in the flore adoun.  
 But which a congregacioun  
 Of folk, as I saugh rome aboute, 2035  
 Some within and some withoute,  
 Nas never seen, ne shal ben eft ;  
 That, certes, in the world nis left  
 So many formed by Nature,  
 Ne deed so many a creature ; (950) 2040  
 That wel unethe, in that place,  
 Hadde I oon foot-brede of space ;  
 And every wight that I saugh there  
 Rouned ech in others ere  
 A newe tyding prevely, 2045  
 Or elles tolde al openly

Right thus, and seyde : ' Nost not thou

That is betid, lo, late or now ? '

' No, ' quod þat the other, ' tel me what ; —  
And than he tolde him this and that, (960)  
And swoor ther-to that hit was sooth —

' Thus hath he seyð ' — and ' Thus he  
dooth ' — 2052

' þThus shal hit be ' — ' þThus herde I  
seye ' —

' That shal be found ' — ' That dar I  
leye ' —

That al the folk that is a-lyve 2055  
Ne han the cunning to discryve  
The thinges that I herde there,  
What aloude, and what in ere.

But al the wonder-most was this : —  
Whan oon had herd a thing, y-wis, (970)  
He com þforth to another wight, 2061

And gan him tellen, anon-right,  
The same that to him was told,  
Or hit a furlong-way was old,

But gan somwhat for to eche 2065  
To this tyding in this speche  
More than hit ever was.

And nat so sone departed nas  
That he fro him, that he ne mette  
With the thridde ; and, or he lette (980)  
Any stounde, he tolde him als ; 2071

Were the tyding sooth or fals,  
Yit wolde he telle hit nathelees,  
And evermo with more encrees  
Than hit was erst. Thus north and  
southe 2075

Went every þword fro mouth to mouthe,  
And that encreasing ever-mo,  
As fyr is wont to quikke and go  
From a sparke spronge amis,  
Til al a citee brent up is. (990) 2080

And, whan that was ful y-spronge,  
And woxen more on every tonge  
Than ever hit was, þhit wente anon  
Up to a windowe, out to goon ;  
Or, but hit mighte out ther pace, 2085  
Hit gan out crepe at som crevace,  
And fleigh forth faste for the nones.

And somtyme saugh I tho, at ones,  
A lesing and a sad soth-sawe,  
That gonne of aventure drawe (1000) 2090  
Out at a windowe for to pace ;  
And, when they metten in that place,

They were a-checked bothe two,  
And neither of hem moste out go ;  
For other so they gonne croude, 2095

Til eche of hem gan cryen loude,  
' Lat me go first ! ' ' Nay, but lat me !  
And here I wol ensuren thee

With the nones that thou wolt do so,  
That I shal never fro thee go, (1010) 2100  
But be thyn owne sworn brother !

We wil medle us ech with other,  
That no man, be he never so wrothe,  
Shal han þthat oon of two, but bothe

At ones, al beside his leve, 2105  
Come we a-morwe or on eve,  
Be we cryed or stille y-rounded.'

Thus saugh I fals and sooth com-  
pounded

Togeder fleo for oo tydinge.  
Thus out at holes gonne wringe (1020)

Every tyding streight to Fame ; 2111  
And she gan yeven eche his name,  
After hir disposicioun,

And yaf hem eek duracioun,  
Some to wexe and wane sone, 2115  
As dooth the faire whyte mone,

And leet hem gon. Ther mighte I  
seen

Wenged wondres faste fleen,  
Twenty thousand in a route,  
As Eolus hem blew aboute. (1030) 2120

And, lord ! this hous, in alle tymes,  
Was ful of shipmen and pilgrymes,  
With scrippes bret-ful of lesinges,

Entremedded with tydinges,  
And eek alone by hem-selve. 2125  
O, many a thousand tymes twelve

Saugh I eek of these pardoneres,  
Currours, and eek messangeres,  
With boistes crammed ful of lyes

As ever vessel was with lyes. (1040) 2130  
And as I alther-fastest wente  
Aboute, and dide al myn entente

Me for to pleye and for to lere,  
And eek a tyding for to here,  
That I had herd of som contree 2135

That shal not now be told for me ; —  
For hit no nede is, redely ;  
Folk can singe hit bet than I ;

For al mot out, other late or rathe,  
Alle the sheves in the lathe ; — (1050) 2140  
I herde a gret noise withalle

In a corner of the halle,  
 Ther men of love tydings tolde,  
 And I gan thiderward beholde;  
 For I saugh renninge every wight, 2145  
 As faste as that they hadden might;  
 And everich cryed, 'What thing is  
   that?'  
 And som seyde I not never what.  
 And whan they were alle on an hepe,  
 Tho behinde gonne up lepe, (1060) 2150

And clamben up on othere faste,  
 And up the nose on hye caste,  
 And troden faste on othere heles  
 And stampe, as men don after eles.  
 Atte laste I saugh a man, 2155  
 Which that I [nevene] naught ne can;  
 But he semed for to be  
 A man of greet auctoritee . . . (1068) 2158

(Unfinished.)

# THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

## TEXT A (*Earlier Version*).

### *The prologe of .ix. goode Wimmen.*

A THOUSAND sythes have I herd men  
telle,  
That ther is joye in heven, and peyne in  
helle;  
And I acorde wel that hit be so;  
But natheles, this wot I wel also,  
That ther nis noon that dwelleth in this  
contree, 5  
That either hath in helle or heven y-be,  
Ne may of hit non other weyes witen,  
But as he hath herd seyð, or founde hit  
witen;  
For by assay ther may no man hit preve.  
But goddes forbode, but men shulde leve  
Wel more thing then men han seen with  
y8! 11  
Men shal nat wenen every-thing a ly8  
For that he seigh it nat of yore ago.  
God wot, a thing is never the lesse so  
Thogh every wight ne may hit nat y-see.  
Bernard the monk ne saugh nat al, parde!  
Than mote we to bokes that we finde,  
Through which that olde thinges been in  
minde,  
And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,  
Yeve credence, in every skilful wyse, 20  
And trowen on these olde aproved stories  
Of holinesse, of regnes, of victories,  
Of love, of hate, of other sundry thinges,  
Of whiche I may not maken rehersinges.  
And if that olde bokes were a-weye, 25  
Y-loren were of remembraunce the keye.  
Wel oghte us than on olde bokes leve,

## TEXT B (*Later Version*).

### *The prologe of .ix. goode Wimmen.*

A THOUSAND tymes have I herd men  
telle,  
That ther is joye in heven, and peyne in  
helle;  
And I acorde wel that hit is so;  
But natheles, yit wot I wel also,  
That ther nis noon dwelling in this  
contree, 5  
That either hath in heven or helle y-be,  
Ne may of hit non other weyes witen,  
But as he hath herd seyð, or founde hit  
witen;  
For by assay ther may no man hit preve.  
But god forbode but men shulde leve 10  
Wel more thing then men han seen with  
y8!  
Men shal nat wenen every-thing a ly8  
But-if him-self hit seeth, or elles dooth;  
For, god wot, thing is never the lasse  
sooth, 14  
Thogh every wight ne may hit nat y-see.  
Bernard the monk ne saugh nat al, parde!  
Than mote we to bokes that we finde,  
Through which that olde thinges been in  
minde,  
And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,  
Yeve credence, in every skilful wyse, 20  
That tellen of these olde appreveð stories,  
Of holinesse, of regnes, of victories,  
Of love, of hate, of other sundry thinges,  
Of whiche I may not maken rehersinges.  
And if that olde bokes were a-weye, 25  
Y-loren were of remembraunce the keye.  
Wel oghte us than honouren and beleve

Ther-as ther is non other assay by preve.

And, as for me, though that my wit be  
lyte,

On bokes for to rede I me delyte, 30

And in myn herte have hem in reverence;

And to hem yeve swich lust and swich  
credence,

That ther is wel unethe game noon

That from my bokes make me to goon,

But hit be other up-on the haly-day, 35

Or elles in the joly tyme of May;

Whan that I here the smale foules singe,

And that the floures ginne for to springe,  
Farwel my studie, as lasting that sesoun!

Now have I therto this condicioun 40

That, of alle the floures in the mede,

Than love I most these floures whyte and  
rede,

Swiche as men callen daysies in our toun.

To hem have I so greet affeccioun, 44

As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,

That in my bed ther daweth me no day

That I nam up, and walking in the mede

To seen these floures agein the sonne  
sprede,

Whan it up-riseth by the morwe shene, 49

The longe day, thus walking in the grene.

And whan the sonne ginneth for to weste,

Than closeth hit, and draweth hit to reste.

So sore hit is afered of the night,

Til on the morwe, that hit is dayes light.

This dayesye, of alle floures flour, 55

Fulfilde of vertu and of alle honour,

And ever y-lyke fair and fresh of hewe,

As wel in winter as in somer newe,

[Cf. ll. 51-3, above.]

These bokes, ther we han non other preve.

And as for me, though that I can but  
lyte,

On bokes for to rede I me delyte, 30

And to hem yeve I feyth and ful  
credence,

And in myn herte have hem in reverence

So hertely, that ther is game noon

That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,

But hit be seldom, on the holyday; 35

Save, corteynly, whan that the month of  
May

Is comen, and that I here the foules  
singe,

And that the floures ginnen for to springe,  
Farwel my book and my devocioun!

Now have I than swich a condicioun,

That, of alle the floures in the mede, 41

Than love I most these floures whyte and  
rede,

Swiche as men callen daysies in our toun.

To hem have I so greet affeccioun, 44

As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,

That in my bed ther daweth me no day

That I nam up, and walking in the mede

To seen this flour agein the sonne sprede,

Whan hit upryseth erly by the morwe;

That blisful sighte softueth al my sorwe,

So glad am I whan that I have presence

Of hit, to doon al maner reverence, 52

As she, that is of alle floures flour,

Fulfilde of al vertu and honour, 54

And ever y-lyke fair, and fresh of hewe,

And I love hit, and ever y-lyke newe,

And ever shal, til that myn herte dyo;

Al swere I nat, of this I wol nat lye,

Ther loved no wight hotter in his lyve.

And whan that hit is eve, I renne  
blyve, 60

As sone as ever the sonne ginneth weste,

To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste,

For fere of night, so hateth she derknesse!

Hir chere is pleylny sprad in the bright-  
nesse

Of the sonne, for ther hit wol unclothe. 65

Allas! that I ne had English, ryme or  
prose

Fain wolde I preisen, if I coude aright ; 59  
But wo is me, hit lyth nat in my might !

For wel I wot, that folk han her-beforn  
Of making ropen, and lad a-wey the corn ;  
And I come after, glening here and  
there,

And am ful glad if I may finde an ere  
Of any goodly word that they han left. 65  
And, if hit happe me rehersen eft  
That they han in her fresshe songes sayd,  
I hope that they wil nat ben evel apayd,  
Sith hit is seid in forthering and honour  
Of hem that either serven leef or flour. 70

[Cf. p. 354, col. 2, ll. 188-196.]

For trusteth wel, I ne have nat under-  
take

As of the leef, ageyn the flour, to make ;  
Ne of the flour to make, ageyn the leef,  
No more than of the corn ageyn the  
sheef.

For, as to me, is leefe noon ne lother ; 75  
I am with-holde yit with never nother.  
I not who serveth leef, ne who the flour ;  
That nis nothing the entent of my labour.  
For this werk is al of another tunne, 79  
Of olde story, er swich stryf was begunne.

But wherfor that I spak, to yeve cre-  
dence

To bokes olde and doon hem reverence,  
Is for men shulde autoritees beleve,  
Ther as ther lyth non other assay by  
preve.

For myn entent is, or I fro yow fare, 85  
The naked text in English to declare  
Of many a story, or elles of many a geste,  
As autours seyn ; leveth hem if yow leste !

Suffisant this flour to preyse aright !  
But helpeth, ye that han conning and  
might,

Ye lovers, that can make of sentement ;  
In this cas oghte ye be diligent 70  
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,  
Whether ye ben with the leef or with the  
flour.

For wel I wot, that ye han her-biforn  
Of making ropen, and lad away the corn ;  
And I come after, glening here and  
there, 75

And am ful glad if I may finde an ere  
Of any goodly word that ye han left.  
And thogh it happen me rehersen eft  
That ye han in your fresshe songes sayd,  
For-bereth me, and beth nat evel apayd,  
Sin that ye see I do hit in the honour 81  
Of love, and eek in service of the flour,  
Whom that I serve as I have wit or  
might.

She is the clernesne and the verray light,  
That in this derke worlde me wynt and  
ledeth, 85

The herte in-with my sorowful breest yow  
dredeth,

And loveth so sore, that ye ben verrayly  
The maistresse of my wit, and nothing I.  
My word, my werk, is knit so in your  
bonde,

That, as an harpe obeyeth to the honde 90  
And maketh hit sounne after his finger-  
inge,

Right so mowe ye out of myn herte  
bringe

Swich vois, right as yow list, to laughe  
or pleyne.

Be ye my gyde and lady sovereyne ;  
As to myn erthly god, to yow I calle, 95  
Bothe in this werke and in my sorwes  
alle.

But wherfor that I spak, to give cre-  
dence

To olde stories, and doon hem reverence,  
And that men mosten more thing beleve  
Then men may seen at eye or elles preve ?

That shal I seyn, whan that I see my  
tyme ; 101

I may not al at ones speke in ryme.

My besy gost, that thrusteth alwey newe



Whan passed was almost the month of  
May,

And I had romed, al the someres day, 90  
The grone medew, of which that I yow  
tolde,

Upon the fresshe days to beholde,  
And that the sonne out of the south gan  
weste,

And closed was the flour and goon to  
roste

For derknesse of the night, of which she  
dredde, 95

Hoom to myn hous ful swiftly I me  
spedde ;

And, in a litel erber that I have,  
Y-benched newe with turves fresshe y-  
grave,

I bad men shulde me my couche make ;  
For deyntee of the newe someres sake, 100  
I bad hem strowe floures on my bed.

Whan I was layd, and had myn eyen hed,  
I fel a-slepe with-in an houre or two.

Me mette how I was in the medew tho,  
And that I romed in that same gyse, 105

To seen that flour, as ye han herd devyse.  
Fair was this medew, as thoughte me  
overal ;

With floures swote enbrowded was it al ;

As for to speke of gomme, or erbe, or  
tree,

Comparisoun may noon y-maked be, 110  
For hit surmounted pleynly alle odoures,  
And eek of riche beaute alle floures.

Forgeten had the erthe his pore estat  
Of winter, that him naked made and mat,  
And with his swerd of cold so sore had  
greved. 115

Now had the atempre sonne al that re-  
leved,

And clothed him in grene al newe agayn.  
The smale foules, of the seson fayn,  
That from the panter and the net ben  
scaped, 119

Upon the fouler, that hem made a-whaped  
In winter, and distroyed had hir brood,

To seen this flour so yong, so fresh of  
howe,

Constreyned me with so gledy desyr, 105  
That in my herte I fele yit the fyr.

That made me to ryse er hit wer day—  
And this was now the firste mo:we of  
May—

With drowful herte and glad devocioun,  
For to ben at the resureccioun 110

Of this flour, whan that it shuld uncloze  
Agayn the sonne, that roos as rede as  
rose,

That in the brest was of the beste that  
day,

That Agenores doghter ladde away. 114  
[Cf. p. 354, col. 2, ll. 197-210.]

And doun on knees anon-right I me sette,  
And, as I coude, this fresshe flour I grotte ;

Kneling alwey, til hit unclosed was,  
Upon the smale softe swote gras,

That was with floures swote enbrowded al,

Of swich swetnesse and swich odour  
over-al, 120

That, for to speke of gomme, or herbe, or  
tree,

Comparisoun may noon y-maked be ;  
For hit surmounteth pleynly alle odoures,  
And eek of riche beaute alle floures.

Forgeten had the erthe his pore estat 125  
Of winter, that him naked made and mat,  
And with his sword of cold so sore greved,

Now hath the atempre sonne al that re-  
leved

That naked was, and clad hit new agayn.  
The smale foules, of the seson fayn, 130  
That from the panter and the net ben  
scaped,

Upon the fouler, that hem made a-whaped  
In winter, and distroyed had hir brood,

In his despyt, hem thoughte hit did hem  
good

To singe of him, and in hir song despyse  
The foule cherl that, for his covetyse, 124  
Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye.  
This was hir song—'the fouler we defye!'  
Somme songen [layes] on the brannches  
clere

Of love and [May], that joye hit was to  
here,

In worship and in preysing of hir make,  
And of the newe blisful someres sake, 130

That songen, 'blissed be seynt Valentyn!  
[For] at his day I chees yow to be myn,  
With-oute repenting, myn herte swete!  
And therwith-al hir bekes gonnen mete.  
†They dide honour and humble obei-  
saunces, 135  
And after diden other observaunces

Right [plesing] un-to love and to nature;  
So ech of hem [doth wel] to creature.  
This song to herkne I dide al myn  
entente, 139  
For-why I mette I wiste what they mente,

In his despyt, hem thoughte hit did hem  
good 134

To singe of him, and in hir song despyse  
The foule cherl that, for his covetyse,  
Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye.  
This was hir song—'the fouler we defye,  
And al his craft!' And somme songen  
clere 139

Layes of love, that joye hit was to here,

In worshipinge and preisinge of hir make.  
And, for the newe blisful somers sake,  
Upon the brannches ful of blosmes softe,  
In hir delyt, they turned hem ful ofte, 144  
And songen, 'blessed be seynt Valentyn!  
For on his day I chees yow to be myn,  
Withouten repenting, myn herte swete!  
And therwith-al hir bekes gonnen mete,  
Yelding honour and humble obeisaunces

To love, and diden hir other obser-  
vaunces 150

That longeth unto love and to nature;  
Construeth that as yow list, I do no cure.  
And tho that hadde doon unkinde-  
nesse—

As dooth the tydif, for new-fangelnesse—  
Besoghte mercy of hir trespassinge, 155  
And humbly songen hir repentinge,  
And sworn on the blosmes to be trewe,  
So that hir makes wolde upon hem rewe,  
And at the laste maden hir acord.  
Al founde they Dannger for a tyme a  
lord, 160

Yet Pitee, through his stronge gentil  
might,

Forgaf, and made Mercy passen Right,  
Through innocence and ruled curtesye.  
But I ne clepe nat innocence folye,  
Ne fals pitee, for 'vertu is the mene,' 165  
As Etik saith, in swich manere I mene.  
And thus thiso foules, voide of al malyce,  
Acorden to love, and laften vyce  
Of hate, and songen alle of oon acord,  
'Welcome, somer, our governour and  
lord!' 170

And Zephirus and Flora gentilly  
Yaf to the floures, softe and tenderly,  
Hir swote breth, and made hem for to  
sprede,  
As god and goddesse of the floury mede:

[Cf. p. 351, col. 1, ll. 71-80.]

[Cf. p. 352, col. 1, ll. 93-106.]

Til at the laste a lark song above : 111  
 'I see,' quod she, 'the mighty god of love!  
 Lo! yond he cometh, I see his winges  
 sprede!' 112  
 Tho gan I loken endelong the mede,

In which me thoghte I mighte, day by  
 day, 175  
 Dwellen alwey, the joly month of May,  
 Withouten sleep, withouten mete or  
 drinke.  
 A-down ful softly I gan to sinke;  
 And, leninge on myn elbowe and my  
 syde, 179  
 The longe day I shoop me for to abyde  
 For nothing elles, and I shal nat iye,  
 But for to loken upon the dayesye,  
 That wel by reson men hit calle may  
 The 'dayesye' or elles the 'ye of day,' 185  
 The emperice and flour of floures alle.  
 I pray to god that faire mot she falle,  
 And alle that loven floures, for hir sake!  
 But natheles, ne wene nat that I make  
 In preysing of the flour agayn the leef,  
 No more than of the corn agayn the  
 sheef : 190  
 For, as to me, this lever noon ne lother;  
 I nam with-holden yit with never nother.  
 Ne I not who serveth leef, ne who the  
 flour;  
 Wel brouken they hir service or labour;  
 For this thing is al of another tonne, 195  
 Of olde story, er swich thing was be-  
 gonne.  
 Whan that the sonne out of the south  
 gan weste,  
 And that this flour gan close and goon to  
 reste  
 For derknesse of the night, the which she  
 dredde,  
 Hoom to myn hous ful swiftly I me-  
 spedde 200  
 To goon to reste, and erly for to ryse,  
 To seen this flour to sprede, as I devyse.  
 And, in a litel herber that I have,  
 That benched was on turvos fresshe y-  
 grave, 204  
 I bad men sholde me my couche make;  
 For deyntee of the newe someres sake,  
 I bad hem strawen floures on my bed.  
 Whan I was leyd, and had myn eyen  
 hed,  
 I fel on slepe in-with an houre or two;  
 Me mette how I lay in the medow tho, 210  
 To seen this flour that I so love and dredde.  
 And from a-fer com walking in the mede

And saw him come, and in his hond a  
quene, 145

Clothed in ryal abite al of grene.  
A fret of gold she hadde next hir heer,  
And up-on that a whyt coroun she beer  
With many floures, and I shal nat lye;  
For al the world, right as the dayesye 150  
I-coroned is with whyte leves lyte,  
Swich were the floures of hir coroun  
whyte.

For of o perle fyn and oriental  
Hir whyte coroun was y-maked al;  
For which the whyte coroun, above the  
grene, 155

Made hir lyk a daysie for to sene,  
Considered eek the fret of gold above.

Y-clothed was this mighty god of love  
Of silk, y-brouded ful of grene greves;  
A garlond on his heed of rose-leves 160  
Steked al with lillie floures newe;  
But of his face I can nat seyn the hewe.

For sekirly his face shoon so brighte,

That with the gleem a-stoned was the  
sight; 164

A furlong-wey I mighte him nat beholde.  
But at the laste in hande I saw him  
holde

Two fyry dartes, as the gledes rede;  
And aungollich his wenges gan he sprede.

And al be that men seyn that blind is he,  
Al-gate me thoughte he mighte wel y-see;  
For sternely on me he gan biholde, 171  
So that his loking doth myn herte colde.  
And by the hande he held the noble  
quene,

Corouned with whyte, and clothed al in  
grene,

So womanly, so benigne, and so meke, 175  
That in this world, thogh that men wolde  
seke,

Half hir beantee shulde men nat finde  
In creature that formed is by kinde,  
Hir name was Alceste the debonayre;  
I prey to god that ever falle she fayre! 180  
For ne hadde confort been of hir pre-  
sence,

I had be deed, withouten any defence,

The god of love, and in his hande a  
quene;

And she was clad in real habit grene.  
A fret of gold she hadde next hir heer, 215  
And upon that a whyt coroun she beer  
With flourens smale, and I shal nat lye;  
For al the world, ryght as a dayesye  
Y-corouned is with whyte leves lyte, 219  
So were the flourens of hir coroun  
whyte.

For of o perle fyne, oriental,  
Hir whyte coroun was y-maked al;  
For which the whyte coroun, above the  
grene,

Made hir lyk a daysie for to sene,  
Considered eek hir fret of gold above. 225

Y-clothed was this mighty god of love  
In silke, enbrouded ful of grene greves,  
In-with a fret of rede rose-leves,  
The fressheek sin the world was first  
bigonne. 229

His gilte heer was corouned with a sonne,  
In-stede of gold, for hevynesse and wighte;  
Therwith me thoughte his face shoon so  
brighte

That wel unnethes mighte I him beholde;  
And in his hande me thoughte I saugh  
him holde

Two fyry dartes, as the gledes rede; 235  
And aungellyke his winges saugh I  
sprede.

And al be that men seyn that blind is he,  
Al-gate me thoughte that he mighte see;  
For sternely on me he gan biholde,  
So that his loking doth myn herte colda.  
And by the hande he held this noble  
quene, 241

Corouned with whyte, and clothed al in  
grene,

So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,  
That in this world, thogh that men wolde  
seke,

Half hir beantee shulde men nat finde 245  
In creature that formed is by kinde.

[Cf. p. 357, col. 2, ll. 276-9.]

For drede of Loves wordes and his chere,  
 As, whan tyme is, her-after ye shal here.  
 Byhind this god of love, up-on this grone,  
 I saw cominge of ladyes nyntene 186  
 In ryal abite, a ful esy pas,  
 And after hem com of women swich a tras  
 That, sin that god Adam made of erthe,  
 The thredde part of women, ne the fertile,  
 Ne wende I nat by possibilitee 191  
 Hadden ever in this world y-be ;  
 And trewe of love these women were  
 echoon.

Now whether was that a wonder thing  
 or noon,  
 That, right anon as that they gonne  
 espye 195  
 This flour, which that I clepe the dayesye,  
 Ful sodeinly they stinten alle at-ones,  
 And kneled adoun, as it were for the  
 nones.

And after that they wenten in compas,  
 Daunsinge aboute this flour an esy pas, 200  
 And songen, as it were in carole-wyse,  
 This balade, which that I shal yow devyse.

## Balade

Hyd, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere ;  
 Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun ;  
 Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere ; 205  
 Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,  
 Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun ;  
 Hyde ye your beautes, Isonde and Eleyne,  
 Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Thy faire bodye, lat hit nat appere, 210  
 Lavyne ; and thou, Lueresse of Rome  
 toun,  
 And Polixene, that boghte love so dere,  
 Eek Cleopatre, with al thy passoun,  
 Hyde ye your trouthe in love and your  
 renoun ; 215  
 And thou, Tisbe, that hast for love swich  
 payne ;  
 Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Herro, Dido, Landomia, alle in-fere,  
 Eek Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,  
 And Canace, espyed by thy chere,  
 Ysiphile, betrayed with Jasoun, 220

[Cf. p. 357, col. 2, ll. 280-296.]

And therfor may I seyn, as thinkoth me,  
 This song. in praysing of this lady fre.

## Balade.

Hyd, Absolon, thy gilte tresses clere : 249  
 Ester, ley thou thy meknesse al a-doun ;  
 Hyd, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere ,  
 Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,  
 Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun ;  
 Hyde ye your beautes, Isonde and Eleyne,  
 My lady cometh, that al this may dis-  
 teyne. 255

Thy faire body, lat hit nat appere.  
 Lavyne ; and thou, Lueresse of Rome  
 toun,  
 And Polixene, that boghten love so dere,  
 And Cleopatre, with al thy passoun,  
 Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your  
 renoun ; 260  
 And thou, Tisbe, that hast of love swich  
 payne ;  
 My lady cometh, that al this may dis-  
 teyne.

Herro, Dido, Landomia, alle y-fere,  
 And Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,  
 And Canace, espyed by thy chere, 265  
 Ysiphile, betrayesd with Jasoun,

Mak of your trouthe in love no lost ne  
soun ;

Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ne pleyne ;  
Alceste is here, that al that may desteyne.

Whan that this balade al y-songen was,

[Cf. pp. 355 6, col. 1, ll. 179-198.]

Upon the softe and swote grene gras, 225  
They setten hem ful softly adoun,  
By ordre alle in compas, alle enveroun.  
First sat the god of love, and than this  
quene

With the whyte coroun, clad in grene ;  
And sithen al the remenant by and by,  
As they were of degree, ful curteisly ; 231

Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost ne  
soun ;

Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ye tweyne ;  
My lady cometh, that al this may dis-  
teyne.

This balade may ful wel y-songen be, 270  
As I have seyde erst, by my lady free ;  
For certeynly, alle these mow nat suffyse  
To apperen with my lady in no wyse.  
For as the sonne wol the fyr disteyne,  
So passeth al my lady sovereyne, 275  
That is so good, so fair, so debonaire ;  
I prey to god that ever falle hir faire !  
For, nadde comfort been of hir presence,  
I had ben deed, withouten any defence,  
For drede of Loves wordes and his chere ;  
As, when tyme is, her-after ye shal here.

Behind this god of love, upon the grene,  
I saugh cominge of ladyes nyntene  
In real habit, a ful esy paas ;

And after hem com of women swich a  
traas, 285

That, sin that god Adam had maad of  
erthe,

The thridde part of mankynd, or the  
ferthe,

Ne wende I nat by possibilitee,  
Had ever in this wyde worlde y-be ;

And trewe of love these women were  
echoon. 290

Now whether was that a wonder thing  
or noon,

That, right anon as that they gonne  
espye

This flour, which that I clepe the dayesye,  
Ful sodeinly they stinten alle at ones,

And kneled down, as it were for the  
nones, 295

And songen with o vois, ' Hele and honour  
To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour

That berth our alder prys in figuringe !  
Hir whyte coroun berth the witnessinge !'

And with that word, a-compas en-  
viroun, 300

They setten hem ful softly adoun.  
First sat the god of love, and sith his  
quene

With the whyte coroun, clad in grene ;  
And sithen al the remenant by and by,

As they were of ostaat, ful curteisly ; 305

Ne nat a word was spoken in the place  
The mountance of a furlong-wey of space.

I, lene faste by under a bente,  
Abod, to knowen what this peple mente,  
As stille as any stoon; til at the laste, 236  
The god of love on me his eye caste,  
And seyde, 'who resteth ther?' and I  
answerde

Un-to his axing, whan that I him herde,  
And seyde, 'sir, hit am I'; and cam him  
neer, 240  
And salued him. Quod he, 'what dostow  
heer

In my presence, and that so boldely?  
For it were better worthy, trewely,  
A werm to comen in my sight than  
thou.'

'And why, sir,' quod I, 'and hit lyke  
yow?' 245

'For thou,' quod he, 'art ther-to nothing  
able.

My servaunts been alle wyse and honour-  
able.

Thou art my mortal fo, and me warreyest,

And of myne olde servaunts thou mis-  
seyest,

And hinderest hem, with thy translacioun,  
And lettest folk to han devocioun 251

To serven me, and haldest hit folye  
To troste on me. Thou mayst hit nat  
denye;

For in pleyn text, hit nedeth nat to  
glose,

Thou hast translated the Romauns of the  
Rose, 255

That is an heresye ageyns my lawe,  
And makest wyse folk fro me withdrawe.  
And thinkest in thy wit, that is ful cool,  
That he nis but a verray propre fool  
That loveth paramours, to harde and  
hote. 260

Wel wot I ther-by thou beginnest dote  
As olde foles, whan hir spirit fayleth;  
Than blame they folk, and wite nat what  
hem ayleth.

Hast thou nat mad in English eek the  
book

How that Criseyde Troilus forsook, 265  
In shewing how that women han don  
mis?

Ne nat a word was spoken in the place  
The mountance of a furlong-wey of space.

I kneling by this flour, in good entente  
Abod, to knowen what this peple mente,  
As stille as any stoon; til at the laste, 310  
This god of love on me his eyen caste,  
And seyde, 'who kneleth ther?' and I  
answerde

Unto his asking, whan that I hit herde,  
And seyde, 'sir, hit am I'; and com him  
neer, 315  
And salued him. Quod he, 'what dostow  
heer

So nigh myn owne flour, so boldely?  
For it were better worthy, trewely,  
A werm to neghen near my flour than  
thou.'

'And why, sir,' quod I, 'and hit lyke  
yow?' 320

'For thou,' quod he, 'art ther-to nothing  
able. 325

Hit is my relik, digne and delytable,

And thou my fo, and al my folk wer-  
reyest,

And of myn olde servaunts thou mis-  
seyest,

And hindrest hem, with thy translacioun,  
And lettest folk from hir devocioun 325

To serve me, and holdest hit folye  
To serve Love. Thou mayst hit nat denye;

For in pleyn text, with-uten nede of  
glose,

Thou hast translated the Romaunce of  
the Rose,

That is an heresye ageyns my lawe, 330  
And makest wyse folk fro me withdrawe.

And of Criseyde thou hast seyde as thee  
liste,

That maketh men to wommen lasse triste,  
That ben as trewe as ever was any steel.

But natheles, answer me now to this,  
Why noldest thou as wel han seyde good-  
nesse

Of women, as thou hast seyde wikkednesse?  
Was ther no good matere in thy minde,  
Ne in alle thy bokes coudest thou nat  
finde 271

Sum story of women that were goode and  
trewe?

Yis! god wot, sixty bokes olde and newe  
Hast thou thy-self, alle fulle of stories  
grete,

That bothe Romaines and eek Grekes  
trete 275

Of sundry women, which lyf that they  
ladde,

And ever an hundred gode ageyn oon  
hadde.

This knoweth god, and alle clerkes eke,  
That usen swiche materos for to soke. 279

What seith Valerie, Titus, or Claudian?

What seith Jerome ageyns Jovinian?

How clene maydens, and how trewe  
wyves, 282

How stedfast widwes during al hir lyves,  
Telleth Jerome; and that nat of a fewe,

But, I dar seyn, an hundred on a rewte;  
That hit is pitee for to rede, and routhe,

The wo that they enduren for hir tronthe.  
For to hir love were they so trewe,

That, rather than they wolde take a  
newe,

They chosen to be dede in sundry wyse,  
And deyden, as the story wol devyse; 291

And some were brend, and some were cut  
the hals,

And some dreynt, for they wolden nat be  
fals.

For alle keped they hir maydenhed,  
Or elles wedlok, or hir widwed. 295

And this thing was nat kept for holi-  
nesse,

But al for verray vertu and clenness,  
And for men shulde sette on hem no lak;

And yit they weren hethen, al the pak,  
That were so sore adrad of alle shame. 300

These olde women kepte so hir name,  
That in this world I trow men shal nat  
finde

A man that coude be so trewe and kinde,  
As was the leste woman in that tyde.

Of thyn answer avyse thee right weel.



What seith also the epistels of Ovyde 305  
Of trewe wyves, and of hir labour?

What Vincent, in his Storial Mironr?

Eek al the world of autours maystow  
here,

Cristen and hethen, trete of swich matere,  
It nedeth nat alday thus for t'endyte. 310

But yit I sey, what eyleth thee to wryte

The draf of stories, and forgo the corn?

By seint Venus, of whom that I was born,  
Although [that] thou reneyed hast my

lay,

As othere olde foles many a day, 315

Thou shalt repente hit, that hit shal be  
sene!

Than spak Alceste, the worthieste  
quene,

And seyde, 'god, right of your curtesye,  
Ye moten herknen if he can replye

Agayns these points that ye han to him  
meved; 320

A god ne sholde nat be thus agreved,  
But of his deete he shal be stable,

And therto rightful and eek merciablen.

He shal nat rightfully his yre wreke 324

Or he have herd the tother party speke.

Al ne is nat gospel that is to yow pleyned;

The god of love herth many a tale  
y-feyned.

For in your court is many a losengeour,

And many a queynte totelere accusour,

That tabouren in your eres many a thing

For hate, or for jelous imagining, 331

And for to han with yow som daliaunce.

Envye (I prey to god yeve hir mischaunce!)

Is lavender in the grete court alway.

For she ne parteth, neither night ne day,

Out of the hous of Cesar; thus seith

Dante; 336

Who-so that goth, alwey she moot [nat]

wante.

This man to yow may wrongly been  
accused,

Ther as by right him oghte been excused.

Or elles, sir, for that this man is nyce, 340

He may translate a thing in no malyce,

But for he useth bokes for to make,

For, thogh that thou reneyed hast my  
lay, 336

As other wrecches han doon many a day,

By seynt Venus, that my moder is,

If that thou live, thou shalt repenten  
this

So cruelly, that hit shal wel be sene! 340

The spak this lady, clothed al in grene,

And seyde, 'god, right of your curtesye,  
Ye moten herknen if he can replye

Agayns al this that ye han to him  
meved; 350

A god ne sholde nat be thus agreved, 345  
But of his deete he shal be stable,

And therto gracios and merciablen.

And if ye nere a god, that knowen al,

Than mighte hit be, as I yow tellen shal;

This man to you may falsly been  
excused, 350

Ther as by right him oghte been excused

For in your court is many a losengeour,

And many a queynte totelere accusour,

That tabouren in your eres many a sonn,

Right after hir imaginacioun, 355

To have your daliaunce, and for envye;

These been the causes, and I shall nat  
lye.

Envye is lavender of the court alway;

For she ne parteth, neither night ne day,

Out of the hous of Cesar; thus seith

Dante; 360

Who-so that goth, algate she wol nat

wante.

[Cf. ll. 350-1 above.]

And eek, paraunter, for this man is nyce,  
He mighte doon hit, gessing no malyce,

But for he useth thinges for to make;

And takth non heed of what matere he  
take;  
Therfor he wroot the Rose and eek  
Criseyde  
Of innocence, and niste what he seyde;  
Or him was boden make thilke tweye 346  
Of som persone, and durste hit nat with-  
seye;  
For he hath writen many a book er this.  
He ne hath nat doon so greuously amis  
To translaten that olde clerkes wryten, 350  
As thogh that he of malice wolde endyten  
Despyt of love, and hadde him-self y-  
wroght.  
This shulde a rightwys lord han in his  
thoght,  
And nat be lyk tiraunts of Lombardye,  
That usen wilfulled and tirannye, 355  
For he that king or lord is naturel,  
Him oghte nat be tiraunt ne cruel,  
As is a fermour, to doon the harm he can.  
He moste thinke hit is his lige man,  
And that him oweth, of verray ductee, 360  
Shewen his peple pleyn benignitee,  
And wel to here hir excusaciouns,  
And hir compleyntes and peticiouns,  
In duewe tyme, when they shal hit profre.  
This is the sentence of the philosophe:  
A king to kepe his liges in justyce; 366  
With-uten doute, that is his offyce.  
And therto is a king ful depe y-sworn,  
Ful many an hundred winter heer-biforn;  
And for to kepe his lordes hir degree, 370  
As hit is right and skilful that they be  
Enhaunced and honoured, and most  
dere—  
For they ben half-goddess in this world  
here—  
This shal he doon, bothe to pore [and]  
riche,  
Al be that her estat be nat a-liche, 375  
And han of pore folk compassioun.  
For lo, the gentil kind of the lionn!  
For whan a flye offendeth him or byteth,  
He with his tayl away the flye smyteth  
Al esily; for, of his genterye, 380  
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye,  
As doth a curro or elles another beste.  
In noble corage oghte been areste,  
And weyen every thing by equitee,  
And ever han reward to his owen degree.

Him rekketh noght of what matere he  
take; 365  
Or him was boden maken thilke tweye  
Of som persone, and durste hit nat with-  
seye;  
Or him repenteth utterly of this.  
He ne hath nat doon so greuously amis  
To translaten that olde clerkes wryten, 370  
As thogh that he of malice wolde endyten  
Despyt of love, and had him-self hit  
wroght.  
This shulde a rightwys lord have in his  
thoght,  
And nat be lyk tiraunts of Lombardye,  
Than han no reward but at tirannye. 375  
For he that king or lord is naturel,  
Him oghte nat be tiraunt ne cruel,  
As is a fermour, to doon the harm he can.  
He moste thinke hit is his lige man,  
And is his tresour, and his gold in cofre.  
This is the sentence of the philosophe: 381  
A king to kepe his liges in justyce;  
With-uten doute, that is his offyce.  
Al wol he kepe his lordes hir degree,  
As hit is right and skilful that they be 385  
Enhaunced and honoured, and most  
dere—  
For they ben half-goddess in this world  
here—  
Yit mot he doon bothe right, to pore and  
riche,  
Al be that hir estat be nat y-liche,  
And han of pore folk compassioun. 390  
For lo, the gentil kynd of the leoun!  
For whan a flye offendeth him or byteth,  
He with his tayl away the flye smyteth  
Al esily; for, of his genterye, 394  
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye,  
As doth a curro or elles another beste.  
In noble corage oghte been areste,  
And weyen every thing by equitee,  
And ever han reward to his owen degree.

For, sir, hit is no maystrie for a lord 386  
To dampne a man with-oute answer or  
word ;

And, for a lord, that is ful foul to use.  
And if so be he may him nat excuse,  
(But) axeth mercy with a sorweful herte,  
And profreth him, right in his bare  
sherte, 391

To been right at your owne jugement,  
Than oghte a god, by short avysement,  
Considere his owne honour and his trespas.  
For sith no cause of deeth lyth in this  
cas, 395

Yow oghte been the lighter merciable ;  
Leteth your yre, and beth somewhat  
tretable !

The man hath served yow of his conning,  
And forthered your lawe with his making.  
Why! he was yong, he kepte your estat ;  
I not wher he be now a renegat. 401

But wel I wot, with that he can endyte,  
He hath makid lewed folk delyte  
To serve you, in preysing of your name.  
He made the book that hight the Hous of  
Fame, 405

And eek the Deeth of Blaunche the  
Duchesse,

And the Parlement of Foules, as I gesse,  
And al the love of Palamon and Arcyte  
Of Thebes, thogh the story is knowen lyte ;  
And many an ympne for your halydayes,  
That highten Balades, Roundels, Vire-  
layes ; 411

And for to speke of other besinesse,  
He hath in prose translated Boëce ;  
And of the Wretched Engendring of Man-  
kinde,

As man may in pope Innocent y-finde ; 415  
And mad the Lyf also of seynt Cecyle ;  
He made also, goon sithen a greet whyl,  
Origenes upon the Maudeleyne ;  
Him oghte now to have the lesse payne ;  
He hath mad many a lay and many a  
thing. 420

Now as ye been a god, and eek a king,  
I, your Alceste, whylom quene of Trace,  
I axe yow this man, right of your grace,  
That ye him never hurte in al his lyve ;  
And he shal sweren yow, and that as  
blyve, 425

He shal no more agilten in this wyse ;

For, sir, hit is no maystrie for a lord 400  
To dampne a man with-oute answer of  
word ;

And, for a lord, that is ful foul to use.  
And if so be he may him nat excuse,  
But asketh mercy with a dredful herte,  
And profreth him, right in his bare  
sherte, 405

To been right at your owne jugement,  
Than oghte a god, by short avysement,  
Considere his owne honour and his trespas.  
For sith no cause of deeth lyth in this  
cas, 410

Yow oghte been the lighter merciable ;  
Leteth your yre, and both somewhat tret-  
able !

The man hath served yow of his conning,  
And forthred wel your lawe in his making.

Al be hit that he can nat wel endyte,  
Yet hath he makid lewed folk delyte 415  
To serve you, in preysing of your name.  
He made the book that hight the Hous of  
Faine,

And eek the Deeth of Blaunche the  
Duchesse,

And the Parlement of Foules, as I gesse,  
And al the love of Palamon and Arcyte 420  
Of Thebes, thogh the story is knowen lyte ;  
And many an ympne for your halydayes,  
That highten Balades, Roundels, Vire-  
layes ;

And, for to speke of other holynesse,  
He hath in prose translated Boëce, 425

And mad the Lyf also of seynt Cecyle ;  
He made also, goon sithen a greet whyl,  
Origenes upon the Maudeleyne ;  
Him oghte now to have the lesse payne ;  
He hath mad many a lay and many  
a thing. 430

Now as ye been a god, and eek a king,  
I, your Alceste, whylom quene of Trace,  
I aske yow this man, right of your grace,  
That ye him never hurte in al his lyve ;  
And he shal sweren yow, and that as  
blyve, 435

He shal no more agilten in this wyse ;

But he shal maken, as ye wil devyso,  
Of women trewe in lovinge al hir lyve,  
Wher-so ye wil, of maiden or of wyve,  
And forthren yow, as muche as he mis-  
seyde 430

Or in the Rose or elles in Criseyde.'

The god of love answerde hir thus  
anoon,

'Madame,' quod he, 'hit is so long agoon  
That I yow knew so charitable and trewe,  
That never yit, sith that the world was  
newe, 435

To me ne fond I better noon than ye.

That, if that I wol save my degree,  
I may ne wol nat warne your requeste;  
Al lyth in yow, doth with him what yow  
leste, 439

And al foryeve, with-uten lenger space;  
For who-so yeveth a yift, or doth a grace,  
Do hit by tyme, his thank is wel the  
more,

And demeth ye what he shal do therfore.  
Go thanke now my lady heer,' quod he.

I roos, and doun I sette me on my  
knee, 445

And seyde thus: 'Madame, the god above  
Foryelde yow, that ye the god of love  
Han makid me his wrathe to foryive;  
And yeve me grace so long for to live,  
That I may knowe soothly what ye be, 450  
That han me holpen, and put in swich  
degree.

But trowely I wende, as in this cas,  
Naught have agilt, ne doon to love  
trespas.

Forwhy a trewe man, with-uten drede,  
Hath nat to parten with a theves dede;  
Ne a trewe lover oghte me nat blame, 456  
Thogh that I speke a fals lover som shame.  
They oghte rather with me for to holde,  
For that I of Creseyde wroot or tolde,  
Or of the Rose; what-so myn auctour  
mente, 460

Algate, god wot, hit was myn entente  
To forthren trouthe in love and hit  
cheryce;

And to be war fro falsnesse and fro vyce  
By swich ensample; this was my men-  
inge.'

And she answerde, 'lat be thyn argu-  
inge; 465

But he shal maken, as ye wil devyso,  
Of wommen trewe in lovinge al hir lyve,  
Wher-so ye wil, of maiden or of wyve,  
And forthren yow, as muche as he mis-  
seyde 440

Or in the Rose or elles in Creseyde.'

The god of love answerde hir thus  
anoon,

'Madame,' quod he, 'hit is so long agoon  
That I yow knew so charitable and trewe,  
That never yit, sith that the world was  
newe, 445

To me ne fond I better noon than ye.

If that I wolde save my degree,  
I may ne wol nat werne your requeste;  
Al lyth in yow, doth with him as yow  
leste.

I al foryeve, with-uten lenger space; 450  
For who-so yeveth a yift, or doth a grace,  
Do hit by tyme, his thank is wel the  
more;

And demeth ye what he shal do therfore.  
Go thanke now my lady heer,' quod he.

I roos, and doun I sette me on my  
knee, 455

And seyde thus: 'Madame, the god above  
Foryelde yow, that ye the god of love  
Han makid me his wrathe to foryive;  
And yeve me grace so long for to live,  
That I may knowe soothly what ye be, 460  
That han me holpe and put in this  
degree.

But trowely I wende, as in this cas,  
Naught have agilt, ne doon to love  
trespas.

Forwhy a trewe man, with-uten drede,  
Hath nat to parten with a theves dede;  
Ne a trewe lover oghte me nat blame, 466  
Thogh that I speke a fals lover som shame.  
They oghte rather with me for to holde,  
For that I of Creseyde wroot or tolde,  
Or of the Rose; what-so myn auctour  
mente, 470

Algate, god wot, hit was myn entente  
To forthren trouthe in love and hit  
cheryce;

And to be war fro falsnesse and fro vyce  
By swich ensample; this was my men-  
inge.'

And she answerde, 'lat be thyn argu-  
inge; 475

For Love ne wol nat countrepleted be  
In right ne wrong ; and lerne this at me !  
Thou hast thy grace, and hold thee right  
ther-to.

Now wol I seyn what penance thou shalt  
do

For thy trespass, and understand hit here :  
Thou shalt, whyl that thou livest, yeer by  
yere, 471

The moste party of thy lyve spende  
In making of a glorious Legende  
Of Gode Wemen, maidenes and wyves, 474  
That were trewe in lovinge al hir lyves ;  
And telle of false men that hem bitrayen,  
That al hir lyf ne doon nat but assayen  
How many women they may doon a  
shame ;

For in your world that is now holden  
game.

And thogh thee lesteth nat a lover be, 480  
Spek wel of love ; this penance yve  
I thee.

And to the god of love I shal so preye,  
That he shal charge his servants, by any  
weye,

To forthren thee, and wel thy labour  
quyte ;

Go now thy wey, thy penance is but lyte

The god of love gan smyle, and than he  
seyde, 486

' Wostow,' quod he, ' wher this be wyf or  
mayde,

Or quene, or countesse, or of what degree,  
That hath so litel penance yeven thee,  
That hast deserved sorer for to smerte ?  
But pitee renneth sone in gentil herte ;  
That mayst thou seen, she kytheth what  
she is.'

And I answerde, ' nay, sir, so have I blis,  
No more but that I see wel she is good.'

' That is a trewe tale, by myn hood,' 495  
Quod Love, ' and that thou knowest wel,  
pardee,

If hit be so that thou avyse thee.

Hastow nat in a book, lyth in thy cheste,  
The gret goodness of the quene Alceste,  
That turned was into a dayesye : 500  
She that for hir husbonde ches to dye,

For Love ne wol nat countrepleted be  
In right ne wrong ; and lerne that of me !  
Thou hast thy grace, and hold thee right  
ther-to.

Now wol I seyn what penance thou shalt  
do

For thy trespass, and understand hit here :  
Thou shalt, whyl that thou livest, yeer  
by yere, 481

The moste party of thy tyme spende  
In making of a glorious Legende  
Of Gode Wommen, maidenes and wyves,  
That weren trewe in lovinge al hir lyves :  
And telle of false men that hem bitrayen,  
That al hir lyf ne doon nat but assayen  
How many women they may doon a  
shame ;

For in your world that is now holde a  
game.

And thogh thee lyke nat a lover be, 490  
Spek wel of love ; this penance yive I  
thee.

And to the god of love I shal so preye,  
That he shal charge his servants, by any  
weye,

To forthren thee, and wel thy labour  
quyte,

Go now thy wey, this penance is but lyte.  
And whan this book is maad, yive hit the  
quene 496

On my behalfe, at Eltham, or at Shene.  
The god of love gan smyle, and than he  
seyde,

' Wostow,' quod he, ' wher this be wyf or  
mayde,

Or quene, or countesse, or of what degree,  
That hath so litel penance yiven thee, 501  
That hast deserved sorer for to smerte ?  
But pitee renneth sone in gentil herte ;  
That maystow seen, she kytheth what  
she is.'

And I answerde, ' nay, sir, so have I blis,  
No more but that I see wel she is good.'

' That is a trewe tale, by myn hood,'  
Quod Love, ' and that thou knowest wel,  
pardee,

If hit be so that thou avyse thee. 509

Hastow nat in a book, lyth in thy cheste,  
The grette goodness of the quene Alceste,  
That turned was into a dayesye :  
She that for hir husbonde ches to dye,

And eek to goon to helle, rather than he,  
And Ercules rescued hir, pardoe,  
And broghte hir out of helle agayn to  
blis? 504

And I answerde ageyn, and seyde, 'yis,  
Now knowe I hir! And is this good  
Alceste, 504

The dayesye, and myn owne hertes reste?  
Now fele I wel the goodnesse of this wyf,  
That bothe after hir deeth, and in hir lyf,  
Hir grete bountee doubleth hir renoun!  
Wel hath she quit me myn affeccioun  
That I have to hir flour, the dayesye!  
No wonder is thogh Jove hir stellifye,  
As telleth Agaton, for hir goodnesse!

Hir whyte coroun berth of hit wittnesse;  
For also many vertues hadde she, 516  
As smale floures in hir coroun be.

In remembraunce of hir and in honour,  
Cibella made the dayesye and the flour 519  
Y-coroned al with whyt, as men may see;  
And Mars yaf to hir coroun reed, pardoe,  
In stede of rubies, set among the whyte.'

Therewith this queene wex reed for shame  
a lyte, 523

Whan she was preysed so in hir presence,  
Than seyde Love, 'a ful gret negligence  
Was hit to thee, to writte unstedfastnesse  
Of women, sith thou knowest hir good-  
nesse

By preef, and eek by stories heer-biforn;  
Let be the chaf, and wryt wel of the corn.  
Why noldest thou han writen of Alceste,  
And leten Criseide been a-slepe and  
reste? 531

For of Alceste shulde thy wryting be,  
Sin that thou wost that kalender is she  
Of goodnesse, for she taughte of tyn  
lovinge,

And namely of wyfhood the livinge, 535  
And alle the boundes that she oghte kepe;  
Thy litel wit was thilke tyme a-slepe.  
But now I charge thee, upon thy lyf,  
That in thy Legend thou make of this  
wyf,

Whan thou hast othere smale maad be-  
fore; 540

And fare now wel, I charge thee no more.

And eek to goon to helle, rather than he,  
And Ercules rescowed hir, pardoe, 515  
And broghte hir out of helle agayn to  
blis?'

And I answerde ageyn, and seyde, 'yis,  
Now knowe I hir! And is this good  
Alceste, 518

The dayesye, and myn owne hertes reste?  
Now fele I wel the goodnesse of this wyf,  
That bothe after hir deeth, and in hir lyf,  
Hir grete bountee doubleth hir renoun!  
Wel hath she quit me myn affeccioun  
That I have to hir flour, the dayesye!  
No wonder is thogh Jove hir stellifye, 525  
As telleth Agaton, for hir goodnesse!

Hir whyte coroun berth of hit wittnesse;  
For also many vertues hadde she, 529  
As smale floures in hir coroun be.

In remembraunce of hir and in honour,  
Cibella made the dayesye and the flour  
Y-coroned al with whyt, as men may see;  
And Mars yaf to hir coroun reed, pardoe,  
In stede of rubies, set among the whyte.'

Therewith this queene wex reed for shame  
a lyte, 535

Whan she was preysed so in hir presence,  
Than seyde Love, 'a ful gret negligence  
Was hit to thee, that ilke tyme thou  
made 538

"Hyd, Absolon, thy tresses," in balade,  
That thou forgoth hir in thy song to sette,  
Sin that thou art so gretly in hir dette,

And wost so wel, that kalender is she  
To any woman that wol lover be  
For she taughte al the craft of fyn  
lovinge,

And namely of wyfhood the livinge, 545  
And alle the boundes that she oghte kepe;  
Thy litel wit was thilke tyme a-slepe.  
But now I charge thee, upon thy lyf,  
That in thy Legend thou make of this  
wyf,

Whan thou hast other smale y-maad be-  
fore; 550

And fare now wel, I charge thee no more.  
But er I go, thus muche I wol thee  
telle,

No shal no trewe lover come in helle.

At Cleopatre I wol that thou beginne;  
And so forth; and my love so shalt thou  
winne.' 543

And with that word of sleep I gan a-awake,  
And right thus on my Legend gan I make.

These other ladies sittinge here arowe  
Ben in thy balade, if thou canst hem  
knowe, 555  
And in thy bokes alle thou shalt hem  
finde;  
Have hem now in thy Legend alle in  
minde,  
I mene of hem that been in thy knowinge.  
For heer ben twenty thousand mo sittinge  
Than thou knowest, that been good  
wommen alle 560  
And trewe of love, for aught that may  
befalle;  
Make the metres of hem as the leste.  
I mot gon hoom, the sonne draweth weste,  
To Paradys, with al this companye;  
And serve alwey the freshe dayesye. 565  
At Cleopatre I wol that thou beginne;  
And so forth; and my love so shalt thou  
winne.  
For lat see now what man that lover be,  
Wol doon so strong a payne for love as  
she.  
I wot wel that thou mayst nat al hit  
ryme, 570  
That swiche lovers didnen in hir tyme.  
It were to long to reden and to here;  
Sufficeth me, thou make in this manere,  
That thou reherce of al hir lyf the grete,  
After these olde auctours listen to trete  
For who-so shal so many a storie telle, 575  
Sey shortly, or he shal to longe dwelle.  
And with that word my bokes gan I take.  
And right thus on my Legend gan I make.

*Explicit prohemium.*

## I. THE LEGEND OF CLEOPATRA.

*Incipit Legenda Cleopatrie, Martiris,  
Egipti regine.*

After the deeth of Tholomee the king, 580  
That al Egipte hadde in his governing,  
Regned his quene Cleopataras;  
Til on a tyme befel ther swiche a cas,  
That out of Rome was sent a senatour,  
For to conqueren regnes and honour 585  
Unto the toun of Rome, as was usaunce,  
To have the world unto her obeisaunce;

And, sooth to seye, Antonius was his  
name.  
So fil hit, as Fortune him oghte a  
shame 590  
Whan he was fallen in prosperitee,  
Rebel unto the toun of Rome is he.  
And over al this, the suster of Cesar,  
He lafte hir falsly, er that she was war,  
And wolde algates han another wyf;  
For whiche he took with Rome and Cesar  
stryf. 595

Natheles, for-sooth, this ilke senatour  
Was a ful worthy gentil werreyour,  
And of his deeth hit was ful greet damage.  
But love had brought this man in swiche  
a rage, (20)

And him so narwe bounden in his las,  
Al for the love of Cleopatras, 601  
That al the world he sette at no value.  
Him thoughte, nas to him no thing so  
due

As Cleopatras for to love and serve; 604  
Him roghte nat in armes for to sterve  
In the defence of hir, and of hir right.

This noble quene eek lovede so this  
knight,

Through his desert, and for his chivalrye;  
As certainly, but-if that hokes lye, (30)  
He was, of persone and of gentillesse, 610  
And of discrecioun and hardinesse,  
Worthy to any wight that liven may.  
And she was fair as is the rose in May.  
And, for to maken shortly is the beste,  
She wex his wyf, and hadde him as hir  
leste. 615

The wedding and the feste to devyse,  
To me, that have y-take swiche emprise  
Of so many a storie for to make, (39)  
Hit were to long, lest that I sholde slake  
Of thing that bereth more effect and  
charge; 620

For men may overlade a ship or barge;  
And forthy to th'effect than wol I skippe,  
And al the remenant, I wol lete hit  
slippe.

Octovian, that wood was of this dede,  
Shoop him an ost on Antony to lede 625  
Al-outerly for his destruccioun,  
With stoute Romans, cruel as leoun;  
To ship they wente, and thus I let hem  
saile.

Antonius was war, and wol nat faile (50)  
To meten with thise Romans, if he  
may; 630  
Took eek his reed, and bothe, upon  
a day,  
His wyf and he, and al his ost, forth  
wente

To shippe anon, no lenger they ne stente;  
And in the see hit happed hem to mete—  
Up goth the trompe—and for to shoute  
and shete, 635

And peynen hem to sette on with the  
sonne.

With grisly soun out goth the grete  
gonne,

And heterly they hurtlen al at ones,  
And fro the top down cometh the grete  
stones. (60)

In goth the grapnel so ful of crokes 640  
Among the ropes, and the shering-hokes.  
In with the polax presseth he and he;

Behind the mast beginneth he to flee,  
And out agayn, and dryveth him over-  
borde; 644

He stingeth him upon his speres orde;  
He rent the sail with hokes lyke a sythe:  
He bringeth the cuppe, and biddeth hem  
be blythe;

He poureth pesen upon the hacches slider;  
With pottes ful of lym they goon to-  
gider; (70)

And thus the longe day in fight they  
spende 650

Til, at the laste, as every thing hath ende,  
Antony is shent, and put him to the  
flighte,

And al his folk to-go, that best go mighte.  
Fleeth eek the queen, with al her  
purple sail,

For strokes, which that wente as thikke  
as hail; 655

No wonder was, she mighte hit nat endure.  
And whan that Antony saw that aven-  
ture,

'Allas!' quod he, 'the day that I was  
born!

My worshiþe in this day thus have I  
lorn!' (80)

And for dispeyr out of his witte he sterte,  
And roof him-self anon through-out the  
herte 661

Er that he farther wente out of the  
place.

His wyf, that coude of Cesar have no  
grace,

To Egipte is fled, for drede and for dis-  
tresse;

But herkneþ, ye that speke of kinde-  
ness. 665

Ye men, that falsly weren many an ooth  
That ye wol dye, if that your love be  
wrooth,



Heer may ye seen of women which a  
 trouthe!  
 This woful Cleopatre hath mad swich  
 routhe (90)  
 That ther nis tonge noon that may hit  
 telle. 670  
 But on the morwe she wol no lenger  
 dwelle,  
 But made hir subtil werkmen make a  
 shryne  
 Of alle the rubies and the stoncs fyne  
 In al Egipte that she coude espye;  
 And putte ful the shryne of spycerye, 675  
 And leet the cors embaume; and forth  
 she fette  
 This dede cors, and in the shryne hit  
 shette.  
 And next the shryne a pit than doth she  
 grave;  
 And alle the serpents that she mighte  
 have, (100)  
 She putte hem in that grave, and thus  
 she seyde: 680  
 'Now love, to whom my sorweful herte  
 obeyde  
 So ferforthly that, fro that blisful houre  
 That I yow swor to been al frely youre,  
 I mene yow, Antonius my knight! 684  
 That never waking, in the day or night.

Ye nere out of myn hertes remembrance  
 For wele or wo, for carole or for daunce;  
 And in my-self this covenant made I  
 tho, (109)  
 That, right swich as yo felten, wele or wo,  
 As ferforth as hit in my power lay, 690  
 Unreprovable unto my wythhood ay,  
 The same woldo I telen, lyf or deeth.  
 And thilke covenant, whyl me lasteth  
 breeth,  
 I wol fulfille, and that shal wel be sene;  
 Was never unto hir love a trewer quene.  
 And with that word, naked, with ful  
 good herte, 696  
 Among the serpents in the pit she sterte,  
 And ther she chees to han hir buryng.  
 Anoon the noddres gonne hir for to  
 stinge, (120)  
 And she hir deeth receyveth, with good  
 chere, 700  
 For love of Antony, that was hir so deie —  
 And this is storial sooth, hit is no fable.  
 Now, er I finde a man thus trewe and  
 stable,  
 And wol for love his deeth so freely  
 take,  
 I pray god lat our hedes never ake! 705  
*Explicit Legenda Cleopatrie. Martiris.*

## II. THE LEGEND OF THISBE OF BABYLON.

*Incipit Legenda Tesbe Babilonie, Martiris.*

At Babiloine whylom fil it thus,  
 The whiche toun the queen Semiramus  
 Leet dichen al about, and walles make  
 Ful hye, of harde tyles wel y-bake.  
 Ther weien dwellinge in this noble toun  
 Two lordes, which that were of greet  
 renoun, 711  
 And woneden so nigh, upon a grene,  
 That ther nas but a stoon-wal hem bi-  
 twene,  
 As ofte in grete tonnes is the wone.  
 And sooth to seyn, that o man hadde  
 a sone, 715  
 Of al that londe oon of the lustieste, (11)  
 That other hadde a doghter, the faireste,

That estward in the world was tho dwel-  
 linge.  
 The name of everich gan to other springe  
 By women, that were neighebores  
 aboute. 720  
 For in that contres yit, withouten doute,  
 Maidens been y-kept, for jelosye,  
 Ful streite, lest they diden som folye.  
 This yonge man was cleped Piramus,  
 And Tisbe hight the maid, Naso seith  
 thus; 725  
 And thus by report was hir name y-shove  
 That, as they waxe in age, wex hir  
 love; (22)  
 And certein, as by reson of hir age,  
 Ther mighte have been bitwix hem  
 mariage, 729

But that hir fadres nolde hit nat assente;  
And bothe in love y-lyke sore they brente,  
That noon of alle hir frendes mighte hit  
lette

But privly somtyme yit they mette  
By sleighte, and speken som of hir desyr;  
As, wry the gleed, and hotter is the fyr;  
Forbode a love, and it is ten so wood. 736

This wal, which that bitwix hem bothe  
stood, (32)

Was cloven a-two, right fro the toppo  
adoun,

Of olde tyme of his fundacioun;  
But yit this clifte was so narwe and  
lyte, 740

It nas nat sene, dere y-nogh a myte.

But what is that, that love can nat espye?

Ye lovers two, if that I shal nat lye,

Ye founden first this litel narwe clifte;

And, with a soun as softe as any shrifte,

They lete hir wordes through the clifte

paco, (41) 746

And tolden, whyl that they stode in the  
place,

Al hir compleynt of love, and al hir wo,

At every tyme when they dorste so.

Upon that o syde of the wal stood he,

And on that other syde stood Tisbe, 751

The swote soun of other to receyve,

And thus hir wardoins wolde they de-  
ceyve.

And every day this wal they wolde threte,

And wisshe to god, that it were doun

y-bete. (50) 755

Thus wolde they seyn—'allas! thou

wikked wal,

Through thyn envye thou us lettest al!

Why nilt thou cleve, or fallen al a-two?

Or, at the leste, but thou woldest so,

Yit woldestow but ones lete us mete, 760

Or ones that we mighte kissen swete,

Than were we covered of our cares colde.

But natheles, yit be we to thee holde

In as muche as thou suffrest for to goon

Our wordes through thy lyme and eek

thy stoon. (60) 765

Yit oghte we with thee ben wel apayd.'

And whan thise ydel wordes weren sayd,

The colde wal they wolden kisse of stoon,

And take hir leve, and forth they wolden

goon.

And this was gladly in the even-tyde 770  
Or wonder erly, lest men hit espyde;  
And longo tyme they wroghte in this  
manere

Til on a day, whan Phebus gan to clere,

Aurora with the streemes of hir hete

Had dried up the dew of herbes wete; 775

Unto this clifte, as it was wont to be, (71)

Com Pyramus, and after com Tisbe,

And plighen trouthe fully in hir fey

That ilke same night to stele away,

And to begyle hir wardoins everichoon, 780

And forth out of the citee for to goon;

And, for the felde been so brode and

wyde,

For to mete in o place at o tyde,

They sette mark hir meting sholde be

Ther king Ninus was graven, under a

tree; (80) 785

For olde payens that ydoles heried

Useden tho in felde to ben beried;

And faste by this grave was a welle.

And, shortly of this tale for to telle,

This covenant was affermed wonder

faste; 790

And longe hem thoughte that the sonne

laste,

That hit nere goon under the see adoun.

This Tisbe hath so greet affeccioun

And so greet lyking Pyramus to see,

That, whan she seigh her tyme mighte

be, (90) 795

At night she stal away ful privly

With her face y-wimpled subtilly;

For alle her frendes—for to save her

tronthe—

She hath for-sake; allas! and that is

routhe

That ever woman wolde be so trewe 800

To trusten man, but she the bet him

knewe!

And to the tree she goth a ful good pas,

For love made her so hardy in this cas;

And by the welle adoun she gan her

dresse. 804

Allas! than comth a wilde leonesse (100)

Out of the wode, withouten more areste,

With bloody mouthes, of strangling of a

beste,

To drinken of the welle, ther as she sat;

And, whan that Tisbe had espyed that,

She rist her up, with a ful drery herte, 810  
And in a cave with dredful foot she sterte,  
For by the mone she seigh hit wel with-  
alle. 812

And, as she ran, her wimpel leet she falle,  
And took noon heed, so soro she was  
a-whaped. (109)

And eek so glad of that she was escaped;  
And thus she sit, and darketh wonder  
stille. 816

Whan that this leonesse hath dronke her  
fille,

Aboute the wellle gan she for to winde,  
And right anoon the wimpol gan she  
finde,

And with her bloody mouth hit al to-  
rente. 820

Whan this was doon, no lenger she ne  
stente,

But to the wode her wey than hath she  
nome.

And, at the laste, this Piramus is come,  
But al to longe, alas! at hoom was he.

The mone schoon, men mighte wel y-see, 825  
And in his weye, as that he com ful  
faste, (121)

His eyen to the grounde adoun he caste,  
And in the sonde, as he beheld adoun,  
He seigh the steppes brode of a leoun,

And in his herte he sodeinly agroos, 830  
And pale he wex, therwith his heer  
aroos,

And neer he com, and fond the wimpel  
torn.

'Allas!' quod he, 'the day that I was  
born!

This o night wol us lovers bothe slee!  
How sholde I axen mercy of Tisbe 835

Whan I am he that have yow slain, alas!  
My bidding hath yow slain, as in this  
cas. (132)

Allas! to bidde a woman goon by nighte  
In place ther as peril fallen mighte,  
And I so slow! alas, I ne hadde be 840

Here in this place a furlong-wey or ye!  
Now what leoun that he in this foreste,

My body mote he t'renden, or what beste  
That wilde is, gnawen mote he now myn  
herte!'

And with that worde he to the wimpel  
sterte, (140) 845

And kiste hit ofte, and weep on hit ful  
sore,

And seide, 'wimpel, alas! ther nis no  
moro

But thou shalt fele as wel the blood  
of me

As thou hast felt the bleding of Tisbe!'

And with that worde he smoot him to the  
herte. 850

The blood out of the wounde as brode  
sterte

As water, whan the conduit broken is.

Now Tisbe, which that wiste nat of  
this,

But sitting in her drede, she thoghte thus,  
'If hit so falle that my Piramus 855

Be comen hider, and may me nat y-finde,  
He may me holden fals and eek unkinde.'

And out she comth, and after him gan  
espyen (153)

Bothe with her herte and with her y'en,  
And thoghte, 'I wol him tellen of my  
drede 860

Bothe of the leonesse and al my dede.'

And at the laste her love than hath she  
founde

Boting with his heles on the grounde,  
Al bloody, and therwith-al-a-bak she sterte,

And lyke the wawes quappe gan her  
herte, (160) 865

And pale as box she wex, and in a throwe  
Avysed her, and gan him wel to knowe,

That hit was Piramus, her herte dere.  
Who coude wryte whiche a deedly chere

Hath Tisbe now, and how her heer she  
rente, 870

And how she gan her-selve to turmente,

And how she lyth and swowneth on the  
grounde,

And how she weep of teres ful his wounde,  
How medeleth she his blood with her  
compleynt,

And with his blood her-selven gan she  
paynte; (170) 875

How clippeth she the dede cors, alas!

How doth this woful Tisbe in this cas!

How kisseth she his frosty mouth so cold!

'Who hath doon this, and who hath  
been so bold 879

To sleen my leef? O spek, my Piramus!  
I am thy Tisbe, that thee calleth thus!'

And therwith-al she lifteth up his heed.  
 This woful man, that was nat fully  
 deed,  
 Whan that he herde the name of Tisbe  
 cryen,  
 On her he caste his hevy deedly yēn 885  
 And donn again, and yeldeth up the  
 gost. (181)  
 Tisbe rist up, withouten noise or host,  
 And seigh her wimpel and his empty  
 shethe,  
 And eek his swerd, that him hath doon  
 to dethe;  
 Than spak she thus. 'My woful hand,'  
 quod she, 890  
 'Is strong y-nogh in swiche a werk to  
 me;  
 For love shal yive me strengthe and  
 hardinesse  
 To make my wounde large y-nogh, I gesse.  
 I wol thee folwen deed, and I wol be  
 Felawe and cause eek of thy deeth,' quod  
 she. (190) 895  
 'And thogh that nothing save the deeth  
 only  
 Mighte thee fro me departe trewely,  
 Thou shalt no more departe now fro  
 me  
 Than fro the deeth, for I wol go with  
 thee!

'And now, ye wrecched jelous fadres  
 oure, 900  
 We, that weren whylom children youre,  
 We prayen yow, withouten more envye,  
 That in o grave y-fere we moten lye,  
 Sin love hath brought us to this pitous  
 ende! (199)  
 And rightwis god to every lover sende, 905  
 That loveth trewely, more prosperitee  
 Than ever hadde Piramus and Tisbe!  
 And lat no gentil woman her assure  
 To putten her in swiche an aventure.  
 But god forbede but a woman can 910  
 Been as trewe and loving as a man!  
 And, for my part, I shal anon it kythe!'  
 And, with that worde, his swerd she took  
 as swythe,  
 That warm was of her loves blood and  
 hoot, (209)  
 And to the herte she her-selven smoot. 915  
 And thus ar Tisbe and Piramus ago.  
 Of trewe men I finde but fewe mo  
 In alle my bokes, save this Piramus,  
 And therfor have I spoken of him thus.  
 For hit is deyntee to us men to finde 920  
 A man that can in love be trewe and  
 kinde.  
 Heer may ye seen, what lover so he be,  
 A woman dar and can as wel as he.  
*Explicit legenda Tesbe.*

### III. THE LEGEND OF DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

*Incipit Legenda Didonis Martiris,  
 Cartaginis regine.*

GLORY and honour, Virgil Mantuan,  
 Be to thy name! and I shal, as I can, 925  
 Folow thy lantern, as thou gost biforn,  
 How Eneas to Dido was forsworn.  
 In thyn Eneld and Naso wol I take  
 The tenour, and the grete effectes  
 make.  
 Whan Troye broght was to destruc-  
 cioun 930  
 By Grekes sleighte, and namely by  
 Sinoun,  
 Feyning the hors y-offred to Minerve,  
 Through which that many a Trojan  
 moste starve; (10)

And Ector had, after his deeth, appered.  
 And fyr so wood, it mighte nat be  
 stered, 935  
 In al the noble tour of Ilioun,  
 That of the citee was the cheef dungeoun;  
 And al the contres was so lowe y-broght,  
 And Priamus the king fordoon and  
 noght;  
 And Eneas was charged by Venus 940  
 To fleen away, he took Ascanius,  
 That was his sone, in his right hand, and  
 fledde;  
 And on his bakke he bar and with him  
 ledde (20)  
 His olde fader, cleped Anchises,  
 And by the weye his wyf Creusa he  
 lees. 945

And mochel sorwe hadde he in his minde  
Er that he coude his felawshippe finde.

But, at the laste, whan he had hem  
founde, 948

He made him redy in a certein stounde,  
And to the see ful faste he gan him hye,  
And saileth forth with al his companye  
Toward Itaille, as wolde destinee.

But of his aventures in the see (30)

Nis nat to purpos for to speke of here,  
For hit acordeth nat to my mater. 955

But, as I seide, of him and of Dido  
Shal be my tale, til that I have do.

So longe he sailed in the salte see  
Til in Libye unnethe aryved he,

With shippes seven and with no more  
navye; 950

And glad was he to londe for to hye,  
So was he with the tempest al to-shake.

And whan that he the haven had y-  
take, (40)

He had a knight, was called Archates; 964  
And him of al his felawshippe he chees

To goon with him, the contro for tespye;  
He took with him no more companye.

But forth they goon, and laste his shippes  
ryde,

His fere and he, with-uten any gyde. 969  
So longe he walketh in this wildernesse

Til, at the laste, he mette an hunteresse.  
A bowe in honde and arwes hadde she,

Her clothes cutted were unto the knee; (50)  
But she was yit the fairest creature

That ever was y-formed by nature; 975  
And Eneas and Achates she grette,

And thus she to hem spak, whan sho hem  
mette.

'Sawe ye,' quod she, 'as ye han walked  
wyde,

Any of my sustren walke yow besyde,  
With any wilde boor or other beste 980

That they han hunted to, in this foreste,  
Y-tukked up, with arwes in her cas?' (59)

'Nay, soothly, lady,' quod this Eneas;  
'But, by thy beaute, as hit thinketh me,

Thou mightest never erthely womman be,  
But Phebus suster artow, as I gesse. 986

And, if so be that thou be a goddesse,  
Have mercy on our labour and our wo.'

'I nam no goddes, soothly,' quod she  
tho;

'For maidens walken in this contree here,  
With arwes and with bowe, in this  
manere. 991

This is the regne of Libie, ther ye been,  
Of which that Dido lady is and queen'—

And shortly tolde him al the occasioun (71)  
Why Dido com into that regioun, 995

Of which as now me lusteth nat to ryme;  
Hit nedeth nat; lit nere but los of tyme.

For this is al and som, it was Venus,  
His owne moder, that spak with him thus;

And to Cartage she bad he sholde him  
dighte, 1000

And vanished anon out of his sighte.  
I coude folwe, word for word, Virgyle,

But it wolde lasten al to longe a whyle. (80)  
This noble queen, that cleped was Dido,

That whylom was the wyf of Sicheo, 1005  
That fairer was then is the brighte sounne,

This noble toun of Cartage hath begonne;  
In which she regneth in so greet honour,

That she was holde of alle quenes flour,  
Of gentilesse, of freedom, of beaute; 1010

That wel was him that mighte her ones  
see;

Of kinges and of lordes so desyred. (89)  
That al the world her beaute hadde y-  
fyrred;

She stood so wel in every wightes grace.  
Whan Eneas was come un-to that  
place, 1015

Unto the maister-temple of al the toun  
Thor Dido was in her devocioun,

Ful prively his wey than hath he nome.  
Whan he was in the large temple come,

I can nat seyn if that hit be possible, 1020  
But Venus hadde him make invisible—

Thus seith the book, with-uten any lees.  
And whan this Eneas and Achates (100)

Hadden in this temple been over-al,  
Than founde they, depeynted on a wal,

How Troye and al the lond destroyed was.  
'Allas! that I was born,' quod Eneas, 1027

'Through-out the world our shame is kid  
so wyde,

Now it is peynted upon every syde!  
We, that weren in prosperitee, 1030

Be now disslaundred, and in swich degree,  
No longer for to liven I ne kepe!'

And, with that word, he brast out for to  
wepe

So tendrely, that routhe hit was to  
sene.

This frosshe lady, of the citee quene, 1035  
Stood in the temple, in her estat royal,  
So richely, and eek so fair with-al,  
So yong, so lusty, with her eyen glade,  
That, if that god, that heven and erthe  
made,

Wolde han a love, for beaute and good-  
nesse, 1040

And womanhod, and trouthe, and seenili-  
nesse,

Whom sholde he loven but this lady  
swete?

There nis no womman to him half so  
mete. (120)

Fortune, that hath the world in govern-  
aunce,

Hath sodeinly broght in so newe a  
chaunce, 1045

That never was ther yit so fremd a cas.

For al the companye of Eneas,  
Which that he wende han loren in the  
see,

Aryved is, nat for fro that citee :

For which, the grettest of his lordessome  
By aventure hen to the citee come, 1051

Unto that same temple, for to seke

The quene, and of her socour her beseke ;

Swich reounn was ther spronge of her  
goodnesse. (131)

And, whan they haddon told al hir dis-  
tresse, 1055

And al hir tempest and hir harde cas,

Unto the quene appered Eneas,

And openly beknew that hit was he.

Who hadde joye than but his meynec,

That haddon founde hir lord, hir gover-  
nour? 1060

The quene saw they dide him swich  
honour,

And had herd ofte of Eneas, er tho,

And in her herte she hadde routhe and  
wo (140)

That over swich a noble man as he

Shal been disherited in swich degree; 1065

And saw the man, that he was lyk a  
knight,

And suffisaunt of persone and of might,

And lyk to been a veray gentil man ;

And wel his wordes he besette can,

And had a noble visage for the nones, 1070  
And formed wel of braunes and of bones.

For, after Venus, hadde he swich fair-  
nesse,

That no man might be half so fair, I  
gesse. (150)

And wel a lord he semed for to be.

And, for he was a straunger, somewhat  
she 1075

Lyked him the bet, as, god do bote,

To som folk ofte newe thing is swote.

Anoon her herte hath pitee of his wo,

And, with that pitee, love com in also ;

And thus, for pitee and for gentillesse, 1080

Refreshed moste he been of his distresse.

She seide, certes, that she sory was

That he hath had swich peril and swich  
cas ; (160)

And, in her frendly speche, in this manere

She to him spak, and seide as ye may  
here. 1085

' Be ye nat Venus sone and Anchises ?

In good feith, al the worship and onrees

That I may goodly doon yow, ye shul  
have.

Your shippes and your meynec shal I  
save ;

And many a gentil word she spak him to ;

And comaunded her messageres go 1091

The same day, with-onten any faile,

His shippes for to seke, and hem vitaille.

She many a beste to the shippes sente, (171)

And with the wyn she gan hem to pre-  
sente ; 1095

And to her royal paleys she her spedde,

And Eneas alwey with her she ledde.

What nedeth yow the feste to descryve ?

He never beter at ese was his lyve.

Ful was the feste of deyntees and rich-  
esse, 1100

Of instruments, of song, and of gladnesse,

And many an amorous loking and devys.

This Eneas is come to Paradys (180)

Out of the swolow of helle, and thus in  
joye 1104

Remembroth him of his estat in Troye.

To dauncing-chambres ful of parements,

Of riche beddes, and of ornaments,

This Eneas is lad, after the mete.

And with the quene whan that he had  
sate,

And spyces parted, and the wyn agoon,  
Unto his chambres was he lad anon 1111  
To take his ese and for to have his reste,  
With al his folk, to doon what so hem  
leste. (190)

Ther nas coursere wel y-bryddled noon,  
Ne stede, for the justing wel to goon, 1115  
Ne large palfrey, esy for the nones,  
Ne juwel, fretted ful of riche stones,  
Ne sakkes ful of gold, of large wighte,  
Ne ruby noon, that shynede by nighte,  
Ne gentil hautein faucon heronere, 1120  
Ne hound, for hert or wilde boor or  
dere,

Ne coupe of gold, with florins newe y-bete,  
That in the lond of Libie may be gete,  
That Dido ne hath hit Eneas y-sent; (201)  
And al is payed, what that he hath spent.  
Thus can this noble quene her gestes  
callo, 1126

As she that can in freedom passen alle.

Eneas sothly eek, with-ouen lees,  
Hath sent un-to his shippe, by Achates,  
After his sone, and after riche thinges,  
Both ceptre, clothes, broches, and eek  
ringes, 1131

Som for to were, and som for to presente  
To her, that all thise noble thinges him  
sente; (210)

And bad his sone, how that he sholde  
make

The presenting, and to the quene hit  
take. 1135

Repaired is this Achates again,  
And Eneas ful blisful is and fain  
To seen his yonge sone Ascanius.  
But natheles, our antour telleth us,  
That Cupido, that is the god of love, 1140  
At preyere of his moder, hye above,  
Hadde the lyknes of the child y-take,  
This noble quene enamoured to make (220)  
On Eneas; but, as of that scripture,  
Be as be may, I make of hit no cure. 1145  
But sooth is this, the quene hath mad  
swich chere

Un-to this child, that wonder is to here;  
And of the present that his fader sente  
She thanked him ful ofte, in good entente.

Thus is this quene in plessaunce and in  
joye, 1150  
With al this newe lusty folk of Troye.

And of the dedes hath she more en-  
quered

Of Eneas, and al the story lered (230)  
Of Troye; and al the longe day they  
tweye

Entendeden to speken and to pleye; 1155  
Of which ther gan to bredden swich a fyr,  
That sely Dido hath now swich desyr  
With Eneas, her newe gest, to dele,  
That she hath lost her hewe, and eek her  
hole.

Now to th'effect, now to the fruit of al, 1160  
Why I have told this story, and tellen  
shal.

Thus I beginne; hit fil, upon a night,  
When that the mone up-reysed had her  
light, (240)

This noble quene un-to her reste wente;  
She syketh sore, and gan her-self tur-  
mente. 1165

She waketh, walweth, maketh many a  
brayd,

As doon this loveres, as I have herd sayd.  
And at the laste, unto her suster Anne  
She made her moon, and right thus spak  
she thanne.

'Now, dere suster myn, what may hit  
be 1170

That me agasteth in my dreame?' quod  
she.

'This ilke Troyan is so in my thought,  
For that me thinketh he is so wel  
y-wroght, (250)

And eek so lykly for to be a man,  
And therwithal so mikel good he can, 1175  
That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.  
Have ye not herd him telle his aventure?  
Now certes, Anne, if that ye rede hit me,  
I wolde fain to him y-wedded be; 1179  
This is th'effect; what sholde I more seye?  
In him lyth al, to do me live or deye.'

Her suster Anne, as she that coude her  
good,  
Seide as her thoughte, and somdel hit  
with-stood. (260)

But her-of was so long a sermoning,  
Hit were to long to make rehersing; 1185  
But fynally, hit may not been with-  
stonde;

Love wol love—for no wight wol hit  
wonde.

The dawening up-rist out of the see ;  
This amorous quene chargeth her meynee  
The nettes dresse, and speres brole and  
kene ; 1190

An hunting wol this lusty fresshe quene ;  
So priketh her this newe joly wo.

To hors is al her lusty folk y-go ; (270)

Un-to the court the houndes been y-brought,  
And up-on coursers, swift as any thought,  
Her yonge knightes hoven al aboute, 1196  
And of her women eek an huge route.

Up-on a thikke palfrey, paper-whyt,  
With sadel rede, enbrouded with delyt,  
Of gold the barres up-embossed hye, 1200  
Sit Dido, al in gold and perre wyre ;  
And she is fair, as is the brighte morwe,  
That helethseke folk of nightes sorwe. (280)

Up-on a courser, startling as the fyr,  
Men mighte turne him with a litel wyr,  
Sit Eneas, lyk Phebus to devyso ; 1206  
So was he fresshe arayed in his wyse.  
The fomy brydel with the hit of gold  
Governeth he, right as him-self hath  
wold.

And forth this noble quene thus lat I  
ryle 1210

An hunting, with this Troyan by hersyde,  
The herd of hertes founden is anon,

With 'hey ! go bet ! prik thou ! lat goon,  
lat goon ! (290)

Why nil the leoun comen or the bere,  
That I mighte ones mete him with this  
spere ?' 1215

Thus seyn thise yonge folk, and up they  
kille

These ȝ hertes wilde, and han hem at hir  
wille.

Among al this to-romblen gan the  
heven,

The thunder rored with a grisly steven ;  
Down com the rain, with hail and sleet  
so faste, 1220

With hevenes fyr, that hit so sore agaste  
This noble quene, and also her meynee,  
That ech of hem was glad a-way to flee. (300)

And shortly, fro the tempest her to save,  
She fledde her-self into a litel cave, 1225

And with her wente this Eneas al-so ;  
I noot, with hem if ther wente any mo ;

The autour maketh of hit no mencoun.  
And heer began the depe affeccioun

Betwix hem two ; this was the firste  
morwe 1230

Of her gladnesse, and ginning of her  
sorwe.

For ther hath Eneas y-kneled so, (309)  
And told her al his herte, and al his wo,

And sworn so depe, to her to be trewe,  
For wele or wo, and chaunge for no  
newe, 1235

And as a fals lover so wel can pleyne,  
That sely Dido rewed on his peyne,

And took him for husband, ȝ to been his  
wyf

For ever-mo, whyl that hem laste lyf.

And after this, whan that the tempest  
stente, 1240

With mirth out as they comen, hoom  
they wente.

The wikked fame up roos, and that  
anon, (319)

How Eneas hath with the quene y-gon  
In-to the cave ; and demed as hem liste ;  
And whan the king, that Yarbass hight,  
hit wiste, 1245

As he that had her loved ever his lyf,  
And wowed her, to have her to his wyf,  
Swich sorwe as he hath maked, and swich  
chere,

Hit is a routhe and pitee for to here.

But, as in love, al-day hit happeth so, 1250

That oon shal laughen at anothers wo ;

Now laugheth Eneas, and is in joye

And more richesse than ever he was in  
Troye. (330)

O sely womman, ful of innocence, 1254

Ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,

What maketh yow to men to trusten so ?

Have ye swich routhe upon hir feined wo,

And han swich olde ensamples yow  
beforn ?

See ye nat alle, how they been for-sworn ?

Wher see ye oon, that he ne hath laft his  
leef, 1260

Or been unkinde, or doon hir som mis-  
cheef,

Or pilled her, or bosted of his dede ? (339)

Ye may as wel hit seen, as ye may rede ;

Tak heed now of this grete gentil-man,

This Troyan, that so wel her plesen can,

That feineth him so trewe and obeysing,

So gentil and so privy of his doing, 1267



And can so wel doon alle his obeisaunces,  
And waiten her at festes and at daunces,  
And when she goth to temple and hoorn  
ageyn, 1270

And fasten til he hath his lady seyn,  
And bere in his devyses, for her suke,  
Noot I nat what; and songes wolde he  
make, (350)

Justen, and doon of aimes many thinges,  
Sende her lettres, tokens, broches, ringes—  
Now herkneeth, how he shal his lady  
serve! 1276

Ther-as he was in peril for to steruo  
For hunger, and for mischeef in the  
see,

And desolat, and fled from his contree,  
And al his folk with tempest al to-driven,  
She hath her body and eek her reame  
yiven 1281

In-to his hond, ther-as she mighte have  
been

Of other lond than of Cartage a queen,  
And lived in joye y-nogh; what wolde ye  
more? (361)

This Eneas, that hath so depe y-swore,  
Is wery of his craft with-in a throwe; 1286  
The hote earnest is al over-blowe.

And prively he doth his shippes dighte,  
And shapoth him to stele a-wey by nighte.

This Dido hath suspicioun of this, 1290  
And thoughte wel, that hit was al a-mis;  
For in his bedde he lyth a-night and  
syketh;

She asketh him anon, what him mis-  
lyketh— (370)

'My dere herte, which that I love most?'  
'Certes,' quod he, 'this night my fadres  
gost 1295

Hath in my aleep so sore me tormented,  
And eek Mercurie his message hath pre-  
sented,

That nedes to the conquest of Itaille  
My destinee is sone for to saile;  
For which, me thinketh, brosten is myn  
herte!' 1300

Ther-with his false teres out they sterte;  
And taketh her with-in his armes two.

'Is that in earnest,' quod she; 'wil ye  
so? (380)

Have ye nat sworn to wyve me to take,  
Alas! what womman wil ye of me make?

I am a gentil-woman and a queen, 1306  
Ye wil nat fro your wyf thus foule fleeen?  
That I was born! alas! what shal I do?'

To telle in short, this noble queen Dido,  
She seketh halwes, and doth sacrificyse;  
She kneleth, cryeth, that rounthe is to  
devyse; 1311

Conjureth him, and profreth him to be  
His thral, his servant in the leste gree,  
She falleth him to fote, and swowneth  
thero (391)

Discherevele, with her brighte gilte here,  
And seith, 'have mercy! let me with  
yow ryde! 1316

This lordes, which that women me beyde  
Wil me destroyen only for your sake.  
And, so ye wil me now to wyve take,  
As ye han sworn, than wol I yive yow  
leve 1320

To sleen me with your swerd now sone at  
eve!

For than yit shal I dyen as your wyf.  
I am with child, and yive my child his  
lyf. (400)

Mercy, lord! have pite in your thought!  
But al this thing avauleth her right noght;  
For on a night, slepinge, he let her lye,  
And stal a-wey un-to his companye, 1327

And, as a traitour, forth he gan to saile  
Toward the large contree of Itaille.  
Thus hath he laft Dido in wo and pyne;  
And wedded ther a lady hight Lavyne.

A cloth he latte, and eek his swerd  
ston-ding, (400) 1332

Whan he fro Dido stal in her slepinge,  
Right at her beddes heed, so gan he hye  
Whan that he stal a-wey to his navye:

Which cloth, whan sely Dido gan awake,  
She hath hit kist ful ofte for his sake;  
And seide, 'O cloth, whyl Jupiter hit  
leste,

Tak now my soule, unbind me of this  
unreste! 1330

I have fulfild of fortune al the cours.'

And thus, alas! with-outen his secours,  
Twentytyme y-swowned hath she thanne.  
And, whan that she un-to her suster  
Anne (420)

Compleyned had, of which I may nat  
wryte— 1344

So greet a rounthe I have hit for t'endyte—

And bad her norice and her suster goon  
To fecchen fyr and other thing anoon,  
And seide, that she wolde sacrificye.  
And, when she mighte her tyme wel  
espye,  
Up-on the fyr of sacrificys she sterte, 1350  
And with his sward she roof her to the  
herte.  
But, as myn antour seith, right thus  
she seyde; (429)  
Or she was hurt, before that she deyde,  
She wroot a lettre anoon, that thus be-  
gan. —  
'Right so,' quod she, 'as that the whyte  
swan 1355  
Ayeins his deeth beginneth for to singe,  
Right so to yow make I my compleynge.

Nat that I trowe to geten yow again.  
For wel I woot that it is al in vain,  
Sin that the goddes been contraire to me,  
But sin my name is lost through yow,'  
quod she, 1361  
'I may wel lese a word on yow, or letter,  
Al-be-it that I shal be never the better;  
For thilke wind that blew your ship  
a-wey, (441)  
The same wind hath blowe a-wey your  
fey.'— 1365  
But who wol al this letter have in  
minde,  
Rede Ovide, and in him he shal hit finde.

*Explicit Legenda Didonis Martiris,  
Cartaginis regine.*

#### IV. THE LEGEND OF HYPISYPYLE AND MEDEA.

*Incepit Legenda Ysiphule et Medee,  
Martirum.*

##### PART I. THE LEGEND OF HYPISYPYLE.

Thou rote of false lovers, duk Jasoun!  
Thou sly devourer and confusioun  
Of gentil-wommen, tender creatures, 1370  
Thou madest thy reclaiming and thy  
lures  
To ladies of thy statly apparaunce,  
And of thy wordes, forced with plesaunce,  
And of thy feyned trouthe and thy  
manere,  
With thyn obeisaunce and thy humble  
chere, (8) 1375  
And with thy counterfeted payne and wo.  
Ther other falsen oon, thou falsest two!  
O! ofte swore thou that thou woldest dye  
For love, whan thou ne feltest maladye  
Save foul delyt, which that thou callest  
love! 1380  
If that I live, thy name shal be shove  
In English, that thy sleighte shal be  
knowe!  
Have at thee, Jasoun! now thyn horn is  
blowe!  
But certes, hit is bothe routhe and wo  
That love with false lovers werketh so;

For they shul have wel better love and  
chere 1386  
Than he that hath aboght his love ful  
dere, (20)  
Or had in armes many a bloody box.  
For ever as t-andre a capoun et the fox,  
Thogh he be fals and hath the foul be-  
trayed, 1390  
As shal the good-man that ther-for hath  
payed;  
Al have he to the capoun skille and  
right,  
The false fox wol have his part at night.  
On Jasoun this ensample is wel y-sene  
By Isiphile and Medea the quene. 1395  
In Tessalye, as Guido telleth us,  
Ther was a king that highte Pelleus, (30)  
That had a brother, which that highte  
Eson,  
And, whan for ago he mighte unnethes  
gon,  
He yaf to Pelleus the governing 1400  
Of al his regne, and made him lord and  
king.  
Of which Eson this Jasoun geten was,  
That, in his tyme, in al that lond, ther nas  
Nat swich a famous knight of gentilesse,  
Of freedom, and of strengthe and lusti-  
nesse. 1405

After his fader deeth, he bar him so (39)  
 That ther nas noon that liste been his fo,  
 But dide him al honour and companye;  
 Of which this Pelleus hath greet envye,  
 Imagining that Jasoun mighte be 1410  
 Enhansed so, and put in swich degree  
 With love of lordes of his regioun,  
 That from his regne he may be put adoun.  
 And in his wit, a-night, compassed he  
 How Jasoun mighte best destroyed be 1415  
 Withoute slaunder of his compasment.  
 And at the laste he took avisement (50)  
 To senden him in-to som fer contree  
 Ther as this Jasoun may destroyed be.  
 This was his wit; al made he to Jasoun  
 Gret chere of love and of affeccioun, 1421  
 For drede lest his lordes hit espyde.  
 So flit hit so, as fame rennoeth wyde,  
 Ther was swich tyding over-al and swich  
 los,  
 That in an yle that called was Colcos, 1425  
 Beyondre Troye, estward in the see,  
 That ther-in was a ram, that men mighte  
 see, (60)  
 That had a flees of gold, that shoon so  
 brighte,  
 That no-where was ther swich an-other  
 sighte; 1429  
 But hit was kept alway with a dragoun,  
 And many othere mervells, up and doun,  
 And with two boles, maked al of bras,  
 That spitten fyr, and moche thing ther  
 was.  
 But this was eek the tale, nathelees,  
 That who-so wolde winne thilke flees, 1435  
 He moste bothe, or he hit winne mighte,  
 With the boles and the dragoun fighte;  
 And king Ottes lord was of that yle. (71)  
 This Pelleus bethoghte upon this wyle;  
 That he his newew Jasoun wolde enhorte  
 To sailen to that lond, him to disporte,  
 And seide, 'Newew, if hit mighte be  
 That swich a worship mighte fallen thee,  
 That thou this famous tresor mightest  
 winne, 1444  
 And bringen hit my regioun with-inne,  
 Hit were to me gret plesaunce and honour;  
 Than were I holde to quyte thy labour. (80)  
 And al the cost I wol my-selven make;  
 And chees what folk that thou wilt with  
 thee take; 1449

Lat see now, darstow taken this viage?'  
 Jasoun was yong, and lusty of corage,  
 And under-took to doon this ilke em-  
 pryse.  
 Anoon Argus his shippes gan devyse;  
 With Jasoun wente the stronge Ercules,  
 And many an-other that he with him  
 chees. 1455  
 But who-so axeth who is with him gon,  
 Lat him go reden Argonauticon, (90)  
 For he wol telle a tale long y-now.  
 Philotetes anoon the sail up-drow,  
 Whan that the wind was good, and gan  
 him hye 1460  
 Out of his contree called Tessalye.  
 So long he sailed in the salte see  
 Til in the yle þat Lemnnon aryved he—  
 Al be this nat rehersed of Guido,  
 Yet seith Ovyde in his Epistles so— 1465  
 And of this yle lady was and quene  
 The faire yonge Isiphilee, the shene, (100)  
 That whylom Thoas doghter was, the  
 king.  
 Isiphilee was goon in her playing; 1469  
 And, roming on the clyves by the see,  
 Under a banke anoon espyed she  
 Wher that the ship of Jasoun gan aryve.  
 Of her goodnesse adoun she sendeth blyve  
 To witen yif that any straunge wight 1474  
 With tempest thider were y-blowe a-night,  
 To doon him socour; as was her usauunce  
 To forthren every wight, and doon plo-  
 saunce (110)  
 Of veray bountee and of curtesye.  
 This messagere adoun him gan to hye,  
 And fond Jasoun, and Ercules also, 1480  
 That in a cogge to londe were y-go  
 Hem to refreshen and to take the eyr.  
 The morwening atempre was and fair;  
 And in his wey the messagere hem mette.  
 Ful cunningly thise lordes two he grette,  
 And dide his message, axing hem anoon  
 Yif they were broken, or oght wo begoon,  
 Or hadde nede of lodesmen or vitaille; (121)  
 For of socour they shulde no-thing faille,  
 For hit was utterly the quenes wille. 1490  
 Jasoun answerde, mekely and stille,  
 'My lady, quod he, 'thanke I hertely  
 Of hir goodnesse; us nedeth, trowely,  
 No-thing as now, but that we very be,  
 And come for to playe, out of the see, 1495

Til that the wind be better in our weye.

This lady rometh by the clif to pleye, (130)  
With her meynne, endelong the stronde,  
And fynt this Jasoun and this other  
sonde, 1499

In spekinge of this thing, as I yow tolde.  
This Ercules and Jasoun gan beholde  
How that the quene hit was, and faire  
her grette

Anon-right as they with this lady mette;  
And she took heed, and knew, by hir  
manere,

By hir aray, by wordes and by chere, 1505  
That hit were gentil-men, of greet degree.  
And to the castel with her ledeth she  
Thise straunge folk, and doth hem greet  
honour, (141)

And axeth hem of travail and labour  
That they han suffred in the salte see; 1510  
So that, within a day, or two, or three,  
She knew, by folk that in his shippes be,  
That hit was Jasoun, ful of renomee,  
And Ercules, that had the grete los, 1514  
That soughten the adventures of Colcos;  
And dide hem honour more then before,  
And with hem deled ever longer the  
more, (150)

For they ben worthy folk, with-uten lees.  
And namely, most she spak with Ercules;  
To him her herte bar, he shoulde be 1520  
Sad, wys, and trewe, of wordes avisee,  
With-uten any other affeccioun  
Of love, or evil imaginacioun.

This Ercules hath so this Jasoun preyed,  
That to the sonne he hath him up  
areysed, 1525  
That half so trowe a man ther nas of love  
Under the cope of heven that is above;  
And he was wys, hardy, secree, and  
riche.— (161)

Of thise three pointes ther nas noon him  
liche;

Of freedom passed he, and lustilhed, 1530  
Alle tho that liven or ben dede;

Ther-to so greet a gentil-man was he,  
And of Tessalie lykly king to be.  
Ther nas no lak, but that he was agast  
To love, and for to speke shamefast. 1535  
He hadde lever him-self to mordre, and  
dye (169)

Than that men shulde a lover him espye:—

'As wolde almighty god that I had yive  
My blood and flesh, so that I mighte live,  
With the mones that he hadde o-wher  
a wyf 1540

For his estat; for swich a lusty lyf  
She sholde lede with this lusty knight!'

And al this was compassed on the  
night

Betwixe him Jasoun and this Ercules.  
Of thise two heer was mad a shrewed lees  
To come to hous upon an innocent; 1546  
For to be-dote this quene was hir assent  
And Jasoun is as coy as is a maide, (181)  
He loketh pitously, but noght he saide,  
But frely yaf he to her conseileres 1550  
Yiftes grete, and to her officeres.

As wolde god I leiser hadde, and tyme,  
By proces al his wowing for to ryme.  
But in this hous if any fals lover be,  
Right as him-self now doth, right so dide  
he, 1555

With feynynge and with every sotil dede.  
Ye gete no more of me, but ye wil rede  
Th'original, that tellet al the cas. (191)

The somme is this, that Jasoun wedded  
was

Unto this quene, and took of her sub-  
stance 1560

What-so him liste, unto his purveyaunce;  
And upon her begat he children two,  
And drow his sail, and saw her never-mo.

A lettre sente she to him certain,  
Which were to long to wryten and to  
soin, 1565

And him repreveth of his grete untrouthe,  
And preyeth him on her to have som  
routhe. (200)

And of his children two, she seide him  
this,

That they be lyke, of alle thing, y-wis,  
To Jasoun, save they coude nat begyle;  
And preyed god, or hit were longe whyle,  
That she, that had his herte y-raft her fro,  
Moste finden him to her untrewes al-so,  
And that she moste bothe her children  
spille, 1574

And alle tho that suffroth him his wille.  
And trew to Jasoun was she al her lyf,  
And ever kepte her chast, as for his wyf;  
Ne never had she joye at her herte, (211)  
But dyed, for his love, of sorwes smerte.

## PART II. THE LEGEND OF MEDEA.

To Colcos comen is this duk Jasoun,  
That is of love devourer and dragoun. 1581  
As matere appetyteth surme al-wey,  
And from forme in-to forme hit passen may,

Or as a welle that were botomlees,  
Right so can fals Jasoun have no pees.  
For, to desyren, through his appetyt, 1586  
To doon with gentil women his delyt,  
This is his lust and his felicitee. (221)

Jasoun is romed forth to the citee,  
That whylom cleped was Jaconitos, 1590  
That was the maister-toun of al Coleos,  
And hath y-told the cause of his coming  
Un-to Oetes, of that contre king,  
Preying him that he moste doon his assay 1594

To gete the flees of gold, if that he may;  
Of which the king assenteth to his bone,  
And doth him honour, as hit is to done,  
So ferforth, that his doghter and his eyr,  
Medea, which that was so wys and fair  
That fairer saw ther never man with ye,  
He made her doon to Jasoun companye  
At mete, and sitte by him in the halle.

Now was Jasoun a semely man with-  
alle, (236)  
And lyk a lord, and had a greet renoun,  
And of his loke as real as leoun, 1605  
And goodly of his speche, and famulere,  
And coude of love al craft and art plenere  
With-oute boke, with everich observaunce.  
And, as fortune her oghte a foul mes-  
chaunce,

She wex enamoured upon this man. 1610  
'Jasoun,' quod she, 'for ought I see or  
can,

As of this thing the which ye been aboute,  
Ye han your-self y-put in moche doute.  
For, who-so wol this aventure achieve,  
He may nat wel asterten, as I leve, 1615  
With-uten deeth, but I his helpe be. (249)  
But natheles, hit is my wille,' quod she,  
'To forthren yow, so that ye shal nat dye,  
But turnen, sound, hoom to your Tessalye.'

'My righte lady,' quod this Jasoun tho,  
'That ye han of my dethe or of my wo  
Any reward, and doon me this honour,  
I wot wel that my might ne my labour

May nat deserve hit in my lyves day; 1624  
God thanke yow, ther I ne can ne may.  
Your man am I, and lowly you beseche,  
To been my help, with-oute more speche;  
But certes, for my deeth shal I nat  
spare.' (261)

Tho gan this Medea to him declare  
The peril of this cas, fro point to point,  
And of his batail, and in what disjoint  
He mote stande, of which no creature,  
Save only she, ne mighte his lyf assure.  
And shortly, to the point right for to go,  
They been accorded ful, betwix hom two,  
That Jasoun shal her wedde, as trowe  
knight; 1636

And term y-set, to come sone at night (270)  
Unto her chambre, and make ther his  
ooth,  
Upon the goddes, that he, for leef ne  
looth, 1639  
No sholde her never falsen, night ne day,  
To been her husbond, whyl he liven may,  
As she that from his deeth him saved  
here.

And her-upon, at night they mette y-fere,  
And doth his ooth, and goth with her to  
bedde. 1644

And on the morwe, upward he him spedde;  
For she hath taught him how he shal  
nat faile (279)  
The flees to winne, and stinten his bataile;  
And saved him his lyf and his honour;  
And gat him greet name as a conquerour  
Right through the sleight of her en-  
chantment. 1650

Now hath Jasoun the flees, and hoom  
is went

With Medea, and tresor ful gret woon.  
But unwist of her fader is she goon  
To Tessaly, with duk Jasoun her leef,  
That afterward hath brought her to mes-  
cheef. 1655

For as a traitour he is from her go,  
And with her lafte his yonge children  
two, (290)

And falsly hath betrayed her, allas!  
And ever in love a cheef traitour he was;  
And wedded yit the thridde wyf anon, 1660  
That was the doghter of the king Creon.

This is the meed of loving and guardoun  
That Medea received of Jasoun

Right for her trouthe and for her kinde-  
nesse,  
That loved him better than her-self, I  
gesse, 1665  
And lafte her suler and her heritage.  
And of Jasoun this is the vassalage. (300)  
That, in his dayes, nas ther noon y-founde  
So fuls a lover going on the grounde.  
And therfor in her lettre thus she  
s. yde 1670  
First, whan she of his falsnesse him un-  
bryde,  
'Why lyked me thy yelow heer to see  
More then the boundes of myn honestee,

Why lyked me thy youthe and thy fair-  
nesse,  
And of thy tonge the infinit gracious-  
nesse? 1675  
O, haddest thou in thy conquest dead  
y-be,  
Ful mikel untrouthe had ther dyed with  
thee!' (310)  
Wel can Ovyde her lettre in vers endyte,  
Which were as now to long for me to  
wryte.

*Explicit Legenda Isiphile et Medee,  
Martirum.*

# V. THE LEGEND OF LUCRETIA.

*Incipit Legenda Lucretie Rome, Martiris.*

Now moot I seyn the exiling of kinges  
Of Rome, for hir horrible doinges, 1651  
And of the laste king Tarquinius,  
As saith Ovyde and Titus Livius.  
But for that cause telle I nat this storie,  
But for to preise and drawn to memorie  
The verray wyf, the verrey trewe Lucesse,  
That, for her wyfhood and her stedfast-  
nesse, 1687  
Nat only that thise payens her comende,  
But he, that cleped is in our legende (10)  
The grete Austin, hath greet compas-  
sioun 1690  
Of this Lucesse, that start at Rome toun;  
And in what wyse, I wol but shortly trete,  
And of this thing I touche but the grete.  
Whan Ardea beseged was aboute  
With Romans, that ful sterne were and  
stoute. 1695  
Ful longe lay the sege, and litel wroghte,  
So that they were half ydel, as hem  
thoghte; (18)  
And in his play Tarquinius the yonge  
Gan for to jape, for he was light of tonge,  
And seyde, that 'it was an ydel lyf; 1700  
No man did ther no more than his wyf;  
And lat us speke of wyves, that is best;  
Praise every man his owne, as him lest,  
And with our speche lat us ese our herte.'  
A knight, that highte Colatyne, up  
sterre, 1705

And seyde thus, 'nay, for hit is no nede  
To trowen on the word, but on the  
dede.  
I have a wyf,' quod he, 'that, as I trowe,  
Is holden good of alle that ever her  
knowe; (30)  
Go we to-night to Rome, and we shal  
see.' 1710  
Tarquinius answerde, 'that lyketh me.'  
To Rome be they come, and faste hem  
dighte  
To Colatynes hous, and down they lighte,  
Tarquinius, and eek this Colatyne.  
The husbond knew the estres wel and  
fyne, 1715  
And prively into the hous they goon;  
Nor at the gate porter was ther noon;  
And at the chambre-dore they abyde. (39)  
This noble wyf sat by her beddes syde  
Dischevele, for no malice she no thoghte;  
And softe wolle our book seith that she  
wroghte 1721  
To kepen her fro slouth and ydelnesse;  
And bad her servants doon hir businesse,  
And axeth hem, 'what tydings heren ye?  
How seith men of the sege, how shal hit  
be? 1725  
God wolde the walles weren falle adoun;  
Myn husbond is so longe out of this toun,  
For which the dreed doth me so sore  
smerte,  
Right as a swerd hit stingeth to myn  
herte (40)

When I think on the sege or of that place;  
God save my lord, I preye him for his  
grace :—

And ther-with-al ful tenderly she weep,  
And of her werk she took no more keep,  
But mekely she leet her eyen falle;  
And thilke semblant sat her wel with-alle.  
And eek her teres, ful of honestee, 1736  
Embellished her wyfly chastitee;

Her countenance is to her herte digne,  
For they acordeden in dede and signe. (60)  
And with that word her husband Colatyn,  
Or she of him was war, com stering in,  
And seide, 'dreed thee noght, for I am  
here!'

And she anon up roos, with blisful chere,  
And kiste him, as of wywes is the wone.

Tarquinius, this proude kinges sone,  
Conceived hath her beautee and her  
chere, 1746

Her yelow heer, her shap, and her manere,  
Her hew, her wordes that she hath con-  
pleyned,

And by no crafto her beautee nas nat  
feyned; (70)

And caughte to this lady swich desyr,  
That in his herte brende as any fyr 1751  
So woody, that his wit was al forgeten.  
For wel, thoughte he, she sholde nat be  
geten;

And ay the more that he was in despair,  
The more he coveteth and thoughte her  
fair. 1755

His blinde lust was al his covetinge.

A-morwe, whan the brid began to singe,  
Unto the sege he comth ful privily,  
And by himself he walketh sobrelly, (80)  
Th' image of her recording alwey newe;  
'Thus lay her heer, and thus fresh was  
her hewe; 1761

Thus sat, thus spak, thus span; this was  
her chere,

Thus fair she was, and this was her  
manere.'

Al this conceit his herte hath now y-take.  
And, as the see, with tempest al to-shake,  
That, after whan the storm is al ago, 1766  
Yet wol the water quappe a day or two,  
Right so, thogh that her forme wer  
absent, (89)

The plesauce of her forme was present;

But natheles, nat plesauce, but delyt,  
Or an unrightful talent with despyt; 1771  
'For, maugre her, she shal my lemman  
be;

Hap helpeth hardy man alday,' quod he;  
'What ende that I make, hit shal be so,'  
And girt him with his swerde, and gan  
to go; 1775

And forth he rit til he to Rome is come,  
And al aloon his way than hath he nome  
Unto the hous of Colatyn ful right.

Doun was the sonne, and day hath lost  
his light; (100)

And in he com un-to a privy halke, 1780  
And in the night ful theefly gan he stalke,  
Whan every night was to his reste brought,  
Ne no wight had of tresoun swich a  
thoght.

Were hit by window or by other gny, 1784  
With swerde y-drawe, shortly he comth in  
Ther as she lay, this noble wyf Lucesse.

And, as she wook, her bed she felte presse.  
'What beste is that,' quod she, 'that  
weyeth thus?'

'I am the kinges sone, Tarquinius,' (110)  
Quod he, 'but and thou crye, or nose  
make, 1790

Or if thou any creature awake,  
By thilke god that formed man on lyve.

This swerd through-out thyn herte shal  
I ryve.'

And ther-withal unto her throte he sterte,  
And sette the point al sharp upon her  
herte. 1795

No word she spak, she hath no might  
ther-to.

What shal she sayn? her wit is al ago.  
Right as a wolf that fynt a lomb aloon,  
To whom shal she compleyne, or make  
moon? (120)

What! shal she fighte with an hardy  
knight? (120)

Wel wot men that a woman hath no  
might.

What! shal she crye, or how shal she  
asterte

That hath her by the throte, with swerde  
at lerte?

She axeth grace, and seith al that she can.  
'Ne wolt thou nat,' quod he, this cruel  
man, 1805

'As wisely Jupiter my soule save,  
As I shal in the stable sloe thy knave,  
And leye him in thy bed, and loude crye,  
That I thee finde in suche avouterye; (130)  
And thus thou shalt be deed, and also  
lese 1810

Thy name, for thou shalt non other chace.'  
Thise Romain wyves loveden so hir  
name

At thilke tyme, and dredden so the shame,  
That, what for fere of slaundre and drede  
of deeth, 1814

She loste bothe at-ones wit and breeth,  
And in a swough she lay and wex so  
deed,

Men mighte smyten of her arm or heed;  
She feleth no-thing, neither foul ne fair.

'Tarquinius, that art a kinges eyr, (140)  
And sholdest, as by linage and by right,  
Doon as a lord and as a verray knight,  
Why hastow doon dispyt to chivalrye?  
Why hastow doon this lady vilanye?  
Allas! of thee this was a viloins dede!

But now to purpos; in the story I rede,  
Whan he was goon, al this mischaunce is  
fulle. 1820

This lady sente after her frendes alle,  
Fader, moder, husbond, al y-tere; (149)  
And al dischevele, with her heeres clere,  
In habit swich as women used the 1830  
Unto the burying of her frendes go,  
She sit in halle with a sorweful sighte  
Her frendes axen what her aylen mighte,  
And who was deed? And she sit ay  
wepinge,

A word for shame no may she forth out-  
bringe, 1835

Ne upon hem she dorste nat beholde.  
But atte laste of Tarquiny she hem tolde,  
This rewful cas, and al this thing horrible.  
The wo to tellen hit were impossible, (160)  
That she and alle her frendes made  
atonas. 1840

Al hadde folkes hertes been of stones,  
Hit mighte have maked hem upon her  
rowe,

Her herte was so wyfly and so trewe.  
She seide, that, for her gilt ne for her  
blame,

Her husbond sholde nat have the foule  
name, 1845

That wolde she nat suffre, by no wey.  
And they answerden alle, upon hir fey,  
That they foryeve hit her, for hit was  
right; (169)

Hit was no gilt, hit lay nat in her might;  
And seiden her ensamples many oon. 1850  
But al for noght; for thus she seide  
anoon,

'Be as be may,' quod she, 'of forgiving,  
I wol nat have no forgift for no-thing.'  
But prively she caughte forth a knyf, 1854  
And therwith-al she rafte her-self hir lyf;  
And as she fel adoun, she caste her look,  
And of her clothes yit she hede took;  
For in her falling yit she hadde care  
Lest that her feet or swiche thing lay  
bare; (180)

Sowelshe loved clenness and eek trouthe.  
Of her lad al the toun of Rome routhie,  
And Brutus by her chaste blode bath  
swore 1862

That Tarquin sholde y-banisht bether-fore,  
And al his kin; and let the peple calle,  
And openly the tale he tolde hem alle,  
And openly let carie her on a bere 1866  
Through al the toun, that men may see  
and here

The horrible deed of her oppressioun.  
Ne never was ther king in Rome toun (190)  
Sin thilke day; and she was holden there  
A seint, and ever her day y-halwed dere  
As in hir lawe: and thus endeth Lucesse,  
The noble wyf, as Titus bereth witness.

I tell hit, for she was of love so trewe,  
Ne in her wille she chaunged for no newe,  
And for the stable herte, sad and kinde,  
That in these women men may allay  
finde; 1877

Ther as they caste hir herte, ther hit  
dwelleth.

For wel I wot, that Crist þ him-selve  
tolleth, (200)

That in Israel, as wyd as is the lond, 1880  
That so gret feith in al the lond he ne  
fond

As in a woman; and this is no lye.  
And as of men, loketh which tirannye  
They doon alday; assay hem who so liste,  
The trewest is ful brotel for to tristo. 1885

Explicit Legenda Lucrecie Rome, Martiria.



## VI. THE LEGEND OF ARIADNE.

*Incipit Legenda Adriane de Athenis.*

Jueu infernal, Minos, of Crete king,  
Now cometh thy lot, now comestow on  
the ring;

Nat for thy sake only wryte I this storie,  
But for to clepe agein unto memorie 1889  
Of Theseus the grete untronthe of love;  
For which the goddes of the heven above  
Ben wrothe, and wreche han take for thy  
sinne.

Be reed for shame! now I thy lyf beginne.  
Minos, that was the mighty king of  
Crete,

That hadde an hundred citees stronge  
and grete, (10) 1895

To scole hath sent his sone Androgeus,  
To Athenes; of the whiche hit happed  
thus,

That he was slayn, lerning philosophye,  
Right in that citee, nat but for envye.

The grete Minos, of the whiche I speke,  
His sones deeth is comen for to wreke;  
Alcathoe he bisegeth harde and longe.  
But natheles the walles be so stronge,  
And Nisus, that was king of that citee,  
So chivalrous, that litel dredeth he; 1905  
Of Minos or his ost took he no cure, (21)  
Til on a day be'el an aventure,

That Nisus doghter stood upon the wal,  
And of the sege saw the maner al. 1909  
So happed hit, that, at a scarmishing,  
She caste her herte upon Minos the king,  
For his beautee and for his chivalrye,  
So sore, that she wende for to dye.

And, shortly of this proces for to pace,  
She made Minos wiunen thilke place, 1915  
So that the citee was al at his wille, (31)  
To saven whom him list, or elles spille;  
But wikkedly he quito her kindenesse,  
And let her drenche in sorowe and dis-  
trese, 1919

Nere that the goddes hadde of her pite;  
But that tale were to long as now for me.

Athenes wan this king Minos also,  
And Alcathoe and other tounes mo;

And this th'effect, that Minos hath so  
driven

Hem of Athenes, that they mote him  
given (40) 1925

Fro yere to yere her owne children dere  
For to be slayn, as ye shal after here.

This Minos hath a monstre, a wikked  
beste,

That was so cruel that, without areste,  
Whan that a man was brought in his  
presence, 1930

He wolde him ete, ther helpeth no de-  
fence.

And every thridle yeer, with-oute doute,  
They casten lot, and, as hit com aboute  
On riche, on pore, he moste his sone  
take, (40) 194

And of his child he moste present make  
Unto Minos, to save him or to spille,  
Or lete his besto devoure him at his  
wille.

And this hath Minos don, right in despyt,  
To wreke his sone was set al his delyt,  
And maken hem of Athenes his thral 1940  
Fro yere to yere, whyl that he liven shal;  
And hoom he saileth whan this toun is  
wonne.

This wikked custom is so longe y-ronne  
Til that of Athenes king Egeus

Mot sende his owne sone, Theseus, 1945  
Sith that the lot is fallen him upon, (61)

To be devoured, for grace is ther non.  
And forth is lad this woful yonge knight  
Unto the court of king Minos ful right,  
And in a prison, fetered, cast is he 1950  
Til thilke tyme he sholde y-freten be.

Wel maystow wepe, O woful Theseus,  
That art a kinges sone, and dampned  
thus.

Me thinketh this, that thou were depe  
y-holde 1954

To whom that saved thee fro cares colde!  
And now, if any woman helps thee, (71)

Wel oughtestow her servant for to be,  
And been her trewe lover yere by yere!  
But now to come ageyn to my matera.

The tour, ther as this Theseus is throwe  
Doun in the botom derke and wonder  
lowe, 1961

Was joyning in the walle to a foreyne;  
And hit was longing to the doghtren  
tweyne

Of king Minos, that in hir chambres grete  
Dwelten above, toward the maister-  
strote, (80) 1965

In mochel mirthe, in joye and in solas.  
Not I nat how, hit happed ther, per cas,  
As Theseus compleyned him by nighte,  
The kinges doghter, Adrian that highte,  
And eek her suster Phedra, herden al 1970  
His compleyning, as they stode on the wal  
And lokeden upon the brighte mone;  
Hem leste nat to go to bedde sone.

And of his wo they had compassioun;  
A kinges sone to ben in swich prisoun  
And be devoured, thoughte hem gret  
pitee. (91) 1976

Than Adrian spak to her suster free,  
And seyde, 'Phedra, love suster dere,  
This woful lordes sone may ye nat here,  
How pitously compleyneth he his kin,  
And eek his pore estat that he is in, 1981  
And gileless? now certes, hit is routhe!  
And if ye wol assenten, by my trouthe,  
He shal be helpen, how so that we do!'

Phedra answerde, 'y-wis, me is as wo  
For him as ever I was for any man; 1986  
And, to his help, the beste reed I can (102)  
Is that we doon the gayler prively  
To come, and speke with us hastily,  
And doon this woful man with him to  
come. 1990

For if he may this monstre overcome,  
Than were he quit; ther is noon other  
bote.

Lat us wel taste him at his herte-rote,  
That, if so be that he a wepen have,  
Wher that he dar, his lyf to kepe and  
save, (110) 1995  
Fighten with this fend, and him defende.  
For, in the prison, ther he shal descende,  
Ye wite wel, that the beste is in a place  
That nis nat dark, and hath roum eek  
and space

To welde an ax or sward or staf or knyf,  
So that, methinketh, he sholde save his  
lyf; 2001

If that he be a man, he shal do so.  
And we shul make him balles eek also  
Of wexe and towe, that, whan he gapeth  
faste, 2004

Into the bestes throte he shal hem caste  
To slake his hunger and encombre his  
teeth; (121)

And right anon, whan that Theseus seeth  
The beste achoked, he shal on him lepe  
To sleen him, or they comen more to-hepe.  
This wepen shal the gayler, or that tyde,  
Ful privily within the prison hyde; 2011  
And, for the hous is crinkled to and fro,  
And hath so queinte weyes for to go—  
For hit is shapen as the mase is wrought—  
Therto have I a remedie in my thought,  
That, by a clewe of twyne, as he hath  
goon, + (131) 2016

The same way he may returne anon,  
Folwing alwey the threed, as he hath  
come.

And, whan that he this beste hath over-  
come,

Then may he fleen away out of this drede,  
And eek the gayler may he with him  
lede, 2021

And him avaunce at hoom in his contree,  
Sin that so greet a lordes sone is he.  
This is my reed, if that he dar hit take.'

What sholde I lenger sermoun of hit  
make? 2025

The gayler cometh, and with him Theseus.  
And whan thise thinges been accorded  
thus, (142)

Adoun sit Theseus upon his knee:—

'The righte lady of my lyf,' quod he,  
'I, sorweful man, y-dampned to the deeth,  
Fro yow, whyl that me lasteth lyf or  
breeth, 2031

I wol nat twinne, after this aventure,  
But in your servise thus I wol endure,  
That, as a wrecche unknows, I wol yow  
serve 2034

For ever-mo, til that myn herte sterve.  
Forsake I wol at hoom myn heritage, (151)  
And, as I seide, ben of your court a page,  
If that ye vouche-sauf that, in this place,  
Ye graunte me to han so gret a grace  
That I may han nat but my mete and  
drinke; 2040

And for my sustenance yit wol I swinke,

Right as yow list, that Minos ne no  
wight—

Sin that he saw me never with eyen  
sight—

Ne no man elles, shal me conne espve;  
So slyly and so wel I shal me gye, 2045  
And me so wel disfigure and so lowe, (161)  
That in this world ther shal no man me  
knowe,

To han my lyf, and for to han presence  
Of yow, that doon to me this excellence.  
And to my fader shal I senden here 2050  
This worthy man, that is now your gay-  
lere,

And, him to guerdon, that he shal wel be  
Oon of the grettest men of my contree.  
And yif I dorste seyn, my lady bright,  
I am a kinges sone, and eek a knight;  
As wolde god, yif that hit mighte be (171)

Ye weren in my contree, alle three,  
And I with yow, to here yow companye,  
Than shulde yeseen yif that I ther-of lye!  
And, if I proffe yow in low manere 2060  
To ben your page and serven yow right  
here,

But I yow serve as lowly in that place,  
I prey to Mars to yive me swiche a grace  
That shames deeth on me ther mote  
falle,

And deeth and povert to my frendes  
alle, 2065

And that my spirit by nighte mote go (181)  
After my deeth, and walke to and fro;  
That I mote of a traitour have a name,  
For which my spirit go, to do me shame!  
And yif I ever claime other degree, 2070  
But-if ye vouche-sauf to yive hit me,  
As I have seid, of shames deeth I deye!  
And mercy, lady! I can nat elles seye!

A seemly knight was Theseus to see,  
And yong, but of a twenty yeer and  
three; 2075

But who-so hadde y-seyn his counten-  
aunce, (191)

He wolde have wept, for routhie of his  
penaunce;

For which this Adriane in this manere  
Answerde to his profe and to his chere.

'A kinges sone, and eek a knight,'  
quod she, 2080

'To been my servant in so low degree,

God shilde hit, for the shame of women  
alle!

And leve me never swich a cas befulle!  
But sendo yow grace and sleighte of  
herte also,

Yow to defende and knightly sleen your  
fo, 2085

And leve heratter that I may yow finde  
To me and to my suster here so kinde,  
That I repente nat to give yow lyf! (201)  
Yit were hit better that I were your  
wyf,

Sin that ye been as gentil born as I, 2090  
And have a reume, nat but faste by,  
Then that I suffred giltles yow to sterve,  
Or that I let yow as a page serve;  
Hit is not profit, as unto your kinrede;  
But what is that that man nil do for  
drede? 2095

And to my suster, sin that hit is so (211)  
That she nat goon with me, if that I go,  
Or elles suffre deeth as wel as I,  
That ye unto your sone as trewely 2099  
Doon her be wedded at your hoom-coming.  
This is the fynal ende of al this thing;  
Ye swere hit heer, on al that may be  
sworn.'

'Ye, lady myn,' quod he, 'or elles torn  
Mote I be with the Minotaur to-morwe!  
And haveth her-of my herte-blood to  
borwe, (220) 2105

Yif that ye wile: if I had knyf or spere,  
I wolde hit leten out, and ther-on swere,  
For than at erst I wot ye wil me leve.  
By Mars, that is the cheef of my bileve,  
So that I mighte liven and nat faille 2110  
To-morwe for t'acheve my bataile.  
I nolde never fro this place flee,  
Til that ye shuld the verray prove see.

For now, if that the sooth I shal yow say,  
I have y-loved yow ful many a day, 2115  
Thogh ye ne wiste hit nat, in my contree.  
And aldermost desyred yow to see (212)  
Of any erthly living creature; 2118  
Upon my trouthie I swere, and yow assure,  
Thise seven yeer I have your servant be,  
Now have I yow, and also have ye me,  
My dero herte, of Athens duchesse!

This lady smyleth at his stedfastnesse,  
And at his hertly wordes, and his chere,  
And to her suster seide in this manere,

Al softly, 'now, suster myn,' quod she,  
'Now be we duchesses, bothe I and ye,  
And sikered to the regals of Athens, (243)  
And bothe her-after lykly to be quenes,  
And saved fro his deeth a kinges sone,  
As ever of gentil women is the wone 2131  
To save a gentil man, emforth hir might,  
In honest cause, and namely in his right.  
Me thinketh no wight oghte her-of us  
blame,

No beren us ther-for an evel name.' 2135

And shortly of this matere for to make.  
This Theseus of her hath leve y-take, (252)  
And every point performed was in dede  
As ye have in this covenant herd me rede.  
His wepen, his clew, his thing that I have  
said, 2140

Was by the gayler in the hous y-laid  
Ther as this Minotaur hath his dwelling,  
Right fasto by the dore, at his entring.  
And Theseus is lad unto his deeth, 2144  
And forth un-to this Minotaur he geeth,  
And by the teching of this Adriano (261)  
He overcom this beste, and was his bane;  
And out he cometh by the clewe again  
Ful prevely, whan he this beste hath  
slain; 2149

And by the gayler geten hath a barge,  
And of his wyves tresor gan hit charge,  
And took his wyf, and oek her suster free,  
And eek the gayler, and with hem alle  
three

Is stole away out of the lond by nighte,  
And to the contree of Ennopye him  
dighte 2155

Ther as he had a frend of his knowinge.  
Ther festen they, ther dauncen they and  
singe; (272)

And in his armes hath this Adriane,  
That of the beste hath kept him from his  
bane; 2159

And gat him ther a newe barge anon,  
And of his contree-folk a ful gret woon,  
And taketh his leve, and hoomward sail-  
eth he.

And in an yle, amid the wilde see,  
Ther as ther dwelte creature noon  
Save wilde bestes, and that ful many  
oon, 2165

He made his ship a-londe for to sette;  
And in that yle half a day he lette, (282)

And seide, that on the lond he moste him  
reste.

His mariners han doon right as him  
leste;

And, for to tellen shortly in this cas, 2170  
Whan Adriane his wyf a-slepe was,  
For that her suster fairer was than she,  
He taketh her in his hond, and forth  
goth he

To shippe, and as a traitour stal his way  
Whyl that this Adriane a-slepe lay, 2175  
And to his contree-ward he sailoth  
blyve— (291)  
A twenty devil way the wind him  
dryve!

And fond his fader drenched in the see.

Me list no more to speke of him, parde;  
These false lovers, poison be hir bane!  
But I wol turne again to Adriano 2181  
That is with slepe for wernesnes atake.  
Ful sorwefully her herte may awake.  
Allas! for thee my herte hath now  
pite!

Right in the dawening awaketh she, 2185  
And gropeth in the bedde, and fond right  
noight. (301)

'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever I was  
wrought!

I am betrayed!' and her heer to-rente,  
And to the stronde bar-fot fasto she  
wente,

And cryed, 'Theseus! myn herte swote!  
Wher be ye, that I may nat with yow  
mete, 2191  
And mighte thus with bestes been y-  
slain?'

The holwe rokkes answerde her again;  
No man she saw, and yit slyned the  
mone, 2194

And hye upon a rokke she wente sone,  
And saw his barge sailing in the see. (311)  
Cold wex her herte, and right thus seide  
she,

'Meker than ye finde I the bestes wilde!'  
Haddo he nat sinne, that her thus be-  
gyld?

She cryed, 'O turne again, for routhe and  
sinne! 2200

Thy barge hath nat al his meiny inne!  
Her kerchief on a pole up stikked she,  
Ascaunce that he sholde hit wel y-see,

And him remembre that she was behinde,  
And turne again, and on the stronde her  
finde; (320) 2205

But al for nocht; his wey he is y-noon.  
And down she fl a-swown upon a stoon;  
And up she rist, and kiste, in al her care,  
The steppes of his feet, ther he hath fare,  
And to her bedde right thus she speketh  
tho:— 2210

'Thou bed,' quod she, 'that hast receyved  
two,

Thou shalt answer of two, and nat of  
oon!

Wher is thy gretter part away y-noon?  
Allas! wher shal I, wrecched wight, be-  
come!

For, thogh so be that ship or boot heer  
come, 2215

Hoom to my contree dar I nat for  
drede; (331)

I can my-selven in this cas nat rede!

What shal I telle more her complein-  
ing?

Hit is so long, hit were an hevy thing.  
In her epistle Naso telleth al; 2220  
But shortly to the ende I telle shal.

The goddes have her holpen, for pitee;  
And, in the signe of Taurus, men may  
see

The stones of her coroun shyno olero.—

I wol no more speke of this matere;  
But thus this false lover can begyle 2226  
His trewe love. The devil þ him quyte  
his whyle! (342)

*Explicit Legenda Adriane de Athenes.*

## VII. THE LEGEND OF PHILOMELA.

*Incipit Legenda Philomene.*

*Deus dator formarum.*

Thou yiver of the formes, that hast  
wrought

The faine world, and bare hit in thy  
thoght

Eternally, or thou thy werk began, 2230  
Why madest thou, unto the slaundre of  
man,

Or—al be that hit was not thy doing,  
As for that fyn to make swiche a  
thing—

Why suffrest thou that Tereus was bore,  
That is in love so fals and so forswore,  
That, fro this world up to the firste  
hevene, 2236

Corrumpeth, whan that folk his name  
nevene? (10)

And, as to me, so grisly was his dede,  
That, whan that I his foule story rede,  
Myn eyen wexen foule and sore also; 2240  
Yit last the venim of so longe ago,  
That hit enfeteth him that wol beholde  
The story of Tereus, of which I tolde.

Of Trace was he lord, and kin to Marte,  
The cruel god that stant with bloody  
darte; 2245

And wedded had he, with a blisful chere,  
King Pandiones faire doghter dere, (20)

That highte Progne, flour of her contree,  
Thogh Juno list nat at the feste be,

Ne Ymeneus, that god of wedding is;  
But at the feste redy been, y-wis, 2251

The furies three, with alle hir mortel  
brond.

The owle al night aboute the balke wond,  
That prophet is of wo and of mischaunce.

This revel, ful of songs and ful of daunce,  
Lastoth a fourtenight, or litel lasse, 2256

But, shortly of this story for to passe, (30)

For I am wery of him for to telle,  
Five yer his wyf and he togeder dwelle,

Til on a day she gan so sore longe 2260  
To seen her suster, that she saw nat longe,

That for desyr she niste what to seye,  
But to her husband gan she for to preye,

For goddos love, that she moste ones  
goon 2264

Her suster for to seen, and come anon,  
Or elles, but she moste to her wende,

She preye him, that he wolde after her  
sende; (40)

And this was, day by day, al her prayere  
With al humblesse of wyf hood, word, and  
chere. 2269

This Tereus let make his shippes yare,  
And into Grece him-self is forth y-faro  
Unto his fader in lawe, and gan him  
preye

To vouche-sauf that, for a month or  
tweye,

That Philomene, his wyves suster, mighte  
On Progne his wyf but ones have a  
sighte— 2275

'And she shal come to yow again anoon.  
Myself with her wol bothe come and  
goon, (50)

And as myn hertes lyf I wol her kepe.'

This olde Pandion, this king, gan  
wepo

For tendernesse of herte, for to leve 2280  
His doghter goon, and for to yive her  
leve;

Of al this world he lovede no-thing so;

But at the laste leve hath she to go.

For Philomene, with salte teres eke,

Gan of her fader grace to beseke 2285

To seen her suster, that her longeth so;

And him embracoth with her armes two.

And therewith-al so yong and fair was sho

That, whan that Terens saw her beautee,

And of array that ther was noon her  
liche, (63) 2290

And yit of bountee was she two so riche,

He caste his fyry horte upon her so

That he wol have her, how so that hit go,

And with his wyles kneled and so preyde,

Til at the laste Pandion thus seyde:—

'Now, sone,' quod he, 'that art to me  
so dere, 2296

I thee betake my yonge doghter here, (70)

That bereth the key of al my hertes lyf.

And grete wol my doghter and thy wyf,

And yive her love somtyme for to pleye,

That she may seen me ones er I deye.'

And soothly, he hath mad him riche  
foote, 2302

And to his folk, the moste and eek the  
leste,

That with him com; and yaf him yiftes  
grete,

And him conveyeth through the maister-  
strete 2305

Of Athenes, and to the see him broghte,

And turneth hoom; no malice he ne  
thoghta. (80)

The ores pulleth forth the vessel faste,  
And into Trace arriveth at the laste,

And up into a forest he her ledde, 2310

And to a cave privly him spedde;

And, in this derke cave, yif her leste,

Or leste nocht, he bad her for to reste;

Of whiche her herte agroos, and seyde  
thus,

'Wher is mysuster, brother Tereus?' 2315

And therewith-al she wepte tenderly,

And quook for fere, pale and pitously,

llight as the lamb that of the wolf is  
biten;

Or as the colver, that of the egle is  
smiten,

And is out of his clawes forth escaped, 2320

Yet hit is afered and awhaped

Lest hit be hent eft-sones, so sat she

But utterly hit may non other be.

By force hath he, this traitour, doon that  
dede,

That he hath reft her of her mayden-  
hede, 2325

Maugree her heed, by strengthe and by  
his might. (99)

Lo! here a dede of men, and that a right!

She cryeth 'suster!' with ful loud  
stevene,

And 'fader dere!' and 'help me, god in  
hevene!' 2329

Al helpeth nat; and yet this false theef

Hath doon this lady yet a more mischeef,

For fere lest she sholde his shame crye,

And doon him openly a vilanye,

And with his sward her tong of kerveth  
he,

And in a castel made her for to be 2335

Ful privly in prison evermore,

And kepte her to his usago and his  
store, (110)

So that she mighte him nevermore asterte.

O sely Philomene! wo is thyn herte;

God wreke thee, and sende thee thy  
bono! 2340

Now is hit tyme I make an ende sone.

This Tereus is to his wyf y-come,

And in his armes hath his wyf y-come,

And pitously he weep, and shook his  
heed,

And swor her that he fond her suster  
deed; 2345

For which this sely Progne hath swich  
wo, (119) 2346

That ny her sorweful herte brak a-two;  
And thus in teres lete I Progne dwelle,  
And of her suster forth I wol yow telle.

This woful lady lerned had in yonthe  
So that she werken and enbrouden couthe,  
And weven in her stole the radevore  
As hit of women hath be woned yore.  
And, shortly for to seyn, she hath her  
fille

Of mete and drink, and clothing at her  
wille, 2355

And coude eek rede, and wel y-nogh  
endyte,

But with a penne coude she nat wryte;  
But lettres can she weven to and fro, (131)  
So that, by that the yeer was al a-go,  
She had y-woven in a stamin large 2360  
How she was broght from Athenes in a  
barge,

And in a cave how that she was broght;  
And al the thing that Tereus hath wrought,  
She waf hit wel, and wroot the story  
above,

How she was served for her suster love;  
And to a knave a ring she yaf anon, 2366  
And prayed him, by signes, for to goon (140)  
Unto the quene, and beren her that clooth,  
And by signes swor him many an ooth,  
She sholde him yeve what she geten  
might. 2370

This knave anon unto the quene him  
dighte,

And took hit her, and al the maner told,  
And, whan that Progne hath this thing  
beholde,

No word she spak, for sorwe and eek for  
rage;

But feyned her to goon on pilgrimage 2375  
To Bachus temple; and, in a litel  
stounde,

Her dombe suster sitting hath she founde,  
Weping in the castel her aloon. (151)  
Allas! the wo, the compleint, and the  
moon

That Progne upon her dombe suster  
maketh! 2380

In armes everich of hem other taketh,  
And thus I lete hem in hir sorwe dwelle.

The remenant is no charge for to  
telle,

For this is al and som, thus was she  
served,

That never harm a-gilte ne deserved 2385  
Unto this cruel man, that she of wiste.

Ye may be war of men, yif that yow  
liste. (160)

For, al be that he wol nat, for his shame,  
Doon so as Tereus, to lese his name,

Ne serve yow as a mordrour or a knave,  
Ful litel whyle shul ye trewe him have,

That wol I seyn, al were he now my  
brother, 2392

But hit so be that he may have non  
other. (166)

*Explicit Legenda Philomene.*

## VIII. THE LEGEND OF PHYLLIS.

*Incipit Legenda Phyllis.*

By preve as wel as by auctoritee,  
That wikked fruit cometh of a wikked  
tree, 2395

That may ye finde, if that it lyketh  
yow.

But for this ende I speke this as now,  
To telle you of false Demophon.  
In love a falsur herde I never non,  
But-if hit were his fader Theseus. 2400

'God, for his grace, fro swich oon kepe  
us!'

Thus may thise women prayen that hit  
here. (9)

Now to th'effect turne I of my matere.

Destroyed is of Troye the citee; 2404  
This Demophon com sailing in the see

Toward Athenes, to his paleys large;  
With him com many a ship and many a  
barge

Ful of his folk, of which ful many oon  
Is wounded sore, and seek, and wo be-  
goon. 2409

And they han at the sege longe y-lain.  
Behinde him com a wind and eek a rain  
That shoof so sore, his sail ne mighte  
stonde, (19)

Him were lever than al the world a-londe,  
So hunteth him the tempest to and fro.  
So derk hit was, he coude nowher go ; 2415  
And with a wawe brosten was his stere.  
His ship was rent so lowe, in swich  
manere,

That carpenter ne coude hit nat amende.  
The see, by nighte, as any torche brende  
For wood, and posseth him now up now  
doun, 2420

Til Neptune bath of him compassioun,  
And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and they  
alle,

And maden him upon a lond to falle, (30)  
Wher-of that Phillis lady was and quene,  
Ligurges doghter, fairer on to sene 2425  
Than is the flour again the brighte sonne.  
Unnethe is Demophon to londe y-wonne,  
Wayk and eek wery, and his folk for-  
pyned

Of werinesse, and also enfamyned ; 2429  
And to the deeth he almost was y-driven.  
His wyse folk to conseil han him yiven  
To seken help and socour of the queen,  
And loken what his grace mighte been, (40)  
And maken in that lond som chevisaunce,  
To kepen him fro wo and fro mischaunce,  
For seek was he, and almost at the deeth ;  
Unnethe mighte he speke or drawe his  
breeth, 2437

And lyth in Rodopeya him for to reste.  
Whan he may walke, him thoughte hit  
was the beste

Unto the court to seken for socour. 2440  
Men knewe him wel, and diden him  
honour ;

For at Athenes duk and lord was he,  
As Theseus his fader hadde y-be, (50)  
That in his tyme was of greet renoun,  
No man so greet in al his regioun ; 2445  
And lyk his fader of face and of stature,  
And fals of love ; hit com him of nature ;  
As doth the fox Renard, the foxes sone,  
Of kinde he coude his olde faders wone

Withoute lore, as can a drake swimme,  
Whan hit is caught and caried to the  
brimme. 2451

This honourable Phillis doth him chere,  
Her lyketh wel his port and his manere.  
But for I am agroted heer-biforn (61)  
To wryte of hem that been in love for-  
sworn, 2455

And eek to haste me in my legende,  
Which to performe god me grace sende,  
Therfor I passe shortly in this wyse ;  
Ye han wel herd of Theseus devyse  
In the betraising of fair Adriane, 2460  
That of her pite kepte him from his  
bane.

At shorte wordes, right so Demophon  
The same wey, the same path hath gon (70)  
That dide his false fader Theseus.  
For unto Phillis hath he sworn thus, 2465  
To wedden her, and her his trouthe  
plighte,

And piked of her al the good he mighte,  
Whan he was hool and sound and hadde  
his reste ;

And doth with Phillis what so that him  
leste.

And wel coude I, yif that me leste so, 2470  
Tellen al his doing to and fro.

He seide, unto his contree moste he  
saile,

For ther he wolde her wedding apparaile  
As fil to her honour and his also. (81)

And openly he took his leve tho, 2475  
And hath her sworn, he wolde nat sojorne,  
But in a month he wolde again retourne.

And in that lond let make his ordinaunce  
As verray lord, and took the obeisaunce  
Wel and hoonly, and let his shippes  
dighte, 2480

And hoom he goth the nexte wey he  
mighte ;

For unto Phillis yit ne com he noght.  
And that hath she so hard and sore  
aboght, (90)

Allas ! that, as the stories us recorde,  
She was her owne deeth right with a  
corde, 2485

Whan that she saw that Demophon her  
trayed.

But to him first she wroot and faste  
him prayd



He wolde come, and her deliver of payne,  
 As I reherse shal a word or tweyne.  
 Me list nat vouche-sauf on him to swinke,  
 Nespende on him a penne ful of inke, 2491  
 For fals in love was he, right as his syre;  
 The devil sette hir soules bothe a-fyre!  
 But of the lettre of Phillis wol I wryte  
 A word or tweyne, al-though hit be but  
 lyte. (102) 2495

'Thyn hostesse,' quod she, 'O Demophon,  
 Thy Phillis, which that is so wo begon,  
 Of Rodepeye, upon yow moot compleyne,  
 Over the terme set betwix us tweyne,  
 That ye ne holden forward, as ye seyde;  
 Your anker, which ye in our haven  
 leyde, 2501

Highte us, that ye wolde comen, out of  
 doute,

Or that the mone ones wente aboute. (110)  
 But tymes foure the mone hath hid her  
 face

Sin thilke day ye wente fro this place, 2505  
 And foure tymes light the world again.  
 But for al that, yif I shal soothly sain,  
 Yit hath the stream of Sitho nat y-brought  
 From Athenes the ship; yit comth hit  
 noght.

And, yif that ye the terme rekne wolde,  
 As I or other trewe lovers sholde, 2511  
 I playne not, god wot, befor my day.'—

But al her lettre wryten I ne may (120)  
 By ordre, for hit were to me a charge;  
 Iler lettre was right long and ther-to  
 large; 2515

But here and there in ryme I have hit  
 laid,

Ther as me thoughte that she wel hath  
 said.—

She seide, 'thy sailles comen nat again,  
 Ne to thy word ther nis no fey certain;  
 But I wot why ye come nat,' quod she;  
 'For I was of my love to you so free. 2521  
 And of the goddes that ye han forswore,  
 Yif that hir vengeance falle on yow ther-  
 fore, (130)

Ye be nat suffisaunt to bere the payne.  
 To moche trusted I, wel may I playne, 2525

Upon your linage and your faire tonge,  
 And on your teres falsly out y-wronge.  
 How coude ye wepe so by craft?' quod  
 she;

'May ther swiche teres feyned be?  
 Now certes, yif ye wolde have in memorie,  
 Hit oghte be to yow but litel glorie 2531  
 To have a sely mayde thus betrayed!

To god,' quod she, 'preye I, and ofte have  
 prayed, (140)  
 That hit be now the grettest prys of alle,  
 And moste honour that ever yow shal  
 befall! 2535

And whan thyn olde auncestres peynted  
 be,

In which men may hir worthinesse see,  
 Than, preye I god, thou peynted be also,  
 That folk may reden, for-by as they go,  
 "Lo! this is he, that with his flaterye 2540  
 Betrayed hath and doon her vilanye  
 That was his trewe love in thoghte and  
 dede!"

But sothly, of oo point yit may they rede,  
 That ye ben lyk your fader as in this; (151)  
 For he begyled Adriane, y-wis, 2545  
 With swiche an art and swiche sotelte  
 As thou thy-selven hast begyled me.

As in that point, al-though hit be nat fayr,  
 Thou folwest him, certein, and art his eyr.  
 But sin thus sinfully ye me begyle, 2551  
 My body mote ye seen, within a whyle,  
 Right in the haven of Athenes flotinge,  
 With-onten sepulture and buryinge; (160)  
 Thogh ye ben harder then is any stoon.'

And, whan this lettre was forth sent  
 anon, 2555

And knew how brotel and how fals he  
 was,

She for dispeyr for-dide herself, alas!  
 Swich sorwe hath she, for she besette her  
 so.

Be war, ye women, of your sotil fo, 2559  
 Sin yit this day men may ensample see;  
 And trusteth, as in love, no man but  
 me. (168)

*Explicit Legenda Phillis.*

## IX. THE LEGEND OF HYPERMNESTRA.

*Incipit Legenda Ypermistre.*

In Grece whylom weren brethren two,  
Of whiche that oon was called Danao,  
That many a sone hath of his body wonne,  
As swiche false lovers ofte conne. 2505  
Among his sones alle ther was oon  
That aldermost he lovede of everichoon.  
And whan this child was born, this Danao  
Shoop him a name, and called him  
Lino.

That other brother called was Egiste, 2570  
That was of love as fals as ever him  
liste, (10)

And many a doghter gat he in his lyve;  
Of which he gat upon his righte wyve  
A doghter dere, and dide her for to calle  
Ypermistra, yongest of hem alle; 2575  
The whiche child, of her nativitee,  
To alle gode thewes born was she,  
As lyked to the goddes, or she was born,  
That of the shefe she sholde be the  
corn; (18)

The Wirde, that we clepen Destinee, 2580  
Hath shapen her that she mot nedes be  
Pitouse, sadde, wyse, and trewe as steel;  
And to this woman hit accordeth weel.  
For, though that Venus yaf her greet  
beautee,

With Jupiter componed so was she 2585  
That conscience, trouthe, and drede of  
shame,

And of her wyfhood for to kepe her name,  
This, thoughte her, was felicitee as here.  
And rede Mars was, that tyme of the  
yere,

So foble, that his malice is him raft, 2590  
Repressed hath Venus his cruel craft; (30)  
What with Venus and other oppressioun  
Of houses, Mars his venim is adoun,  
That Ypermistra dar nat handle a knyf  
In malice, thogh she sholde lese her lyf.  
But natheles, as heven gan the turne, 2596  
To badde aspectes hath she of Saturne,

That made her for to deyen in prisoun,  
As I shal after make mencion.

To Danao and Egistes also— 2600  
Al-thogh so be that they were brethren  
two, (40)

For thilke tyme nas spared no linage—  
Hit lyked hem to maken mariage  
Betwix Ypermistra and him Lino,  
And casten swiche a day hit shal beso; 2605  
And ful accorded was hit witterly;  
The array is wrought, the tyme is faste by.  
And thus Lino hath of his fadres brother  
The doghter wedded, and eche of hem  
hath other.

The torches brennen and the lampes  
bryghte, 2610  
The sacrifices been ful redy dighte; (50)  
Th'encens out of the fyre reketh sote,  
The flour, the leef is rent up by the  
rote

To maken garlands and coronnes hye;  
Ful is the place of soun of minstrelaye,  
Of songes amoros of mariage, 2616  
As thilke tyme was the pleyn usage.  
And this was in the paleys of Egiste,  
That in his hous was lord, right as him  
liste;

And thus the day they dryven to an  
ende; 2620  
The frendes taken leve, and hoom they  
wende. (60)

The night is come, the bryd shal go to  
bedde;

Egiste to his chambre faste him spedde,  
And privily he let his doghter calle.

Whan that the hous was voided of hem  
alle, 2625

He lokod on his doghter with glad  
chere,

And to her spak, as yeshul after here.

'My righte doghter, tresor of myn  
herte!

Sin first that day that shapen was my  
sherte,

Or by the fatal sustren had my dom, 2630  
So ny myn herte never thing me com (70)  
As thou, myn Ypermistra, doghter  
dere!

Tak heed what I thy fader sey thee  
here,

And werk after thy wyser ever-mo.

For alderfirste, doghter, I love thee so 2635  
That al the world to me nis half so leef;  
Ne I nolde rede thee to thy mischeef  
For al the gode under the colde mone;  
And what I mene, hit shal be seid right  
sone,

With protestacioun, as in this wyse, 2640  
That, but thou do as I shal thee devyse,  
Thou shalt be deed, by him that al hath  
wrought! (81)

At shorte wordes, thou n'escapest noght  
Out of my paleys, or that thou be deed,  
But thou consente and werke after my  
reed; 2645

Tak this to thee for ful conclusioun.'

This Ypermistra caste her eyen down,  
And quook as dooth the leef of aspe  
grene;

Deed wex her hewe, and lyk as ash to  
sene, 2649

And seyde, 'lord and fader, al your wille,  
After my might, god wot, I shal fulfille,  
So hit to me be no confusioun.' (91)

'Inil,' quod he, 'have noon excepcioun';  
And out he caughte a knyf, as rasour kene;  
'Hyd this,' quod he, 'that hit be nat y-  
sene; 2655

And, when thyn husbond is to bedde y-go,  
Why! that he slepeth, cut his throte a-two.  
For in my dromes hit is warned me  
How that my newew shal my bane be,  
But whiche I noot, wherfor I wol be  
siker. 2660

Yif thou sey nay, we two shul have a  
biker (100)

As I have seyde, by him that I have  
sworn.'

This Ypermistra hath ny her wit forlon;  
And, for to passen harmles of that place,  
She graunted him; ther was non other  
grace. 2665

And therwith-al a costrel taketh he,  
And seyde, 'herof a draught, or two or  
three;

Yif him to drinke, whan he goth to  
reste,  
And he shal slepe as longe as ever thee  
leste,

The narcotiks and opies been so stronge:  
And go thy way, lest that him thinke  
longe.' (110) 2671

Out comth the bryd, and with ful sober  
chere,

As is of maidens ofte the manere,  
To chambre is broght with revel and with  
songe,

And shortly, lest this tale be to longe, 2675  
This Lino and she ben sone broght to  
bedde;

And every wight out at the dore him  
spedde.

The night is wasted, and he fol a-slepe;  
Ful tenderly beginneth she to wepe.

She rist her up, and dredfully she  
quaketh, 2680

As doth the braunche that Zephirus  
shaketh, (120)

And husht were alle in Argon that citee.  
As cold as any frost now wexeth she;  
For pite by the herte her streyneth so,  
And dred of deeth doth her so moche wo,  
That thryes down she fil in swiche a  
were. 2686

She rist her up, and stakoreth heer and  
there,

And on her handes faste loketh she.  
'Allas! and shul my handes blody be?

I am a maid, and, as by my nature, 2690  
And by my semblant and by my vesture.

Myn handes been nat shapen for a knyf,  
As for to reve no man fro his lyf. (132)

What devil have I with the knyf! to do?  
And shal I have my throte corve a-two?

Then shal I blede, alas! and me be-  
shende; 2696

And nedes cost this thing mot have an  
ende;

Or he or I mot nedes lese our lyf.  
Now certes,' quod she, 'sin I am his wyf,

And hath my feith, yit is it bet for me  
Forto be deed in wyfly honestee (140) 2701

Than be a traitour living in my shame.  
Be as be may, for earnest or for game,

He shal awake, and ryse and go his way  
Out at this goter, or that hit be day!—

And weep ful tenderly upon his face, 2706  
And in her armes gan him to embrace,  
And him she rogeth and awaketh softe ;  
And at the window leep he fro the  
lofte

Whan she hath warned him, and doon  
him bote. 2710

This Lino swifte was, and light of fote,  
And from his wyf he ran a ful good pas.  
This sely woman is so wayk, allas ! (152)  
And helpes so, that, or that she fer  
wente,

Her cruel fader dide her for to hente. 2715

Allas ! Lino ! why art thou so unkinde ?  
Why ne haddest thou remembred in thy  
minde

To taken her, and lad her forth with  
thee ?

For, whan she saw that goon away was he,  
And that she mighte nat so faste go, 2720  
Ne folwen him, she setto her down right  
tho, (160)

Til she was caught and fetered in prisoun.  
This tale is seid for this conclusioun. . .

(Unfinished.)

# A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE.

## PROLOGUS.

LITEL Lewis my sone, I have perceived wel by certeyne evidences thyn abilitie to lerne sciencez touchinge noumbres and proporciouns; and as wel considere I thy  
5 bisy preyere in special to lerne the Tretis of the Astrolabie. Than, for as mechel as a philosofre seith, 'he wrappeth him in his frend, that condescendeth to the rightful prayers of his frend,' ther-for  
o have I geven thee a suffisaunt Astrolabie as for oure orizonte, compowned after the latitude of Oxenford; up-on which, by mediacion of this litel tretis, I purpose to teche thee a certain nombre of conclusions apertening to the same instrument.  
5 I seye a certain of conclusiouns, for three causes. The furste cause is this: truste wel that alle the conclusiouns that han ben founde, or elles possibly mighten be  
o founde in so noble an instrument as an Astrolabie, ben un-knowe perfittly to any mortal man in this regioun, as I suppose. A-nother cause is this; that sothly, in any tretis of the Astrolabie that I have seyn,  
25 there ben some conclusions that wole nat in alle thinges performen hir bihestes; and some of hem ben to harde to thy tendre age of ten year to conseve. This tretis, divided in fyve parties, wole I shewe  
o thee under ful lighte rewlos and naked wordes in English; for Latin ne canstow

yit but smal, my lyte sone. But natheles, suffyse to thee these trewe conclusiouns in English, as wel as suffysoth to these noble clerkes Grekes these same conclusiouns in 35 Greek, and to Arabiens in Arabik, and to Jewes in Ebrew, and to the Latin folk in Latin; whiche Latin folk han hem furst out of othere diverse langages, and writen in hir owne tonge, that is to sein, in 40 Latin. And god wot, that in alle these langages, and in many mo, han these conclusiouns ben suffisantly lerned and taught, and yit by diverse rewles, right as diverse pathes leden diverse folk the 45 righte wey to Rome. Now wol I prey meekly every discreet persone that redeth or hereth this litel tretis, to have my rewde endyting for excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The 50 firste cause is, for that curious endyting and hard sentence is ful hevy atones for swich a child to lerne. And the seconde cause is this, that sothly me semeth betre to wryten un-to a child twyes a good 55 sentence, than he forgete it ones. And Lowis, yif so be that I shewe thee in my lighte English as trewe conclusiouns touching this matere, and naught only as trewe but as many and as subtil con- 60 clusiouns as ben shewed in Latin in any commune tretis of the Astrolabie, con me

the more thank; and preye god save the king, that is lord of this langage, and alle that him feyth bereth and obeyeth, ever-  
65 each in his degree, the more and the lasso. But considere wel, that I ne usurpe nat to have founde this werk of my labour or of myn engyn. I nam but a lewd com-  
70 pilatour of the labour of olde Astrolagiens, and have hit translated in myn English only for thy doctrine; and with this sward shal I sleen envye.

I. The firste partie of this tretis shal  
75 reherse the figures and the membres of thyn Astrolabie, bi-cause that thou shalt han the grette knowing of thyn owne instrument.

II. The second partie shal teche thee  
80 werken the verrey practik of the forseide conclusionns, as ferforth and as narwe as may be shewed in so smal an instrument portatif aboute. For wel wot every  
85 nat ben shewed in so smal an instrument, as in subtil tables calculed for a cause.

III. The thridde partie shal contienen  
90 diverse tables of longitudes and latitudes of sterres fixe for the Astrolabie, and tables of declinacions of the sonne, and tables of longitudes of citeez and of townes; and as wel for the governance

of a klokke as for to finde the altitude meridian; and many another notable conclusioun, after the kalendres of the 95 reverent clerkes, frere I. Somer and frere N. Lenne.

IV. The ferthe partie shal ben a theorik to declare the moevinge of the celestial bodies with the causes. The whiche  
100 ferthe partie in special shal shewen a table of the verray moevinge of the mone from houre to houre, every day and in every signe, after thyn almenak; upon which table ther folwith a canon, suffi-  
105 sant to teche as wel the maner of the wyrrking of that same conclusioun, as to knowe in oure orizonte with which degree of the zodia that the mone ariseth in any latitude; and the arising of any  
110 planete after his latitude fro the ecliptik lyne.

V. The fifte partie shal ben an intro-  
ductorie after thestatutz of oure doctours, in which thou maist lerne a gret part of  
115 the general rewles of theorik in astrologie. In which fifte partie shaltow finde tables of equacions of houses aftur the latitude of Oxenford; and tables of dignetes of planetes, and other noteful thinges, yif  
120 god wol vouchesauf and his modur the mayde, mo than I behete, &c.

## PART I.

### HERE BEGINNETH THE DESCRIPCION OF THE ASTROLABIE.

1. Thyn Astrolabie hath a ring to putten on the thombe of thy right hand in taking the heighte of thinges. And tak keep, for from hennes-forthward,  
5 I wol clepe the heighte of any thing that is taken by thy rewle, the altitude, withoute mo wordes.

2. This ring renneth in a maner turet, fast to the moder of thyn Astrolabie, in so rowm a space that hit desturbeth nat the instrument to hangen after his righte  
5 centre.

3. The Moder of thyn Astrolabie is the thikkeste plate, perced with a large hole, that reaseyeth in hir wombe the thinne plates compowned for diverse clymatz, and thy riet shapen in manere of a net or  
5 of a webbe of a loppe; and for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

4. This moder is devyded on the bak-half with a lyne, that cometh dessendinge fro the ring down to the nethereste bordure. The whiche lyne, fro the forseide ring un-to the centre of the large  
5 hole amide, is cleped the south lyne, or elles the lyne meridional. And the remenant of this lyne downe to the bor-

dure is cleped the north lyne, or elles the  
10 lyne of midnight. And for the more  
declaracioun, lo here the figure.

5. Over-thwart this for-side longe  
lyne, ther crosseth him another lyne of  
the same lengthe from est to west. Of  
the whiche lyne, from a litel croys + in  
5 the bordure un-to the centre of the large  
hole, is cleped the Est lyne, or elles the  
lyne Orientale; and the remenant of this  
lyne fro the forseide + un-to the bordure,  
is cleped the West lyne, or the lyne Occi-  
10 dentale. Now hastow here the foure  
quarters of thin astrolabie, devyded after  
the foure principals plages or quarters of  
the firmament. And for the more declar-  
acioun, lo here thy figure.

6. The est side of thyn Astrolabie is  
cleped the right side, and the west side  
is cleped the left side. Forget nat this,  
litel Lowis. Put the ring of thyn Astro-  
5 labie upon the thombe of thy right  
hand, and thanne wole his right syde be  
toward thy left syde, and his left syde  
wol be toward thy right syde; tak this  
rewle general, as wel on the bak as on  
10 the wombe-side. Upon the ende of this  
est lyne, as I first seide, is marked a litel  
+, wher-as evere-mo generally is con-  
sidered the entring of the first degree in  
which the sonne aryseth. And for the  
15 more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

7. Fro this litel + up to the ende of  
the lyne meridional, under the ring,  
shalow finden the bordure devyded with  
90 degrees; and by that same proporcioun  
5 is every quarter of thin Astrolabie devy-  
ded. Over the whiche degrees ther  
ben nombres of augrim, that devyden  
thilke same degrees fro fyve to fyve, as  
sheweth by longe strykes by-twene. Of  
10 whiche longe strykes the space by-twene  
contienith a mile-wey. And every degree  
of the bordure contieneth foure minutes,  
that is to seyn minutes of an houre.  
And for more declaracioun, lo here the  
15 figure.

8. Under the compas of thilke degrees  
ben writen the names of the Twelve  
Signes, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer,  
Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius,

Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces; and the 5  
nombres of the degrees of the signes ben  
writen in augrim above, and with longe  
devisiouns, fro fyve to fyve; devyded fro  
tyme that the signe entreth un-to the  
laste ende. But understand wel, that 10  
thise degrees of signes ben everich of hem  
considered of 60 minutes, and every  
minnte of 60 secondes, and so forth in-to  
smale fraccions infinit, as seith Alka-  
bucius. And ther-for, know wel, that 15  
a degree of the bordure contieneth foure  
minutes, and a degree of a signe con-  
tieneth 60 minutes, and have this in  
minde. And for the more declaracioun,  
lo here thy figure. 20

9. Next this folweth the Cercle of the  
Dayes, that ben figured in maner of  
degrees, that contienen in nombre 365;  
divyded also with longe strykes fro fyve  
to fyve, and the nombres in augrim 5  
writen under that cercle. And for more  
declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

10. Next the Cercle of the Dayes, fol-  
weth the Cercle of the names of the  
Monthes; that is to seyn, Januare,  
Februare, Marcus, Aprile, Mayus, Jun,  
Julius, Augustus, Septembre, October, 5  
Novembre, Decembre. The names of  
these monthes were cleped in Arabiens,  
somme for hir propretees, and some by  
statutz of lordes, some by other lordes of  
Rome. Fek of these monthes, as lyked 10  
to Julius Cesar and to Cesar Augustus,  
some were compowned of diverse nom-  
bres of dayes, as Juil and August. Thanne  
hath Januare 31 dayes, Februare 28,  
March 31, Aprile 30, May 31, Junius 30, 15  
Julius 31, Augustus 31, September 30,  
Octobre 31, Novembre 30, December 31.  
Natheles, al-though that Julius Cesar  
took 2 dayes out of Fevorer and put hem  
in his moneth of Juille, and Augustus 20  
Cesar cleped the moneth of August after  
his name, and ordeyned it of 31 dayes,  
yit truste wel, that the sonne dwelleth  
ther-for nevere the more ne lesse in oon  
signe than in another. 25

11. Than folwen the names of the  
Halidays in the Kalender, and next  
hem the lettres of the Abc. on which

they fallen. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

12. Next the forside Cercle of the Abc., under the cros-lyne, is marked the scale, in maner of two squyres, or elles in manere of laddres, that serveth by hiso  
5 12 poyntes and his devisiouns of ful many a subtil conclusioun. Of this forside scale, fro the croos-lyne un-to the verre angle, is cleped *tumbra versa*, and the nether partie is cleped the *tumbra*  
10 *recta*, or elles *umbra extensa*. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

13. Thanne hastow a brood Rewlo, that hath on either ende a square plate perced with a certoin holes, some more and some lesse, to ressoyven the stremes  
5 of the sonne by day, and eek by mediacioun of thyn eye, to knowe the altitude of sterres by nighte. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

14. Thanne is ther a large Pyn, in maner of an extree, that goth thorow the hole, that halt the tables of the clymates and the riet in the wombe of  
5 the Moder, thorw which Pyn ther goth a litel wegge which that is cleped 'the hors,' that stroyne alle thise parties to hope; this forside grote Pyn, in maner of an extree, is imagined to be the Pol  
10 Artik in thyn Astrolabe. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure

15. The wombe-side of thyn Astrolabe is also devyded with a longe croys in foure quarters from est to west, fro south to north, fro right syde to left syde, as is  
5 the bak-syde. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

16. The bordure of which wombe-side is devyded fro the poynt of the est lyne un-to the poynt of the south lyne under the ring, in 90 degrees; and by that same  
5 proporcioun is every quarter devyded as is the bak-syde, that amonteth 360 degrees. And understond wel, that degrees of this bordure ben answering and consentrik to the degrees of the Equinoxial,  
10 that is devyded in the same nombre as every othere cercle is in the heye hevene. This same bordure is devyded also with 23 lettres capitals and a smal croys +

above the south lyne, that sheweth the 24 houres equals of the klokke; and, as 15 I have said, 5 of thise degrees maken a mile-wey, and 3 mile-wey maken an houre. And every degree of this bordure conteneeth 4 minutes, and every minut 60 secoundes; now have I told thee twayne.  
23 And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

17. The plate under thy riet is descryved with 3 principal cercles; of whiche the leste is cleped the cercle of Cancer, by-cause that the heved of Cancer turneth overmor consentrik up-on the same 5 cercle. In this heved of Cancer is the grettest declinacioun northward of the sonne. And ther-for is he cleped the Solsticioun of Somer: whiche declinacioun, aftur Ptholome, is 23 degrees 10 and 50 minutes, as wel in Cancer as in Capricorne. This signe of Cancer is cleped the Tropik of Somer, of *tropos*, that is to seyn 'agaynward;' for thanne by-ginneth the sonne to passe fro us- 15 ward. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

The middel cercle in wydensse, of thise 3, is cleped the Cercle Equinoxial; up-on whiche turneth evermo the hedes of 20 Aries and Libra. And understond wel, that evermo this Cercle Equinoxial turneth justly fro verrey est to verrey west, as I have shewed thee in the spere solite. This same cercle is cleped also the Weyere, 25 *equator*, of the day; for whan the sonne is in the hevedes of Aries and Libra, than ben the dayes and the nightes ilke of lengthe in al the world. And therfore ben thise two signes called the 30 Equinoxies. And alle that moeveth within the hevedes of thise Aries and Libra, his moeving is cleped north-ward; and alle that moeveth with-oute thise hevedes, his moeving is cleped south-ward as fro 35 the equinoxial. Tak keep of thise latitudes north and south, and forget it nat. By this Cercle Equinoxial ben considered the 24 houres of the klokke; for evermo the arysing of 15 degrees of the equinoxial 40 maketh an houre equal of the klokke. This equinoxial is cleped the girdel of



the firste moeving, or elles of the *angulus primi motus vel primi mobilis*. And nota, 45 that firste moeving is cleped 'moeving' of the firste moeuable of the 8 spero, whiche moeving is fro est to west, and eft agayn in-to est; also it is clepid 'girdel' of the first moeving, for it 50 departeth the firste moeuable, that is to seyn, the spero, in two ilyke parties, evens-distantz fro the poles of this world.

The wydeste of thise three principal cerceles is cleped the Cercele of Capricorne, 55 by-cause that the heved of Capricorne turneth evermo consentrik up-on the same cercele. In the heved of this forseide Capricorne is the grettest declinacioun southward of the sonne, and ther- 60 for is it cleped the Solsticioun of Winter. This signe of Capricorne is also cleped the Tropik of Winter, for thanne bygineth the sonne to come agayn to us-ward. And for the more declaracioun, lo here 65 thy figure.

18. Upon this forseide plate ben compassed certain cerceles that highten Almicanteras, of which som of hem semen perfit cerceles, and somme semen inperfit. 5 The centre that standith a-middes the narwest cercele is cleped the Senith; and the netherest cercele, or the firste cercele, is clepid the Orisonte, that is to seyn, the cercele that devydeh the two emi- 10 speries, that is, the partie of the hevone a-bove the erthe and the partie be-nothe. Thise Almicanteras ben compouned by two and two, al-be-it so that on divers Astrolabies some Almicanteras ben de- 15 vyded by oon, and some by two, and somme by three, after the quantite of the Astrolabie. This forseide senith is imageden to ben the verrey point over the crowne of thyn heved; and also this 20 senith is the verrey pool of the orisonte in every region. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

19. From this senith, as it semeth, ther come a maner crokede strykes lyke to the clawes of a loppe, or elles like to the werk of a womanes calle, in kerving over- 5 thwart the Almikanteras. And thise same strykes or divisouns ben cleped

Azimuthz. And they devyden the orisonte of thyn Astrolabie in four and twenty devisiouns. And thise Azimutz 10 serven to knowe the costes of the firmament, and to othere conclusiouns, as for to knowe the cenith of the sonne and of every sterre. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

20. Next thise azimutz, under the Cercele of Cancer, ben ther twelve devisiouns embelif, moche like to the shap 15 of the azimutes, that shewen the spaces of the houres of planetes; and for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

21. The Riet of thyn Astrolabie with thy zodiak, shapen in maner of a net or of a loppe-webbe after the olde descripcioun, which thow mayst tornen up and down as thy-self lyketh, conteneth 5 certain nombre of sterres fixes, with hir longitudes and latitudes determinat; yif so be that the makere have nat erred. The names of the sterres ben written in the margin of the riet ther as they sitte; 10 of whiche sterres the smale poynt is cleped the Centre. And understand also that alle sterres sittinge with-in the zodiak of thyn Astrolabie ben cleped 'sterres of the north,' for they arysen 15 by northe the est lyne. And alle the remenant fixed, out of the zodiak, ben cleped 'sterres of the south;' but I sey nat that they arysen alle by southe the est lyne; witnesse on Aldeberan and 20 Algomeysa. Generally understand this rewle, that thilke sterres that ben cleped sterres of the north arysen rather than the degree of hir longitude, and alle the sterres of the south arysen after the 25 degree of hir longitude; this is to seyn, sterres fixed in thyn Astrolabie. The mesure of this longitude of sterres is taken in the lyne ecliptik of hevone, under which lyne, whan that the sonne 30 and the mone ben lyne-right or elles in the superficie of this lyne, than is the eclips of the sonne or of the mone; as I shal declare, and eek the cause why. But sothly the Ecliptik Lyne of thy 35 zodiak is the outereste bordure of thy zodiak, ther the degrees ben marked.

Thy Zodiak of thyn Astrolabie is shapen  
as a compas which that conteneth a large  
40 brede, as after the quantite of thyn  
Astrolabie; in ensample that the zodiak  
in hevene is imagined to ben a superfice  
conteneng a latitude of twelve degrees,  
wheras al the romenant of cercles in the  
45 hevens ben imagined verrey lynes with-  
oute eny latitude. Amiddes this celestial  
zodiak ys imagined a lyne, which that is  
cleped the Ecliptik Lyne, under which  
lyne is evermo the way of the sonne.  
50 Thus ben ther six degrees of the zodiak  
on that oon side of the lyne, and six  
degrees on that other. This zodiak is  
divided in twelve principal devisiouns,  
that departen the twelve signes. And,  
55 for the streitnes of thin Astrolabie, than  
is every smal devisioun in a signe de-  
partid by two degrees and two; I mene  
degrees contening sixty minutes. And  
this forseide hevynish zodiak is cleped  
60 the Cercle of the Signes, or the Cercle  
of the Bestes: for *codia* in langage of  
(trek sowneth 'bestes' in Latin tonge;  
and in the zodiak ben the twelve signes  
that han names of bestes; or elles, for  
65 whan the sonne entreth in any of the  
signes, he taketh the propretee of swich  
bestes; or elles, for that the sterres that  
ben there fixed ben disposed in signes of  
bestes, or shape like bestes; or elles,  
70 whan the planetes ben under thilke  
signes, they causen us by hir influence  
operaciouns and effectes lyk to the opera-  
ciouns of bestes. And understonde also,  
that whan an hot planete cometh in-to  
75 an hot signe, than encresseth his hete;

and yif a planete be cold, thanne amen-  
useth his coldnesse, by-cause of the hote  
signe. And by this conclusioun maystow  
take ensample in alle the signes, be they  
moist or drye, or moeble or fix; rekeneng 80  
the qualitee of the planete as I first  
seide. And everich of these twelve signes  
hath respects to a certain parcelle of the  
body of a man and hath it in governance;  
as Aries liath thyn heved, and Taurus thy 85  
nekke and thy throte, Gemini thyn  
armholes and thyn armes, and so forth;  
as shal be shewed more playn in the fift  
partie of this tretis. This zodiak, which  
that is part of the eighte spere, over- 90  
kerveth the equinoxial; and he over-  
kerveth him again in evene parties; and  
that on half declineth southward, and  
that other northward, as pleynly de-  
clareth the tretis of the spere. And for 95  
more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

22. Thanne hastow a label, that is  
schapen lyk a rewle, save that it is streit  
and hath no plates on either ende with  
holes; but, with the smale point of the  
forseide label, shaltow calcule thyne 5  
equaciouns in the bordure of thin Astro-  
labie, as by thyn almury. And for the  
more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

23. Thyn Almury is cleped the Denticle  
of Capricorne, or elles the Calculer. This  
same Almury sit fix in the heed of Capri-  
corne, and it serveth of many a neces-  
sarie conclusioun in equaciouns of thinges, 5  
as shal be shewed; and for the more  
declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

*Here endeth the description of the  
Astrolabie.*

## PART II.

HERE BEGINNETH THE CONCLUSIONS OF  
THE ASTROLABIE.

1. To fynde the degree in which the sonne is  
day by day, after hir cours a-boute.

Rekene and knowe which is the day  
of thy monthe; and ley thy rowle up  
that same day; and thanne wol the  
verray point of thy rewle sitten in the

bordure, up-on the degree of thy sonne. 5  
Ensamble as thus; the yeer of oure lord  
1391, the 12 day of March at midday,  
I wolde knowe the degree of the sonne.  
I soughte in the bak-half of myn Astro-  
labie, and fond the cercle of the dayes, 10  
the which I knowe by the names of the  
monthes writen under the same cercle.  
Tho leide I my rewle over this forseide

day, and fond the point of my rewle in  
 15 the bordure up-on the first degree of  
 Aries, a litel with-in the degree; and  
 thus knowe I this conclusioun. Another  
 day, I wolde knowe the degree of my  
 sonne, and this was at midday in the  
 20 13 day of Decembre; I fond the day of  
 the monthe in maner as I scide; tho  
 leide I my rewle up-on this forseide 13  
 day, and fond the point of my rewle in  
 the bordure up-on the first degree of  
 25 Capricorne, a lite with-in the degree;  
 and than hadde I of this conclusioun the  
 ful experience. And for the more declar-  
 acioun, lo here thy figure.

2. *To knowe the altitude of the sonne, or  
 of othre celestial bodica.*

Put the ring of thyn Astrolabie up-on  
 thy right thombe, and turne thy lift  
 syde agayn the light of the sonne. And  
 remove thy rewle up and down, til that  
 5 the stremes of the sonne shyne thorgh  
 bothe holes of thy rewle. Loke thanne  
 how many degrees thy rowle is aريسed  
 fro the litel crois up-on thyn est line, and  
 tak ther the altitude of thy sonne. And  
 10 in this same wyse maistow knowe by  
 nighte the altitude of the mone, or of  
 brightesterres. This chapitre is so general  
 ever in oon, that ther nedith no more  
 declaracion; but forget it nat. And for  
 15 the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

3. *To knowe every tyme of the day by light  
 of the sonne, and every tyme of the night  
 by the sterres fixe, and eke to knowe by  
 night or by day the degree of any signe  
 that assendeth on the Est Orisonte, which  
 that is cleped communly the Assendent,  
 or elles Oruscupum.*

Tak the altitude of the sonne when  
 thee list, as I have said; and set the  
 degree of the sonne, in cas that it be  
 by-forn the middel of the day, among  
 5 thyn almikanteras on the est side of thyn  
 Astrolabie; and yif it be after the middel  
 of the day, set the degree of thy sonne  
 up-on the west side; tak this manere of  
 setting for a general rewle, ones for  
 10 evere. And when thou hast set the

degree of thy sonne up as many almi-  
 kanteras of heyghte as was the altitude  
 of the sonne taken by thy rewle, ley over  
 thy label, up-on the degree of the sonne,  
 and thanne wol the point of thy label 15  
 sitten in the bordure, up-on the verrey  
 tyd of the day. Ensampl as thus: the  
 year of oure lord 1391, the 12 day of  
 March, I wold knowe the tyd of the day.  
 I took the altitude of my sonne, and 20  
 fond that it was 25 degrees and 30 of  
 minutes of heyghte in the bordure on the  
 bak-syde. Tho turnede I myn Astrola-  
 bie, and by-cause that it was by-forn  
 midday, I turnede my riet, and sette the 25  
 degree of the sonne, that is to seyn, the  
 1 degree of Aries, on the right syde of  
 myn Astrolabie, up-on that 25 degrees  
 and 30 of minutes of heyghte among myn  
 almikanteras; tho leide I my label up-on 30  
 the degree of my sonne, and fond the  
 poynte of my label in the bordure, up-on  
 a capital lettra that is cleped an X; tho  
 rekened I alle the capitalles lettres fro  
 the lyne of midnight un-to this forseide 35  
 lettre X, and fond that it was 9 of the  
 clokke of the day. Tho loked I down  
 up-on the est orisonte, and fond there  
 the 20 degree of Geminis assending;  
 which that I tok for myn assendent. 40  
 And in this wyse hadde I the experience  
 for ever-mo in which maner I sholde  
 knowe the tyd of the day, and eek man  
 assendent. Tho wolde I wite the same  
 night folwing the hour of the night, and 45  
 wroughte in this wyse. Among an heep  
 of sterres fixe, it lyked me for to take the  
 altitude of the feire white sterre that is  
 cleped Alhabor; and fond hir sitting on  
 the west side of the lyne of midday. 50  
 †18 degrees of heighte taken by my rewle  
 on the bak-syde. Tho sette I the centio  
 of this Alhabor up-on †18 degrees among  
 myn almikanteras, up-on the west syde;  
 by-cause that she was founden on the 55  
 west syde. Tho leide I my label over  
 the degree of the sonne that was de-  
 scended under the weste orisonte, and  
 rikened alle the lettres capitals fro the  
 lyne of midday un-to the point of my 60  
 label in the bordure; and fond that it

was passed  $\dagger 8$  of the klokke the space of  $\dagger 2$  degrees. Tho loked I down up-on myn est orisonte, and fond ther  $\dagger 23$  degrees of  
 65 Libra assending, whom I tok for myn assendent; and thus lerned I to knowe ones for ever in which manero I shuld come to the houre of the night and to myn assendent; as verreyly as may be  
 70 taken by so smal an instrument. But natheles, in general, wolde I warne thee for evere, ne mak thee nevere bold to have take a just assendent by thyn Astrolabe, or elles to have set justly  
 75 a klokke, whan any celestial body by which that thow wenest governe thilke thinges ben ney the south lyne; for trust wel, whan that the sonne is ney the meridional lyne, the degree of the sonne  
 80 renneth so longo consentrik up-on the almikanteras, that sothly thou shalt erre fro the just assendent. The same conclusioun say I by the centre of any sterre fix by night; and more-over, by experi-  
 85 ence, I wot wel that in oure orisonte, from 11 of the klokke un-to oon of the klokke, in taking of a just assendent in a portatif Astrolabe, hit is to hard to knowe. I mene, from 11 of the klokke  
 90 bifrom the houre of noon til oon of the klokke next folwing. And for the more declaracion, lo hero thy figure.

#### 4. Special declaracion of the assendent.

The assendent sothly, as wel in alle nativitez as in questionis and elecciouns of tymes, is a thing which that thise astrologiens gretly observen; wherfore  
 5 me semeth convenient, sin that I spoke of the assendent, to make of it special declaracioun. The assendent sothly, to take it at the largeste, is thilke degree that assendeth at any of thise forseide  
 10 tymes upon the est orisonte; and therefore, yif that any planet assende at that same tyme in thilke for-seide  $\dagger$ degree of his longitude, men seyn that thilke planete is in *horoscope*. But sothly, the  
 15 hous of the assendent, that is to seyn, the firste hous or the est angle, is a thing more brood and large. For after the statutz of astrologiens, what celestial body

that is 5 degrees above thilke degree that assendeth, or with-in that noubre, that 20 is to seyn, nere the degree that assendeth, yit rikne they thilke planet in the assendent. And what planete that is under thilke degree that assendith the space of  $\dagger 25$  degrees, yit seyn they that thilke 25 planete is lyk to him that is in the hous of the assendent; but sothly, yif he passe the bondes of thise forseide spaces, above or hynethe, they seyn that the planete is fuillring for the assendent. Yit sein thise 30 astrologiens, that the assendent, and eke the lord of the assendent, may be shapen for to be fortunat or infortunat, as thus: a fortunat assendent clepen they whan that no wikkid planete, as Saturne or 35 Mars, or elles the Tail of the Dragoun, is in the hous of the assendent, ne that no wikked planete have non aspecte of enemite up-on the assendent; but they wol caste that they have a fortunat 40 planete in hir assendent and yit in his felicitie, and than sey they that it is wel. Further-over, they seyn that the infortunating of an assendent is the contrarie of thise forseide thinges. The lord of 45 the assendent, sey they, that he is fortunat, whan he is in good place fro the assendent as in angle; or in a succedent, where-as he is in his dignitee and comforted with frendly aspectes of planetes 50 and wel received, and eek that he may seen the assendent, and that he be nat retrograd ne combust, ne joigned with no shrewe in the same signe; ne that he be nat in his descencioun, ne joigned with 55 no planete in his descencioun, ne have up-on him non aspecte infortunat; and than sey they that he is wel. Natheles, thise ben observauncez of judicial matiere and rytes of payens, in which my spirit 60 ne hath no feith, ne no knowing of hir *horoscopum*; for they seyn that every signe is departed in 3 evene parties by 10 degrees, and thilke porcioun they clepe a Face. And al-though that a planete 65 have a latitude fro the ecliptik, yit sey some folk, so that the planete aryse in that same signe with any degree of the forseide face in which his longitude is

70 rokned, that yit is the planete in *horoscopo*, be it in nativite or in eleccioun, &c. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

5. To knowe the verrey equacioun of the degree of the sonne, yif so be that it falle by-twixe thyn Almikanteras.

For as moche as the almikanteras in thyn Astrolabe been compounded by two and two, where-as some almikanteras in sondry Astrolabies ben compounded by 10 oon and oon, or elles by two and two, it is necessarie to thy lerning to teche thee first to knowe and worke with thyn owne instrument. Wher-for, whan that the degree of thy sonne falleth by-twixe 10 two almikanteras, or elles yif thyn almikanteras ben graven with over gret a point of a compas, (for bothe thise thinges may causen errour as wel in knowing of the tyd of the day as of the 15 verrey assendent), thou most werken in this wyse. Set the degree of thy sonne up-on the heyer almikanteras of bothe, and waite wel wher as thin almy toucheth the bordure, and set 20 ther a prikke of inke. Set down agayn the degree of thy sonne up-on the nethere almikanteras of bothe, and set ther another prikke. Remewe thanne thyn almy in the bordure evene amid- 25 des bothe prikkes, and this wol lede justly the degree of thy sonne to sitte by-twixe bothe almikanteras in his right place. Ley thanne thy label over the degree of thy sonne; and find in the 30 bordure the verrey tyde of the day or of the night. And as verreyly shaltow finde up-on thyn este orisonte thyn assendent. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

6. To knowe the spring of the dawng and the ende of the evening, the which ben called the two *crepusculis*:

Set the nadir of thy sonne up-on 18 degrees of heighte among thyn almikanteras on the west syde, and ley thy label on the degree of thy sonne, and thanne 5 shal the poynt of thy label schewe the spring of day. Also set the nadir of thy

sonne up-on 18 degrees of heighte a-mong thyn almikanteras on the est side, and ley over thy label up-on the degree of the sonne, and with the point of thy label 10 find in the bordure the ende of the evening, that is, verrey night. The nadir of the sonne is thilke degree that is opposit to the degree of the sonne, in the seventhe signe, as thus: every degree 15 of Aries by ordre is nadir to every degree of Libra by ordre; and Taurus to Scorpion; Gemini to Sagittare; Cancer to Capricorne; Leo to Aquarie; Virgo to Pisces; and yif any degree in thy zodiak 20 be dirk, his nadir shal declare him. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

7. To knowe the arch of the day, that some folk callen the day artificial, from the sonne arysing til hit go to reste.

Set the degree of thy sonne up-on thyn este orisonte, and ley thy label on the degree of the sonne, and at the poynt of thy label in the bordure set a prikke. Turn thanne thy riet aboute til the 5 degree of the sonne sit up-on the west orisonte, and ley thy label up-on the same degree of the sonne, and at the point of thy label set a-nother prikke. Rekne thanne the quantitee of tyme in 10 the bordure by-twixe bothe prikkes, and tak ther thyn ark of the day. The remenant of the bordure under the orisonte is the ark of the night. Thus maistow rekne bothe arches, or every porcion, 15 of whether that thee lyketh. And by this manere of wyrking maistow see how longe that any sterre fix dwelleth a-bove the erthe, fro tyme that he ryseth til he go to reste. But the day natural, that 20 is to seyn 24 houres, is the revolucioun of the equinoxial with as moche partie of the zodiak as the sonne of his propre moeving passeth in the mene whyle. And for the more declaracioun, lo here 25 thy figure.

8. To turn the houres in-euales in houres equales.

Knowe the nombre of the degrees in the houres in-euales, and departe hem

by 15, and tak ther thyn houres equales. And for the more declaracioun, lo here 5 thy figure.

9. *To knowe the quantitee of the day vulgar, that is to seyn, from spring of the day un-to verrey night.*

Know the quantitee of thy crepusculis, as I have taught in the chapitre bi-forn, and adde hem to the arch of thy day artificial; and tak ther the space of alle 5 the holo day vulgar, un-to verrey night. The same manere maystow worke, to knowe the quantitee of the vulgar night. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

10. *To knowe the quantite of houres inequales by day.*

Understand wel, that these houres inequales ben cleped houres of planetes, and understand wel that som-tyme ben they lengere by day than by night, and 5 som-tyme the contrarie. But understand wel, that evermo, generally, the hour inequal of the day with the houres inequal of the night contenen 30 degrees of the bordure, whiche bordure is evermo 10 answering to the degrees of the equinoxial; wher-for departe the arch of the day artificial in 12, and tak ther the quantitee of the houre inequal by day. And yif thou abate the quantitee of the 15 houre inequal by daye out of 30, than shal the remenant that levethe performe the houre inequal by night. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

11. *To knowe the quantite of houres equales.*

The quantitee of houres equales, that is to seyn, the houres of the klokke, ben departed by 15 degrees al-redy in the bordure of thyn Astrolabe, as wel by 5 night as by day, generally for evere. What nedeth more declaracioun? Wher-for, whan thee list to know how manye houres of the klokke ben passed, or any part of any of these houres that ben 10 passed, or elles how many houres or partie of houres ben to come, fro swich a tyme to swich a tyme, by day or by nighte, knowe the degree of thy sonne,

and ley thy label on it; turne thy riet aboute joyntly with thy label, and with 15 the point of it rekne in the bordure fro the sonne aryse un-to the same place ther thou desirest, by day as by nighte. This conclusioun wol I declare in the luste chapitre of the 4 partie of this tretis 20 so openly, that ther shal lakke no worde that nedeth to the declaracioun. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

12. *Special declaracioun of the houres of planetes.*

Understand wel, that evere-mo, fro the arysing of the sonne til it go to reste, the nadir of the sonne shal shewe the houre of the planetes, and fro that tyme forward al the night til the sonne aryse; than 5 shal the verrey degree of the sonne shewe the houre of the planetes. Ensample as thus. The 13 day of March fil up-on a Saturday per aventure, and, at the arising of the sonne, I fond the secounde 10 degree of Aries sitting up-on myn est orisonte, al-be-it that it was but lite; than fond I the 2 degree of Libra, nadir of my sonne, descending on my west orisonte, up-on which west orisonte every 15 day generally, at the sonne arise, entreth the houre of any planetes, after which planetes the day bereth his name; and endeth in the nexte stryk of the plate under the forseide west orisonte; and 20 evere, as the sonne climbeth uppere and uppere, so goth his nadir downere and downere, teching by swich strykes the houres of planetes by ordre as they siten in the hevене. The first houre inequal 25 of every Saterdag is to Saturne; and the secounde, to Jupiter; the 3, to Mars; the 4, to the Sonne; the 5, to Venus; the 6, to Mercurius; the 7, to the Mone; and thanne agayn, the 8 is to Saturne; the 9, 30 to Jupiter; the 10, to Mars; the 11, to the Sonne; the 12, to Venus; and now is my sonne gon to reste as for that Saterdag. Thanne sheweth the verrey degree of the sonne the houre of Mercurie 35 entring under my west orisonte at eve; and next him succedeth the Mone; and so

forth by ordre, planete after planete, in  
 40 sonne arysa. Now ryseth the sonne that  
 Sonday by the morwe; and the nadir of  
 the sonne, up-on the west orizonte,  
 sheweth me the entring of the houre of  
 the forsoide sonne. And in this maner  
 45 succedeth planete under planete, fro  
 Saturne un-to the Mone, and fro the  
 Mone up a-gayn to Saturne, houre after  
 houre generally. And thus knowe I this  
 conclusioun. And for the more declara-  
 50 cioun, lo here the figure.

13. *To knowe the altitude of the sonne in  
 middes of the day, that is cleped the  
 altitude meridian.*

Set the degree of the sonne up-on the  
 lyne meridional, and rikene how many  
 degrees of almikanteras ben by-twixe  
 thyn est orisonte and the degree of the  
 5 sonne. And tak ther thyn altitude  
 meridian; this is to seyne, the heyest of  
 the sonne as for that day. So maystow  
 knowe in the same lyne, the heyest  
 cours that any sterre fix climbeth by  
 10 night; this is to seyn, that whan any  
 sterre fix is passed the lyne meridional,  
 than by-ginneth it to descende, and so  
 doth the sonne. And for the more  
 declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

14. *To knowe the degree of the sonne by  
 thy riel, for a maner curiositee, &c.*

Sek bysily with thy rewle the heyest  
 of the sonne in midde of the day; turne  
 thanne thyn Astrolabie, and with a  
 prikke of ink marke the nombre of that  
 5 same altitude in the lyne meridional.  
 Turne thanne thy riel aboute til thou  
 fynde a degree of thy zodiak accordyng  
 with the prikke, this is to seyn, sittynge  
 on the prikke; and in sooth, thou shalt  
 10 fynde but two degrees in al the zodiak  
 of that condicioun; and yit thilke two  
 degrees ben in diverse signes; than  
 maistow lightly by the sesoun of the yere  
 knowe the signe in whiche that is the  
 15 sonne. And for the more declaracioun,  
 lo here thy figure.

15. *To knowe which day is lyk to which day  
 as of lengthe, &c.*

Loke whiche degrees ben y-lyke fer fro  
 the hevedes of Cancer and Capricorne;  
 and lok, whan the sonne is in any of  
 thilke degrees, than ben the dayes y-lyke  
 of lengthe. This is to seyn, that as long 5  
 is that day in that monthe, as was swich  
 a day in swich a month; ther varieth  
 but lite. Also, yif thou take two dayes  
 naturally in the yeer y-lyke fer fro eyther  
 pointe of the equinoxial in the opposit 10  
 parties, than as long is the day artificial  
 of that on day as is the night of that  
 othere, and the contrarie. And for the  
 more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

16. *This chapitre is a maner declaracioun  
 to conclusiouns that foluen.*

Understond wel that thy zodiak is  
 departid in two halfe cerceles, as fro the  
 heved of Capricorne un-to the heved of  
 Cancer; and agaynward fro the heved of  
 Cancer un-to the heved of Capricorne. 5  
 The heved of Capricorne is the lowest  
 point, wher-as the sonne goth in winter,  
 and the heved of Cancer is the heyest  
 point, in whiche the sonne goth in somer.  
 And ther-for understond wel, that any 10  
 two degrees that ben y-lyke fer fro any  
 of thise two hevedes, truste wel that  
 thilke two degrees ben of y-lyke decli-  
 nacioun, be it southward or northward;  
 and the dayes of hem ben y-lyke of 15  
 lengthe, and the nightes also; and the  
 shadwes y-lyke, and the altitudes y-lyke  
 at midday for evere. And for more  
 declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

17. *To knowe the verrey degree of any  
 maner sterre draunge or unstraunge after  
 his longitude, though he be indeterminat  
 in thyn Astrolabie; sothly to the trowthe,  
 thus he shal be knowe.*

Tak the altitude of this sterre whan he  
 is on the est side of the lyne meridional,  
 as ney as thou mayst gesse; and tak  
 an assendent a-non right by som maner  
 sterre fix which that thou knowest; and 5  
 for-get nat the altitude of the firste sterre,  
 ne thyn assendent. And whan that this  
 is don, espye diligently whan this same

10 firste sterre passeth any-thing the south  
 westward, and hath him a-non right in  
 the same noubre of altitude on the  
 west side of this lyne meridional as he  
 was caught on the est side; and tak  
 a newe assendent a-non right by som  
 15 maner sterre fixe which that thou know-  
 est; and for-get nat this secounde as-  
 sendent. And whan that this is don,  
 rikne thanne how manye degrees ben  
 by-twixe the firste assendent and the  
 20 seconde assendent, and rikne wel the  
 middel degree by-twene bothe assendentes,  
 and set thilke middel degree up-on thin  
 est orisonte; and waite thanne what  
 degree that sit up-on the lyne meri-  
 25 dional, and tak ther the verrey degree  
 of the ecliptik in which the sterre stond-  
 eth for the tyme. For in the ecliptik  
 is the longitude of a celestial body  
 reckoned, evene fro the heved of Aries  
 30 un-to the ende of Pisces. And his latitude  
 is rikned after the quantitee of his decli-  
 nation, north or south to-warde the  
 poles of this world; as thus. Yif it be  
 of the sonne or of any fix sterre, rekene  
 35 his latitude or his declinacioun fro the  
 equinozial cerle; and yif it be of a  
 planete, rekne than the quantitee of his  
 latitude fro the ecliptik lyne. Al-be-it  
 so that fro the equinozial may the decli-  
 40 nacioun or the latitude of any body cele-  
 stial be rikned, after the site north or  
 south, and after the quantitee of his decli-  
 nation. And right so may the latitude  
 or the declinacioun of any body celestial,  
 45 save only of the sonne, after his site  
 north or south, and after the quantitee  
 of his declinacioun, be rekned fro the  
 ecliptik lyne; fro which lyne alle planetes  
 som tyme declynen north or south, save  
 50 only the for-seide sonne. And for the  
 more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

18. *To knowe the degrees of the longitudes  
 of fixe sterres after that they ben deter-  
 minat in thin Astrolabe, yif so be that  
 they ben trevely set.*

Set the centre of the sterre up-on the  
 lyne meridional, and tak keep of thy  
 zodiak, and loke what degree of any signe

that sit on the same lyne meridional at  
 that same tyme, and tak the degree in 5  
 which the sterre standeth; and with  
 that same degree comth that same sterre  
 un-to that same lyne fro the orisonte.  
 And for more declaracioun, lo here thy  
 figure.

19. *To knowe with which degree of the zodiak  
 any sterre fixe in thyn Astrolabe aryseth  
 up-on the est orisonte, al-though his dwell-  
 ing be in a-nother signe.*

Set the centre of the sterre up-on the  
 est orisonte, and loke what degree of any  
 signe that sit up-on the same orisonte at  
 that same tyme. And understond wel,  
 that with that same degree aryseth that 5  
 same sterre; and this mervyllous arysing  
 with a strange degree in another signe  
 is by-cause that the latitude of the sterre  
 fix is either north or south fro the equi-  
 nozial. But sothly, the latitudes of 10  
 planetes ben comunly rekned fro the  
 ecliptik, bi-cause that non of hem de-  
 clineth but fewe degrees out fro the brede  
 of the zodiak. And tak good keep of  
 this chapitre of arysing of the celestial 15  
 bodies; for truste wel, that neyther mone  
 ne sterre as in oure ombelif orisonte  
 aryseth with that same degree of his  
 longitude, save in oo cas; and that is,  
 whan they have no latitude fro the 20  
 ecliptik lyne. But natheles, som tyme  
 is everiche of these planetes under the  
 same lyne. And for more declaracioun,  
 lo here thy figure.

20. *To knowe the declinacioun of any degree  
 in the zodiak fro the equinozial cerle, &c.*

Set the degree of any signe up-on the  
 lyne meridional, and rikne his altitude  
 in almikanteras fro the est orisonte up  
 to the same degree set in the forseide  
 lyne, and set ther a prikke. Turne up 5  
 thanne thy rist, and set the heved of  
 Aries or Libra in the same meridional  
 lyne, and set ther a-nother prikke. And  
 whan that this is don, considere the  
 altitudes of hem bothe; for sothly the 10  
 difference of thilke altitudes is the decli-  
 nation of thilke degree fro the equinozial.  
 And yif so be that thilke degree be north-



ward fro the equinoxial, than is his  
15 declinacion north; yif it be southward,  
than is it south. And for the more  
declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

21. *To knowe for what latitude in any  
regioun the almikanteras of any table  
ben compouned.*

Rikne how manye degrees of almikan-  
teras, in the meridional lyne, be fro the  
cerole equinoxial un-to the senith; or  
elles fro the pool artik un-to the north  
5 orisonte; and for so gret a latitude or for  
so smal a latitude is the table compouned.  
And for more declaracion, lo here thy  
figure.

22. *To knowe in special the latitude of  
oure countray, I mene after the latitude  
of Oxenford, and the heighte of oure pol.*

Understond wel, that as fer is the heved  
of Aries or Libra in the equinoxial from  
oure orisonte as is the senith from the pole  
artik; and as hey is the pol artik fro the  
5 orisonte, as the equinoxial is fer fro the  
senith. I prove it thus by the latitude  
of Oxenford. Understond wel, that the  
heyghte of oure pool artik fro oure north  
orisonte is 51 degrees and 50 minutes;  
10 than is the senith from oure pool artik  
38 degrees and 10 minutes; than is the  
equinoxial from oure senith 51 degrees  
and 50 minutes; than is oure south  
orisonte from oure equinoxial 38 degrees  
15 and 10 minutes. Understond wel this  
rekning. Also for-get nat that the senith  
is 90 degrees of heyghte fro the orisonte,  
and oure equinoxial is 90 degrees from  
oure pool artik. Also this shorte rewle  
20 is soth, that the latitude of any place in  
a regioun is the distance fro the senith  
unto the equinoxial. And for more  
declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

23. *To prove evidently the latitude of any  
place in a regioun, by the preve of the  
heyghte of the pol artik in that same  
place.*

In some winters night, whan the fir-  
mament is clere and thikke-sterred, waite  
a tyme til that any sterre fix sit lyne-right  
perpendicular over the pol artik, and  
5 clepe that sterre A. And wayte a-nother

sterre that sit lyne-right under A, and  
under the pol, and clepe that sterre F.  
And understond wel, that F is nat con-  
sidered but only to declare that A sit  
evene overe the pool. Tak thanne a-non 10  
right the altitude of A from the orisonte,  
and forget it nat. Lat A and F go farwel  
til agayns the dawening a gret whyle;  
and come thanne agayn, and abyta til  
that A is evene under the pol and under 15  
F; for sothly, than wol F sitte over the  
pool, and A wol sitte under the pool.  
Tak than eft-sones the altitude of A from  
the orisonte, and note as wel his seconde  
altitude as his firste altitude; and whan 20  
that this is don, rikne how manye degrees  
that the firste altitude of A exceedeth  
his seconde altitude, and tak half thilke  
porcioun that is exceded, and adde it to  
his seconde altitude; and tak ther the 25  
elevacioun of thy pool, and oke the  
latitude of thy regioun. For this two  
ben of a nombre; this is to seyn, as  
many degrees as thy pool is elevat, so  
michel is the latitude of the regioun. 30  
Ensample as thus: par aventure, the  
altitude of A in the evening is 56 degrees  
of heyghte. Than wol his seconde altitude  
or the dawing be 48; that is 8 lasse than  
56, that was his firste altitude at even. 35  
Take thanne the half of 8, and adde it to  
48, that was his seconde altitude, and  
than hastow 52. Now hastow the heyghte  
of thy pol, and the latitude of the regioun.  
But understond wel, that to prove this 40  
conclusioun and many a-nother fair con-  
clusioun, thou most have a plomet hang-  
ing on a lyne heyer than thin heved  
on a perche; and thilke lyne mot  
hange evene perpendicular by-twixe the 45  
pool and thyn eye; and thanne shaltow  
seen yif A sitte evene over the pool and  
over F at evene; and also yif F sitte  
evene over the pool and over A or day.  
And for more declaracion, lo here thy 50  
figure.

24. *Another conclusioun to prove the heyghte  
of the pool artik fro the orisonte.*

Tak any sterre fixe that nevere dis-  
sendeth under the orisonte in thilke

regioun, and considere his heyest altitude and his lowest altitude fro the orisonte; 5 and make a nombre of bothe thise altitudes. Tak thanne and abate half that nombre, and tak ther the elevacioun of the pol artik in that same regioun. And for more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

25. *A-nother conclusioun to prove the latitude of the regioun, &c.*

Understond wel that the latitude of any place in a regioun is verreyly the space by-twixe the senith of hem that dwellen there and the equinoxial cerkle, 5 north or south, taking the mesure in the meridional lyne, as sheweth in the almikanteras of thyn Astrolabe. And thilke space is as moche as the pool artik is hey in the same place fro the orisonte. 10 And than is the depressioun of the pol antartik, that is to seyn, than is the pol antartik by-nethe the orisonte, the same quantite of space, neither more ne lasse. Thanne, yif thou desire to knowe this 15 latitude of the regioun, tak the altitude of the sonne in the middel of the day, whan the sonne is in the hevedes of Aries or of Libra; (for thanne moeveth the sonne in the lyne equinoxial); and 20 abate the nombre of that same sonnes altitude out of 90, and thanne is the remenaunt of the nombre that levethe the latitude of the regioun. As thus: I suppose that the sonne is thilke day 25 at noon 38 degrees and 10 minutes of heyghte. Abate thanne thise degrees and minutes out of 90; so levethe there 51 degrees and 50 minutes, the latitude. I sey nat this but for ensample; for wel 30 I wot the latitude of Oxenforde is certain minutes lasse, as I mighte prove. Now yif so be that thee semeth to long a tarynge, to abyde til that the sonne be in the hevedes of Aries or of Libra, thanne 35 waite whan the sonne is in any other degree of the zodiak, and considere the degree of his declinacion fro the equinoxial lyne; and yif it so be that the sonnes declinacion be northward fro the 40 equinoxial, abate thanne for the sonnes altitude at noon the nombre of his de-

clinacion, and thanne hastow the heyghte of the hevedes of Aries and Libra. As thus: my sonne is, par aventure, in the 5 firste degree of Leoun, 758 degrees and 45 10 minutes of heyghte at noon and his declinacion is almost 120 degrees northward fro the equinoxial; abate thanne thilke 120 degrees of declinacion out of the altitude at noon, than levethe thee 50 38 degrees and odde minutes; lo ther the heved of Aries or Libra, and thyn equinoxial in that regioun. Also yif so be that the sonnes declinacioun be southward fro the equinoxial, adde thanne 55 thilke declinacion to the altitude of the sonne at noon; and tak ther the hevedes of Aries and Libra, and thyn equinoxial. Abate thanne the heyghte of the equinoxial out of 90 degrees, and thanne 60 levethe there the distans of the pole, 51 degrees and 50 minutes, of that regioun fro the equinoxial. Or elles, yif thee 65 lest, take the heyest altitude fro the equinoxial of any sterre fix that thou knowest, and tak his nethere elongacioun lengthing fro the same equinoxial lyne, and wirke in the maner forseid. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

26. *Declaracioun of the assensioun of signes, &c.*

The excellence of the spere solide, amonges other noble conclusiouns, sheweth manifeste the diverse assensiouns of signes in diverse places, as wel in the 5 righte cerkle as in the embelif cerkle. Thise auctours wryten that thilke signe is cleped of right assensioun, with which 10 more part of the cerkle equinoxial and lasse part of the zodiak ascendeth; and thilke signe assendeth embelif, with 15 whiche lasse part of the equinoxial and more part of the zodiak assendeth. Ferther-over they seyn, that in thilke cuntrey where as the senith of hem that dwellen there is in the equinoxial lyne, 15 and her orisonte passing by the poles of this worlde, thilke folke han this right cerkle and the right orisonte; and everemo the arch of the day and the arch of the night is ther y-like long, and the sonne 20

twyes every yeer passage thorow the  
 senith of her heved; and two someres  
 and two winteres in a yeer han this  
 forseide poeple. And the almikanteras  
 25 in her Astrolabies ben streighte as a lyne,  
 so as sheweth in this figure. The utilite  
 to knowe the assenciouns in the righte  
 cercle is this: truste wel that by media-  
 cioun of thilke assenciouns thise astro-  
 30 logiens, by hir tables and hir instru-  
 mentz, known verreyly the assencioun  
 of every degree and minut in al the zodiak,  
 as shal be shewed. And nota, that this  
 forseid righte orisonte, that is cleped  
 35 *orisoon rectum*, divydeh the equinoxial  
 in-to right angles; and the embelif ori-  
 sonte, wher-as the pol is enhaused up-on  
 the orisonte, overkerveth the equinoxial  
 in embelif angles, as sheweth in the figure.  
 40 And for the more declaracioun, lo here  
 the figure.

27. *This is the conclusioun to knowe the  
 assenciouns of signes in the right cercle,  
 that is, circulus directus, &c.*

Set the heved of what signe thee liste  
 to knowe his assending in the right cercle  
 up-on the lyne meridional; and waite  
 wher thyn almyr toucheth the bordure,  
 5 and set ther a prikke. Turne thanne thy  
 riet westward til that the ende of the  
 forseide signe sitte up-on the meridional  
 lyne; and oft-sones waite wher thyn  
 almyr toucheth the bordure, and set  
 10 ther another prikke. Rikne thanne the  
 nombre of degrees in the bordure by-  
 twixe bothe prikkes, and tak the assen-  
 cioun of the signe in the right cercle.  
 And thus maystow wyke with every  
 15 porcioun of thy zodiak, &c. And for the  
 more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

28. *To knowe the assensions of signes in the  
 embelif cercle in every region, I mene,  
 in circulo obliquo.*

Set the heved of the signe which as  
 thee list to knowe his ascensioun up-on  
 the est orisonte, and waite wher thyn  
 almyr toucheth the bordure, and set  
 5 ther a prikke. Turne thanne thy riet  
 upward til that the ende of the same

signe sitte up-on the est orisonte, and  
 waite oft-sones wher as thyn almyr  
 toucheth the bordure, and set ther  
 a-nother prikke. Rikne thanne the 10  
 noubre of degrees in the bordure by-  
 twixe bothe prikkes, and tak ther the  
 assencioun of the signe in the embelif  
 cercle. And understand wel, that alle  
 signes in thy zodiak, fro the heved of 15  
 Aries unto the ende of Virgo, ben cleped  
 signes of the north fro the equinoxial,  
 and these signes arysen by-twixe the  
 verrey est and the verrey north in oure  
 orisonte generally for evere. And alle 20  
 signes fro the heved of Libra un-to the  
 ende of Pisces ben cleped signes of the  
 south fro the equinoxial; and thise signes  
 arysen ever-mo by-twixe the verrey est  
 and the verrey south in oure orisonte. 25  
 Also every signe by-twixe the heved of  
 Capricorne un-to the ende of Gemini  
 arysen on oure orisonte in lasse than two  
 houres equales; and thise same signes,  
 fro the heved of Capricorne un-to the 30  
 ende of Gemini, ben cleped 'tortuous  
 signes' or 'croked signes,' for they arisen  
 embelif on oure orisonte; and thise cro-  
 kede signes ben obedient to the signes  
 that ben of right assencioun. The signes 35  
 of right assencioun ben fro the heved of  
 Cancer to the ende of Sagittare, and  
 thise signes arysen more upright, and they  
 ben called eke sovereyn signes; and  
 everich of hem arysen in more space 40  
 than in two houres. Of which signes,  
 Gemini obeyeth to Cancer; and Taurus  
 to Leo; Aries to Virgo; Pisces to Libra;  
 Aquarius to Scorpioun; and Capricorne  
 to Sagittare. And thus ever-mo two 45  
 signes, that ben y-lyke fer fro the heved  
 of Capricorne, obeyen everich of hem til  
 other. And for more declaracioun, lo  
 here the figure.

29. *To knowe justly the foure quarters of  
 the world, as est, west, north, and south.*

Take the altitude of thy sonne whan  
 thee list, and note wel the quarter of the  
 world in which the sonne is for the tyme  
 by the azimuth. Turne thanne thyn  
 Astrolabe, and set the degree of the 5

sonne in the almikanteras of his altitude, on thilke side that the sonne stant, as is the manere in taking of houres; and ley thy label on the degree of the sonne, and rikene how many degrees of the bordure ben by-twice the lyne meridional and the point of thy label; and note wel that noubre. Turne thanne a-gayn thyn Astrolabe, and set the point of thy gret rewle, ther thou takest thyne altitudes, up-on as many degrees in his bordure fro his meridional as was the point of thy label fro the lyne meridional on the woube syde. Tak thanne thyn Astrolabio with bothe handes sadly and slely, and lat the sonne shyne thorow bothe holes of thy rewle; and slely, in thilke shyninge, lat thyn Astrolabie couch adoun evne up-on a smothe grond, and thanne wol the verrey lyne meridional of thyn Astrolabio lye evne south, and the est lyne wole lye est, and the west lyne west, and north lyne north, so that thou werke softly and avisely in the couching; and thus hastow the 4 quarters of the firmament. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

80. *To knowe the altitude of planetes fro the wey of the sonne, whether so they be north or south fro the forseide wey.*

Lok whan that a planete is in the lyne meridional, yif that hir altitude be of the same heyghte that is the degree of the sonne for that day, and than is the planete in the verrey wey of the sonne, and bath no latitude. And yif the altitude of the planete be heyere than the degree of the sonne, than is the planete north fro the wey of the sonne swich a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thyn almikanteras. And yif the altitude of the planete be lasse than the degree of the sonne, thanne is the planete south fro the wey of the sonne swich a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thyn almikanteras. This is to seyn, fro the wey wher-as the sonne wente thilke day, but nat from the wey of the sonne in every place of the zodiak. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

81. *To knowe the senith of the arysing of the sonne, this is to seyn, the partie of the orisonte in which that the sonne aryseth.*

Thou most first considere that the sonne aryseth nat al-wey verrey est, but some tyme by north the est, and som tyme by southe the est. Sothly, the sonne aryseth never-mo verrey est in oure orisonte, but he be in the heved of Aries or Libra. Now is thyn orisonte departed in 24 parties by thy azimutz, in significacion of 24 parties of the world; al-be-it so that shipmen rikne thilke parties in 32. 10 Thanne is ther no more but waite in which azimut that thy sonne entreth at his arysing, and take ther the senith of the arysing of the sonne. The manere of the devisioun of thyn Astrolabie is this; 15 I mene, as in this cas. First is it divided in 4 plages principals with the lyne that goth from est to west, and than with a-nother lyne that goth fro south to north. Than is it divided in smale parties of 20 azimutz, as est, and est by southe, whereas is the firste azimut above the est lyne; and so forth, fro partie to partie, til that thou come agayn un-to the est lyne. Thus maistow understand also the senith of 25 any sterre, in which partie he ryseth, &c. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

82. *To knowe in which partie of the firmament is the conjunccioun.*

Considere the tyme of the conjunccion by thy kalender, as thus; lok how many houres thilke conjunccion is fro the mid-day of the day precedent, as sheweth by the canoun of thy kalender. Rikne 5 thanne thilke nombre of houres in the bordure of thyn Astrolabie, as thou art wont to do in knowing of the honres of the day or of the night; and ley thy label over the degree of the sonne; and thanne wol the point of thy label sitte up-on the hour of the conjunccion. Loke thanne in which azimut the degree of thy sonne sitteth, and in that partie of the firmament is the conjunccioun. And for the 15 more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

83. *To knowe the senith of the altitude of the sonne, &c.*

This is no more to seyn but any tyme of the day tak the altitude of the sonne; and by the azimut in which he stondeth, maystou seen in which partie of the firmament he is. And in the same wyse maystou seen, by the night, of any sterre, whether the sterre sitte est or west or north, or any partie by-twene, after the name of the azimut in which is the sterre. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

84. *To knowe sothly the degree of the longitude of the mone, or of any planete that hath no latitude for the tyme fro the ecliptik lyne.*

Tak the altitude of the mone, and rikne thyn altitude up among thyne almikanteras on which syde that the mone stande; and set there a prikke. Tak thenne anon-right, up-on the mones syde, the altitude of any sterre fix which that thou knowest, and set his centre up-on his altitude among thyn almikanteras ther the sterre is founde. Waite thanne which degree of the zodiak toucheth the prikke of the altitude of the mone, and tak ther the degree in which the mone standeth. This conclusioun is verrey sooth, yif the sterres in thyn Astrolabie stonden after the throwthe; of comune, tretis of Astrolabie ne make non exceptioun whether the mone have latitude, or non; ne on whether syde of the mone the altitude of the sterre fix be taken. And nota, that yif the mone shewe himself by light of day, than maystow wyrke this same conclusioun by the sonne, as wel as by the fix sterre. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

85. *This is the workinge of the conclusioun, to knowe yif that any planete be directe or retrograde.*

Tak the altitude of any sterre that is cleped a planete, and note it wel. And tak eek anon the altitude of any sterre fix that thou knowest, and note it wel also. Come thanne agayn the thridde or

the ferthe night next folwing; for thanne shaltow aperceyve wel the moeving of a planete, whether so he moeve forthward or bakward. Awaitte wel thanne whan that thy sterre fix is in the same altitude that she was whan thou toke hir firste altitude; and tak than oftsones the altitude of the forseide planete, and note it wel. For trust wel, yif so be that the planete be on the right syde of the meridional lyne, so that his seconde altitude be lasse than his firste altitude was, thanne is the planete directe. And yif he be on the west syde in that condicion, thanne is he retrograd. And yif so be that this planete be up-on the est syde whan his altitude is taken, so that his seconde altitude be more than his firste altitude, thanne is he retrograde, and yif he be on the west syde, than is he directe. But the contrarie of these parties is of the cours of the mone; for sothly, the mone moeveth the contrarie from othere planetes as in hir episicle, but in non other manere. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

86. *The conclusiouns of equaciouns of houses, after the Astrolabie, &c.*

Set the by-ginning of the degree that assendeth up-on the ende of the 8 houre unequal; thanne wol the by-ginning of the 2 hous sitte up-on the lyne of midnight. Remeve thanne the degree that assendeth, and set him on the ende of the 10 hour unequal; and thanne wol the by-ginning of the 3 hous sitte up-on the midnight lyne. Bring up agayn the same degree that assendeth first, and set him up-on the orisonte; and thanne wol the beginning of the 4 hous sitte up-on the lyne of midnight. Tak thanne the nadir of the degree that first assendeth, and set him on the ende of the 2 houre unequal; and thanne wol the beginning of the 5 hous sitte up-on the lyne of midnight; set thanne the nadir of the assendent on the ende of the 4 houre, than wol the beginning of the 6 house sitte on the midnight lyne. The beginning of the 7 hous is nadir of the assendent, and

the beginning of the 8 hous is nadir of the 2; and the beginning of the 9 hous is 25 nadir of the 3; and the beginning of the 10 hous is the nadir of the 4; and the beginning of the 11 hous is nadir of the 5; and the beginning of the 12 hous is nadir of the 6. And for the more declaracion, 30 lo here the figura.

37. *A-nother manere of equaciouns of houses by the Astrolabe.*

Tak thyn assendent, and thanne hastow thy 4 angles; for wel thou wost that the opposit of thyn assendent, that is to seyn, thy beginning of the 7 hous, sit up-on the 5 west orizonte; and the beginning of the 10 hous sit up-on the lyne meridional; and his opposit up-on the lyne of midnight. Thanne ley thy label over the degree that assendeth, and rekne fro the 10 point of thy label alle the degrees in the bordure, til thou come to the meridional lyne; and departe alle thilke degrees in 3 evene parties, and take the evene equacion of 3; for ley thy label over 15 everich of 3 parties, and than maistow see by thy label in which degree of the zodiak [is] the beginning of everich of these same houses fro the assendent: that is to seyn, the beginning of the 10 12 house next above thyn assendent; and thanne the beginning of the 11 house; and thanne the 10, up-on the meridional lyne; as I first seide. The same wyse wirke thou fro the assendent down to the 25 lyne of midnight; and thanne thus hastow other 3 houses, that is to seyn, the beginning of the 2, and the 3, and the 4 houses; thanne is the nadir of these 3 houses the beginning of the 3 houses 30 that folwen. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figura.

38. *To finde the lyne merydional to dwelle fix in any certain place.*

Tak a rond plate of metal; for warping, the brodere the better; and make ther-upon a just compas, a lite with-in the bordure; and ley this ronde plate up-on 5 an evene grond, or on an evene ston, or on an evene stok fix in the gronde; and

ley it even by a level. And in centre of the compas stike an evene pin or a wyr upright; the smallere the better. Set thy pin by a plom-rewle evene upright; 10 and let this pin be no longere than a quarter of the diametre of thy compas, fro the centre. And waite bisily aboute 10 or 11 of the klokke; and whan the sonne shyneth, whan the shadwe of the 15 pin entreth any-thing with-in the cerole of thy plate an heer-mele, and mark ther a prikke with inke. Abyde thanne stille waiting on the sonne after 1 of the klokke, til that the schadwe of the wyr or of the 20 pin passe any-thing out of the cerole of the compas, be it never so lyte; and set ther a-nother prikke of inke. Take than a compas, and mesure evene the middel by-twix bothe prikkes; and set ther a 25 prikke. Take thanne a rewle, and draw a stryke, evene a-lyne fro the pin un-to the middel prikke; and tak ther thy lyne meridional for evere-mo, as in that same place. And yif thou drawe a cros-lyne 30 over-thwart the compas, justly over the lyne meridional, than hastow est and west and south; and, par consequence, than the nadir of the south lyne is the north lyne. And for more declaracioun, 35 lo here thy figura.

39. *Descripcion of the meridional lyne, of longitudes, and latitudes of citees and townes from on to a-nother of clymatz.*

This lyne meridional is but a maner descripcion of lyne imagined, that passeth upon the poles of this world and by the senith of oure heved. And hit is y-cleped the lyne meridional; for in what place 5 that any maner man is at any tyme of the year, whan that the sonne by mooving of the firmament cometh to his verrey meridional place, than is hit verrey midday, that we clepen oure noon, as to thilke 10 man; and therefore is it cleped the lyne of midday. And nota, for evermo, of 2 citees or of 2 townes, of whiche that o toun aprocheh more toward the est than 15 deth that other toun, truste wel that 15 thilke townes han diverse meridians. Nota also, that the arch of the equinoxial,

that is conteyned or bounded by-twixe the  
 2 meridians, is cleped the longitude of  
 20 the toun. And yif so be that two tounes  
 have y-lyke meridian, or oon meridian,  
 than is the distance of hem bothe y-lyke  
 fer fro the est; and the contrarie. And  
 in this manere they chaunge nat her  
 25 meridian, but sothly they chaungen her  
 almikanteras; for the enhansing of the  
 pool and the distance of the sonne. The  
 longitude of a clymat is a lyne imagined  
 fro est to west, y-lyke distant by-twene  
 30 them alle. The latitude of a clymat is a  
 lyne imagined from north to south the  
 space of the erthe, fro the bygynning of  
 the firste clymat unto the verrey ende of  
 the same climat, evne directe agayns  
 35 the pole artik. Thus seyn some auctours;  
 and somme of hem seyn that yif men  
 clepen the latitude, thay mene the arch  
 meridian that is contiened or intercept  
 by-twixe the senith and the equinoxial.  
 40 Thanne sey they that the distance fro  
 the equinoxial unto the ende of a clymat,  
 evne agayns the pole artyk, is the lati-  
 tude of a clymat for sothe. And for  
 more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

40. *To knowe with which degree of the  
 zodiak that any planete assendith on the  
 orisonte, whether so that his latitude be  
 north or south.*

Knowe by thyn almenak the degree of  
 the ecliptik of any signe in which that  
 the planete is rekned for to be, and that  
 is cleped the degree of his longitude; and  
 5 knowe also the degree of his latitude fro  
 the ecliptik, north or south. And by  
 thise samples folwinge in special, may-  
 stow wirke þ for sothe in every signe of  
 the zodiak. The degree of the longitude,  
 10 par aventure, of Venus or of another  
 planete, was 6 of Capricorne, and the  
 latitude of him was northward 2 degrees  
 fro the ecliptik lyne. I tok a subtil com-  
 pas, and cleped that oon poynt of my  
 15 compas A, and that other poynt F. Than  
 tok I the point of A, and set it in the  
 ecliptik lyne evne in my zodiak, in the  
 degree of the longitude of Venus, that is  
 to seyn, in the 6 degree of Capricorne;

and thanne sette I the point of F upward 20  
 in the same signe, bycause that the lati-  
 tude was north, up-on the latitude of  
 Venus, that is to seyn, in the 6 degree fro  
 the heved of Capricorne; and thus have  
 I 2 degrees by-twixe my two prikkes. 25  
 Than loide I down softly my compas,  
 and sette the degree of the longitude  
 up-on the orisonte, the tok I and wexede  
 my label in maner of a peyre tables to  
 resceyve distinctly the prikkes of my 30  
 compas. The tok I this forseide label,  
 and leide it fix over the degree of my  
 longitude; the tok I up my compas, and  
 sette the point of A in the wex on my  
 label, as evne as I coude gesse over the 35  
 ecliptik lyne, in the ende of the longi-  
 tude; and sette the point of F endlang  
 in my label up-on the space of the lati-  
 tude, inwarde and over the zodiak, that  
 is to seyn, north-ward fro the ecliptik. 40  
 Than leide I down my compas, and lokede  
 wel in the wey upon the prikke of A and  
 of F; the turned I my riet til that the  
 prikke of F sat up-on the orisonte; than  
 saw I wel that the body of Venus, in hir 45  
 latitude of 2 degrees septentrionalis,  
 assended, in the ende of the 6 degree,  
 in the heved of Capricorne. And nota,  
 that in the same maner maystow wirke  
 with any latitude septentrional in alle 50  
 signes; but sothly the latitude meridional  
 of a planete in Capricorne may not be  
 take, by-cause of the litel space by-twixe  
 the ecliptik and the bordure of the Astrola-  
 bie; but sothly, in alle other signes it 55  
 may.

Also the degree, par aventure, of Jupi-  
 ter or of another planete, was in the  
 first degree of Pisces in longitude, and  
 his latitude was 3 degrees meridional; 60  
 the tok I the point of A, and sette it in  
 the firste degree of Pisces on the ecliptik,  
 and thanne sette I the point of F down-  
 ward in the same signe, by-cause that the  
 latitude was south 3 degrees, that is to 65  
 seyn, fro the heved of Pisces; and thus  
 have I 3 degrees by-twixe bothe prikkes;  
 thanne sette I the degree of the longitude  
 up-on the orisonte. The tok I my label,  
 and leide it fix upon the degree of the 70

longitude; the sette I the point of A on my label, evene over the ecliptik lyne, in the ende evene of the degree of the longitude, and sette the point of F endlang in  
75 my label the space of 3 degrees of the latitude fro the zodiak, this is to seyn, southward fro the ecliptik, toward the bordure; and turned my riet til the prikke of F sat up-on the orisonte;  
80 thanne saw I wel that the body of Jupiter, in his latitude of 3 degrees meridional, ascended with 14 degrees of Pisces in horoscope. And in this maner maistow wirke with any latitude meridional, as I first seide, save in Capricorne. And yif thou wolt pleye this craft with

the arysing of the mone, loke thou rekne wel hir cours houre by houre; for she nedwelleth nat in a degree of hir longitude but a litel whyle, as thou wel knowest; 90 but natheles, yif thou rekne hir verreye moeving by thy tables houre after houre, þ thou shalt do wel y-now.

*Explicit tractatus de Conclusionibus Astrolabii, compilatus per Galfridum Chauciers ad Filium suum Lodewicum, scolarem tunc temporis Ozonie, ac sub tutela illius nobilissimi philosophi Magistri N. Strode, etc.*

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## SUPPLEMENTARY PROPOSITIONS.

### 41. Umbra Recta.

Yif it so be that thou wilt werke by umbra recta, and thou may come to the bas of the toure, in this maner thou schalt werke. Tak the altitude of the  
5 tour by bothe holes, so that thy rewle ligge even in a poynt. Ensample as thus: I see him thorw at the poynt of 4; than mete I the space be-tween me and the tour, and I finde it 20 feet; than  
10 be-holde I how 4 is to 12, right so is the space betwixe thee and the tour to the altitude of the tour. For 4 is the thridde part of 12, so is the space be-tween thee and the tour the thridde part of the  
15 altitude of the tour; than thryes 20 feet is the heyghte of the tour, with adding of thyn owne persons to thyn eye. And this rewle is so general in umbra recta, fro the poynt of oon to 12. And yif thy  
20 rewle falle upon 5, than is 5 12-partyes of the heyght the space be-tween thee and the toure; with adding of thyn owne heyght.

### 42. Umbra Versa.

Another maner of werkings, by umbra versa. Yif so be that thou may nat come

to the bas of the tour, I see him thorw the nombre of 1, I sette ther a prikke at my fote; than go I neer to the tour, and 5 I see him thorw at the poynt of 2, and there I sette another prikke, and I beholde how 1 hath him to 12, and ther finde I that it hath him twelfe sythes; than beholde I how 2 hath him to 12, and  
10 thou shalt finde it sexe sythes; than thou shalt finde that as 12 above 6 is the nombre of 6, right so is the space between thy two prikkes the space of 6 tymes thyn altitude. And note, that at 15 the ferste altitude of 1, thou settest a prikke; and afterward, whan thou seest him at 2, ther thou settest another prikke; than thou findest between two prikkys 60 feet; than thou shalt finde  
20 that 10 is the 6-party of 60. And then is 10 feet the altitude of the tour. For other poyntis, yif it fille in umbra versa, as thus: I sette caas it fill upon 12, and at the secunde upon 13; than schalt thou  
25 finde that 2 is 6 parties of 12; and 3 is 4 parties of 12; than passeth 6 4, by nombre of 2; so is the space between two prikkes twyes the heyghte of the tour. And yif the differens were thryes, than 30



shulde it be three tymes; and thus mayst thou werke fro 2 to 12; and yif it be 4, 4 tymes; or 5, 5 tymes; *et sic de ceteris*.

#### 43. Umbra Recta.

An-other maner of wyrking be *umbra recta*. Yif it so be that thou mayst nat come to the baas of the tour, in this maner thou schalt werke. Sette thy rowle 5 upon 1 till thou see the altitude, and sette at thy foot a prikke. Than sette thy rowle upon 2, and beholde what is the differense be-tween 1 and 2, and thou shalt finde that it is 1. Than mete the 10 space be-tween two prikkes, and that is the 12 partie of the altitude of the tour. And yif ther were 2, it were the 6 partye; and yif ther were 3, the 4 partye; *et sic deinceps*. And note, yif it were 5, it were 15 the 5 party of 12; and 7, 7 party of 12; and note, at the altitude of thy conclusioun, adde the stature of thyn heyghte to thyn eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

44. Another maner conclusion, to knowe the mene mote and the argumentis of any planete. To knowe the mene mote and the argumentis of every planete fro yere to yere, from day to day, from houre to houre, and from smale fraccionis infinite.

In this maner shalt thou worche: consider thy rote first, the whiche is made the beginning of the tables fro the yere of oure lord 1397, and entere hit in-to 5 thy slate for the laste meridie of December; and than consider the yere of oure lord, what is the date, and behold whether thy date be more or lesse than the yere 1397. And yf hit so be that hit be more, loke how many yeres hit passeth, and with so many entere into thy tables in the first lyne ther-as is writen *anni collecti et expansi*. And loke where the same planet is written in the hede of thy 15 table, and than loke what thou findest in directe of the same yere of oure lord whiche is passid, be hit 8, or 9, or 10, or

what nombre that evere it be, til the tyme that thou come to 20, or 40, or 60. And that thou findest in directe +wryte 20 in thy slate under thy rote, and adde hit to-geder, and that is thy mene mote, for the laste meridian of the December, for the same yere whiche that thou hast purposed. And if hit so be that hit passe 25 20, consider wel that fro 1 to 20 ben *anni expansi*, and fro 20 to 3000 ben *anni collecti*; and if thy nombre passe 20, than take that thou findest in directe of 20, and if hit be more, as 6 or 18, than take that 30 thou findest in directe there-of, that is to sayen, signes, degrees, minutes, and se- 35 coundes, and adde to-geders un-to thy rote; and thus to make rote. And note, that if hit so be that the yere of oure lord 35 be +lasse than the rote, which is the yere of oure lord 1397, than shalt thou wryte in the same wyse first thy rote in thy slate, and after entere in-to thy table in the same yere that be lasse, as I taught 40 be-fore; and than consider how many signes, degrees, minutes, and seoundes thyn entringe contryneth. And so be that ther be 2 entrees, than adde hem togeder, and after with-drawe hem from 45 the rote, the yere of oure lord 1397; and the residue that leveth is thy mene mote fro the laste meridie of December, the whiche thou hast purposed, and if hit so be that thou wolt weten thy mene mote 50 for any day, or for any fraccioun of day, in this maner thou shalt worche. Make thy rote fro the laste day of December in the maner as I have taught, and afterward behold how many monethes, dayes, 55 and houres ben passid from the meridie of December, and with that entere with the laste moneth that is ful passed, and take that thou findest in directe of him, and wryte hit in thy slate; and entere 60 with as many dayes as be more, and wryte that thou findest in directe of the same planete that thou worchest for; and in the same wyse in the table of houres, for houres that ben passed, and adde alle 65 these to thy rote; and the residue is the mene mote for the same day and the same houre.

## 45. Another manere to knowe the mene mote.

When thou wilt make the mene mote of any planete to be by Arsechides tables, take thy rote, the whiche is for the yere of oure lord 1397; and if so be that thy yere be passid the date, wryte that date, and than wryte the numbere of the yeres. Than with-drawe the yeres out of the yeres that ben passed that rote. Ensampl as thus: the yere of oure lord 1400, [I wolde witen, precise, my rote, than wroot I first 1400. And under that numbere I wrote a 1397, than withdraw I the laste numbere out of that, and than fond I the residue was 3 yere; I wiste that 3 yere was passed fro the rote, the whiche was written in my tables. Than after-ward sought I in my tables the *annis collectis et expansis*, and amonge myn expansio yeres fond I 3 yere. Than tok I alle the signes, degrees, and minutes, that I fond directe under the same planete that I wrought for, and wroot so many signes, degrees, and minutes in my slate, and after-ward added 1 to signes, degrees, minutes, and secondes, the whiche I fond in my rote the yere of oure lord 1397; and kepte the residue, and than had I the mene mote for the laste day of Decembere. And if thou woldest wete the mene mote of any planete in March, Aprile, or May, other in any other tyme or moneth of the yere, loke how many monethes and dayes ben passed from the laste day of Decembere, the yere of oure lord 1400; and so with monethes and dayes entere in-to thy table ther thou findest thy mene mote y-written in monethes and dayes, and take alle the signes, degrees, minutes, and secondes that thou findest y-write in directe of thy monethes, and addo to signes, degrees, minutes, and secondes that thou findest with thy rote the yere of oure lord 1400, and the residue that leveh is the mene mote for that same day. And note, if hit so be that thou woldest wete the mene mote in any yere that is lasse than thy

rote, with-drawe the numbere of so many yeres as hit is lasse than the yere of oure lord a 1397, and kepe the residue; and so many yeres, monethes, and dayes entere in-to thy tabelis of thy mene mote. And take alle the signes, degrees, and minutes, and secondes, that thou findest in directe of alle the yeres, monethes, and dayes, and wryte hem in thy slate; and above thilke numbere wryte the signes, degrees, minutes, and secondes, the whiche thou findest with thy rote the yere of oure lord a 1397; and with-drawe 60 alle the nethere signes and degrees fro the signes and degrees, minutes, and secondes of other signes with thy rote, and thy residue that leveh is thy mene mote for that day. 65

## 46. For to knowe at what houre of the day, or of the night, shal be fode or ebbe.

First wite thou certainly, how that haven stondeth, that thou list to werke for, that is to say in whiche place of the firmament the mone being, maketh fulle see. Than awayte thou redily in what degree of the zodiak that the mone at that tyme is inne. Bringe furth than the labelle, and set the point therof in that same cost that the mone maketh fode, and set thou there the degree of 10 the mone according with the egge of the label. Than afterward awayte where is than the degree of the sonne, at that tyme. Remove thou than the label fro the mone, and bringe and sette it justly 15 upon the degree of the sonne. And the point of the label shal than declare to thee, at what houre of the day or of the night shal be fode. And there also maist thou wite by the same point of the label, whether it be, at that same tyme, fode or ebbe, or half fode, or quarter fode, or ebbe, or half or quarter ebbe; or ellis at what houre it was last, or shal be next by night or by day, thou than shalt esely knowe, &c. Furthermore, if it so be that thou happe to werke for this matere aboute the tyme of the conjunction, bringe furthe the degree of the

30 mone with the labelle to that acote as it  
 is before seyd. But than thou shalt  
 understonde that thou may not bringe  
 furthe the label fro the degree of the  
 mone as thou dide before; for-why the  
 35 sonne is than in the same degree with  
 the mone. And so thou may at that  
 tyme by the point of the labelle un-  
 remeved knowe the houre of the flode or  
 of the ebbe, as it is before seyd, &c. And  
 40 evermore as thou findest the mone passe

fro the sonne, so remeve thou the labelle  
 than fro the degree of the mone, and  
 bringe it to the degree of the sonne.  
 And worke thou than as thou dide before,  
 &c. Or elles knowe thou what houre it 45  
 is that thou art inne, by thyn instru-  
 ment. Than bringe thou furth fro  
 thennes the labelle and ley it upon the  
 degree of the mone, and therby may  
 thou wite also whan it was flode, or whan 50  
 it wol be next, be it night or day; &c.

# THE CANTERBURY TALES.

## GROUP A. THE PROLOGUE.

Here biginneth the Book of the Tales of Caunterbury.

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures sote  
The droghte of Marche hath perced to  
the rote,

And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus seek with his swete breeth  
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,  
And smale fowles maken melodye,  
That slepen al the night with open yē,  
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):  
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages  
(And palmers for to seken straunge  
strondes)

To ferne halwes, conthe in sondry londes;  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
The holy blisful martir for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen, whan that they  
were seke.

Biſe that, in that seson on a day,  
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay  
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage  
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,  
At night was come in-to that hostelrye  
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,  
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle  
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,  
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;  
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,  
And wel we weren esed atte beste.  
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,

So hadde I spoken with hem everichon, 31  
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,  
And made forward erly for to ryse,  
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and  
space, 35

Er that I ferther in this tale pace,  
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,  
To telle yow al the condicioun  
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,  
And whiche they weren, and of what  
degree; 40

And eek in what array that they were  
inne:

And at a knight than wol I first biginne.

A Knyght ther was, and that a worthy  
man, Knight

That fro the tyme that he first bigan

To ryden out, he loved chivalrye, 45  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and cur-  
teisye.

Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,  
And therto hadde he riden (no man  
ferre)

As wel in Cristendom as hethenesse,  
And ever honoured for his worthinesse. 50

At Alisaundre he was, whan it was  
wonne;

Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne  
Aboven alle naciouns in Puce.

In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,  
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree. 55

In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be

Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.  
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,  
When they were wonne; and in the  
Grete See

At many a noble aryve hadde he be. 60  
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,  
And foughten for our feith at Tramisseno  
In listes thryes, and ay slayn his fo.

This ilke worthy knight had been also  
Somytyme with the lord of Palatye, 65  
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye :  
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.  
And though that he were worthy, he was  
wys,

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde 70  
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.  
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.  
But for to tellen yow of his array,  
His hors were gode, but he was nat gay.  
Of fustian he wered a gipoun 75  
Al bismotered with his habergeoun ;  
For he was late y-come from his viage,  
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong  
Squyer, Squyer  
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler, 80  
With lokkes crulle, as they were layd in  
presse.

Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.  
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,  
And wonderly deliver, and greet of  
strengthe.

And he had been somtyme in chivachys, 85  
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,  
And born him wel, as of so litel space,  
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.  
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede  
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede 90  
Singing he was, or floytinge, al the day ;  
He was as fresh as is the month of May.  
Short was his gounne, with sleeves longe  
and wyde.

Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.  
He coude songes make and wel endyte, 95  
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye  
and wryte.

So hote he lovede, that by nightertale  
He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.  
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,  
And carf bifore his fader at the table. 100

A YEMAN hadde he, and servaunts namo  
At that tyme, for him liste ryde so,  
And he was clad in cote and hood of  
grene; Yeman.

A sheef of pecok-arwes brighte and  
kene

Under his belt he bar ful thriftily; 105  
(Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly :  
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres  
lowe),

And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.  
A not-heed hadde he, with a brunn visage.  
Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage. 110  
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,  
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,  
And on that other syde a gay dagger,  
Harneised wel, and sharp as point of  
spere,

A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene. 115  
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of  
grene :

A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.  
Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORRESSE,  
That of hir smyling was ful simple and  
coy; Priorresse.

Hir gretteste ooth was but by seynt  
Loy; 120

And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.  
Ful wel she song the servise divyne,  
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;  
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe, 125  
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.  
At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;  
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,  
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.

Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel  
kepe, 130

That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.  
In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.  
Hir over lippe wypped she so clene,  
That in hir coppe was no forthinge sene  
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir  
draughte. 135

Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,  
And sikerly she was of greet disport,  
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,  
And payned hir to countrefete chere  
Of court, and been estatlich of manere, 140  
And to ben holden digne of reverence,  
But, for to speken of hir consciens,

She was so charitable and so pitous,  
 She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous  
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or  
 bledde. 145  
 Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde  
 With roasted flesh, or milk and wastel-  
 breed.  
 But sora weep she if oon of hem were  
 deed,  
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte :  
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.  
 Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was ; 151  
 Hir nose tretys ; hir eyen greye as glas ;  
 Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and  
 reed ;  
 But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed ;  
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe ; 155  
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.  
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.  
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar  
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene ;  
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful  
 shene, 160  
 On which ther was first write a crowned A,  
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*. 163 *Nonne.*  
 Another NONNE with hir hadde she,  
 That was hir chapelayne, and PREESTES  
 THREE. ✓ 251 2 3 PREESTES.  
 A MONK ther was, a fair for the naustreye,  
 An out-rydere, that lovedo vonerye ; 166  
 A manly man, to been an abbot able.  
 Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in  
 stable : Monk.  
 And, whan he rood, men mighte his  
 brydel here  
 Gingen in a whistling wind as clere, 170  
 And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-  
 belle  
 Ther as this lord was keper of the cello.  
 The roule of seint Maure or of seint  
 Beneit,  
 By-cause that it was old and som-del  
 strait,  
 This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace, 175  
 And held after the newe world the  
 space.  
 He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,  
 That seith, that hunters been nat holy  
 men ;  
 Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterless,  
 Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees ; 180

This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.  
 But thilke text held he nat worth an  
 oistre ;  
 And I seyde, his opinioun was good.  
 What sholde he studie, and make him-  
 selfen wood,  
 Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure, 185  
 Or swinken with his handes, and labour,  
 As Austin bit ? How shal the world be  
 served ?  
 Lat Austin have his swink to him reserved.  
 Therefore he was a pricasour aright ;  
 Grehounds he hadde, as swifte as fowel  
 in flight ; 190  
 Of priking and of hunting for the hare  
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he  
 spare.  
 I seigh his sleeves purfild at the hond  
 With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond ;  
 And, for to festne his hood under his  
 chin, 195  
 He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pin :  
 A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.  
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any  
 glas,  
 And eek his face, as he had been anoint.  
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point ; 200  
 His eyen stope, and rollinge in his heed,  
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed ;  
 His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.  
 Now certainly he was a fair prelat ;  
 He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost. 205  
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.  
 His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.  
 A FRERE ther was, a wantown and a  
 merye, Frere.  
 A limitour, a ful solempne man. 209  
 In alle the ordres foure is noon that can  
 So muche of daliaunce and fair langage.  
 He hadde maad ful many a mariage  
 Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.  
 Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.  
 Ful wel biloved and famulier was he 215  
 With frankeleyns over-al in his contree,  
 And eek with worthy wommen of the  
 toun :  
 For he had power of confessioun,  
 As seyde him-self, more than a curat,  
 For of his ordre he was licentiat. 220  
 Ful swetely herde he confessioun,  
 And plesaunt was his absolucioun ;

He was an esy man to yeve penaunce  
 Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce ;  
 For unto a povre ordre for to yive 225  
 Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.  
 For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,  
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt.  
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,  
 He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore  
 smerte. 230

Therefore, in stede of weping and preyeres,  
 Men moot yeve silver to the povre freres.  
 His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves  
 And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.  
 And certainly he hadde a mery note ; 235  
 Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.  
 Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys.  
 His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys ;  
 Ther-to he strong was as a champion.  
 He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,  
 And everich hostiler and tappestere 241  
 Bet than a lazar or a beggestere ;  
 For un-to swich a worthy man as he  
 Acorded nat, as by his facultee, 244  
 To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.

It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce  
 For to delen with no swich poraille,  
 But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.  
 And over-al, ther as profit sholde aryse,  
 Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse. 250  
 Ther nas no man no-wher so vertuous.  
 He was the beste beggere in his hous ;  
 †And yaf a certeyn ferme for the  
 graunt ; 252 b

†Noon of his bretheren cam ther in his  
 haunt ; 252 c

For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,  
 So-pleasaunt was his ' *In principio*,'  
 Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he  
 wente. 255

His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.  
 And rage he coude, as it were right a  
 whelpes.

In love-dayes ther coude he muchel  
 helpe. (260)

For there he was nat lyk a cloisterer,  
 With a thredbar cope, as is a povre  
 scooler, 260

But he was lyk a maister or a pope.  
 Of double worsted was his semi-cope,  
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.  
 Somwhat he lipped, for his wantownesse,

To make his English swete up-on his  
 tonge ; 265  
 And in his harping, whan that he had  
 songe,

His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,  
 As doon the sterres in the frosty  
 night. (270)

This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd,  
 A MARCHANT was ther with a forked  
 berd, Marchant

In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat, 271  
 Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat ;  
 His botes clasped faire and fetisly.

His reasons he spak ful solempnely, 274  
 Souninge alway th'encreses of his winning.  
 He wolde the see were kept for any thing  
 Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.

Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes  
 selle. (280)

This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette ;  
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,  
 So estatly was he of his governaunce, 281  
 With his bargaynes, and with his chevi-  
 saunce.

For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,  
 But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him  
 calle. Clerk.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,  
 That un-to logik hadde longe y-go. 286  
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake ; (290)  
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly,  
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtsey ; 290  
 For he had gotten him yet no benefyce,  
 Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.  
 For him was lever have at his beddes  
 heed

Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed, 295  
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye, 295  
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gaysaurye.  
 But al be that he was a philosopre,  
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre ; (300)  
 But al that he mighte of his freendes  
 hente,

On bokes and on lerninge he it spente, 300  
 And bisily gan for the soules preye  
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.  
 Of studie took he most cure and most  
 hede.

Noght o word spak he more than was  
 nede,

And that was seyd in forme and rever-  
ence, 305

And short and quik, and ful of by  
sentence.

Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,  
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly  
teche. **Man of Lawe.** (310)

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and wys,  
That often hadde been at the parvyys, 310  
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.

Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:  
He semed swich, his wordes weren so  
wyse.

Justyce he was ful often in assyse, 314  
By patente, and by playn commissioun;  
For his science, and for his heigh re-  
noun

Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.  
So greet a purchasour was no-wher  
noon. (320)

Al was fee simple to him in effect,  
His purchasing mighte nat been infect. 320  
No-wher so bisy a man as he ther nas,  
And yet he semed bisier than he was.  
In termes hadde he caas and domes alle,  
That from the tyme of king William were  
falle.

Therto he coude endyte, and make a  
thing, 325  
Ther coude no wight pinche at his  
wryting;

And every statut coude he playn by rote.  
He rood but humbly in a medlee cote (330)  
Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres  
smale;

Of his array telle I no longer tale. 330

A FRANKLEYN was in his compagne;  
Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.  
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.  
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in  
wyn. **Frankleyn.**

To liven in delyt was ever his wone, 335  
For he was Epicurus owne sone,  
That heeld opinioun, that playn delyt  
Was verraily felicitye parfyt. (340)

An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;  
Seint Julian he was in his contree. 340  
His breed, his ale, was always after oon;  
A better envyned man was no-wher noon.  
With-oute bake mete was never his hous,  
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,

It snewed in his hous of mete and  
drinke, 345

Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.  
After the sondry sesons of the yeer, (340)  
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.  
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in  
mowe,

And many a breem and many a luce in  
stewe. 350

Wo was his cook, but-if his sauce were  
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.  
His table dormant in his halle alway  
Stood redy covered al the longe day.

At sessionns ther was he lord and siro; 355  
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.  
An anlas and a gipser al of silk (359)  
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.  
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;  
Was no-wher such a worthy vavasour. 360

AN HABERDASSHER and a CARPENTER,  
**Haberdassher. Carpenter.**

A WEBBE, a DYERE, and a TAPICER,  
**Webbe. Dyere. Tapicer.**

Were with us eek, clothed in o liveres,  
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee. 364  
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apkyed was;  
Hir knyves were y-chaped noght with  
bras,

But al with silver, wrought ful clene and  
weel, (369)

Hir girdles and hir pouches every-deel.  
Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys,  
To sitten in a yeldhalle on a days. 370

Everich, for the wisdom that he can,  
Was shaply for to been an alderman.  
For catel hadde they y-nogh and rente,  
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;  
And elles certein were they to blame. 375  
It is ful fair to been y-clept 'ma dame,'  
And goon to vigilyes al bifore,  
And have a mantel royallliche y-bore. (380)

A COOK they hadde with hem for the  
nones, **Cook**  
To boille the chiknes with the mary-  
bones, 380

And poudre-marchant tart, and galingale.  
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of  
London ale.

He coude roste, and sethe, and broille,  
and frye,

Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.



But greet harm was it, as it thoughte  
me, 385

That on his shine a mormal hadde he;  
For blankmanger, that made he with the  
beste. (389)

A SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by  
weste: Shipman.

For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.  
He rood up-on a rouncey, as he couthe, 390  
In a gowne of falding to the knee.

A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he  
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.  
The hote somer had maad his hewe al  
broun;

And, certainly, he was a good felawe. 395  
Ful many a draughte of wyn had he  
y-drawe

From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chap-  
man sleep.

Of nyce conscience took he no keep. (400)  
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer  
hond,

By water he sente hem hoom to every  
land. 400

But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,  
His streames and his daungers him bisydes,  
His herberwe and his mone, his lode-  
menage,

Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to  
Cartage.

Hardy he was, and wys to undertake; 405  
With many a tempest hadde his berd  
been shake.

He knew wel alle the havenes, as they  
were,. (409)

From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,  
And every cryke in Britayne and in  
Spayne; 409

His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.

With us ther was a Doctour or Priystre,  
In al this world ne was ther noon him  
lyk Doctour.

To speke of phisik and of surgerye;  
For he was grounded in astronomye.

He kepte his pacient a ful greet del 415  
In houres, by his magik naturel.

Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent  
Of his images for his pacient. (420)

He knew the cause of everich maladye,  
Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or  
drye, 420

And where engendred, and of what  
humour;

He was a verrey parfit practisour.  
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm (he  
rote,

Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.  
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries, 425  
To sende him drogges and his letuaries,  
For ech of hem made other for to  
winne;

Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne.  
Wel knew he th'olde Esculapius, (430)  
And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus, 430  
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;

Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;  
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;  
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.  
Of his diete mesurable was he, 435  
For it was of no superfluitee,

But of greet norissing and digestible.  
His studie was but litel on the bible. (440)  
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,  
Lyned with taffata and with sendal; 440  
And yet he was but esy of dispence;

He kepte that he wan in pestilence.  
For gold in phisik is a cordial,  
Therefore he lovede gold in special. 444

A good Wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe.  
But she was som-del deaf, and that was  
seatha. Wyf of Bathe

Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an  
haunt, (450)

She passed hem of Ypres and of Ganut.  
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther  
noon

That to th' offering before hir sholde  
goon; 450

And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was  
she,

That she was out of alle charitee.  
Hir ogverchiefs ful fynne were of ground;

I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound  
That on a Sunday were upon hir heed. 455  
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,

Ful stroite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste  
and newe.

Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of  
hewe. (460)

She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,  
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde  
fyve, 460

Withouten other compagne in youtho ;  
 But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.  
 And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem ;  
 She hadde passed many a straunge  
 streem ; 464

At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,  
 In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne.  
 She coude muche of wandring by the  
 weye :

Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.  
 Up-on an amblere esily she sat, (471)  
 Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat  
 As brood as is a bokeler or a tuge ; 471  
 A foot-mantel aboute hir hupes large,  
 And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.  
 In felawschip wel coude she laughe and  
 carpe.

Of remedies of love she knew per-  
 chaunce, 475  
 For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

**Persoun.**

A good man was ther of religioun,  
 And was a povre Persoun of a toun ; (480)  
 But rich he was of holy thought and werk.  
 He was also a lorned man, a clerk, 480  
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche ;  
 His parissheis devoutly wolde he teche,  
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
 And in adversitee ful pacient ;  
 And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.  
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his  
 tythes, 486

But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,  
 Un-to his povre parissheis aboute (490)  
 Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.  
 He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.  
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer  
 a-sonder, 491

But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,  
 In siknes nor in meschiet, to visyte  
 The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and  
 lyte,

Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf. 495  
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,  
 That first he wroughte, and afterward he  
 taughte ;

Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte ;  
 And this figure he added eek ther-to, (501)  
 That if gold ruste, what shal iren do ? 500  
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,  
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste ;

And shame it is, if a preest take keep,  
 A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.  
 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,  
 By his clenness, how that his sheep  
 shold live. 506

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,  
 And leet his sheep encombrid in the  
 myre, (510)

And ran to London, un-to seynt Poules,  
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules, 510  
 Or with a bretherhed to been withholde ;  
 But dwelte at boon, and kepte wel his  
 folde,

So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie ;  
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.  
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,  
 He was to sinful man nat despitous, 516  
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,  
 But in his teching discret and benigne.

To drawn folk to heven by fairnesse (521)  
 By good ensample, was his bisnesse : 520

But it were any persone obstinat,  
 What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,  
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the  
 nones.

A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher  
 noun is,

He wayted after no pompe and reverence,  
 Ne maked him a spyed conscience, 526  
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
 He taughte, and first he solwed it him-  
 selve. 18/3 (530)

With him ther was a Plowman, was his  
 brother, Plowman.  
 That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a  
 fother, 530

A trowe swinker and a good was he,  
 Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.  
 God loved he best with al his holt herte  
 At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or  
 smerte,

And thanne his neighebour right as him-  
 selve. 535

He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke and  
 delve,

For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,  
 Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.  
 His tythes payed he ful faire and wel, (541)  
 Bothe of his propre swink and his catel.  
 In a tabard he rood upon a mere. 541

Ther was also a Reve and a Millere,

A Somnour and a Pardoner also,  
A Maunciple, and my-self; ther were  
namo.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the  
nones, Miller.  
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of  
bones; 546

That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,  
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the  
ram. (550)

He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke  
knarre,

Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of  
harre, 550

Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.  
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,  
And ther-to brood, as though it were  
a spade.

Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade  
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,  
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres; 556  
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.

A sword and bokeler bar he by his syde;  
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.  
He was a jangler and a goliardeys, 560  
And that was most of sinne and har-  
lotryes. (563)

Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen  
thryes;

And yet he hadde a thombe of gold,  
pardee.

A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.  
A baggepye wel coude he blowe and  
sowne, 565

And ther-with-al he broghte us out of  
towne. Maunciple.

A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,  
Of which achatours mighte take exemple  
For to be wyse in bying of vitaille (571)  
For whether that he payde, or took by  
taille, 570

Algate he wayted so in his achat,  
That he was ay biforn and in good stat.  
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,  
That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace  
The wisdom of an heep of lerned men? 575  
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes  
ten,

That were of lawe expert and curious;  
Of which ther were a doseyn in that  
houe

Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and  
lond (581)

Of any lord that is in Engelond, 580

To make him live by his propre good,  
In honour dettelees, but he were wood,  
Or live as searsly as him list desire;  
And able for to helpen al a shiro

In any cas that mighte falle or happe; 585  
And yit this maunciple sette hir aller  
cappe. Reve.

The REVE was a sclendre colerik man,  
His berd was shave as ny as ever he  
can. (590)

His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.  
His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.

Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,  
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.

Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne;  
Ther was noon auditour coude on him  
winne.

Wel wiste he, by the droghte, and by the  
reyn, 595

The yelding of his seed, and of his  
greyn.

His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,  
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his  
pultrye, (600)

Was hoolly in this reves governing, 599  
And by his covenant yaf the rekening,

Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;  
Ther coude no man bringe him in  
arrerage.

Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,  
That he ne knew his sleighte and his  
covyne; 604

They were adrad of him, as of the deeth.  
His woning was ful fair up-on an heeth.  
With grene tretis shadwed was his place.

He coude better than his lord purchase.  
Ful rich he was astored prively, (611)

His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly, 610  
To yeve and lene him of his owne good,  
And have a thank, and yet a cote and  
hood.

In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;  
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.

This reve sat up-on a ful good stot, 615  
That was al pomely grey, and highte  
Scot.

A long surcote of pers up-on he hade,  
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade. (620)

Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I  
telle, 619

Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.  
Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,  
And ever he rood the hindreste of our  
route.

A Somnour was ther with us in that  
place, Somnour.

That hadde a fyr-reed chernubynnes face,  
For sawcefelem he was, with eyen narwe.  
As hoot he was, and lecherous, as a  
sparwe; 626

With scalled browes blake, and piled berd;  
Of his visage children were aferd. (630)  
Ther nas quik-silver, litarge, ne brim-  
ston,

Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon, 630  
Ne oynement that wolde clense and  
lyte,

That him mighte helpen of his whelkes  
whyte,

Nor of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes.  
Wel loved he gurleek, oynons, and eek  
lekes,

And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as  
blood. 635

Than wolde he speke, and crye as he  
wore wood.

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the  
wyn, (639)

Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.

A fewe termes hadde he, two or three,

That he had lerned out of som decree; 640

No wonder is, he herde it al the day;

And eek ye knowen wel, how that a jay

Can clepen 'Watte,' as well as can the  
pope.

But who-so coude in other thing him  
grope, 644

Thanne hadde hespent al his philosophye;

Ay 'Questio quid iuris' wolde he crye.

He was a gentil harlot and a kinde; (649)

A bettre felawe sholde men nocht finde.

He wolde suffre, for a quart of wyn,

A good felawe to have his concubyn 650

A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle:

Ful prively a finch eek coude he pulle.

And if he fond o-wher a good felawe,

He wolde techen him to have non awe,

In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs, 655

But-if a mannes soule were in his purs;

For in his purs he sholde y-punished be.  
'Purs is the erchedeknes helle,' seyde  
he. (660)

But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;  
Of cursing oghte ech gilty man him  
drede— 660

For curs wol slee, right as assoiling  
saveth—

And also war him of a *significavit*.

In daunger hadde he at his owne gyse

The yonge girles of the diocyse,

And knew hir counsell, and was al hir  
reed. 665

A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,

As greet as it were for an ale-stake;

A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil **PARDONER**

Of Rouncival, his freend and his compeer,

That streight was comen fro the court of

Rome. /22/3 **Pardoner.**

Ful loude he song, 'Com hider, love, to  
me.' (670) 672

This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,

Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.

This pardonere hadde heer as yelow as  
wex, 675

But smothe it heng, as dooth a strike of  
flex;

Ryounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,

And ther-with he his shuldres over-  
spradde; (680)

But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and  
oon;

But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon,

For it was trussed up in his walet. 681

Him thoughte, he rood al of the newe jet;

Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al  
bare.

Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an  
hare.

A vernicle hadde he sowed on his cappe.

His walet lay biforn him in his lappe, 686

Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al  
hoot. (689)

A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.

No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,

As smothe it was as it were late y-shave;

I trowe he were a gelding or a mare. 691

But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware,

Ne was ther swich another pardonere.

For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,

Which that, he seyde, was our lady  
 veyl: 695  
 He seyde, he hadde a gobet of the seyl  
 That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he  
 wente (699)  
 Up-on the see, til Jesu Crist him hente.  
 He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,  
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones. 700  
 But with thise relikes, whan that he  
 fond  
 A povre person dwelling up-on lond,  
 Up-on a day he gat him more moneye  
 Than that the person gat in monthes  
 tweye.  
 And thus, with feyned flaterye and japes,  
 He made the person and the peple his  
 apes. 706  
 But trewely to tellen, atte laste, (709)  
 He was in churche a noble ecclesiaste.  
 Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,  
 But alderbest he song an offertorio; 710  
 For wel he wiste, whan that song was  
 songe,  
 He moste preche, and wel affyle his  
 tonge,  
 To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;  
 Therefore he song so meriely and loude.  
 Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,  
 Th'estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek the  
 cause 716  
 Why that assembled was this companye  
 In Southwerk, at this gentil hosteliye,  
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the  
 Belle. (721)  
 But now is tyme to yow for to telle 720  
 How that we laren us that ilke night,  
 Whan we were in that hosteliye alight.  
 And after wol I telle of our viage,  
 And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.  
 But first I pray yow, of your curteisye, 725  
 That ye n'arette it nat my vileinye,  
 Thogh that I pleyntly speke in this  
 matere, (729)  
 To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere;  
 Ne thogh I speke hir wordes properly.  
 For this ye knowen al-so wel as I, 730  
 Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,  
 He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,  
 Everich a word, if it be in his charge,  
 Al speke he never so rudeliche and  
 large;

Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe, 735  
 Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe.  
 He may nat spare, al-though he were his  
 brother; (739)  
 He moot as wel seye o word as another.  
 Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy  
 writ,  
 And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it. 740  
 Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him  
 rede,  
 The wordes mote he cosin to the dede.  
 Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,  
 Al have I nat set folk in hir degree  
 Here in this tale, as that they sholde  
 stonde; 745  
 My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.  
 Greet chere made our hostes everichon,  
 And to the soper sette us anon; (750)  
 And served us with vitaille at the beste.  
 Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke  
 us leste. 750  
 A semely man our hoste was with-allo  
 For to han been a marshal in an halle;  
 A burge man he was with even stepe,  
 A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:  
 Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel  
 y-taught, 755  
 And of manhod him lakkede right naught.  
 Eek therto he was right a mery man,  
 And after soper pleyen he bigan, (760)  
 And spak of mirthes amonges othere  
 thinges,  
 Whan that we hadde maad our reken-  
 inges; 760  
 And seyde thus: 'Now, lordinges, trewely,  
 Ye been to me right welcome hertely:  
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat  
 lye,  
 I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye  
 At ones in this herberwe as is now. 765  
 Fyn wolde I doon yow mirth, wiste  
 I how.  
 And of a mirth I am right now bithoght,  
 To doon yow ese, and it shal coste  
 noght. (770)  
 Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow  
 spede,  
 The blisful martir quyte yow your  
 mode. 770  
 And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,  
 Ye shapen yow to taken and to pleye;

For trowely, confort ne mirthe is noon  
To ryde by the weye dounb as a steon;  
And therefore wol I maken yow disport,  
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.

776

And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,  
Now for to stonden at my jugement, (780)  
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,  
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,  
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed, 781  
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn  
heed

Hold up your hond, withouten more  
speche.'

Our counseil was nat longe for to  
seche;

Us thoughte it was noght worth to make  
it wys, 785

And graunted him withouten more  
avys,

And bad him seye his verdit, as him  
leste.

'Lordinges,' quod he, 'now herkneþ  
for the heste; (790)

But tak it not, I prey yow, in desceyn;  
This is the prync, to speken short and  
pleyn, 790

That ech of yow, to shorte with your  
weye,

In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,  
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,  
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere  
two,

Of adventures that whylom han bifalle. 795  
And which of yow that bereth him best  
of alle,

That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas  
Tales of best sentence and most solas, (800)  
Shal have a soper at our aller cost  
Here in this place, sitting by this post,  
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunter-  
bury. 801

And for to make yow the more mery,  
I wol myselven gladly with yow ryde,  
Right at myn owne cost, and be your  
gyde.

And who-so wol my jugement withseye  
Shal paye al that we spenden by the  
weye. 806

And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,  
Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo, (810)

And I wol erly shape me therfore.'

This thing was graunted, and our othes  
swore 810

With ful glad herte, and preyden him  
also

That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,  
And that he wolde been our governour,  
And of our tales juge and reportour,  
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys; 815  
And we wold renled been at his devys,  
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon  
assent,

We been accorded to his jugement. (820)  
And ther-up-on the wyn was fet anon;

We dronken, and to reste wente echon,  
With-outen any longer taryinge., 821

A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,  
Up roos our host, and was our aller  
cok,

And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,  
And forth we riden, a litel more than  
pas, 825

Un-to the watering of seint Thomas.

And there our host bigan his hors areste,  
And seyde. 'Lordinges, herkneþ, if yow  
lest'. (830)

Ye woot your forward, and I it yow re-  
corde.

If even-song and morwe-song acorde, 830  
Lat see now who shal telle the firste  
tale.

As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,  
Who-so be rebel to my jugement  
Shal paye for al that by the weye is  
spent.

Now draweth out, er that we ferror  
twinne; 835

He which that hath the shortest shal  
biginne.

Sire knight,' quod he, 'my maister and  
my lord, (830)

Now draweth out, for that is myn acord.  
Cometh neer,' quod he, 'my lady prior-  
esse;

And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfast-  
nesse, 840

No studieth noght; ley hond to, every  
man.'

Anon to drawn every wight bigan,  
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,  
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,

The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight,  
 Of which ful blythe and glad was every  
 wight; 846  
 And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,  
 By forward and by composicioun, (850)  
 As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?  
 And whan this gode man saugh it  
 was so, 850  
 As he that wys was and obedient  
 To kepe his forward by his free assent,

He seyde: 'Sin I shal beginne the  
 game,  
 What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes  
 namo!  
 Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I  
 seye.' 855  
 And with that word we riden forth our  
 weye; (858)  
 And he bigan with right a mery chere  
 His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

Here endeth the prolog of this book; and here biginneth the first tale,  
 which is the Knightes Tale.

## THE KNIGHTES TALE.

*Iamque domos patrias, Scithice post aspera gentis*

*Prelia, laurigero, d.c.*

[Statius, *Theb.* xii. 519.]

Warrlow, as olde stories tellen us,  
 Ther was a duk that highte Theseus; 860  
 Of Athenes he was lord and governour,  
 And in his tyme swich a conquerour,  
 That gretter was ther noon under the  
 sonne.  
 Ful many a riche contree hadde he  
 wonne; 864  
 What with his wisdom and his chivalrye,  
 He conquered al the regne of Femenye,  
 That whylom was y-cleped Scithia;  
 And weddede the quene Ipolita, (10)  
 And broghte hir hoom with him in his  
 contree 869  
 With muchel glorie and greet solempnitee,  
 And eek hir yonge suster Emelye.  
 And thus with victorie and with melodye

Lete I this noble duk to Athenes  
 ryde,  
 And al his hoost, in armes, him bisyde.  
 And certes, if it nere to long to here, 875  
 I wolde han told yow fully the manere,  
 How wonnen was the regne of Femenye  
 By Theseus, and by his chivalrye; (20)  
 And of the grette bataille for the nones  
 Bitwixen Athenes and Amazones; 880  
 And how asseged was Ipolita,  
 The faire hardy quene of Scithia;  
 And of the feste that was at hir weddinge,  
 And of the tempest at hir hoom-cominge;  
 But al that thing I moot as now forbere.  
 I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere, 886  
 And wayke been the oxen in my plough.  
 The remenant of the tale is long y-nough.

I wol nat letten eek noon of this route ;  
 Lat every felawe telle his tale aboute, 890  
 And lat see now who shal the soper  
 winne: (33)

And ther I leste, I wol ageyn biginne.  
 This duk, of whom I make mencion,  
 When he was come almost unto the  
 toun,

In al his wele and in his moste pryde, 895  
 He was war, as he caste his eye asyde,  
 Wher that ther kneled in the hie weye  
 A compagne of ladies, tweye and tweye,  
 Ech after other, clad in clothes blake; (41)  
 But swich a cry and swich a wo they  
 make, 900

That in this world nis creature livinge,  
 That herde swich another weymentinge;  
 And of this cry they nolde never stenten,  
 Til they the reynes of his brydel henten.

'What folk ben ye, that at myn boom-  
 cominge 905

Perturben so my feste with cryinge?'  
 Quod Theseus, 'have ye so greet envye  
 Of myn honour, that thus compleyne and  
 crye? (50)

Or who hath yow misboden, or offended?  
 And telleth me if it may been amended;  
 And why that ye ben clothed thus in  
 blak?' 911

The eldest lady of hem alle spak,  
 When she hadde swowned with a deedly  
 chere,

That it was routhe for to seen and here,  
 And seyde: 'Lord, to whom Fortune hath  
 yiven 915

Victorie, and as a conquerour to liven,  
 Noght greveth us your glorie and your  
 honour;

But we biseken mercy and socour. (60)  
 Have mercy on our wo and our distresse,  
 Som drope of pitee, thurgh thy gentil-  
 esse, 920

Up-on us wretched women lat thou falle.  
 For certes, lord, ther nis noon of us alle,  
 That she nath been a duchesse or a quene;  
 Now be we caitifs, as it is wel sene:

Thanked be Fortune, and hir false wheel,  
 That noon estat assureth to be weel. 926  
 And certes, lord, t'abiden your presence,  
 Here in the temple of the goddesse  
 Clemence (70)

We han ben waytinge al this fourtenight;  
 Now help us, lord, sith it is in thy might.

I wrecche, which that wepe and waille  
 thus, 931

Was whylom wyf to king Capaneus,  
 That starf at Thebes, cursid be that day!  
 And alle we, that been in this array,  
 And maken al this lamentacioun, 935  
 We losten alle our housbondes at that  
 toun,

Why! that the sege ther-aboute lay.  
 And yet now th'olde Creon, waylaway!  
 The lord is now of Thebes the citee, (81)  
 Fulfil of ire and of iniquitee, 940

He, for despyt, and for his tirannye,  
 To do the dede bodyes vileinye,  
 Of alle our lordes, whiche that ben slawe,  
 Hath alle the bodyes on an heep y-drawe,  
 And wol nat suffren hem, by noon assent,  
 Neither to been y-buried nor y-brent, 946  
 But maketh houndes ete hem in despyt.'

And with that word, with-outen more  
 respyt, (90)

They fillen gruf, and cryden pitously,  
 'Have on us wretched women som  
 mercy, 950

And lat our sorwe sinken in thyn herte.'  
 This gentil duk down from his courser  
 sterte

With herte pitous, when he herde hem  
 speke.

Him thoughte that his herte wolde breke,  
 When he saugh hem so pitous and so  
 mat, 955

That whylom weren of so greet estat.  
 And in his armes he hem alle up hente,  
 And hem comforteth in ful good entente;  
 And swoor his ooth, as he was trewe  
 knight, (101)

He wolde doon so ferforthly his might 966  
 Up-on the tyraunt Creon hem to wreke,  
 That al the peple of Grece sholde speke  
 How Creon was of Theseus y-served,  
 As he that hadde his deeth ful wel de-  
 served. 964

And right anon, with-outen more abood,  
 His baner he desplayeth, and forth rood  
 To Thebes-ward, and al his host bisyde;  
 No neer Athenes wolde he go ne ryde,  
 Ne take his ese fully half a day, (111)  
 But onward on his way that night he lay;



And sente anon Ipolita the queene, 971  
 And Emelye hir yonge suster shene,  
 Un-to the toun of Athenes to dwelle;  
 And forth he rit; ther nis namore to  
 telle.

The rede statue of Mars, with spere  
 and targe, 975  
 So shyneth in his whyte baner large,  
 That alle the feeldes gliteren up and doun;  
 And by his baner born is his penoun (120)  
 Of gold ful riche, in which ther was  
 y-beto

The Minotaur, which that he slough in  
 Crete. 980

Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,  
 And in his host of chivalrye the flour,  
 Til that he cam to Thebes, and alighte  
 Faire in a feeld, ther as he thoughte fighte.  
 But shortly for to spoken of this thing, 985  
 With Creon, which that was of Thebes  
 king,

He faught, and slough him manly as  
 a knight

In playn bataille, and putte the folk to  
 flight; (130)

And by assaut he wan the citee after,  
 And rente adoun bothe wal, and sparre,  
 and rafter; 990

And to the ladies he restored agayn  
 The bones of hir housbondes that were  
 slayn,

To doon obsèques, as was tho the gyse.  
 But it were al to long for to devyse 994

The grete clamour and the waymentinge  
 That the ladies made at the brenninge  
 Of the bodyes, and the grete honour  
 That Theseus, the noble conquerour, (140)  
 Doth to the ladies, whan they from him  
 wente; 999

But shortly for to telle is myn entente.  
 Whan that this worthy duk, this Theseus,  
 Hath Creon slayn, and wonne Thebes  
 thus,

Stille in that feeld he took al night his  
 reste,

And dide with al the contree as him  
 leste. 1004

To ransake in the tas of bodyes dede,  
 Hem for to strepe of harneys and of wede,  
 The pilours didn businesse and cure,  
 After the bataille and disconfiture. (150)

And so bifel, that in the tas they founde,  
 Thurgh-git with many a grevous bloody  
 wounde, 1010

Two yonge knightes liggig by and by,  
 Bothe in oon armes, wrought ful richely,  
 Of whicho two, Arcita hight that oon,  
 And that other knight hight Palamon.  
 Nat fully quike, ne fully dede they were,  
 But by hir cote-armures, and by hir gere,  
 The heraudes knowe hem best in special,  
 As they that weren of the blood royal (160)  
 Of Thebes, and of sustren two y-born.

Out of the tas the pilours han hem torn.  
 And han hem caried softe un-to the  
 tente 1021

Of Theseus, and he ful sone hem sente  
 To Athenes, to dwellen in prisoun  
 Perpetuelly, he nolde no raunsoun.

And whan this worthy duk hath thus  
 y-don, 1025

He took his host, and hoom he rood anon  
 With laurer crowned as a conquerour;  
 And there he liveth, in joye and in  
 honour, (170)

Termes of his lyf; what nedeth wordes  
 mo?

And in a tour, in angwish and in wo, 1030  
 Dwellen this Palamoun and eek Arcite.  
 For evermore, ther may no gold hem  
 quyte.

This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by  
 day,

Til it fil ones, in a morwe of May,  
 That Emelye, that fairer was to sene 1035

Than is the lillie upon his stalke grene,  
 And fresher than the May with floures  
 newe— (170)

For with the rose colour stroof hir bewe,  
 I noot which was the fairer of hem two—  
 Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,  
 She was arisen, and al redy dight; 1041

For May wol have no slegardye a-night.  
 The seoun priketh every gentil herte,  
 And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte,  
 And seith, 'Arys, and do thyn obser-  
 vance.' (187) 1045

This maked Emelye have remembraunce  
 To doon honour to May, and for to ryse.  
 Y-clothed was she fresh, for to devyse;  
 Hir yelow heer was broyded in a tresse,  
 Bihinde hir bak, a yerde long, I gesse.

And in the gardin, at the sonne up-riste,  
She walketh up and down, and as hir  
liste

She gadereth floures, party whyte and  
rede,

To make a sotil gerland for hir hede,  
And as an angel heavenly she song. 1055  
The grete tour, that was so thikke and  
strong,

Which of the castel was the chief don-  
geoun, (199)

Ther-as the knightes weren in prison,  
Of whiche I tolde yow, and tellen shal

Was eveno joynant to the gardin-wal, 1060  
Ther as this Emelye hadde hir pleyng.

Bright was the sonne, and cleer that  
morweninge,

And Palamon, this woful prisoner,  
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler,

Was risen, and romed in a chambre on  
heigh, 1065

In which he al the noble citee seigh,  
And eek the gardin, ful of braunches  
grene, (200)

Ther-as this freshe Emelye the shene  
Was in hir walk, and romed up and  
down, 1069

'This sorweful prisoner, this Palamoun,  
Goth in the chambre, roming to and fro,

And to him-self compleyning of his wo;  
That he was born, ful ofte he seyde, 'alas!'

And so bifel, by aventure or cas,  
That thurgh a window, thikke of many  
a barre 1075

Of yren greet, and square as any sparre,  
He caste his eye upon Emelya,

And ther-with-al he bleynte, and cryde  
'a!' (220)

As though he stongen were un-to the  
herte, 1079

And with that cry Arcite anon up-sterie,  
And seyde, 'Cosin myn, what eyleth  
thee,

That art so pale and deedly on to see?  
Why crydestow? who hath thee doon  
offence? 1084

For Goddes love, tak al in pacience  
Our prisoun, for it may non other be;  
Fortune hath yeven us this adversitee.

Som wikke aspect or disposicioun  
Of Saturne, by sum constellacioun, (230)

Hath yeven us this, al-though we hadde  
it sworn;

So stood the heven whan that we were  
born; 1090

We mooste endure it: this is the short and  
pleyn.'

This Palamon answerde, and seyde  
ageyn,

'Cosyn, for sothe, of this opinioun  
Thou hast a veyn imaginacioun.

This prisoun caused me nat for to crye. 1095

But I was hurt right now thurgh-out  
myn ye

In-to myn herte, that wol my bane be.

The fairnesse of that lady that I see (240)

Yond in the gardin romen to and fro,

Is cause of al my crying and my wo. 1100

I noot wher she be womman or goddesse;

But Venus is it, soothly, as I gesse.'

And ther-with-al on knees down he fil,

And seyde: 'Venus, if it be thy wil

Yow in this gardin thus to transfigure 1105

Bifore me, sorweful wrecche creature,

Out of this prisoun help that we may  
scapen.

And if so be my destinee be shapen (250)

By eterne word to dyen in prison,

Of our linage have som compassioun, 1110

That is so lowe y-brought by tirannye.'

And with that word Arcite gan espye

Wher-as this lady romed to and fro,

And with that sighto hir beautee hurte  
him so, 1114

That, if that Palamon was wounded sore,

Arcite is hurt as muche as he, or more.

And with a sigh he seyde pitously: (259)

'The fresche beautee sleeth me sodeynly

Of hir that rometh in the yonder place;

And, but I have hir mercy and hir grace,

That I may seen hir atte leeste weye, 1121

I nam but deed; ther nis namore to seye.'

This Palamon, whan he the wordes  
herde,

Dispitously he loked, and answerde:

'Whether seistow this in earnest or in  
pley?' 1125

'Nay,' quod Arcite, 'in earnest, by my  
fey!

God help me so, me list ful yvele pleye.'

This Palamon gan knitte his browes  
tweye: (270)

'It here,' quod he, 'to thee no greet honour

For to be fals, ne for to be traytour 1130  
To me, that am thy cosin and thy brother  
Y-sworn ful depe, and ech of us til other,  
That never, for to dyen in the peyne,  
Til that the deeth departe shal us tweyne,  
Neither of us in love to hindren other, 1135  
Ne in non other cas, my leve brother;  
But that thou sholdest trewely forthren me  
In every cas, and I shal forthren thee. (280)  
This was thyn ooth, and myn also, certeyn;  
I wot right wel, thou darst it nat withseyn.  
Thus artow of my counsell, out of doute,  
And now thou woldest falsly been aboute  
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,  
And ever shal, til that myn herte sterve.  
Now certes, fals Arcite, thou shalt nat so.  
I loved hir first, and tolde thee my wo 1146  
As to my counsell, and my brother sworn  
To forthren me, as I have told biforn. (290)  
For which thou art y-bounden as a knight  
To helpen me, if it lay in thy might, 1150  
Or elles artow fals, I dar wel seyn.'

This Arcite ful proudly spak ageyn,  
'Thou shalt,' quod he, 'be rather fals  
than I;

But thou art fals, I telle thee utterly;  
For *par amour* I loved hir firster thow. 1155  
What wiltow seyn? thou wistest nat yet  
now

Whether she be a womman or goddesse!  
Thyn is affeccioun of holinesse, (300)

And myn is love, as to a creature;  
For which I tolde thee myn aventure 1160  
As to my cosin, and my brother sworn.

I pose, that thou lovedest hir biforn;  
Wostow nat wel the olde clerkes sawe,  
That "who shal yeve a lover any lawe?"  
Love is a gretter lawe, by my pan, 1165  
Than may be yeve to any erthly man.

And therefore positif lawe and swich  
decree

Is broke al-day for love, in ech degree. (310)  
A man moot nedes love, mangree his heed.  
He may nat fleen it, thogh he sholde be  
deed, 1170

Al be she mayde, or widwe, or elles wyf.  
And eek it is nat lykly, al thy lyf,  
To stonden in hir grace; namore shal I;  
For wel thou woost thy-selven, verrailly,

That thou and I be dampned to prisoun  
Perpetuelly; us gayneth no raunsoun.

We stryve as dide the houndes for the  
boon, 1177

They foughte al day, and yet hir part was  
noon; (320)

Ther cam a kyte, whyl that they were  
wrothe,

And bar away the boon bitwixe hem  
bothe. 1180

And therefore, at the kinges court, my  
brother,

Ech man for him-self, ther is non other.  
Love if thee list; for I love and ay shal;  
And soothly, leve brother, this is al.

Here in this prisoun mote we endure, 1185  
And everich of us take his aventure.'

Greet was the stryf and long bitwixe  
hem tweye,

If that I hadde leyser for to seye; (330)  
But to th'effect. It happed on a day,

(To telle it yow as shortly as I may) 1190  
A worthy duk that highte Perotheus,

That felawe was un-to duk Theseus  
Sin thilke day that they were children  
lyte,

Was come to Athenes, his felawe to visyte,  
And for to pleye, as he was wont to do,  
For in this world he loved no man so: 1196  
And he loved him as tendrely ageyn.

So wel they loved, as olde bokes seyn, (340)  
That whan that oon was deed, sothly to  
telle,

His felawe wente and soghte him down in  
helle; 1200

But of that story list me nat to wryte.

Duk Perotheus loved wel Arcite,  
And hadde him knowe at Thebes yeer by  
yere;

And fynally, at requeste and preyere 1204  
Of Perotheus, with-oute any raunsoun,

Duk Theseus him leet out of prisoun,  
Freely to goon, wher that him liste over-al,  
In swich a gyse, as I you tellen shal. (350)

This was the forward, pleynly for t'en-  
dyte,

Bitwixen Theseus and him Arcite: 1210  
That if so were, that Arcite were y-founde

Ever in his lyf, by day or night or stounde  
In any contree of this Theseus,  
And he were caught, it was acorded thus,

That with a sword he sholde lese his  
heed; 1215

Ther nas non other remedye ne reed,  
But taketh his leve, and homward he him  
spedde; (359)

Let him be war, his nekke lyth to wedde!

How greet a sorwe suffreth now Arcite!

The deeth he feleth thurgh his herto  
smyte; 1220

He wepeth, wayleth, cryeth pitously;

To sleen him-self he wayteth prively.

He seyde, 'Allas that day that I was born!

Now is my prison worse than biforn;

Now is me shape eternally to dwelle 1225

Noght in purgatorie, but in helle.

Allas! that ever knew I Perothens!

For elles hadde I dwelled with Theseus

Y-fetered in his prisoun ever-mo. (371)

Than hadde I been in blisse, and nat in wo.

Only the sighte of hir, whom that I serve,

Though that I never hir grace may deserve,

Wolde han suffised right y-nough for me.

O dere cosin Palamon, quod he,

'Thyn is the victorie of this aventure, 1235

Ful blisfully in prison maistow dure;

In prison? certes nay, but in paradys!

Wel hath fortune y-turned thee the dys,

That hast the sighte of hir, and I th'ab-

sence. (381) 1230

For possible is, sin thou hast hir presence,

And art a knight, a worthy and an able,

That by som cas, sin fortune is chaunge-

able,

Thou mayst to thy desyr som tyme atteyne.

But I, that am oxyled, and bareyne

Of alle grace, and in so greet despayr, 1245

That ther nis erthe, water, fyr, ne eir,

No creature, that of hem maked is,

That may me helpe or doon confort in this:

Wel oughte I sterve in wanhope and dis-

trese; (391)

Farwel my lyf, my lust, and my gladnesse!

Allas, why pleynen folk so in commune

Of purveyaunce of God, or of fortune,

That yeveth hem ful ofte in many a gyse

Wel bettre than they can hem-self devyse?

Som man desyret for to han richesse, 1255

That cause is of his mordre or greet sik-

nesse.

And som man wolde out of his prison fayn,

That in his hous is of his meynes slayn.

Infinite harmes been in this matere; (401)

We witen nat what thing we preyen here.

We faren as he that dronke is as a

mous; 1261

A dronke man wot wel he hath an hous,

But he noot which the righte wey is thider;

And to a dronke man the wey is slider,

And certes, in this world so faren we;

We seken faste after felicitee, 1266

But we goon wrong ful often, trewely.

Thus may wescyen alle, and namely I, (410)

That wende and hadde a greet opinioun,

That, if I mighte escapen from prisoun,

Than hadde I been in joye and perfit

hele, 1271

Ther now I am oxyled for my wele.

Sin that I may nat seen yow, Emelye,

I nam but deed; ther nis no remedye.'

Up-on that other syde Palamon, 1275

Whan that he wiste Arcite was agon,

Swich sorwe he maketh, that the grete

tour

Resouneth of his youling and clamour.

The pure fettres on his shines grete (421)

Weren of his bitter salte teres wete. 1280

'Allas!' quod he, 'Arcite, cosin myn,

Of al our stryf, God woot, the fruyt is thyn.

Thow walkest now in Thebes at thy large,

And of my wo thou yvest litel charge.

Thou mayst, sin thou hast wisdom and

manbede, 1285

Assemblen alle the folk of our kinrede,

And make a werre so sharp on this citee,

That by som aventure, or som treetee,

Thou mayst have hir to lady and to wyf,

For whom that I mot nedes lese my lyf.

For, as by wey of possibilitee, (433) 1291

Sith thou art at thy large, of prison free,

And art a lord, greet is thyn avauntage,

More than is myn, that sterve here in a

cage 1294

For I mot wepe and wayle, whyl I live,

With al the wo that prison may me yive,

And eek with peyne that love me yiveth

also, (439)

That doubleth al my torment and my wo.'

Ther-with the fyr of jelousye up-sterte

With-inne his brest, and hente him by

the herte 1300

So woody, that he lyk was to biholde

The box-tree, or the asshen dede and colde.

The seyde he; 'O cruel goddess, that  
governe

This world with binding of your word  
eterne,

And wyten in the table of athamaunt 1305  
Your parlement, and your eterne graunt,  
What is mankinde more un-to yow holde  
Than is the sheep, that rounketh in the  
folde? (450)

For slayn is man right as another beste,  
And dwelleth eek in prison and areste,  
And hath siknesse, and greet adversitee,  
And ofte tymes gyltelcees, pardee! 1312

What governaunce is in this prescience,  
That gyltelcees tormenteth innocence?

And yet encreseth this al my penaunce,  
That man is bounden to his observaunce,  
For Goddes sake, to letten of his wille,  
Ther as a beest may al his lust fulfille (460)  
And whan a beest is deed, he hath no  
peyne;

But man after his deeth moot wepe and  
pleyne, 1320

Though in this world he have cure and wo:  
With-outen doute it may stonden so.  
Th' answer of this I lete to divynis,  
But wel I woot, that in this world gret  
pyne is.

Allas! I see a serpent or a thief, 1325  
That many a trewe man hath don mes-  
chance,

Goon at his large, and wher him list may  
turne. (469)

But I not been in prison thurgh Saturne.  
Andeek thurgh Juno, jealous and eek wood.  
That hath destroyed wel ny al the blood  
Of Thebes, with his waste walles wyde.  
And Venus sleeth me on that other syde  
For jelousye, and fere of him Arcite.'

Now wol I stante of Palamon a lyte,  
And lete him in his prison stille dwelle,  
And of Arcite forth I wol yow telle. 1336

The somer passeth, and the nightes  
longe (479)

Encresen double wyse the peynes stronge  
Bothe of the lover and the prisoner.  
I noot which hath the wofullere mestor.  
For shortly for to seyn, this Palamon  
Perpetuelly is dampned to prison, 1342  
In cheynes and in fettes to ben deed;  
And Arcite is exyled upon his heed

For ever-mo as out of that contree, 1345  
Ne never-mo he shal his lady see.

Yow lovers axe I now this questionn,  
Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon?  
That oon may seen his lady day by day,  
But in prison he moot dwelle alway. 1350  
That other wher him list may ryde or go,  
But seen his lady shal he never-mo. (494)  
Now demeth as yow liste, ye that can,  
For I wol telle forth as I bigan.

### Explicit prima Pars.

### Sequitur pars secunda.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,  
Ful ofte a day he swelte and seyde 'allas,'  
For seen his lady shal he never-mo. 1357  
And shortly to comen liden al his wo, (500)  
So muche sorwe had never creature  
That is, or shal, whyl that the world may  
dure. 1360

His sleep, his mete, his drink is him beratt,  
That lene he wex, and drye as is a shaft.  
His eyen holwe, and grisly to biholde;  
His hewe fulwe, and pale as asshen colde,  
And solitarie he was, and ever allone, 1365  
And walling al the night, making his  
mone.

And if he heide song or instrument,  
Then wolde he wepe, he mighte nat be  
stent, (510)

So feble eek were his spirits, and so  
lowe, 1360

And chaunged so, that no man coude knowe  
His speche nor his vois, though men it  
herde.

And in his gere, for al the world he ferde  
Nat oonly lyk the lovers maladye  
Of Hercules, but rather lyk manye  
Engendred of humour malencolyk, 1375  
Biforen, in hiscello fantastyk.

And shortly, turned was al up-so-doun  
Bothe hahit and eek disposicion (520)  
Of him, this woful lover daun Arcite.

What sholde I al-day of his wo enlyte?  
Whan he endured hadde a yeer or two  
This cruel torment, and this peyne and wo,  
At Thebes, in his contree, as I seyde,  
Up-on a night, in sleep as he him leyde,  
Him thoughte how that the winged god

Mercurie 1385

Biforn him stood, and bad him to be burye.

His slepy yerde in hond he bar uprighte;  
 An hat he werode up-on his hores brighte.  
 Arrayed was this god (as he took keep)  
 As he was whan that Argus took his sleep;  
 And seyde him thus: 'T' Athènes shalton  
 wende; (531) 1391  
 Ther is the shapen of thy wo an ende.'  
 And with that word Arete wook and sterte  
 'Now trowely, how sore that me smerte,'  
 (Quod he, 't' Athènes right now wol I fare;  
 Ne for the drede of deeth shal I nat spare  
 To see my lady, that I love and serve;  
 In hir presence I recche nat to sterue.' (540)  
 And with that word he caughte a greet  
 murour, 1399  
 And saugh that chaunged was al his colour,  
 And saugh his visage al in another kinde  
 And right anon it ran him in his minde,  
 That, sith his face was so disfigured  
 Of maladye, the which he hadde endured,  
 He mighte wel, if that he bar him love,  
 Live in Athènes ever-more unknowe, 1406  
 And seen his lady wel my day by day  
 And right anon he chaunged his array,  
 And cladde him as a povre laborer, (551)  
 And al alone, save only a squyer, 1410  
 That knew his privetee and al his cas,  
 Which was dysgyssed povrely, as he was,  
 T' Athènes is he goon the nexte way.  
 And to the count he wente up-on a day,  
 And at the gate he proreth his servyse,  
 To drugge and drawe, what so men wol  
 devyse, 1416  
 And shortly of this matere for to seyn,  
 He fil in office with a chamberleyn, (560)  
 The which that dwelling was with Emelye;  
 For he was wys, and coude soon aspye 1420  
 Of every servaunt, which that servetli  
 here.  
 Wel coude he hewen wode, and water bere,  
 For he was yong and mighty for the nones,  
 And ther-to he was strong and big of bones  
 To doon that any wight can him devyse.  
 A yeer or two he was in this servyse,  
 Page of the chambre of Emelye the brighte;  
 And 'Philostrate' he seide that he lighte.  
 But half so wel beloved a man as he (571)  
 Ne was ther never in court, of his degree;  
 He was so gentil of condicioun, 1431  
 That thurhout al the court was his ro-  
 noun.

They seyden, that it were a charitee  
 That Theseus wolde enhancon his degree,  
 And putten him in worshipful servyse,  
 Ther as he mighte his vertu exerceyse,  
 And thus, with-inne a while, his name is  
 sprongo 1437  
 Bothe of his dedes, and his goode tonge,  
 That Theseus hath taken him so neer (581)  
 That of his chambre he made him a squyer,  
 And yaf him gold to mayntene his degree,  
 And eek men broghte him out of his  
 contree  
 From yeer to yeer, ful prively, his rente;  
 But honestly and slyly he it spent,  
 That no man wondred how that he it  
 hadde 1445  
 And thre yeer in thus wyse his lyf he  
 ladde,  
 And bar him so in pees and eek in werre.  
 Ther nas no man that Theseus hath derre.  
 And in this blisse lete I now Arcite, (591)  
 And speke I wol of Palamon a lyte. 1450  
 In derknesse and horrible and strong  
 prison  
 This seven yeer hath seten Palamoun,  
 Forpyned, what for wo and for distresse;  
 Who feleth double sor and hevynesse  
 But Palamon? that love destrayneth so,  
 That wood out of his wit he goeth for wo;  
 And eek therto he is a prisoner 1457  
 Perpetually, noht only for a yeer. (600)  
 Who coude ryme in English proprely  
 His martirdom? for sothe, it am nat I;  
 Therefore I passo as lightly as I may.  
 It tel that in the seventh yeer, in May,  
 The thridde night, (as olde bokes seyn,  
 That al this storie tellen more pleyn,) 1465  
 Were it by aventure or destinee, (605)  
 (As, whan a thing is shapen, it shal be,)  
 That, some after the midnight, Palamoun,  
 By helping of a freend, brak his prison,  
 And fleeth the citee, faste as he may go;  
 For he had yive his gayler drinke so 1470  
 Of a clurree, maad of a certeyn wyn, (613)  
 With nercotikes and opie of Thebes syn,  
 That al that night, thogh that men wolde  
 him shake,  
 The gayler sleep, he mighte nat awako;  
 And thus he fleeth as faste as ever he  
 may. 1475  
 The night was short, and faste by the day,

That nedes-cost he moste him-selven hyde,  
And til a grove, faste ther besyde, (620)  
With dredful foot than stalketh Palamoun.

For shortly, this was his opinioun, 1480  
That in that grove he wolde him hyde al day,

And in the night than wolde he take his way

To Thebes-ward, his freendes for to proye  
On Theseus to helpe him to werreye;  
And shortly, outhur he wolde lese his lyf,  
Or winnen Emelye un-to his wyf; 1486  
This is th'effect and his entente pleyn.

Now wol I torne un-to Arcite ageyn, (630)  
That litel wiste how ny that was his caro,

Til that fortune had broght him in the snare. 1490

The bisy larke, messenger of day,  
Salueth in hir song the morwe gray;  
And fyry Phcebus ryseth up so brighte,  
That al the orient laugheth of the lighte,  
And with his stromes dryeth in the greves  
The silver dropes, hanging on the leues.  
And Arcite, that is in the court royal  
With Theseus, his squyer principal, (640)  
Is risen, and loketh on the myrie day.  
And, for to doon his observaunce to May,  
Remembering on the poynt of his desyr,  
He on a courser, starting as the fyr, 1502  
Is riden in-to the feeldes, him to pleye,  
Out of the court, were it a myle or tweye;  
And to the grove, of which that I yow tolde, 1505

By aventure, his wey he gan to holde,  
To maken him a gerland of the greves,  
Were it of wodebinde or hawethorn-leves,  
And loude he song ageyn the sonne shene:  
'May, with alle thy floures and thy grene,  
Wel-come be thou, faire fresshe May, 1511  
I hope that I som grene gete may.' (654)  
And from his courser, with a lusty herte,  
In-to the grove ful hastily he sterte,  
And in a path he rometh up and down,  
Ther-as, by aventure, this Palamoun 1516  
Was in a bush, that no man mighte him see,

For sores afered of his deeth was he. (660)  
No-thing ne knew he that it was Arcite:  
God wot he wolde have trowed it ful lyte.

But sooth is seyde, gon sithen many yeres,  
That 'feeld hath eyen, and the wode hath ores.' 1522

It is ful fair a man to bere him evene,  
For al-day meteth men at unset stevene.  
Ful litel woot Arcite of his felawe, 1525  
That was so ny to herknen al his sawe,  
For in the bush he sitteth now ful stille.

Whan that Arcite had romed al his fille,  
And songen al the roundel lustily, (671)  
In-to a studie he fil sodeynly, 1530  
As doon thise loveres in hir queynte geres,  
Now in the croppe, now down in the breres,  
Now up, now down, as boket in a welle.  
Right as the Friday, soothly for to telle,  
Now it shyneth, now it reyneth faste, 1535  
Right so can gory Venus overcaste  
The hertes of hir folk; right as hir day  
Is gerful, right so chaungeth she array.  
Selde is the Friday al the wyke y-lyke.

Whan that Arcite had songe, he gan to syke, (682) 1540

And sette him down with-outen any more:  
'Alas!' quod he, 'that day that I was bore!  
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee,  
Woltow werreyen Thebes the citee?

Allas! y-broght is to confusioun 1545  
The blood royal of Cadme and Amphion:  
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man (689)

That Thebes bulte, or first the toun bigan,  
And of the citee first was crowned king,  
Of his linage am I, and his of-spring 1550  
By verray ligne, as of the stok royal:

And now I am so caitif and so thral,  
That he, that is my mortal enemy,  
I serve him as his squyer povrely. 1554  
And yet doth Juno me wel more shame,  
For I dar noght biknowe myn owne name,  
But ther-as I was wont to lighte Arcite,  
Now highte I Philostrate, noght worth a myto. (700)

Allas! thou folle Mars, alas! Juno, 1559  
Thus hath your ire our kinrede al fordo,  
Save only me, and wroched Palamoun,  
That Theseus martyreth in prisoun.  
And over al this, to sleen me utterly,  
Love hath his fyry dart so breunningly  
Y-stiked thurgh my trewe careful herte,  
That shapen was my deeth erst than my sherte. 1566

Ye sleen me with your eyen, Emelye;  
 Ye been the cause wherfor that I dye. (710)  
 Of al the remenant of myn other care  
 No sette I nat the mountaunce of a tare,  
 So that I coude don aught to your ple-  
 saunce!' 1571

And with that word he fil down in a  
 traunce

A longe tyme; and after he up-sterde.

This Palamoun, that thoughte that  
 thurgh his herte (716) 1574

He felte a cold sword sodeynliche glyde,  
 For ire he quook, no lenger wolde he byde.  
 And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,  
 As he were wood, with face deed and pale,  
 Hesterte him up out of the buskes thikke,  
 And seyde: 'Arcite, false traitour wikke,  
 Now artow hent, that lovest my lady so,  
 For whom that I have al this peyne and  
 wo, 1582

And art my blood, and to my counseil  
 sworn,

As I ful ofte have told thee heer-biforn,  
 And hast by-japed here duk Theseus, 1585  
 And falsly chaunged hast thy name thus;  
 I wol be deed, or elles thou shalt dye.  
 Thou shalt nat love my lady Emelye, (730)  
 But I wol love hir only, and namo;  
 For I am Palamoun, thy mortal fo. 1590  
 And though that I no wepne have in this  
 place,

But out of prison am astert by grace,  
 I drede noght that outhur thou shalt dye,  
 Or thou ne shalt nat loven Emelye.  
 Chees which thou wilt, for thou shalt nat  
 asterte.' 1595

This Arcite, with ful despitous herte,  
 Whan he him knew, and hadde his tale  
 herd,

As fiers as leoun, pulled out a sword, (740)  
 And seyde thus: 'by God that sit above,  
 Nereit that thou art sik, and wood for love,  
 And eek that thou no wepne hast in this  
 place, 1601

Thou sholdest never out of this grove pace,  
 That thou ne sholdest dyen of myn hond.  
 For I defy the seurtree and the bond  
 Which that thou seyst that I have maad  
 to thee. 1605

What, verray fool, think wel that love is  
 free, (748)

And I wol love hir, maugre al thy might!  
 But, forasmuch thou art a worthy knight,  
 And wilnest to darreyne hir by batayle,  
 Have heer my trouthe, to-morwe I wol  
 nat fayle, 1610

With-uten witing of any other wight,  
 That here I wol be founden as a knight,  
 And bringen harneys right y-nough for  
 thee;

And chees the beste, and leve the worste  
 for me.

And mete and drinke this night wol I  
 bringe 1615

Y-nough for thee, and clothes for thy  
 beddinge. (758)

And, if so be that thou my lady winne,  
 And slee me in this wode ther I am inne,  
 Thou mayst wel have thy lady, as for me.  
 This Palamon answerde: 'I graunte it  
 thee.' 1620

And thus they been departed til a-morwe,  
 When ech of hem had leyd his feith to  
 borwe.

O Cupide, out of alle charitee!

O regne, that wolt no felawe have with  
 thee!

Ful sooth is seyde, that love ne lordshipe  
 Wol noght, his thankes, have no felawe-  
 shipe; 1626

Wel finden that Arcite and Palamoun.  
 Arcite is riden anon un-to the toun, (770)  
 And on the morwe, er it were dayes  
 light,

Ful prively two harneys hath he dight, 1630  
 Bothe suffisaunt and mete to darreyne  
 The bataille in the feeld bitwix hem  
 tweyne.

And on his hors, allone as he was born,  
 He carieth al this harneys him biforn;  
 And in the grove, at tyme and place y-set,  
 This Arcite and this Palamon ben met.  
 Tho chaungen gan the colour in hir face;  
 Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace,  
 That stondeh at the gappe with a spere,  
 Whan hunted is the leoun or the bere,  
 And hereth him come russhing in the  
 greves, (783) 1641

And breketh bothe bowes and the leves,  
 And thinketh, 'heer cometh my mortal  
 enemy,

With-oute faille, he moot be deed, or I;



For outhur I mot sleen him at the gappe,  
Or he mot sleen me, if that me mishappe :  
So ferden they, in chaunging of hir  
hewe, 1647

As fer as everich of hem other knewe, (790)  
Ther nas no good day, ne no saluing ;  
But streight, with-outen word or rehersing,  
Everich of hem halp for to armen other,  
As freendly as he were his owne brother,  
And after that, with sharpe speres stronge  
They feynen ech at other wonder longe.  
Thou mightest wene that this Palamoun  
In his fighting were a wood leoun, 1650  
And as a cruel tygre was Arcite :

As wilde bores goune they to synite, (800)  
That frothen whyte as foam for ire  
wood.

Up to the ancle foghte they in hir blood,  
And in this wyse I lete hem fighting dwelle,  
And forth I wol of Theseus yow telle

The destinee, nunistre general,  
That executeth in the world over-al  
The purveyaunce, that God hath seyn  
biforn, 1665

So strong it is, that, though the world  
had sworn

The contrarie of a thing, by ye or nay,  
Yet somtyme it shal fallen on a day (810)  
That falleth nat eft with-inne a thousand  
yere.

For certainly, our appetytes here, 1670  
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,  
Al is this reuled by the sighte above.  
This mene I now by mighty Theseus,

That for to honten is so desirous,  
And namely at the grete hert in May, 1675  
That in his bed ther daweth him no  
day,

That he nis clad, and redy for to ryde  
With hunte and horn, and houndes him  
bisyde. (820)

For in his hunting hath he swich delyt,  
That it is al his joye and appetyt 1680  
To been him-self the grete hortes bane :

For after Mars he serveth now Diane.

Cleer was the day, as I have told er this,  
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,  
With his Ipolita, the fayre quene, 1685  
And Emelye, clothed al in grene,  
On hunting be they riden royally.  
And to the grove, that stood ful faste by,

In which ther was an hert, as men him  
tolde, (831)

Duk Theseus the stroighte wey hath  
holde, 1690

And to the launde he rydeth him ful right,  
For thider was the hert wont have his  
flight,

And over a brook, and so forth on his weye,  
This duk wol han a cours at him, or tweye,  
With houndes, swiche as that him list  
comaunde. 1695

And whan this duk was come un-to the  
launde,

Under the sonne he loketh, and anon

He was war of Arcite and Palamoun, (840)

That foughten breme, as it were bores two,

The brighteswerdes wenten to and fro 1700

So hidously, that with the leeste strook

It seemed as it wolde felle an ook ;

But what they were, no-thing he ne woot

This duk his counser with his spores  
smoot,

And at a stert he was bitwix hem two, 1705

And pulled out a swerd and cryed, 'ho !

Namore, up peyne of king of your heed,

By mighty Mars, he shal anon be deed, (850)

That smyteth any strook, that I may see !

But telleth me what mist'r men ye been,

That been so hardy for to fighten here 1711

With-outen juge or other offiere,

As it were in a listes royally ?'

This Palamoun answerde hastily

And seyde : 'sire, what nedeth wordes  
mo ? 1715

We have the deeth deserved bothe two.

Two woful wrecches been we, two cay-  
tyves, (860)

That been encombrid of our owne lyves,

And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,

Ne yeve us neither mercy ne refuge, 1720

But slee me first, for seynthe charitee ;

But slee my felawe eek as wel as me.

Or slee him first, for, though thou knowe  
it lyte,

This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite, 1724

That fro thy lond is banished on his heed,

For which he hath deserved to be deed.

For this is he that cam un-to thy gate,

And seyde, that he highte Philostrate. (870)

Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yere,

And thou has makid him thy chief squyer :

And this is he that loveth Emelye. 1731  
 For sith the day is come that I shal dye,  
 I make pleynly my confessioun,  
 That I am thilke woful Palamoun,  
 That hath thy prison broken wikkedly.  
 I am thy mortal fo, and it am I 1736  
 That loveth so hote Emelye the brighte,  
 That I wol dye present in hir sighte. (880)  
 Therefore I axe deeth and my jawyse,  
 But slee my felawo in the same wyse. 1740  
 For bothe han we deserved to be slayn.'

This worthy duk answered anon agayn,  
 And seyde, 'This is a short conclusioun  
 Youre owne mouth, by your confessioun,  
 Hath dampned yon, and I wol it recorde,  
 It nedeth noght to pyne yow with the  
 corde. 1746  
 Ye shul be deed, by mighty Mars the  
 rede!'

The queene anon, for verray womman-  
 hede, (890)  
 Can for to wepe, and so dide Emelye,  
 And allo the ladies in the companye. 1750  
 Gret pitee was it, as it thoughte hem alle,  
 That ever swich a chaunce shoulde falle,  
 For gentil men they were, of greet estat,  
 And nothing but for love was this debat:  
 And sawe hir bloody woundes wyde and  
 sore; 1755  
 And alle cryden, bothe lasse and more,  
 'Have mercy, lord, up-on us women  
 alle!'

And on hir bare knees adoun they falle.  
 And wolde have kist his feet ther-as he  
 stood, (901)  
 Til at the laste aslaked was his mood; 1760  
 For pitee ronnethe some in gentil herte  
 And though he first for ire quook and  
 sterte,  
 He hath considered shortly, in a clause,  
 The trespass of hem bothe, and eek the  
 cause:  
 And al-though that his ire hir gilt  
 accused, (907) 1765  
 Yet in his reson he hem bothe excused;  
 As thus: he thoughte wel, that every man  
 Wol helpe him-self in love, if that he can,  
 And eek delivere him-self out of prison;  
 And eek his herte had compassioun 1770  
 Of women, for they wepen ever in oon,  
 And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,

And softe un-to himself he seyde: 'fy  
 Up-on a lord that wol have no mercy,  
 But been a leoun, bothe in word and  
 dede, 1775  
 To him that been in repentaunce and  
 drede  
 As wel as to a proud despitous man (910)  
 That wol mayntryne that he first bigan!  
 That lord hath litel of discrecioun,  
 That in swich cas can no divisoun, 1780  
 But weyeth pryde and humblesse after  
 oon.'

And shortly, whan his ire is thus agoon,  
 He gan to loken up with even lighte,  
 And spak thise same wordes al on  
 lighte —  
 'The god of love, a *benedicite*, 1785  
 How mighty and how greet a lord is he!  
 Ayeins his might ther gayneth none  
 obstacles,

He may be cleped a god for his miracles;  
 For he can maken at his owne gyse (911)  
 Of everich herte, as that him list deyse.  
 Lo heer, this Arcite and this Palamoun,  
 That quytly weren out of my prison, 1792  
 And mighte han lived in Thebes royally,  
 And witen I am hir mortal enemy,  
 And that hir deeth lyth in my might  
 also. 1795  
 And yet hath love, maugree hir eyen two,  
 Y-brought hem hider bothe for to dye!  
 Now loketh, is nat that an heigh folye?  
 Who may been a fool, but-if he love? (911)  
 Bihold, for Goddes sake that sit above, 1800  
 Se how they blede! be they noght wel  
 arrayed?

Thus hath hir lord, the god of love,  
 y-payd  
 Hir wages and hir fees for hir servyse!  
 And yet they wenen for to been ful wyse  
 That serven love, for aught that may  
 bifalle! 1805  
 But this is yet the beste game of alle,  
 That she, for whom they han this jolitee,  
 Can hem ther-for as muche thank as me;  
 She woot namore of al this hote fare. (951)  
 By God, than woot a cokkow or an hare!  
 But al mot been assayed, hoot and cold;  
 A man mot been a fool, or yong or old;  
 I woot it by my-self ful yore agoon: 1813  
 For in my tyme a servant was I oon.

And therefore, sin I knowe of loves payne,  
 And woot how sore it can a man distreynae,  
 As he that hath ben caught ofte in his las,  
 I yow foryeve al hoolly this trespas, (960)  
 Atrequeste of the queneth that kneleth here,  
 And eek of Emelye, my suster dere. 1820  
 And ye shul bothe anon un-to me swere,  
 That never-mo ye shul my contree dere,  
 Ne make werre up-on me night ne day,  
 But been my freendes in al that ye may;  
 I yow foryeve this trespas every del.' 1825  
 And they him swore his axing fayre and wel,

And him of lordshipe and of mercy proyde,  
 And he hem graunteth grace, and thus he seyde: (970)

'To speke of royal linage and richesse,  
 Though that she were a quene or a prin-  
 cesse, 1830

Ech of yow bothe is worthy, doutelees,  
 To wedden whan tyme is, but thelees  
 I speke as for my suster Emelye,  
 For whom ye have this stryf and jelousye;  
 Ye woot your-self, she may not wedden two  
 At ones, though ye fighten ever-mo: 1836  
 That oon of yow, al be him looth or leef,  
 He moot go pypen in an ivy-leef; (980)  
 This is to seyn, she may nat now han bothe,

Al be ye never so jelous, ne so wrothe. 1840  
 And for-thy I yow putte in this degree,  
 That ech of yow shal have his destinee  
 As him is shape; and herkneth in what wyse;

Lo, heer your ende of that I shal devyse.  
 My wil is this, for plat conclusioun, 1845  
 With-outen any replicacioun,  
 If that yow lyketh, tak it for the beste,  
 That everich of yow shal gon wher him leste (990)

Frely, with-outen raunson or daunger;  
 And this day fifty wykes, fer ne ner, 1850  
 Everich of yow shal bringe an hundred knyghtes,

Armed for listes up at alle rightes,  
 Al redy to darreynne hir by bataille.  
 And this bihote I yow, with-outen faille,  
 Up-on my trouthe, and as I am a knight,  
 That whether of yow bothe that hath might, (998) 1856  
 This is to seyn, that whether he or thou

May with his hundred, as I spak of now,  
 Sleen his contrarie, or out of listes dryve,  
 Him shal I yeve Emelya to wyve, 1860  
 To whom that fortune yeveth so fair a grace.

The listes shal I maken in this place,  
 And God so wisly on my soule rewte,  
 As I shal even juge been and trowe. 1864  
 Ye shul non other ende with me maken,  
 That oon of yow ne shal be deed or taken.  
 And if yow thinketh this is wel y-sayd,  
 Seyeth your avys, and holdoth yow apayd.  
 This is your ende and your conclusioun.'

Who loketh lightly now but Palamoun?  
 Who springeth up for joye but Arcite? 1871  
 Who couthe telle, or who couthe it endyte,  
 The joye that is maken in the place  
 Whan Theseus hath doon so fair a grace?  
 But down on knees wente every maner wight, 1875

And thanked him with al her herte and might,  
 And namely the Theobans ofte sythe.  
 And thus with good hope and with herte blythe (1020)  
 They take hir leve, and hom-ward gonno they ryde

To Thebes, with his olde walles wyde, 1880  
**Explicit secunda pars.**  
**Sequitur pars tertia.**

I trowe men wolde deme it negligence,  
 If I foryete to tellen the dispence  
 Of Theseus, that goth so bisily  
 To maken up the listes royally;  
 That swich a noble theatre as it was, 1885  
 I dar wel seyn that in this world ther nas.

The circuit a myle was aboute, (1029)  
 Walled of stoon, and diked al with-oute.  
 Round was the shap, in maner of compas,  
 Ful of degrees, the heighte of sixty pas, 1890  
 That, whan a man was set on o degree,  
 He letted nat his felawe for to see.

Est-ward ther stood a gate of marbe whyt,  
 West-ward, right swich another in the opposit. 1894  
 And shortly to concluden, swich a place  
 Was noon in erthe, as in so litel space;  
 For in the lond ther nas no crafty man,  
 That geometrie or ars-metrik can, (1040)

Ne purtreyour, ne kerver of images,  
That Theseus ne yaf him mete and wages  
The theatre for to maken and devyse. 1901  
And for to doon his ryte and sacrifyse,  
He est-ward hath, up-on the gate above,  
In worship of Venus, goddessse of love,  
Don make an auter and an oratorie; 1905  
And west-ward, in the minde and in  
memorie

Of Mars, he maked hath right swich  
another,

That coste largely of gold a fother. (1050)  
And north-ward, in a touret on the wal,  
Of alabastre whyt and reed coral 1910  
An oratorie riche for to see,  
In worship of Dyane of chastitee,  
Hath Theseus don wrought in noble wyse.

But yet haide I foryeten to devyse  
The noble kerving, and the portreitures,  
The shap, the countenance, and the  
figures, 1916  
That weren in thise oratories three.

First in the temple of Venus maystow  
see (1060)

Wrought on the wal, ful pitons to biholde,  
The broken sleses, and the sykes colde;  
The sacred teres, and the waymenting;  
The fyry strokes of the desiring, 1922  
That loves servaunts in this lyf endure;  
The othes, that hir covenants assure;  
Plesaunce and hope, desyr, fool-hardi-  
nesse, 1925

Beautee and yonthe, banderie, richesse,  
Charmes and force, lesinges, flaterye,  
Dispense, bisynesse, and jelousye, (1070)  
That wered of yelwe golde a gerland,  
And a cokkow sitting on hir hand; 1930  
Festes, instruments, caroles, daunces,  
Lust and array, and alle the circum-  
staunces

Of love, whiche that I rekne and rekne  
shal,

By ordre weren peynted on the wal, 1934  
And mo than I can make of mencion.  
For soothly, al the mount of Citheroun,  
Ther Venus hath hir principal dwelling,  
Was shewed on the wal in portreyng,  
With al the gardin, and the lustinesse.  
Nat was foryeten the porter Ydelnesse,  
Ne Narcisus the faire of yore agon, 1941  
Ne yet the folye of king Salamon, (1084)

Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules—  
Th'enchautements of Medea and Circes—  
Ne of Turnus, with the hardy fiers corage,  
The riche Cresus, caytif in servage. 1946  
Thus may ye seen that wisdom ne  
richesse,

Beautee ne sleighte, strengthe, ne hardi-  
nesse, (1090)

Ne may with Venus holde champartye;  
For as hir list the world than may she  
gve. 1950

Lo, alle thise folk so caught were in  
hir las,

Til they for wo ful ofte seyde 'allas!'  
Suffyeth heer ensamples oon or two,  
And though I coude rekne a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus, glorious for to see,  
Was naked fleting in the large see, 1956  
And fro the navel down all covered  
was

With wawes grene, and brighte as any  
glas. (1100)

A citole in hir right hand hadde she,  
And on hir heed, ful semely for to see, 1960  
A rose gerland, fresh and wel smellunge;  
Above hir heed hir dowves flikeringe.

Biforn hir stood hir sone Cupido,  
Up-on his shuldres wings hadde he two;  
And blind he was, as it is ofte sene; 1965  
A bowe he bar and arwes brighte and  
kene.

Why sholde I noht as wel eek telle  
yow al

The portreiture, that was up-on the wal  
With-inne the temple of mighty Mars the  
rede? (1111)

Al peynted was the wal, in lengthe and  
brede, 1970

Lyk to the estres of the grisly place,  
That highte the grete temple of Mars in  
Trace,

In thilke colde frosty regioun,  
Ther-as Mars hath his sovereyn mansioun.

First on the wal was peynted a foreste,  
In which ther dwelleth neither man ne  
beste, 1976

With knotty knarry barcyn trees olde  
Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to biholde;  
In which ther ran a rumbel and a swough,  
As though a storm sholde bresten every  
bough: 1980

And downward from an hille, under a  
bente, (1123) 1981  
Ther stood the temple of Mars armi-  
potente,  
Wrought al of burned steel, of which  
thentree  
Was long and streit, and gastly for to see.  
And ther-out cam a rage and such a vese,  
That it made al the gates for to rese 1986  
The northren light in at the dores shoon,  
For windowe on the wal ne was ther noon,  
Thurgh which men mighten any light  
discerne. (1131)  
The dores were alle of adamant eterne,  
Y-clenched overthwart and endelong 1991  
With iren tough; and, for to make it  
strong,  
Every piler, the temple to sustene,  
Was tonne-greet, of iren bright and shene.  
Ther saugh I first the derke imagining  
Of felonye, and al the compassing: 1996  
The cruel ire, reed as any glode, (1130)  
The pykepurs, and eek the pale drede;  
The smyler with the knyf under the cloke,  
The shepne brenning with the blake  
smoke; 2000  
The treson of the mordring in the bedde;  
The open werre, with woundes al bi-  
bledde,  
Contek, with blody knyf and sharp  
manace;  
Al ful of churking was that sory place.  
Thesleere of him-self yet saugh I ther, 2005  
His herte-blood hath bathed al his heer,  
The mayl y-driven in the shode a-night,  
The colde deeth, with mouth gaping up-  
right. (1150)  
Amides of the temple sat meschaunce,  
With discomfort and sory contenaunce.  
Yet saugh I woodnesse laughing in his  
rage; 2011  
Armed compleint, out-hecs, and fiers  
outrage.  
The careyne in the bush, with throte  
y-curve:  
A thousand slayn, and nat of qualm  
y-storve; 2014  
The tiraunt, with the prey by force y-raft;  
The tonn destroyed, thor was no-thing left;  
Yet saugh I brent the shippes hopesteres;  
The hunte strangled with the wilde beres:

The sowe freten the child right in the  
cradel; (1161)  
The cook y-scalded, for al his longe ladel.  
Noght was foryeten by th' infortune of  
Marte; 2021  
The carter over-riden with his carte,  
Under the wheel ful lowe he lay adoun.  
Ther were also, of Martes divisoun,  
The barbour, and the bocher, and the  
smith 2025  
That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his stith  
And al above, dopeynted in a tour, (1160)  
Saw I conquest sittinge in greet honour,  
With the sharpe swerde over his heed  
Hanginge by a sotil twynes threed. 2030  
Depeynted was the slaughtre of Julius,  
Of grete Nero, and of Antonius;  
Al be that thulke tyme they were unborn,  
Yet was hir deeth depeynted ther-biforn,  
By manasinge of Mars, right by figure,  
So was it shewed in that portreiture  
As is depeynted in the sterres above, (1170)  
Who shal be slayn or elles deed for love.  
Sufflyceeth oon ensample in stories olde.  
I may not rekne hem alle, though I wolde.  
The statue of Mars up-on a carto stood,  
Armed, and loked grim as he were wood.  
And over his heed ther shynen two figures  
Of sterres, that been cleped in scriptures,  
That oon Puella, that other Rubens 2045  
This god of armes was arrayed thus:—  
A wolf ther stood biorn him at his feet  
With eyen rede, and of a man he eet; (1190)  
With sotil pencil was depeynt this storie,  
In redontinge of Mars and of his glorie.  
Now to the temple of Diane the chaste  
As shortly as I can I wol me haste, 2052  
To telle yow al the descripcioun.  
Depeynted been the walles up and down  
Of hunting and of shanifest chastitee. 2055  
Ther saugh I how woful Calistopee, (1198)  
Whan that Diane agreved was with here,  
Was turned from a womman til a bere,  
And after was she maad the lode-sterre;  
Thus was it peynt, I can say yow no  
ferre; 2060  
Hir sone is eek a sterre, as men may see.  
Ther saugh I Diane, y-turned til a tree,  
I mene nat the goddesse Diane,  
But Penneus daughter, which that highte  
Dane. 2064

Ther saugh I Atttheon an hert y-maked,  
For vengeance that he saugh Diane al  
naked;

I saugh how that his houndes have him  
caught,

And freten him, for that they knewe him  
naught. (1210)

Yet peynted was a litel forther-moor,  
How Atthalante hunted the wilde boor,  
And Meleagre, and many another mo, 2071

For which Diane wroughte him care and wo.  
Ther saugh I many another wonder storie,  
The whiche me list nat drawn to  
memorie. 2074

This goddesse on an hert ful hye seet.  
With smale houndes al aboute hir feet;  
And undermetho hir feet she hadde a  
maone, (1219)

Weaving it was, and sholde wanie sone,  
In gaude grene hir statue clothed was,  
With bowe in honde, and arwes in a cas  
Hir eyen caste she ful lowe adoun, 2081

Ther Pluto hath his derke regoun.  
A womman travailinge was hir biorn,  
But, for hir child so longe was unborn,  
Ful pitously Lucyas gan she calle, 2085

And seyde, 'help, for thou mayst best of  
alle.'

Wel couthe he peynten lyfly that it  
wroughte, (1226)

With many a florin he the hewes boghte.

Now been thise listes maad, and  
Theseus,

That at his grete cost arrayed thus 2090  
The temples and the theatre every del,  
Whan it was doon, him lyked wonder  
wel.

But stinte I wol of Theseus a lyte,  
And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

The day approcheth of hir retourninge,  
That everich sholde an hundred knyghtes  
bringe, 2096

The bataille to darreyne, as I yow told;  
And til Athènes, hir covenant for to holde,  
Hath everich of hem brought an hundred  
knyghtes (1241)

Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.  
And sikerly, ther trowed many a man 2101  
That never, sithen that the world bigan,  
As for to speke of knighthod of hir hond,  
As fer as God hath makid see or lond,

Nas, of so fewe, so noble a companye. 2105  
For every wight that lovede chivalrye,  
And wolde, his thankes, han a passant  
name,

Hath preyed that he mighte ben of that  
game; (1250)

And wel was him, that ther-to chosen was.  
For if ther fille to-morwe swich a cas, 2110  
Yo knowen wel, that every lusty knight,  
That loveth paramours, and hath his  
might,

Were it in Engelond, or elles-where,  
They wolde, hir thankes, wilnen to be  
thera.

To fighte for a lady. *ben'cite!* 2115  
It were a lusty sighte for to see.

And right so telden they with Palamon.  
With him ther wenten knyghtes many  
oon; (1260)

Som wel ben armed in an habergeoun,  
In a brest-plat and in a light gipoun; 2120  
And somme woln have a peyre plates  
large;

And somme woln have a Puce shield, or a  
targe;

Somme woln ben armed on hir legges woel,  
And have an ax, and somme a mace of  
steel. 2124

Ther nis no newe gyse, that it nas old.  
Armed were they, as I have you told,  
Everich after his opynoun.

Ther maistow seen coming with Pala-  
moun (1270)

Ligurge him-self, the grete king of Trace;  
Blak was his berd, and manly was his  
face.

The cerdes of his eyen in his heed, 2131  
They gloweden bitwixe yelow and reed:  
And lyk a griffon loked he aboute,

With kempe heres on his browes stoute;  
His limes grete, his braunes hard and  
stronge, 2135

His shuldres brode, his armes rounde and  
longe.

And as the gyse was in his contree,  
Ful hye up-on a char of gold stood he,  
With foure whyte boles in the trays. (1281)  
In-stede of cote-armure over his harnays,  
With nayles yelwe and brighte as any  
gold, 2141

He hadde a beres skin, col-blak, for-old

His longe heer was kembd bihinde his bak,  
As any ravenes fether it shoon for-blak :

A wrethe of gold arm-greet, of huge  
wighte, 2145

Upon his heed, set ful of stones brighte,  
Of fyne rubies and of dyamaunts.

Aboute his char ther wenten whyte  
alaunts, (1290)

Twenty and mo, as grete as any steer,  
To huntun at the leoun or the deer, 2150

And folwed him, with mosel faste  
y-bounde,

Colors of gold, and torrets fyled rounde.  
An hundred lordes hadde he in his route  
Armed ful wel, with hertes sterne and  
stoute.

With Arcita, in stories as men finde, 2155  
The grete Emetreus, the king of Inde,  
Up-on a stede bay, trapped in steel,  
Covered in cloth of gold diapred weel, (1300)  
Cam ryding lyk the god of armes, Mars.  
His cote-armure was of cloth of Tars, 2160  
Couched with perles whyte and rounde  
and grete.

His sadel was of brend gold newe y-bete ;  
A mantelet upon his shuldre hanginge  
Bret-ful of rubies rede, as fyr sparklinge.  
His crispe heer lyk ringes was y-ronne, 2165  
And that was yelow, and glitered as the  
sonne.

His nose was heigh, his eyen bright citryn.  
His lippes rounde, his colour was sangwyn.  
A fewe fraknes in his face y-spreynd, (1311)  
Betwixen yelow and somdel blak y-meynd.  
And as a leoun he his loking caste. 2171

Of fyve and twenty yer his age I caste.  
His berd was wel bigonne for to springe ;  
His voys was as a trompe thunderinge.

Up-on his heed he wered of laurer grene  
A gerland fresh and lusty for to sene. 2176

Up-on his hand he bar, for his deduyt,  
An egre tame, as eny lilie whyt. (1320)

An hundred lordes hadde he with him  
there,

Al armed, sauf hir heddes, in al hir gero,  
Ful richely in alle maner thinges. 2181

For trusteth wel, that dukes, erles, kinges,  
Were gadered in this noble companye,  
For love and for encrees of chivalrye.

Aboute this king ther ran on every part  
Ful many a tame leoun and lepart. 2186

And in this wyse thise lordes, alle and  
some,

Ben on the Sonday to the citee come (1330)  
Aboute pryme, and in the toun alight.

This Theseus, this duk, this worthy  
knight, 2190

Whan he had broght hem in-to his citee,  
And inned hem, everich in his degree,

He festeth hem, and dooth so greet labour  
To esen hem, and doon hem al honour,

That yet men weneth that no mannes wit  
Of noon estat ne coude amenden it. 2196

The minstrelaye, the service at the feste,  
The grete yiftes to the moste and leste,

The riche array of Theseus paleys, (1441)  
No who sat first no last up-on the deys,

What ladies fairest been or best daunnsinge,  
Or which of hem can daunnen best and  
singe, 2202

Ne who most felingly speketh of love :  
What hankes sitten on the perche above,

What houndes ligen on the floor adoun.  
Of al this make I now no mencoun ; 2206

But al th'effect, that thinketh me the  
beste,

Now comth the poynt, and herkneth if  
yow leste. (1350)

The Sonday night, er day bigan to  
springe,

When Palamon the lارke herde singe, 2210  
Although it nere nat day by houres two,

Yet song the lارke, and Palamon also,  
With holy herte, and with an heigh courage

He roos, to wenden on his pilgrimage  
Un-to the blisful Citherea benigne, 2215

I mene Venus, honourable and digne,  
And in hir houre he walketh forth a pas

Un-to the listes, ther hir temple was, (1300)  
And doun he kneleth, and with humble  
chere 2219

And herte soor, he seyde as ye shul here.  
Faireste of faire, o lady myn, Venus,

Doughter to Jove and spouse of Vulcanus,  
Thou glader of the mount of Citheroun,

For thilke love thou haddest to Adoun,  
Have pites of my litte teres smerte, 2225

And tak myn humble preyer at thyn herte.  
Allas ! I ne have no langage to telle (1360)

Th'effectes ne the torments of myn helle ;  
Myn herte may myne harmes nat biwreye ;

I am so confus, that I can noght seye. 2230

But mercy, lady bright, that knowest weel  
My thought, and seest what harmes that  
I feel,

Consider al this, and rewe up-on my  
sore,

As wisly as I shal for evermore, 2234  
Emforth my might, thy trewe servant be,  
And holden werre alwey with chastitee;  
That make I myn avow, so ye me helpe.  
I kepe noght of armes for to yelpe, (1380)  
Ne I ne axe nat to-morwe to have victorie,  
Ne renoun in this cas, ne veyne glorie 2240  
Of pris of armes blowen up and down,  
But I wolde have fully possessionn  
Of Emelye, and dye in thy servyse;  
Find thou the maner how, and in what  
wyse.

I recche nat, but it may bettre be, 2245  
To have victorie of hem, or they of me,  
So that I have my lady in myne armes.  
For though so be that Mars is god of  
armes, (1390)

Your vertu is so greet in hevne above,  
That, if yow list, I shal wel have my love.  
Thy temple wol I worshipe evermo, 2251  
And on thyn auter, wher I ryde or go,  
I wol don sacrifice, and fyres bete.  
And if ye wol nat so, my lady swete, 2254  
Than preye I thee, to-morwe with a spere  
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere.  
Thanne rekke I noght, whan I have lost  
my lyf, (1399)

Though that Arcita winne hir to his wyf.  
This is th'effect and ende of my preyere,  
Yif me my love, thou blisful lady dere.'

Whan th'orisoun was doon of Palamon,  
His sacrifice he dide, and that anon 2262  
Ful pitously, with alle circumstaunces,  
Al telle I noght as now his observaunces.  
But atte laste the statue of Venus shook,  
And made a signe. wher-by that he took  
That his preyere accepted was that day.  
For thogh the signe shewed a delay, (1410)  
Yet wiste he wel that graunted was his  
bone;

And with glad herte he wente him hoom  
ful sone. 2270

The thridde houre inequal that Palamon  
Bigan to Venus temple for to goon,  
Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye,  
And to the temple of Diane gan hye.

Hir maydens, that she thider with hir  
laddle, 2275

Ful redily with hem the fyr they hadde,  
Th'encens, the clothes, and the remenant  
al

That to the sacrificye longen shal; (1420)  
The hornes fulle of meth, as was the gyse;  
Ther lakked noght to doon hir sacrificye.  
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes faire,  
This Emelye, with herte debonaire, 2282  
Hir body wessh with water of a welle;  
But how she dide hir ryte I dar nat telle,  
But it be any thing in general; 2285  
And yet it were a game to heren al;  
To him that meneth wel, it were no  
charge:

But it is good a man ben at his large. (1430)  
Hir brighte heer was kempt, untressed al;  
A coroune of a grene ook cerial 2290  
Up-on hir heed was set ful fair and mete.  
Two fyres on the auter gan she bete,  
And dide hir thinges, as men may biholde  
In Stace of Thebes, and thise bokes olde.  
Whan kindled was the fyr, with pitous  
chere 2295  
Un-to Diane she spak, as ye may here.

'O chaste goddesse of the wodes grene,  
To whom bothe heven and erthe and see  
is sene, (1440)  
Qene of the regne of Pluto derk and  
lowe,  
Goddesse of maydens, that myn herte hast  
knowe 2300

Ful many a yeer, and woost what I desire,  
As keep me fro thy vengeaunce and thyn  
ire,

That Attheon aboughte cruelly.  
Chaste goddesse, wel wostow that I  
Desire to been a mayden al my lyf, 2305  
Ne never wol I be no love ne wyf.  
I am, thou woost, yet of thy companye,  
A mayde, and love hunting and venerye,  
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,  
And noght to been a wyf, and be with  
childe. (1452) 2310

Noght wol I knowe companye of man.  
Now help me, lady, sith ye may and can,  
For tho the formes that thou hast in thee,  
And Palamon, that hath swich love to me,  
And eek Arcite, that loveth me so sore,  
This grace I preye thee with-oute more,



As sende love and pees bitwixe hom two ;  
 And fro me turne away hir hertes so, (1460)  
 That al hir hote love, and hir desyr,  
 And al hir bisy torment, and hir fyr 2320  
 Be queynt, or turned in another place ;  
 And if so be thou wolt not do me grace,  
 Or if my destinee be shapen so,  
 That I shal nedes have oon of hem two,  
 As sende me him that most desireth me.  
 Bihold, goddesse of clene chastitee, 2326  
 The bittre teres that on my chekes falle.  
 Sin thou are mayde, and keper of us alle,  
 My maydenhede thou kepe and wel  
 conserve, (1471)  
 And whyl I live a mayde, I wol thee  
 serve, 2330

The fyres brenne up-on the auter clere,  
 Whyl Emelye was thus in hir preyere ;  
 But sodeinly she saugh a sighte queynte,  
 For right anon oon of the fyres queynte,  
 And quiked agayn, and after that anon  
 That other fyr was queynt, and al agon ;  
 And as it queynte, it made a whistelinge,  
 As doon thise wete brondes in hir bren-  
 ninge, (1480)

And at the brondes ende out-ran anon  
 As it were bloody dropes many oon ; 2340  
 For which so sore agast was Emelye,  
 That she was wel ny mad, and gan to crye,  
 For she ne wiste what it signified ;  
 But only for the fere thus hath she cryed,  
 And weep, that it was pitee for to here.  
 And ther-with-al Diane gan appere, 2346  
 With bowe in hond, right as an hunter-  
 esse,

And seyde : ' Doghter, stint thyn hevi-  
 nesse. (1490)

Among the goddes hye it is affermed,  
 And by eterne word write and confermed.  
 Thou shalt ben wedded un-to oon of the  
 That han for thee so muchel care and wo ;  
 But un-to which of hem I may nat telle.  
 Farwel, for I ne may no longer dwelle.  
 The fyres which that on myn auter  
 brenne 2355

Shul thee declaren, er that thou go henne,  
 Thyn aventure of love, as in this cas.  
 And with that word, the arwes in the cas  
 Of the goddesse clateren faste and ringe,  
 And forth she wente, and made a vanissh-  
 inge ; (1502) 2360

For which this Emelye astoned was,  
 And seyde, ' What amounteth this, allas !  
 I putte me in thy proteccioun,  
 Diane, and in thy disposicioun.'  
 And hoom she gooth anon the nexte  
 weye, 2365  
 This is th'effect, ther is namore to seye.

The nexte houre of Mars folwinge this,  
 Arcite un-to the temple walked is (1510)  
 Of fierse Mars, to doom his sacrificyse,  
 With alle the rytes of his payen wyse 2370  
 With pitous herte and heigh devocioun,  
 Right thus to Mars he seyde his oracioun :  
 ' O stronge god, that in the regnes colde  
 Of Trace honoured art, and lord y-holde,  
 And hast in every regne and every lond  
 Of armies al the byddel in thyn hond, 2376  
 And hem fortunest as thee list devyse,  
 Accept of me my pitous sacrificyse. (1520)  
 If so be that my youthe may deserve,  
 And that my might be worthy for to  
 serve 2380

Thy godhede that I may been oon of  
 thyne,  
 Than praye I thee to rewe up-on my pyne.  
 For thilke payne, and thilke hote fyr,  
 In which thou whylom broadest for desyr,  
 Whan that thou usedest the grate beautee  
 Of tayre yonge fresche Venus free, 2386  
 And haddest hir in armes at thy wille,  
 Al-though thee ones on a tyme mistille  
 Whan Vulcanus had caught thee in his  
 las, (1531)

And fond thee liggig by his wyf, allas !  
 For thilke sorwe that was in thyn herte,  
 Have rounthe as wel up-on my paynes  
 smerte 2392

I am yong and unkonning, as thou west,  
 And, as I trowe, with love offended  
 most,

That ever was any lyves creature ; 2395  
 For she, that dooth me al this wo endure,  
 Ne reecheth never wher I sinke or flete  
 And wel I woot, er she me mercy hete,  
 I moot with strengthe winne hir in the  
 place ; (1541)

And wel I woot, withouten help or grace  
 Of thee, ne may my strengthe noght  
 availle. 2401  
 Than help me, lord, to-morwe in my  
 bataille,

For thilke fyr that whylom brente thee,  
As wel as thilke fyr now brenneth me;  
And do that I to-morwe have victorie. 2405  
Myn be the travaille, and thyn be the  
glorie!

Thy sovereign temple wol I most honoure  
Of any place, and alwey most laboure  
In thy plesaunce and in thy craftes  
stronge. (1551)

And in thy temple I wol my baner longe,  
And alle the armes of my compaignye; 2411  
And evere-mo, un-to that day I dye,  
Eterne fyr I wol biforn thee finde.

And eek to this avow I wol me binde:  
My berd, myn heer that longeth long  
adoun, 2415

That never yet ne felte offensoun  
Of rasour nor of shere, I wol thee yive,  
And been thy trowe servant whyl I live.  
Now lord, have moute up-on my sorwes  
sole, (1561)

Yif mo victorie, I aske thee namore. 2420

The prayere stinte of Arcita the stronge,  
The ringes on the temple-dore that longe,  
And eek the dores, clattered ful faste,  
Of which Arcita som-what him agaste.  
The fyres brende up-on the anter brighte,  
That it gan al the temple for to lighte;  
And swete smel the ground anon up-yaf,  
And Arcita anon his hand up-haf, (1570)  
And more encens in-to the fyr he caste,  
With othere rytes mo; and atte laste 2430  
The statue of Mars bigan his hauberk  
ringe.

And with that soun he herde a murmur-  
inge

Ful lowe and dim, that sayde thus,  
'Victorie':

For which he yaf to Mars honour and  
glorie.

And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,  
Arcite anon un-to his inne is fare, 2436  
As fayn as fowel is of the brighte sonne.

And right anon swich stryf ther is bi-  
gonne (1580)

For thilke graunting, in the hevencs above,  
Bitwixe Venus, the goddesso of love, 2440  
And Mars, the sturne god armipotente,  
That Jupiter was biy it to stente;  
Til that the pale Saturnus the colde,  
That knew so manye of adventures olde,

G.C.

Fond in his olde experience an art, 2445  
That he ful sone hath plesed every part.  
As sooth is sayd, elde hath greet advantage;  
In elde is bothe wisdom and usage; (1590)  
Men may the olde at-renne, and noght  
at-rede.

Saturne anon, to stinten stryf and drede.  
Al be it that it is agayn his kynde, 2451  
Of al this stryf he gan remedie fynde.

'My dere doghter Venus,' quod Saturne,  
'My conrs, that hath so wyde for to turne,  
Hath more power than wot any man. 2455  
Myn is the drenching in the see so wan;  
Myn is the prison in the derke cote;  
Myn is the strangling and hanging by the  
throte; (1600)

The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,  
The groyning, and the pryves empyson-  
ing: 2460

I do vengeance and pleyn correccioun  
Whyl I dwelle in the signe of the Loun.  
Myn is the ruine of the hye halles,  
The falling of the toures and of the walles  
Up-on the mynour or the carpenter. 2465  
I slow Sampson in shaking the piler;  
And myne be the maladyes colde,  
The derke tresons, and the castes olde;  
My loking is the fader of pestilence (1611)  
Now weep namore, I shal doon diligence  
That Palamon, that is thyn owne knight,  
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.  
Though Mars shal helpe his knight, yet  
natheles

Bitwixe yow ther moot be som tyme pees,  
Al be ye noght of o complexioun, 2475  
That causeth al day swich divisoun.

I am thin ayel, redy at thy wille;  
Weep thou namore, I wol thy lust ful-  
fille. (1620)

Now wol I stinten of the goddes above,  
Of Mars, and of Venus, goddesso of love,  
And telle yow, as pleynly as I can, 2481  
The grete effect, for which that I bigan.

Explicit tercia pars.

Sequitur pars quarta.

Greet was the feste in Athenes that day,  
And eek the lusty seson of that May  
Made every wight to been in swich  
pleasaunce, 2485  
That al that Monday justen they and  
daunce,

And spenden it in Venus heigh servyse.  
 But by the cause that they sholde ryse  
 Erly, for to seen the grete fight, (1631)  
 Unto hir reste wente they at night. 2490  
 And on the morwe, whan that day gan  
 springe,  
 Of hors and harneys, noyse and clateringe  
 Ther was in hostelryes al aboute;  
 And to the paleys rood ther many a  
 route  
 Of lordes, up-on stedes and palfreys. 2495  
 Ther maystow seen devysing of herneys  
 So uncouth and so riche, and wroght so  
 weel  
 Of goldsmithrie, of browding, and of  
 steel; (1640)  
 The sheeldes brighte, testers, and trap-  
 pures;  
 Gold-hoven helmes, hauberks, cote-ar-  
 mures; 2500  
 Lordes in paraments on hir courseres,  
 Knightes of retenue, and eek squyeres  
 Nailinge the speres, and helmes bokelinge,  
 Gigginge of sheeldes, with layneres la-  
 cinge;  
 Ther as need is, they weren no-thing ydel;  
 The fomy stedes on the golden brydel 2506  
 Gnawinge, and faste the armurers also  
 With fyle and hamer prikinge to and  
 fro; (1650)  
 Yemen on fote, and communes many oon  
 With shorte staves, thikke as they may  
 goon; 2510  
 Pypes, trompes, nakers, clariounes,  
 That in the bataille blowne bloody sounes;  
 The paleys ful of peples up and doun,  
 Heer three, ther ten, holding hir ques-  
 tioun,  
 Divyninge of thise Theban knightes two.  
 Somme seyden thus, somme seyde it shal  
 be so; 2516  
 Somme helden with him with the blake  
 berd,  
 Somme with the balled, somme with the  
 thikke-herd; (1660)  
 Somme sayde, he loked grim and he  
 wolde fighte;  
 He hath a sparth of twenty pound of  
 wighte. 2520  
 Thus was the halle ful of divyninge,  
 Longe after that the sonne gan to springe.

The grete Theseus, that of his sleep  
 awaked  
 With minstralaye and noyse that was  
 makod,  
 Held yet the chambre of his paleys riche,  
 Til that the Thebane knightes, bothe y-  
 liche 2526  
 Honoured, were into the paleys fet.  
 Duk Theseus was at a window set, (1670)  
 Arrayed right as he were a god in trone.  
 The peple preeseth thider-ward ful sone  
 Him for to seen, and doon heigh reverence,  
 And eek to herkne his hest and his  
 sentence.  
 An heraud on a scaffold made an ho,  
 Til al the noyse of peple was y-do;  
 And whan he saugh the peple of noyse al  
 stille, 2535  
 Tho showed he the mighty dukes wille.  
 'The lord hath of his heigh discrecioun  
 Considered, that it were destruccioun (1680)  
 To gentil blood, to fighten in the gyse  
 Of mortal bataille now in this emprise;  
 Wherfore, to shapen that they shul not  
 dye, 2541  
 He wol his firste purpos modifye.  
 No man therfor, up payne of los of lyf,  
 No maner shot, ne pollax, ne short knyf  
 Into the listes sende, or thider bringe; 2545  
 Ne short sward for to stoke, with poynt  
 bytinge,  
 No man ne drawe, ne bere it by his syde.  
 Ne no man shal un-to his felawe ryde (1690)  
 But o cours, with a sharp y-grounde spere;  
 Foyne, if him list, on fote, him-self to  
 were. 2550  
 And he that is at meschief, shal be take,  
 And noght slayn, but be broght un-to the  
 stake  
 That shal ben ordeyned on either syde;  
 But thider he shal by force, and ther  
 abyde.  
 And if so falle, the chieftayn be take 2555  
 On either syde, or elles slee his make,  
 No lenger shal the turneyinge laste.  
 God spede yow; goth forth, and ley (n  
 faste. (1700)  
 With long sward and with maces fight  
 your fille.  
 Goth now your wey; this is the lordes  
 wille.' 2560

The voys of peple touchede the hevene,  
So loude cryden they with mery stevene :  
'God save swich a lord, that is so good,  
He wilneth no destruccioun of blood !'

Up goon the trompes and the melodye. 2565  
And to the listes rit the companye  
By ordinaunce, thurgh-out the citee large,  
Hanged with cloth of gold, and nat with  
sarge. (1710)

Ful lyk a lord this noble duk gan ryde,  
Thise two Thebanes up-on either syde ; 2570  
And after rood the quene, and Emelye,  
And after that another companye  
Of oon and other, after hir degree.  
And thus they passen thurgh-out the  
citee,

And to the listes come they by tyme. 2575  
It nas not of the day yet fully pryme,  
Whan set was Theseus ful riche and hye,  
Ipolita the quene and Emelye, (1720)  
And other ladies in degrees aboute.

Un-to the seetes preeseth al the route. 2580  
And west-ward, thurgh the gates under  
Marte,

Arcite, and eek the hundred of his parte,  
With baner reed is entred right anon ;  
And in that selve moment Palamon  
Is under Venus, est-ward in the place, 2585  
With baner whyt, and hardy chere and  
face.

In al the world, to seken up and down,  
So even with-outen variacioun, (1730)  
Ther nere swiche companyes tweye.  
For ther nas noon so wys that coude  
seye, 2590

That any hadde of other avauntage  
Of worthinesse, ne of estat, ne age,  
So even were they chosen, for to gesse.  
And in two ringes faire they hem dresse.  
Whan that hir names rad were everi-  
choon, 2595

That in hir nombre gyle were ther noon,  
Tho were the gates shet, and cryed was  
loude :

'Do now your devoir, yonge knightes  
proude !' (1740)

The heraudes lefte hir priking up and  
down ; 2599

Now ringen trompes loude and clarioun ;  
Ther is namore to seyn, but west and est  
In goon the speres ful sadly in arest ;

In goth the sharpe spore in-to the syde.  
Ther seen men who can juste, and who  
can ryde ;

Ther shiveren shaftes up-on sheeldes  
thikke ; 2605

He feleth thurgh the herte-spoon the  
prikke.

Up springen speres twenty foot on highte ;  
Out goon the swerdes as the silver  
bryghte. (1750)

The helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede ;  
Out brest the blood, with sterne stremes  
rede. 2610

With mighty maces the bones they to-  
breste.

He thurgh the thikkeste of the throng  
gan threste.

Ther stomblen stedes stronge, and doun  
goth al.

He rolleth under foot as dooth a bal. 2614  
He foyneth on his feet with his tronchoun,  
And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun.  
He thurgh the body is hurt, and sithen  
y-take,

Maugree his heed, and broght un-to the  
stake, (1760)

As forward was, right ther he moste  
abyde ;

Another lad is on that other syde. 2620  
And som tyme dooth hem Theseus to reste,  
Hem to refreshe, and drinken if hem  
leste.

Ful ofte a-day han thise Thebanes two  
Togidre y-met, and wrought his felawe wo ;  
Unhorsed hath ech other of hem tweye.

Ther nas no tygre in the vale of Galgo-  
pheye, 2626

Whan that hir whelp is stole, whan it is  
lyte,

So cruel on the hunte, as is Arcite (1770)  
For jelous herte upon this Palamoun :

Ne in Belmarie ther nis so fel leoun, 2630  
That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,  
Ne of his praye desireth so the blood,  
As Palamon to sleen his fo Arcite.

The jelous strokes on hir helmes byte ;  
Out renneth blood on both hir sydes  
rede. 2635

Som tyme an ende ther is of every dede ;  
For er the sonne un-to the reste wente,  
The stronge king Emetreus gan hente

This Palamon, as he faught with Arcite,  
And made his sward depe in his flesh to  
byte; (1782) 2640

And by the force of twenty is he take  
Unyolden, and y-drawe unto the stake.  
And in the rescous of this Palamoun  
The stronge king Ligurge is born adoun;  
And king Emetreus, for al his strengthe,  
Is born out of his sadel a swordes lengthe,  
So hitte him Palamon er he were take;  
But al for noght, he was broght to the  
stake. (1790)

His hardy herte mighte him helpe naught;  
He mooste alyde, whan that he was caught  
By force, and eek by composicioun. 2651

Who sorweth now but woful Palamoun,  
That moot namore goon agayn to fighte?  
And whan that Theseus had seyn this  
sight, 2654

Un-to the folk that foghten thus echoon  
He cryde, 'Ho! namore, for it is doon!  
I wol be trewe juge, and no partye.

Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelye, (1800)  
That by his fortune hath hir faire y-  
wonne.'

Anon ther is a noyse of peple bigonne 2660  
For joye of this, so loude and heigh with-  
alle,

It semed that the listes sholde falle.

What can now faire Venus doon above?  
What seith she now? what dooth this  
quene of love?

But wepeth so, for wanting of hir wille,  
Til that hir teres in the listes fille; 2666  
She seyde: 'I am ashamed, doutelees.'

Saturnus seyde: 'Doghter, hold thy pees.  
Mars hath his wille, his knight hath al  
his bone, (1811)

And, by myn heed, thou shalt ben esed  
sone.' 2670

The trompes, with the loude minstrel-  
eye,  
The heraudes, that ful loude yolle and  
crye,

Been in hir wele for joye of daun Arcite.  
But herkneth me, and stinteth now a  
lyte,

Which a miracle ther bifel anon. 2675

This fiers Arcite hath of his helm y-don,  
And on a courser, for to shewe his face,  
He priketh endelong the large place, (1820)

Loking upward up-on this Emelye; 2679  
And she agayn him caste a freondlich yē,  
(For wommen, as to speken in comune,  
They folwen al the favour of fortune);  
And she was al his chere, as in his herte.  
Out of the ground a furie infernal sterte,  
From Pluto sent, at requeste of Saturne,  
For which his hors for fore gan to turne,  
And leep asyde, and foundred as he leep;  
And, er that Arcite may taken keep, (1830)  
He pighte him on the pomel of his heed,  
That in the place he lay as he were  
deed, 2680

His brest to-brosten with his sadel-bowe.  
As blak he lay as any cole or crowe,  
So was the blood y-ronnen in his face.  
Anon he was y-born out of the place  
With herte soor, to Theseus paleys. 2695  
Tho was he corven out of his harneys,  
And in a bed y-brought ful faire and  
blyve,

For he was yet in memorie and alyve, (1840)  
And alway crying after Emelye.

Duk Theseus, with al his companye, 2700  
Is comen hoom to Atheses his citee,  
With alle blisse and greet solemnpnitee.

Al be it that this aventure was falle,  
He nolde noght disconforten hem alle.  
Mē seyde eek, that Arcite shal nat dye;  
He shal ben heled of his maladye 2706  
And of another thing they were as fayn,  
That of hem alle was ther noon y-slayn,  
Al were they sore y-hurt, and namely oon,  
That with a spere was thirled his brest-  
boon. (1852) 2710

To othere woundes, and to broken armes,  
Some hadden salves, and some hadden  
charmes;

Fermacies of herbes, and eek save  
They dronken, for they wolde hir limes  
have.

For which this noble duk, as he wel can,  
Conforteth and honoureth every man, 2716  
And made revel al the longe night,  
Un-to the straunge lordes, as was right.  
Nether was holden no disconfitinge, (1861)  
But as a justes or a tourneyng; 2720  
For soothly ther was no disconfiture,  
For falling nis nat but an aventure;  
Ne to be lad with fors un-to the stake  
Unyolden, and with twenty knightes take

O persone allone, with-outen mo, 2725  
And haried forth by arme, foot, and to,  
And eek his stede driven forth with staves,  
With footmen, bothe yemen and eek  
knaves, (1870)

It nas aretted him no vileinye, 2729  
Ther may no man clepen it cowardye.

For which anon duk Theseus leet crye,  
To stinten alle rancour and envye,  
The gree as wel of o syde as of other,  
And either syde y-lyk, as otheres brother;  
And yaf hem yiftes after hir degre, 2735  
And fully heeld a feste dayes three;  
And conveyed the kinges worthily  
Out of his toun a journee largely. (1880)  
And hoom wente every man the righte  
way.

Ther was namore, but 'far wel, have good  
day!' 2740

Of this bataille I wol namore endyte,  
But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

Swelleth the brest of Arcite, and the  
sore

Encresseth at his herte more and more.  
The clothed blood, for any lechecraft,  
Corrupteth, and is in his bouk y-laft, 2746  
That neither veyno-blood, ne ventusinge,  
Ne drinke of herbes may ben his helpinge.  
The vertu expulsif, or animal, (1891)

Fro thilke vertu cleped natural 2750  
Ne may the venim voyden, ne expelle.

The pyper of his longes gonne to swelle,  
And every lacerte in his brest adoun  
Is shent with venom and corrupcioun.

Him gayneth neither, for to gete his lyf,  
Vomyt upward, ne downward laxatif; 2756

Al is to-brosten thilke region,  
Nature hath now no dominacioun. (1900)  
And certainly, ther nature wol nat wirche,  
Far-wel, phisyk! go ber the man to  
chirche! 2760

This al and som, that Arcite mot dye,  
For which he sendeth after Emelye,  
And Palamon, that was his cosin dere;  
Than seyde he thus, as ye shul after  
here.

'Naught may the woful spirit in myn  
herte 2765

Declare o poynt of alle my sorwes smerte  
To yow, my lady, that I love most;  
But I biquethe the service of my gost (1910)

To yow aboven every creature,  
Sin that my lyf may no longer dure. 2770  
Allas, the wo! allas, the peynes stronge,  
That I for yow have suffred, and so longe!  
Allas, the deeth! allas, myn Emelye!  
Allas, departing of our companye! 2774  
Allas, myn hertes quene! allas, my wyf!  
Myn hertes lady, endere of my lyf!  
What is this world? what asketh men to  
have?

Now with his love, now in his colde grave  
Allone, with-outen any companye. (1921)  
Far-wel, my swete fo! myn Emelye! 2780  
And softe tak me in your armes tweye,  
For love of God, and herkneth what I seye.

I have heer with my cosin Palamon  
Had stryf and rancour, many a day a-gon,  
For love of yow, and for my jelousye. 2785  
And Jupiter so wis my soule gye,  
To speken of a servant properly,  
With alle circumstaunces trewely, (1930)  
That is to seyn, trouthe, honour, and  
knighthede,

Wisdom, humblesse, estaat, and heigh  
kinrede, 2790

Fredom, and al that longeth to that art,  
So Jupiter have of my soule part,  
As in this world right now ne knowe I non  
So worthy to ben loved as Palamon, 2794  
That serveth yow, and wol don al his lyf.  
And if that ever ye shul been a wyf,  
Foryet nat Palamon, the gentil man.' (1939)  
And with that word his speche faille gan,  
For from his feet up to his brest was come  
The cold of deeth, that hadde him over-  
come. 2800

And yet more-over, in his armes two  
The vital strengthe is lost, and al ago.  
Only the intellect, with-outen more,  
That dwelled in his herte syk and sore,  
Gan failen, when the herte felte deeth,  
Dusked his eyen two, and failled breeth.  
But on his lady yet caste he his y8; (1949)  
His laste word was, 'mercy, Emelye!'  
His spirit chaunged hous, and wente ther,  
As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher. 2810  
Therfor I stinte, I nam no divinistre;  
Of soules finde I nat in this registre,  
Ne me ne list thilke opiniouns to telle  
Of hem, though that they wryten wher  
they dwelle.

Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gye ;  
Now wol I speken forth of Emelye. 2816

Shrighte Emelye, and howleth Palamon,  
And Theseus his suster took anon (1960)  
Swowninge, and bar hir fro the corps away.  
What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,  
To tellen how she weep, bothe eve and  
morwe? 2821

For in swich cas wommen have swich  
sorwe,

Whan that hir housbonds been from hem  
ago,

That for the more part they sorwen so,  
Or elles fallen in swich maladye, 2825  
For that in the laste certainly they dye.

Infinite been the sorwes and the teres  
Of olde folk, and folk of tendre yeres, (1970)  
In al the toun, for deeth of this Theban ;  
For him ther wepeth bothe child and  
man ; 2830

So greet a weping was ther noon, certayn,  
Whan Ector was y-brought, al fresh y-slayn,  
To Troye ; allas ! the pitee that was ther,  
Cracching of chekes, rending eek of heer.  
'Why woldestow be deed,' thise wommen  
crye, 2835

'And haddest gold y-nough, and Emelye ?'  
No man mighte gladen Theseus,  
Savinge his olde fader Egeus, (1980)  
That knew this worldes transmutacioun,  
As he had seyn it chaungen up and doun,  
Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse :  
And shewed hem ensamples and lyknesse.

'Right as ther deyed never man,' quod  
he, 2843  
'That he ne livede in erthe in som degree,  
Right so ther livede never man,' he seyde,  
'In al this world, that som tyme he ne  
deyde. (1988) 2846

This world nis but a thurghfare ful of wo,  
And we ben pilgrimes, passinge to and fro ;  
Deeth is an ende of every worldly sore.'  
And over al this yet seyde he muchel more  
To this effect, ful wysly to enhort 2851  
The peple, that they sholde hem reconforte.

Duk Theseus, with al his bisy cure,  
Caste now wher that the sepulture  
Of good Arcite may best y-made be, 2855  
And eek most honourable in his degree.  
And at the laste he took conclusioun, (1999)  
That ther as first Arcite and Palamoun

Hadden for love the bataille hem bitwene,  
That in that selve grove, swote and grene,  
Ther as he hadde his amorous desires, 2861  
His compleynt, and for love his hote fires,  
He wolde make a fyr, in which th'office  
Funeral he mighte al accomplyce ;  
And leet comande anon to hakke and  
hewe 2865

The okes olde, and leye hem on a rewe  
In colpons wel arrayed for to brenne ;  
His officers with swift feet they renne  
And ryde anon at his comaundement.  
And after this, Theseus hath y-sent 2870  
After a bere, and it al over-spradde  
With cloth of gold, the richest that he  
hadde.

And of the same suyte he cladde Arcite ;  
Upon his hondes hadde he gloves whyte ;  
Eek on his heed a croune of laurer  
grene, 2875  
And in his hond a swerd ful bright and  
kene. (2018)

He leyde him bare the visage on the bere,  
Therwith he weep that pitee was to here.  
And for the peple sholde seen him alle,  
Whan it was day, he broghte him to the  
halle, 2880

That roreth of the crying and the soun.  
Tho cam this woful Theban Palamoun,  
With flotery berd, and ruggy ashy heres,  
In clothes blake, y-dropped al with teres ;  
And, passing othere of weping, Emelye,  
The rewfulleste of al the companye. 2886  
In as muche as the service sholde be  
The more noble and riche in his degree,  
Duk Theseus leet forth three stedes bringe,  
That trapped were in steel al gliteringe,  
And covered with the armes of daun  
Arcite. (2033) 2891

Up-on this stedes, that weren grete and  
whyte,

Ther seten folk, of which oon bar his sheeld,  
Another his spere up in his hondes heeld ;  
The thridde bar with him his bowe Tur-  
keys, 2895

Of brend gold was the cas, and eek the  
harneys ; (2038)

And riden forth a pas with sorweful chere  
Toward the grove, as ye shul after here.  
The nobleste of the Grekes that ther were  
Upon hir shuldres carieden the bere, 2900

With slakke pas, and eyen rede and wete,  
Thurgh-out the citee, by the maister-strete,  
That sprad was al with blak, and wonder  
hye

Right of the same is al the strete y-wrye.  
Up-on the right hond wente old Egeus, 2905  
And on that other syde duk Theseus,  
With vessels in hir hand of gold ful fyn,  
Al ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wyn;  
Eek Palamon, with ful greet companye;  
And after that cam woful Emelye, 2910  
With fyr in honde, as was that tyme the  
gyse, (2053)  
To do th'office of funeral servyse.

Heigh labour, and ful greet apparailinge  
Was at the service and the fyr-makinge,  
That with his grene top the heven raughte,  
And twenty fadme of brede the armes  
straughte; 2916

This is to seyn, the bowes were so brode.  
Of stree first ther was leyd ful many a  
lode, (2060)

But how the fyr was makid up on highte,  
And eek the names how the treis highte,  
As ook, firre, birch, asp, alder, holm,  
popler, 2921

Willow, elm, plane, ash, box, chasteyn,  
lind, laurer,

Mapul, thorn, beech, hasel, ew, whippel-  
tree,

How they weren feld, shal nat be told for  
me;

Ne how the goddes ronnen up and down,  
Disherited of hir habitacioun, 2926

In which they woneden in reste and pees,  
Nymphes, Faunes, and Amadrides; (2070)

Ne how the bestes and the briddes alle  
Flodden for fere, whan the wode was falle;

Ne how the ground agast was of the light,  
That was nat wont to seen the sonne bright;

Ne how the fyr was couched first with stree,  
And than with drye stokkes cloven a thre,

And than with grene wode and spycerye,  
And than with cloth of gold and with  
perrye, 2936

And gerlandes hanging with ful many  
a flour,

The mirre, th'encens, with al so greet  
odour;

Ne how Arcite lay among al this, (2081)  
Ne what riches aboute his body is; 2940

Ne how that Emelye, as was the gyse,  
Putte in the fyr of funeral servyse;  
Ne how she swowned whan men made the  
fyr,

Ne what she spak, ne what was hir desyr;  
Ne what Jeweles men in the fyr tho caste,  
Whan that the fyr was greet and brente  
faste; 2946

Ne how som caste hir sheeld, and som hir  
spere,

And of hir vestiments, whiche that they  
were, (2090)

And cuppes ful of wyn, and milk, and  
blood,

Into the fyr, that brente as it were wood;  
Ne how the Grekes with an huge route

Thryes riden al the fyr aboute 2952  
Up-on the lefthand, with a loud shoutinge,

And thryes with hir speres clateringe;  
And thryes how the ladies gonnee crye; 2953

Ne how that lad was hom-ward Emelye;  
Ne how Arcite is brent to asshen colde;

Ne how thatliche-wake was y-holde (2100)  
Al thilke night, ne how the Grekes pleye

The wake-pleyes, ne kepe I nat to seye; 2960  
Who wrastleth best naked, with oille

enoynt,

Ne who that bar him best, in no disjoynt.  
I wol nat tellen eek how that they goon

Hoom til Athenes, whan the play is doon;  
But shortly to the poynt than wol I wende,

And maken of my longe tale an ende. 2966  
By processe and by lengthe of certeyn  
yeres

Al stintid is the moorning and the teres.  
Of Grekes, by con general assent, (2111)

Than semed me ther was a parlement 2970  
At Athenes, up-on certeyn poynts and cas;

Among the whiche poynts y-spoken was  
To have with certeyn contrees alliance,

And have fully of Thebens obeisaunce.  
For which this noble Theseus anon 2975

Leet senden after gentil Palamon,  
Unwist of him what was the cause and  
why;

But in his blake clothes sorwefully (2120)  
He cam at his comandement in hie.

Tho sente Theseus for Emelye. 2980  
Whan they were set, and hust was al the  
place,

And Theseus abiden hadde a space



Er any word cam from his wyse brest,  
His eyen sette he ther as was his lost,  
And with a sad visage he syked stille, 2985  
And after that right thus he seyde his will.

'The firste moevere of the cause above,  
Whan he first made the faire cheyne of  
love, (2130)

Greet was th'effect, and heigh was his  
entente;

Wel wiste he why, and what ther-of he  
mente; 2990

For with that faire cheyne of love he bond  
The fyr, the eyr, the water, and the  
lond

In certeyn boundes, that they may nat flee;  
That same prince and that moevere, 'quod  
he,

'Hath stablissed, in this wrecched world  
adoun, 2995

Certeine dayes and duracioun  
To al that is engendred in this place, (2130)

Over the whiche day they may nat pace,  
Al mowe they yet the dayes wol abregge;

Ther needeth non auctoritee allegge, 3000  
For it is preved by experience,

But that me list declaren my sentence.  
Than may men by this ordre wel discerno,

That thilke moevere stable is and eterne.  
Wel may men knowe, but it be a fool, 3005

That every part deryveth from his hool.  
For nature hath nat take his beginning

Of no party ne cantel of a thing, (2150)  
But of a thing that parfit is and stable,

Descending so, til it be corruptable. 3010  
And therefore, of his wyse purveyaunce,

He hath so wel biset his ordinance,  
That speses of thinges and progressiouns

Shullen enduren by successiouns,  
And nat eterne be, with-oute lyt: 3015

This maistow understonde and seen at yé.  
'Lo the ook, that hath so long a noris-  
shing

From tyme that it first biginneth springe,  
And hath so long a lyf, as we may see, (2161)

Yet at the laste wasted is the tree. 3020  
'Considereth eek, how that the harde  
stoon

Under our feet, on which we trede and  
goon,

Yit wasteth it, as it lyth by the weye.  
The brode river somtyme wexeth dreye.

The grete tounes see we wane and wende,  
Than may ye see that al this thing hath  
ende. 3026

'Of man and womman seen we wel also,  
That nedeth, in oon of thise termes two,

This is to seyn, in youthe or elles age, (2171)  
He moot ben deed, the king as shal a  
page; 3030

Som in his bed, som in the depe see,  
Som in the large feeld, as men may so;

Ther helpeth noght, al goth that ilke weye.  
Thanne may I seyn that al this thing moot  
deye. 3034

What maketh this but Jupiter the king?  
The which is prince and cause of alle thing,

Converting al un-to his propre welle,  
From which it is deryved, sooth to tella.

And here-agayns no creature on lyve (2181)  
Of no degree availleth for to stryve. 3040

'Thanne is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,  
To maken vertu of necessitee,

And take it wel, that we may nat eschue,  
And namely that to us alle is due.

And who-so gruccheth ought, he dooth  
folye, 3045

And rebel is to him that al may gye.  
And certainly a man hath most honour

To dyen in his excellence and flour, (2190)  
Whan he is siker of his gode name;

Than hath he doon his freend, ne him, no  
shame. 3050

And gladder oghte his freend ben of his  
deeth,

Whan with honour up-yolden is his breeth,  
Than whan his name apalled is for age;

For al forgotten is his vasselage.  
Than is it best, as for a worthy fame, 3055

To dyen whan that he is best of name.  
The contrarie of al this is wilfulnesse.

Why grucchen we? why have we hevi-  
nesse, (2200)

That good Arcite, of chivalrye flour  
Departed is, with duetee and honour, 3060

Out of this foule prison of this lyf?  
Why grucchen heer his cosin and his wyf

Of his wel-fare that loved hem so weel?  
Can he hem thank? nay, God wot, never  
a deel,

That bothe his soule and eek hem-self  
offende, 3065

And yet they mowe hir lustes nat amende.

'What may I conclude of this long serie,  
 But, after wo, I cede us to be merie, (2210)  
 And thanken Jupiter of al his grace?  
 And, er that we departen from this  
 place, 3070  
 I rede that we make, of sorwes two,  
 O parfyt joye, lasting ever-mo;  
 And loketh now, wher most sorwe is her-  
 inne,  
 Ther wol we first amenden and biginne.  
 'Suster,' quod he, 'this is my fulle assent,  
 With alth'avy's hear of my parlement, 3076  
 That gentil Palamon, your owne knight,  
 That serveth yow with wille, herte, and  
 might, (2220)  
 And ever hath doon, sin that ye first him  
 knewe, 3079  
 That yeshul, of your grace, up-on him rewe,  
 And taken him for housbonde and for  
 lord:  
 Ioon me your hond, for this is our acord.  
 Lat see now of your wommanly pitee  
 He is a kinges brother sone, pardee;  
 And, though he were a povre bachelor, 3085  
 Sin he hath served yow so many a yeer,

And had for yow so greet adversitee,  
 It moste been considered, leveth me; (2230)  
 For gentil mercy oghte to passen right.'  
 Than seyde he thusto Palamon ful right;  
 'I trowe ther nedeth litel sermoning 3091  
 To make yow assente to this thing.  
 Com neer, and tak your lady by the hond.'  
 Bitwixen hem was maad anon the bond,  
 That highte matrimoine or mariage, 3095  
 By al the counseil and the baronage.  
 And thus with alle blisse and melodye  
 Hath Palamon y-wedded Emelye. (2240)  
 And God, that al this wyde world hath  
 wrought,  
 Sende him his love, that hath it dere  
 a-boght. 3100  
 For now is Palamon in alle wele,  
 Living in blisse, in richesse, and in hele;  
 And Emelye him loveth so tendrely,  
 And he hir serveth al-so gentilly,  
 That never was ther no word hem bitwene  
 Of jelousye, or any other tone. 3106  
 Thus endeth Palamon and Emelye;  
 And God save al this faire company!—  
 Amen. (2250)

Here is ended the Knightes Tale.

## THE MILLER'S PROLOGUE.

Here folwen the wordes bitwene the Host and the Millere.

WHAN that the Knight had thus his tale  
 y-told,  
 In al the route nas ther yong ne old 3110  
 That he ne soyle it was a noble storie,  
 And worthy for to drawn to memorie;  
 And namely the gentils everichoon.  
 Our Hostelough and swoor, 'so moot I goon,  
 This gooth aright; unboked is the male;  
 Lat see now who shal telle another tale:  
 For trewely, the game is wel bigonne. 3117  
 Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye conne,

Sumwhat, to quyte with the Knightes  
 tale.' (11)  
 The Miller, that for-dronken was al  
 pale, 3120  
 So that unnethe up-on his hors he sat,  
 He nolde avalen neither hood ne hat,  
 Ne abyde no man for his curteisye,  
 But in Pilates vois he gan to crye,  
 And swoor by armes and by blood and  
 bones, 3125  
 'I can a noble tale for the nones,

With which I wol now quyte the Knightes tale.'

Our Hoste saugh that he was dronke of ale, (20)

Andseyde : 'abyd, Robin, my leve brother, Som bettre man shal telle us first another : Abyd, and lat us werken thriftily.' 3131

'By goddes soul,' quod he, 'that wol nat I ;

For I wol speke, or elles go my way.'

Our Hoste answerde : 'tel on, a devel way !

Thou art a fool, thy wit is overcome.' 3135

'Now herkneth,' quod the Miller, 'alle and some !

But first I make a protestacioun

That I am dronke, I knowe it by my soun ; (30)

And therfore, if that I misspeke or seye,

Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I yow preye ; 3140

For I wol telle a legende and a lyf

Bothe of a Carpenter, and of his wyf,

How that a clerk hath set the wrightes cappe.'

The Reveanswerde andseyde, 'stint thy clappe,

Lat be thy lewed dronken harlotrye. 3145

It is a sinne and eek a greet folye

To apeiren any man, or him diffame,

And eek to bringen wyves in swich fame. (40)

Thou mayst y-nogh of othere thinges seyn.'

This dronken Millerspak fulsone ageyn,

Andseyde, 'leve brother Osewold, 3151

Who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold.

But I sey nat therfore that thou art oon ;

Ther been ful gode wyves many oon,

†And ever a thousand gode ayeyns oon badde, 3155

†That knowestow wel thy-self, but-if thou madde.

Why artow angry with my tale now ?

I have a wyf, pardes, as well as thou, (50)

Yet nolde I, for the oxen in my plogh,

Taken up-on me more than y-nogh, 3160

As demen of my-self that I were oon ;

I wol beleve wel that I am noon.

An housbond shal nat been inquisitif

Of goddes privetee, nor of his wyf.

So he may finde goddes foyson there, 3165

Of the remenant nedeth nat enquire.'

What sholde I more seyn, but this Millere

Henoldehiswordesfor no man forbere, (60)

But tolde his cherles tale in his manere ;

Methinketh that I shal reherce it here, 3170

And therfore every gentil wight I preye,

For goddes love, demeth nat that I seye

Of evel entente, but that I moot reherce

Hir tales alle, be they bettre or warse,

Or elles falsen som of my matere. 3175

And therfore, who-so list it nat y-here,

Turne over the leef, and chese another tale ; (69)

For he shal finde y-nowe, grete and smale,

Of storial thing that toucheth gentiltesse,

And eek moralitee and holinesse ; 3180

Blameth nat me if that ye chese amis.

The Miller is a cherl, ye knowe wel this ;

So was the Reve, and othere many mo,

And harlotrye they tolden bothe two.

Avyseth yow and putte me out of blame ;

And eek men shal nat make earnest of game. (78) 3186

Here endeth the prologe.

## THE MILLERES TALE.

Here biginneth the Millere his tale.

Whylom ther was dwellinge at Oxenford  
A riche gnof, that gastes heeld to bord,  
And of his craft he was a Carpenter.  
With him ther was dwellinge a povre  
scoler, 3190

Had lerned art, but al his fantasye  
Was turned for to lerne astrologye,  
And coude a certeyn of conclusiouns  
To demen by interrogaciouns,  
If that men axed him in certein houres, 3195  
Whan that men sholde have droghte or  
elles shoures, (10)

Or if men axed him what sholde bifalle  
Of every thing, I may nat rekene hom alle.

This clerk was cleped hende Nicholas;  
Of derne love he coude and of solas; 3200  
And ther-to he was sleigh and ful privee,  
And lyk a mayden meke for to see.

A chambre hadde he in that hostelrye  
Allone, with-outen any companye,  
Fulfetisly y-dight with herbes swote; 3205  
And he him-self as swete as is the rote (20)  
Of licorys, or any cetewale.

His Almagoste and bokes grete and smale,  
His astrelabie, longinge for his art,  
His augrim-stones layen faire a-part 3210  
On shelves couched at his beddes heed:  
His presse y-covered with a falding reed.  
And al above ther lay a gay sauntrye,  
On which he made a nightes melodye  
So swetely, that al the chambre rong; 3215  
And *Angelus ad virginem* he song; (30)  
And after that he song the kinges note;  
Ful often blessed was his mery throte.

And thus this swete clerk his tymes pente  
After his freendes finding and his rente.

This Carpenter had wedded newe a wyf  
Which that he lovede more than his lyf;  
Of eightetene yeer she was of age.  
Jalous he was, and heeld hir narwe in cage,

For she was wilde and yong, and he was  
old, (39) 3225

And demed him-self ben lyk a cokewold.  
He knew nat Catoun, for his wit was rude,  
That bad man sholde wedde his similitude.  
Men sholde wedden after hir estaat,  
For youthe and elde is often at debaat. 3230  
But sith that he was fallen in the snare,  
He moste endure, as other folk, his care.

Fair was this yonge wyf, and ther-with-al  
As any wesele hir body gent and smal.

A ceynt she werede barred al of silk, 3235  
A barmclooth eek as whyt as morne milk  
Up-on hir lendes, ful of many a gore. (51)  
Whyt was hir smok and brouded al bifore  
And eek bihinde, on hir coler aboute,  
Of col-blak silk, with-inne and eek with-  
oute. 3240

The tapes of hir whyte voluper  
Were of the same suyte of hir coler;  
Hir filet brood of silk, and set ful hye:  
And sikerly she hadde a likerous yd. 3244  
Ful smale y-pulled were hir browes two,  
And tho were bent, and blake as any  
sloo. (60)

She was ful more blisful on to see  
Than is the newe pere-jonette tree; 3248  
And softer than the wolfe is of a wether.  
And by hir girdel heeng a purs of lether  
Tasseld with silk, and perled with latoun.  
In al this world, to seken up and doun,  
There nis no man so wys, that coude  
thenche

So gay a popelote, or swich a wenche. 3254  
Ful brighter was the shynyn of hir hewe  
Than in the tour the noble y-forged newe.  
But of hir song, it was as loude and yerne  
As any swalwe sittynge on a berne. (72)  
Ther-to she coude skippe and make game,  
As any kide or calf folwinge his dama. 3260

Hir mouth was swete as bingot or the  
moeth,

Or hord of apples leyd in hey or heeth.  
Winsinge she was, as is a joly colt,  
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.  
A brooch she baar up-on hir lowe coler, 3265  
As brood as is the bos of a boeler. (80)  
Hir shoes were laced on hir legges hye;  
She was a prymerole, a pigges-nye  
For any lord to leggen in his bedde,  
Or yet for any good yeman to wedde. 3270

Now sire, and eft sire, so bitel the cas,  
That on a day this hende Nicholas  
Fil with this yonge wyf to rage and pleye,  
Whyl that hir housbond was at Oseneye,  
As clerkes ben ful subtil and ful queynte;  
And prively he caughte hir by the queynte,  
And seyde, 'y-wis, but if ich have my  
wille, (91) 3277

For derne love of thee, lemman, I spillo.'  
And heeld hir harde by the haunche-bones,  
And seyde, 'lemman, love me al at-ones,  
Or I wol dyen, also god me save!' 3281  
And she sprong as a colt doth in the trave,  
And with hir heed she wryed faste away,  
And seyde, 'I wol nat kisse thee, by my fey,  
Why, lat be,' quod she, 'lat be, Nicholas,  
Or I wol crye out "harrow" and "allas."  
Do wey your handes for your curteisye!'

This Nicholas gan mercy for to crye,  
And spak so faire, and profred hir so faste,  
That she hir love him graunted atte  
laste, (104) 3290  
And swoor hir ooth, by seint Thomas of  
Kent,

That she wol been at his comandement,  
Whan that she may hir leysur wel espye.  
'My housbond is so ful of jalouseye,  
That but ye wayte wel and been prives, 3295  
I woot right wel I nam but deed,' quod she.  
'Ye moste been ful derne, as in this cas.'

'Nay ther-of care thee noght,' quod  
Nicholas, (112)  
'A clerk had litherly biset his whyle,  
But if he coude a carpenter bigyle.' 3300  
And thus they been accorded and y-sworn  
To wayte a tyme, as I have told bifore.  
Whan Nicholas had deon thus everydeel,  
And thakked hir aboute the lendes weel,  
He kist hir swete, and taketh his sauntrye,  
And playeth faste, and maketh melodye,

Than fil it thus, that to the parish-  
chircho, (121)

Cristes owne werkes for to wirche,  
This gode wyf wente on an haliday;  
Hir forheed shoon as bright as any day, 3310  
So was it wasshen whan she leet hir werk.

Now was ther of that chircho a parish-  
clerk,

The which that was y-cleped Absolon.  
Crul was his heer, and as the gold it shoon,  
And strouted as a fanne large and brode;  
Ful streight and even lay his joly shode.  
His rode was reed, his eyen greye as goos;  
With Powles window corven on his shoos,  
In hoses redo he wente fetisly. (133)

Y-clad he was ful smal and proprely, 3340  
Al in a kirtel of a light wachet;  
Ful faire and thikke been the poyntes set.  
And ther-up-on he hadde a gay surples  
As whyt as is the blosme up-on the rya.  
A mery child he was, so god me save, 3345  
Wel coude he laten blood and clippe and  
shave, (140)

And make a chartre of lond or acquitaunce.  
In twenty manere coude he trippe and  
dannee

After the scole of Oxenforde tho,  
And with his legges casten to and fro, 3350  
And pleyen songes on a small rubible;  
Ther-to he song som-tyme a loud quynille;  
And as wel coude he pleye on his giterne.  
In al the toun nas brewhous ne taverne  
That he ne visited with his solas, 3355  
Ther any gaylard tappestere was. (150)  
But sooth to seyn, he was somdel squamous  
Of farting, and of speche daungerous.

This Absolon, that jolif was and gay,  
Gooth with a sencer on the haliday, 3360  
Sensing the wyves of the parish faste;  
And many a lovely look on hem he caste,  
And namely on this carpenteres wyf.  
To loke on hir him thoughte a mery lyf,  
She was so propre and swete and likerous.  
I dar wel seyn, if she had been a mous, (160)  
And he a cat, he wolde hir hente anon.

This parish-clerk, this joly Absolon,  
Hath in his herte swich a love-longinge,  
That of no wyf ne took he noon offringe;  
For curteisye, he seyde, he wolde noon.  
The mone, whan it was night, ful brighte  
shoon, 3352

And Absolon his giterne hath y-take,  
 For paramours, he thoghte for to wake.  
 And forth he gooth, jolif and amorous, 3355  
 Til he cam to the carpenteres hous (170)  
 A litel after cokkes hadde y-crowe;  
 And dressed him up by a shot-windowe  
 That was up-on the carpenteres wal.  
 He singeth in his vois gentil and smal,  
 'Now, dere lady, if thy wille be, 3361  
 I preye yow that ye wol lewe on me,'  
 Ful wel accordaunt to his giterninge.  
 This carpenter awook, and herde him  
 singe,  
 And spak un-to his wyf, and seyde  
 anon, 3365  
 'What! Alison! herestow nat Absolon  
 That chaunteth thus under our bourcs  
 wal?' (181)  
 And she answerde hir housbond ther-  
 with-yl,  
 'Yis, god wot, John, I here it every-dol.'  
 This passeth forth; what wol ye bet  
 than wel? 3370  
 Fro day to day this joly Absolon  
 So woveth hir, that him is wo bigon.  
 He waketh al the night and al the day;  
 He kempte hise lokkes brode, and made  
 him gay; 3374  
 He woveth hir by menes and brocade,  
 And swoor he wolde been hir owne  
 page; (190)  
 He singeth, brokkinge as a nightingale;  
 He sente hir piment, meeth, and spyced  
 ale,  
 And wafres, pypping hote out of the glede;  
 And for she was of tounne, he profred  
 mede. 3380  
 For som folk wol ben wonnen for richesse,  
 And som for strokes, and som for gentil-  
 lesse,  
 Somtyme, to shewe his lightnesse and  
 maistrye,  
 He pleyeth Herodes on a scaffold hye.  
 But what availleth him as in this cas? 3385  
 She loveth so this hende Nicholas, (201)  
 That Absolon may blowe the bukkes horn;  
 He ne hadde for his labour but a scorn  
 And thus she maketh Absolon hir ape,  
 And al his earnest turneth til a jape. 3390  
 Ful sooth is this proverbe, it is no lye,  
 Men seyn right thus, 'alwey the nye slye

Maketh the ferre leve to be looth.'  
 For though that Absolon be wood or  
 wrooth, 3394  
 By-cause that he fer was from hir sighte,  
 This nye Nicholas stood in his lighte. (210)  
 Now here thes wel, thou hende Nicho-  
 las!  
 For Absolon may waille and singe 'allas.'  
 And so bifel it on a Saturday,  
 This carpenter was goon til Osenay; 3400  
 And hende Nicholas and Alisoun  
 Accorded been to this conclusioun,  
 That Nicholas shal shapen him a wyle  
 This sely jalous housbond to bigyle;  
 And if so be the game wente aright, 3405  
 She sholde slepen in his arm al night,  
 For this was his desyr and hir also, (221)  
 And right anon, with-outen wordes mo,  
 This Nicholas no lenger wolde tarie,  
 But doth ful softe un-to his chambre  
 carie 3410  
 Bothe mete and drinke for a day or  
 tweye,  
 And to hir housbonde bad hir for to seye,  
 If that he axed after Nicholas,  
 She sholde seye she niste where he was,  
 Of al that day she saugh him nat with y8;  
 She trowed that he was in maladye, (230)  
 For, for no cry, hir mayde coude him  
 calle; 3417  
 He nolde answer, for no-thing that  
 mighte falle.  
 This passeth forth al thilke Saturday,  
 That Nicholas stille in his chambre lay,  
 And eet and sleep, or dide what him  
 leste, 3421  
 Til Sunday, that the sonne gooth to reste.  
 This sely carpenter hath greet marveyle  
 Of Nicholas, or what thing mighte him  
 eyle, 3424  
 And seyde, 'I am adrad, by seint Thomas,  
 It stondeth nat aright with Nicholas. (240)  
 God shilde that he deyde sodeynly!  
 This world is now ful tikel, sikerly;  
 I saugh to-day a cors y-born to chirche  
 That now, on Monday last, I saugh him  
 wirche. 3430  
 Go up,' quod he un-to his knave anon,  
 'Clepe at his dore, or knokke with a stoon,  
 Loke how it is, and tel me boldely.'  
 This knave gooth him up ful sturdily,

And at the chambre-dore, whyl that he  
stood, 3435

He cryde and knocked as that he were  
wood — (250)

'What! how! what do ye, maister  
Nicholay?

How may ye slepen al the longe day?'

But al for noght, he herde nat a word;  
An hole he fond, ful lowe up-on a bord,  
Ther as the cat was wont in for to  
crepe; 3441

And at that hole he looked in ful depe,  
And at the laste he hadde of him a sighte.  
This Nicholas sat gaping ever up-righte,  
As he had kyked on the newe mone. 3445  
Adoun he gooth, and tolde his maister  
some (260)

In what array he saugh this ilke man.

This carpenter to blessen him bigan,  
And seyde, 'help us, seinte Frideswyde!  
A man woot litel what him shal bityde.  
This man is falle, with his astromye, 3451  
In som woodnesse or in som agonye;  
I thoghte ay wel how that it sholde be!  
Men sholde nat knowe of goddes privetee.  
Ye, blessed be alway a lewed man, 3455  
That noght but only his bileve can! (270)  
So ferde another clerk with astromye;  
He walked in the feeldes for to pry  
Up-on the sterres, what ther sholde bifalle,  
Til he was in a marle-pit y-falle; 3460  
He saugh nat that. But yet, by seint  
Thomas,

Me reweth sore of heude Nicholas.  
He shal be rated of his studying,  
If that I may, by Jesus, hevene king!

Get me a staf, that I may underspore,  
Whyl that thou, Robin, hevest up the  
dore. (280) 3466

He shal out of his studying, as I gesse —  
And to the chambre-dore he gan him  
dresse.

His knave was a strong carl for the nones,  
And by the haspe he haf it up atones;  
In-to the floor the dore fil anon. 3471

This Nicholas sat ay as stille as stoon,  
And ever gaped upward in-to the air.

This carpenter wende he were in despeir,  
And hente him by the sholdres mightily,  
And shook him harde, and cryde spit-  
oualy, (290) 3476

'What! Nicholay! what, how! what!  
loke adoun!

Awake, and think on Cristes passioun;  
I crouchethee from olves and fro wightes!'  
Ther-with the night-spel seyde he anon-  
rightes 3480

On foure halves of the hous aboute,  
And on the threshold of the dore with-  
oute: —

'Jesu Crist, and seynt Benedight,  
Blesse this hous from every wikked  
wight,

For nightes verye, the white *pater-  
noster*! — 3485

Where wentestow, seynt Petres soster?'  
And atte laste this hende Nicholas (301)  
Gan for to syke sore, and seyde, 'allas!  
Shal al the world be lost eftsones now?'

This carpenter answerde, 'what  
seystow? 3490

What! think on god, as we don, men  
that swinke.'

This Nicholas answerde, 'fecche mo  
drinke;

And after wol I speke in privetee  
Of certeyn thing that toucheth me and  
thee; 3494

I wol telle it non other man, certeyn.'

This carpenter goth down, and comth  
ageyn, (310)

And broghte of mighty ale a large quart;  
And whan that ech of hem had dronke  
his part,

This Nicholas his dore faste shette, 3499  
And doun the carpenter by him he sette.

He seyde, 'John, myn hoste lief and  
dere,

Thou shalt up-on thy trouthe swere me  
here,

That to no wight thou shalt this conseil  
wreye;

For it is Cristes conseil that I seye, 3504  
And if thou telle it man, thou are forlore;  
For this vengauce thou shalt han ther-  
fore, (320)

That if thou wreye me, thou shalt be  
wood!'

'Nay, Crist forbede it, for his holy blood!'  
Quod tho this sely man, 'I nam no labbe,  
Ne, though I seye, I nam nat lief to  
gabbe. 3510

Sey what thou wolt, I shal it never telle  
To child ne wyf, by him that harwed  
helle!

'Now John,' quod Nicholas, 'I wol nat  
lye;

I have y-founde in myn astrologye,  
As I have loked in the mone bright, 3515  
That now, a Monday next, at quarter-  
night, (330)

Shal falle a reyn and that so wilde and  
wood,

That half so greet was never Noës flood.  
This world,' he seyde, 'in lasse than in  
an hour

Shal al be dreynt, so hidous is the shour;  
Thus shal mankynde drenche and lese  
hir lyf.' 3521

This carpenter answerde, 'allas, my wyf!  
And shal she drenche? allas! myn Ali-  
soun!'

For sorwe of this he fil almost adoun,  
And seyde, 'is ther no remedie in this  
cas?' 3525

'Why, yis, for gode,' quod hende  
Nicholas, (340)

'If thou wolt werken after lore and reed;  
Thou mayst nat werken after thyn owne  
heed.

For thus seith Salomon, that was ful  
trew,

"Werk al by conseil, and thou shalt nat  
rew," 3530

And if thou werken wolt by good conseil,  
I undertake, with-ouen mast and seyl,

Yet shal I saven hir and thee and me.

Hastow nat herd how saved was Noë,

Whan that our lord had warned him  
biforn 3535

That al the world with water sholde be  
lorn?' (350)

'Yis,' quod this carpenter, 'ful yore  
ago.'

'Hastow nat herd,' quod Nicholas, 'also  
The sorwe of Noë with his felawshipe, 3539

Er that he mighte gete his wyf to shipe?  
Him had be lever, I dar wel undertake,

At thilke tyme, than alle hise wetheres  
blake,

That she hadde had a ship hir-self allone.  
And ther-fore, wostow what is best to  
done? 3544

This asketh haste, and of an hastif thing  
Men may nat preche or maken taryng.

Anon go gete us faste in-to this in (361)

A kneding-trogh, or elles a kimelin,  
For ech of us, but loke that they be  
large,

In whiche we mowe swimme as in a barge,  
And han ther-inne vitaille suffisant 3551

But for a day; fy on the remenant!

The water shal aslake and goon away

Aboute pryme up-on the nexte day.

But Robin may nat wite of this, thy  
knave, (369) 3555

Ne eek thy mayde Gille I may nat save;

Axe nat why, for though thou aske me,

I wol nat tellen goddes privetee.

Suffiseth thee, but if thy wittes madde,

To han as greet a grace as Noë hadde. 3560

Thy wyf shal I wel saven, out of doute,  
Go now thy wey, and speed thee heer-

aboute.

But whan thou hast, for hir and thee  
and me,

Y-geten us thise kneding-tubbes three,

Than shaltow hange hem in the roof ful  
hye, 3565

That no man of our purveyaunce speye.

And whan thou thus hast doon as I have  
seyd, (381)

And hast our vitaille faire in hem y-leyd,

And eek an ax, to smyte the corde atwo

When that the water comth, that we  
may go, 3570

And broke an hole an heigh, up-on the  
gable,

Unto the gardin-ward, over the stable,

That we may frely passen forth our way

Whan that the grete shour is goon away—

Than shaltow swimme as myrie, I under-  
take, 3575

As doth the whyte doke after hir drake.

Than wol I clepe, "how! Alison! how!  
John! (391)

Be myrie, for the flood wol passe anon."

And thou wolt seyn, "hayl, maister  
Nicholay!

Good morwe, I se thee wel, for it is day."

And than shul we be lordes al our lyf 3581

Of al the world, as Noë and his wyf.

But of o thyng I warne thee ful right,  
Be wel avysed, on that ilke night 3584



That we ben entred in-to shippes bord,  
That noon of us ne speke nat a word, (400)  
Ne clepe, ne crye, but been in his prayere;  
For it is goddes owne heste dere.

Thy wyf and thou mote hange for  
a-twinne,  
For that bitwixe yow shal be no sinne  
No more in looking than ther shal in  
dede; 3591

This ordinance is seyde, go, god thee spede!  
Tomorwe at night, whan men ben alle  
aslope,

In-to our kneding-tubbes wol we crepe,  
And sitten ther, abyding goddes grace.  
Go now thy way, I have no longer space  
To make of this no lenger sermoning. (411)  
Men seyn thus, "send the wyse, and sey  
no-thing;" 3598

Thou art so wys, it nedeth thee nat teche;  
Go, save our lyf, and that I thee biseche.'

This sely carpenter goth forth his way.  
Ful ofte he soith 'allas' and 'weylaway',  
And to his wyf he tolde his privetee;  
And she was war, and knew it bet than  
he, (418) 3604

What al this queynte cast was for to seye.  
But natheles she ferde as she wolde deye,  
And seyde, 'allas! go forth thy wey anon,  
Help us to scape, or we ben lost echon;  
I am thy trewe verray wodded wyf;  
Go, dere spouse, and help to save our  
lyf.' 3610

Lo! which a greet thyng is affeccoun!  
Men may dyo of imaginacioun,  
So depe may impressioun be take.  
This sely carpenter biginneth quake; 3614  
Him thinketh verraily that he may see  
Noes flood come walwing as the see (430)  
To drenchen Alisoun, his hony dere.  
He wepeth, weyleth, maketh sory chere,  
He syketh with ful many a sory swogh.  
He gooth and geteth him a kneding-trogh,  
And after that a tubbe and a kimelin, 3621  
And prively he sente hem to his in,  
And heng hem in the roof in privetee.  
His owne hand he made laddres three,  
To climben by the ronges and the stalkes  
Un-to the tubbes hanginge in the balkes,  
And hem vitailled, bothe trogh and tubbe,  
With breed and chese, and good ale in  
a jubbe, (442) 3628

Suffysinge right y-nogh as for a day.  
But er that he had maad al this array,  
He sente his knave, and eek his wenche  
also, 3631

Up-on his nedo to London for to go.  
And on the Monday, whan it drow to  
night,

He shette his dore with-oute candell-light,  
And dressed al thing as it sholde be. 3635  
And shortly, up they clomben alle thre;  
They sitten stille wel a furlong-way. (451)

'Now, *Pater-noster*, clom!' seyde Nicho-  
lay,  
And 'clom,' quod John, and 'clom,' seyde  
Alisoun.

This carpenter seyde his devocioun, 3640  
And stille he sit, and biddeth his prayere,  
Awaitinge on the reyn, if he it here.

The dede sleep, for very bisinesse,  
Fil on this carpenter right, as I gesse,  
Aboute corfew-tyme, or litel more; 3645  
For travail of his goost he groneth  
sore, (460)

And eft he routeth, for his heed mislay.  
Doun of the laddre stalketh Nicholay.  
And Alisoun, ful soite adoun she spedde;  
With-outeen wordes mo, they goon to  
beldo 3650

Ther-as the carpenter is wont to lye.  
Ther was the revel and the melodye;  
And thus lyth Alisoun and Nicholas,  
In bisnesse of mirth and of solas, 3654  
Til that the belle of laudes gan to ringe,  
And frees in the chauncel gone singe.

This parish-clerk, this amorous Ab-  
solon, (471)  
That is for love alway so wo bigon,  
Up-on the Monday was at Oseneve  
With companye, him to disporte and  
pleye, 3660

And axed up-on cas a cloisterer  
Ful prively after John the carpenter;  
And he drough him a-part out of the  
chirche,  
And seyde, 'I noot, I saugh him here nat  
wirche  
Sin Saturday; I trow that he be went 3665  
For timber, ther our abbot hath him  
sent; (480)

For he is wont for timber for to go,  
And dwellen at the grange a day or two;

Or elles he is at his hous, certeyn ; 3669  
Wher that ho be, I can nat sothly seyn.'

This Absolon ful joly was and light,  
And thoughte, 'now is tyme wake al night ;  
For sikirly I saugh him nat stiringe 3673  
Aboute his dore sin day began to springe.  
So moot I thyve, I shal, at cokkes crowe,  
Ful prively knocken at his windowe (490)  
That stant ful lowe up-on his boures wal.  
To Alison now wol I tellen al  
My love-longing, for yet I shal nat  
misso

That at the leste wey I shal hir kisse 3680  
Som maner confort shal I have, parfu, y,  
My mouth hath icched al this longe  
day ;

That is a signe of kissing atte leste.  
Al night me mette eek, I was at a feste.  
Therfor I wol gon slepe an houre or  
tweye, 3685  
And al the night than wol I wake and  
pleye.' (500)

Whan that the firste cok hath crowe,  
anon

Up rist this joly lover Absolon,  
And him arrayeth gay, at point-devys.  
But first he choweth greyn and lycorys,  
To smellen swete, er he had kembd his  
heer. 3691

Under his tonge a trewe love he beer,  
For ther-ly wende he to ben gracios.  
He rometh to the carpenteres hous,  
And stille he stant under the shot-  
windowe ; (509) 3695

Un-to his brest it rangleth, it was so lowe ;  
And softe he egleth with a soni-soun—  
'What do ye, hony-comb, swete Alison ?  
My faire brid, my swete cinamome,  
Awaketh, lemman myn, and spekethe to  
me ! 3700

Wel litel thenken ye up-on my wo,  
That for your love I swete ther I go.  
No wonder is thogh that I swelte and  
swete ;

I moorne as doth a lamb after the tete.  
Y-wis, lemman, I have swich love-long-  
ingo, 3705

That lyk a turtel trewe is my moorninge ;  
I may nat ete na more than a mayde.' (511)  
'Go fro the window, Jakke fool,' she  
sayde,

'As help me god, it wol nat be "com ba  
me," 3709

I love another, and elles I were to blame,  
Wel bet than thee, by Jesu, Absolon !  
Go forth thy wey, or I wol caste a ston,  
And lat me slepe, a twenty devel wey !'

'Allas,' quod Absolon, 'and weylaway !  
That trewe love was ever so yvel biset !  
Than kisse me, sin it may be no bet, (530)  
For Jesus love and for the love of me.'

'Wiltow than go thy wey ther-with ?'  
quod she.

'Ye, certes, lemman,' quod this Ab-  
solon.

'Thanne make thee redy,' quod she,  
'I come anon ;' 3720

† And un-to Nicholas she seyde stille,  
† 'Now hust, and thou shalt laughen al  
thy fille.'

This Absolon doun sette him on his  
knees,

And seyde, 'I am a lord al alle degrees ;  
For after this I hope ther cometh more !  
Lemman, thy grace, and swete brid, thyn  
ore !' (540) 3726

The window she undoth, and that in  
haste,

'Have do,' quod she, 'com of, and speed  
thee faste,

Lest that our neighbores thee espye.'

This Absolon gan wyepe his mouth ful  
drye ; 3730

Derk was the night as pich, or as the cole,  
And at the window out she putte hir hole,  
And Absolon, him fil no bet ne wers,  
But with his mouth he kiste hir naked  
ers

Ful savourly, er he was war of this. 3735  
Abak he sterte, and thoughte it was  
anis, (550)

For wel he wiste a womman hath no  
berd ;

He felte a thing al rough and long y-hard,  
And seyde, 'fy ! allas ! what have I do ?'

'Tehee !' quod she, and clapte the  
window to ; 3740

And Absolon goth forth a sory pas.

'A berd, a berd !' quod hende Nicholas,  
'By goddes corpus, this goth faire and  
weel !'

This sely Absolon herde every deel, 3744

And on his lippe he gan for anger byte;  
And to him-self he seyde, 'I shal thee  
quyte!' (560)

Who rubbeth now, who froteth now his  
lippes

With dust, with sond, with straw, with  
clooth, with chippes,

But Absolon, that seith ful ofte, 'allas!

My soule bitake I un-to Sathanas, 3750

But me wer lever than al this toun,'  
quod he,

'Of this despyt awroken for to be!

Allas!' quod he, 'allas! I ne hadde y-  
bleynt!'

His hote love was cold and al y-queynt;

For fro that tyme that he had kiste hir  
ers, 3755

Of paramours he sette nat a kers, (570)

For he was heled of his maladye;

Ful ofte paramours he gan deffye,

And weep as dooth a child that is y-bete.

A softe paas he wente over the strete 3760

Un-til a smith men cleped daun Gerveys,

That in his forge smithed plough-harneys;

He sharpeth shaar and culter bisily.

This Absolon knokketh al esily,

And seyde, 'undo, Gerveys, and that  
anon.' 3765

'What, who artow?' 'It am I, Ab-  
solon.' (580)

'What, Absolon! for Cristes swete tree,

Why ryse ye so rathe, ey, *ben'cite*!

What eyleth yow? som gay gerl, god it  
woot, 3669

Hath broght yow thus up-on the viritoot;

By sýnt Note, ye woot wel what I mene.'

This Absolon ne roghte nat a bene

Of al his pley, no word agayn he yaf;

He hadde more tow on his distaf

Than Gerveys knew, and seyde, 'freend  
so dere, (589) 3775

That hote culter in the chimene here,

As lene it me, I have ther-with to done,

And I wol bringe it thee agayn ful sone.'

Gerveys answerde, 'certes, were it gold,

Or in a poke nobles alle untold, 3780

Thou sholdest have, as I am trewe smith;

Ey, Cristes foo! what wol ye do ther-  
with?'

'Ther-of,' quod Absolon, 'be as be may;  
I shal wel telle it thee to-morwe day'—

And caughte the culter by the colde  
stele. 3785

Ful softe out at the dore he gan to stele,

And wente un-to the carpenteres wal. (591)

He cogheth first, and knokketh ther-  
with-al

Upon the windowe, right as he dide er.

This Alison answerde, 'Who is ther 3790

That knokketh so? I warante it a theef.'

'Why, nay,' quod he, 'god woot, my  
swete leef,

I am thyn Absolon, my doreling!

Of gold,' quod he, 'I have thee broght  
a ring;

My moder yaf it me, so god me save, 3795

Ful syn it is, and ther-to wely-grave; (610)

This wol I yove thee, if thou me kisse!'

This Nicholas was risen for to piss,

And thoghte he wolde amenden al the  
jape, 3799

He sholde kisse his ers er that he scape.

And up the windowe dide he hastily,

And out his ers he putteth prively

Over the buttoke, to the haunche-bon;

And ther-with spak this clerk, this  
Absolon,

'Spek, swete brid, I noot nat wher thou  
art.' 3805

This Nicholas anon leet flee a fart, (620)

As greet as it had ben a thonder-dent,

That with the strook he was almost  
y-blent;

And he was redy with his iren hoot,

And Nicholas amidde the ers he smoot.

Of gooth the skin an hande-brede  
about, 3811

The hote culter brende so his toute,

And for the smert he wende for to dye.

As he were wood, for wo he gan to crye—

'Help! water! water! help, for goddes  
herte!' 3815

This carpenter out of his slomber sterte,

And herde oon cryen 'water' as he were  
wood, (631)

And thoghte, 'Allas! now comth Nowélis  
flood!'

He sit him up with-outen wordes mo, 3819

And with his ax he smoot the corde a-two,

And down goth al; he fond neither to  
selle,

Ne breed ne ale, til he cam to the selle

Up-on the floor ; and ther aswowne he lay.

Up sterde hir Alison, and Nicholay,  
And cryden 'out' and 'harrow' in the  
strete. (639) 3825

The neighebores, bothe smale and grete,  
In ronnen, for to gauren on this man,  
That yet aswowne he lay, bothe pale and  
wan ;

For with the fal he brosten hadde his  
arm ;

But stonde he moste un-to his owne  
harm. 3830

For whan he spak, he was anon bore  
doun

With hende Nicholas and Alisoun.

They tolden every man that he was  
wood,

He was agast so of 'Nowellis flood'

Thurgh fantasye, that of his vanitee 3835

He hadde y-boght him kneding-tubbes  
three, (650)

And hadde hem hanged in the roof above ;  
And that he preyed hem, for goddes love,  
To sitten in the roof, *par compaignie*. 3839

The folk gan laughen at his fantasye ;  
In-to the roof they kyken and they gape,  
And turned al his harm un-to a jape.

For what so that this carpenter answerde,  
It was for noght, no man his reson herde ;

With othes grete he was so sworn adoun,  
That he was holden wood in al the toun ;

For every clerk anon-right heeld with  
other. (661) 3847

They seyde, 'the man is wood, my leve  
brother ;'

And every wight gan laughen of this stryf.

Thus swyved was the carpenteres wyf,  
For al his keping and his jalousye ; 3851

And Absolon hath kist hir nether y8 ;

And Nicholas is scalded in the tonte.

This tale is doon, and god save al the  
route ! (668) 3854

Here endeth the Millere his tale

## THE REEVE'S PROLOGUE.

The prologe of the Reves tale.

WHAN folk had laughen at this nyce cas  
Of Absolon and hende Nicholas, 3856

Diverse folk diversely they seyde ;  
But, for the more part, they louge and  
pleyde,

Ne at this tale I saugh no man him greve,  
But it were only Osewold the Reve, 3860  
By-cause he was of carpenteres craft.

A litel ire is in his herte y-laft,  
He gan to grucche and blamed it a lyte.

'So thee'k,' quod he, 'ful wel coude  
I yow quyte (10)

With blering of a proud milleres y8, 3865  
If that me liste speke of ribaudye.

But ik am old, me list not play for age ;  
Gras-tyme is doon, my fodder is now  
forage,

This whyte top wryteth myne olde yeres,  
Myn herte is al-so mowled as myne heres,  
But-if I fare as dooth an open-ers ; 3871  
That ilke fruit is ever long the wers,  
Til it be roten in mullok or in stree.

We olde men, I drede, so fare we ; (20)  
Til we be roten, can we nat be rype ; 3875  
We hopen ay, whyl that the world wol  
pype.

For in oure wil ther stiketh ever a nayl,  
To have an hoor heed and a grene tayl,  
As hath a leek ; for thogh our might be  
goon,

Our wil desireth folie ever in oon. 3880  
For whan we may nat doon, than wol we  
speke ;

Yet in our asshen olde is fyr y-reke.

Foure gledes han we, whiche I shal  
 devyse,  
 Avaunting, lying, anger, coveityse; (30)  
 Thise foure sparkles longen un-to elde.  
 Our olde lemes mowe wel been unwelde,  
 But wil ne shal nat failen, that is sooth.  
 And yet ik have alwey a coltes tooth, 3888  
 As many a year as it is passed henne  
 Sin that my tappe of lyf bigan to renne.  
 For sikerly, whan I was bore, anon 3891  
 Deeth drogh the tappe of lyf and leet it  
 gon;  
 And ever sith hath so the tappe y-ronne,  
 Til that almost al empty is the tonne. (40)  
 The stream of lyf now droppeth on the  
 chimbe; 3895  
 The sely tonge may wel rings and chimbe  
 Of wretchednesse that passed is ful yore;  
 With olde folk, save dotage, is namore.  
 Whan that our host hadde herd this  
 sermoning,  
 He gan to speke as lordly as a king; 3900

He seide, 'what amounteth al this wit?  
 What shul we speke alday of holy writ?  
 The devel made a reve for to preche,  
 And of a souter a shipman or a leche. (50)  
 Sey forth thy tale, and tarie nat the tyme,  
 Lo, Depeford! and it is half-way pryme.  
 Lo, Grewenich, ther many a shrewe is  
 inne; 3907  
 It were al tyme thy tale to biginne.'  
 'Now, sires,' quod this Osewold the Reve,  
 'I pray yow alle that ye nat yow greve,  
 Thogh I answer and somdel sette his  
 howve; 3911  
 For leveful is with force force o'-showe.  
 This dronke millore hath y-told us heer,  
 How that bigyled was a carpenteer, (60)  
 Peraventure in scorn, for I am oon. 3915  
 And, by your love, I shal him quyte anon;  
 Right in his charles termes wol I speke.  
 I pray to god his nekke mote breke;  
 He can wel in myn yd seen a stalke, 3919  
 But in his owne he can nat seen a balke.

## THE REVES TALE.

Here beginneth the Reves tale.

At Trumpington, nat fer fro Cantebrigge,  
 Ther goth a brook and over that a brige,  
 Up-on the whiche brook ther stant a melle;  
 And this is verray soth that I yow telle.  
 A Miller was ther dwelling many a day;  
 As any pecok he was proud and gay. 3926  
 Pypen he coude and fissha, and nettes  
 bete,  
 And tarne coppes, and wel wrastle and  
 shete;  
 And by his bel he baar a long panade,  
 And of a sward ful trenchant was the  
 blade. 3930  
 A joly popper baar he in his pouche; (11)  
 Ther was no man for peril dorste him  
 touche.

A Sheffield thwitel baar he in his hose;  
 Round was his face, and camase was his  
 nose.  
 As piled as an ape was his skulle. 3935  
 He was a market-boter atte fulla.  
 Ther dorste no wight hand up-on him  
 legge,  
 That he ne swoor he sholde anon abegge.  
 A theef he was for sothe of corn and mele,  
 And that a sly, and usant for to stole.  
 His name was hoten dūynous Simkin. (21)  
 A wyf he hadde, y-comen of noble kin;  
 The person of the tonn hir fader was.  
 With hir he yaf ful many a panne of bras,  
 For that Simkin sholde in his blood allye.  
 She was y-fostred in a nonnerye; 3946

For Simkin wolde no wyf, as he sayde,  
But she were wel y-norised and a mayde,  
To saven his estaat of yomanrye. 3949  
And she was proud, and pert as is a pye.  
A ful fair sighte was it on hem two; (51)  
On haly-dayes biforn hir wolde he go  
With his tipet bounden about his heed,  
And she cam after in a gyte of reed;  
And Simkin hadde hosen of the same  
Ther dorste no wight clepen hir but  
'dame.' 3956

Was noon so hardy that wente by the  
weye

That with hir dorste rage or ones pleye,  
But-if he wolde be slayn of Simkin 3959  
With panade, or with knyf, or boydekin.  
For jalous folk ben perilous evermo, (41)  
Algate they wolde hir wyves wenden so.  
And eek, for she was somdel smoterlich,  
She was as digne as water in a dich;  
And ful of hoker and of bisemare. 3965  
Hir thoughts that a lady sholde hir  
spare,

What for hir kinrede and hir nortelrye  
That she had lorned in the nonnerye.

A doghter hadde they bitwixe hem two  
Of twenty year, with-ouen any mo, 3970  
Savage a child that was of half-yeer age;  
In cradel it lay and was a propre page.  
This wenche thikke and wel y-grownen  
was, (53)

With camuse nose and yün greye as glas;  
With buttokes brode and brestes rounde  
and hye, 3975

But right fair was hir heer, I wol nat lye.

The person of the toun, for she was fair,  
In purpos was to maken hir his heir  
Bothe of his catel and his messuage, 3979  
And straunge he made it of hir mariage.  
His purpos was for to bistowe hir hye (61)  
In-to som worthy blood of auncestrye;  
For holy chirches good moot been de-  
spended

On holy chirches blood, that is descended.  
Therefore he wolde his holy blood honour,  
Though that he holy chirche sholde de-  
voure. 3986

Gretoken hath this miller, out of doute,  
With whete and malt of al the land aboute;  
And nameliche ther was a greet college,  
Men clepen the Soler-halle at Cantebragge,

Ther was hir whete and eek hir malt  
y-grounde. (71) 3991

And on a day it happed, in a stounde,  
Sik lay the mannciple on a maladye;  
Men wonden wisly that he sholde dye.  
For which this miller stal bothe male and  
corn 3995

An hundred tyme more than biforn;  
For ther-biforn he stal but curteisly,  
But now he was a thief outrageously,  
For which the wardeyn chidde and made  
fure. (79)

But ther-of sette the miller nata tere; 4000  
He craketh boost, and swoor it was nat so.

Than were ther yonge povre clerkes two,  
That dwelten in this halle, of which I seye.  
Testif they were, and lusty for to pleye,  
And, only for hir mirthe and revelrye,  
Up-on the wardeyn bisily they crye, 4006  
To yeve hem leve but a lital stounde  
To goon to mille and seen hir corn y-  
grounde;

And hardily, they dorste leye hir nekke,  
The miller shold nat stele hem half a  
pekke (90) 4010

Of corn by sleighte, ne by force hem reve;  
And at the laste the wardeyn yaf hem leve.  
John hight that oon, and Aleyn hight  
that other;

Of o toun were they born, that highte  
Strother, 4014

Fer in the north, I can nat telle where.

This Aleyn maketh rely al his gere,  
And on an hors the sak he caste anon.  
Forth goth Aleyn the clerk, and also John,  
With good sward and with bokeler by hir  
syde. (99) 4019

John knew the wey, hem nedede no gyde,  
And at the mille the sak adoun he layth.  
Aleyn spak first, 'al hayl, Symond, y-fayth;  
How fares thy faire doghter and thy wyf?'

'Aleyn! welcome,' quod Simkin, 'by my  
lyf,

And John also, how now, what do ye heer?'

'Symond,' quod John, 'by god, nedede  
has na peer; 4026

Him boës serve him-selve that has na  
swayn,

Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sayn.  
Our mannciple, I hope he wil be deed, 4029  
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his heed.

And forthy is I come, and eek Alayn, (111)  
To grinde our corn and carie it ham agayn;  
I pray yow spede us hethen that ye  
may.'

'It shal be doon,' quod Simkin, 'by my  
fay; 4034

What wol ye doon whyl that it is in hande?'

'By god, right by the hoper wil I stande,'  
Quod John, 'and se how that the corn  
gas in;

Yet saugh I never, by my fader kin, 4038  
How that the hoper wagges til and fra.'

Aleyn answerde, 'John, and wiltow swa,  
Than wil I be bynethe, by my crown, (121)  
And se how that the mele falles down  
In-to the trough; that sal be my disport.  
For John, in faith, I may been of your  
sort;

I is as ille a miller as are ye.' 4045

This miller smyled of hir nycetee,  
And thoghte, 'al this nis doon but for a  
wyle;

They wene that no man may hem bigyle;  
But, by my thrift, yet shal I blere hir y<sup>e</sup>  
For al the sleighte in hir philosophye. 4050  
The more queynte cokes that they make,  
The more wol I stele whan I take. (132)  
In stede of flour, yet wol I yewe hem  
bren.

"The gretteste clerkes been noght the  
wysest men,"

As whylom to the wolf thus spak the  
mare; 4055

Of al hir art I counte noght a tare.'

Out at the dore he gooth ful prively,  
Whan that he saugh his tyme, softly;  
He loketh up and down til he hath founde  
The clerkes hors, ther as it stood y-boude  
Bihinde the mille, under a levesel; 4061  
And to the hors he gooth him faire and  
wel; (142)

He strepeth of the brydel right anon.  
And whan the hors was loos, he ginneth  
gon

Toward the fen, ther wilde mares renne,  
Forth with wehee, thurgh thikke and  
thurgh thenne. 4066

This miller gooth agayn, no word he  
seyde,

But dooth his note, and with the clerkes  
pleyde,

Til that hir corn was faire and wol y-  
grounde.

And whan the mele is sakked and y-  
bounde, (150) 4070

This John goth out and fynt his hors away,  
And gan to crye 'harrow' and 'weylaway!  
Our hors is lorn! Alayn, for goddes banes,  
Step on thy feet, com out, man, al at anes!  
Allas, our wardeyn has his palfrey lorn.'  
This Aleyn al forgat, bothe mele and corn,  
Al was out of his mynde his housbondrye.  
'What? whilk way is he geen?' he gan  
to crye.

The wyf cam leping inward with a ren,  
She seyde, 'allas! your hors goth to the  
fen (160) 4080

With wilde mares, as faste as he may go.  
Unthank come on his hand that bond  
him so,

And he that bettre sholde han knit the  
reynne.'

'Allas,' quod John, 'Aleyn, for Cristes  
peyne,

Lay down thy swerd, and I wil mynalswa;  
I is ful wight, god waat, as is a raa; 4086  
By goddes herte he sal nat scape us batho.  
Why nadstow pit the capul in the lathe?  
Il-hayl, by god, Aleyn, thou is a fonno!'

This sely clerkes han ful faste y-ronne  
To-ward the fen, bothe Aleyn and eek  
John. (171) 4091

And whan the miller saugh that they  
were gon,

He half a busshel of hir flour hath take,  
And bad his wyf go knede it in a cake.  
He seyde, 'I trowe the clerkes were aferd;  
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berd 4096  
For al his art; now lat hem goon hir weye.  
Lo wher they goon, ye, lat the children  
pleye;

They gete him nat so lightly, by my crown!'

Thise sely clerkes rennen up and down  
With 'keep, keep, stand, stand, jossa,  
warderere, (181) 4101

Ga whistle thou, and I shal kepe him  
here!'

But shortly, til that it was verray night,  
They coude nat, though they do al hir  
might, 4104

Hir capul cacche, he ran alwey so faste,  
Til in a dich they caughte him atte laste.

Wery and weet, as beste is in the reyn,  
Comth sely John, and with him comth  
Aleyn.

'Allas,' quod John, 'the day that I was  
born!

Now are we drive til hething and til  
scorn. (190) 4110

Our corn is stole, men wil us foles calle,  
Bathe the wardeyn and our felawes alle,  
And namely the miller; weylaway!

Thus pleyneth John as he goth by the  
way

Toward the mille, and Bayard in his hond.  
The miller sitting by the fyr he fond, 4116  
For it was night, and forther mighte they  
nought;

But, for the love of god, they him bisoght  
Of herberwe and of ese, as for hir peny.

The miller seyde agayn, 'if ther be eny,  
Swich as it is, yet shal ye have your part.  
Myn hous is streit, but ye han lerned art;  
Ye conne by argumentes make a place  
A myle brood of twenty foot of space. (204)  
Lat see now if this place may suffyse, 4125  
Or make it roum with speche, as is youre  
gyse.'

'Now, Symond,' seyde John, 'by seint  
Outberd,

Ay is thou mery, and this is faire answerd.  
I have herd seyde, man sal taa of twa  
thinges 4129

Slyk as he fyndes, or taa slyk as he brings.  
But specially, I pray thee, hoste dere, (211)  
Get us som mete and drinke, and make  
us chere,

And we wil payen trewely atte fulla.  
With empty hand men may na haukes  
tulle;

Lo here our silver, redy for to sponde.' 4135

This miller in-to toun his doghter sende  
For ale and breed, and rosted hem a goos,  
And bond hir hors, it sholde nat gon loos;  
And in his owne chambre hem made a  
bed (219) 4139

With ahetes and with chalons faire y-spred,  
Noght from his owne bed ten foot or twelve.  
His doghter hadde a bed, al by hir-selve,  
Right in the same chambre, by and by;  
It mighte be no bet, and cause why, 4144  
Ther was no roumer herberwe in the place.  
They soupen and they speke, hem to solace,

And drinken ever strong ale atte beste.  
Aboute midnight wente they to reste.

Wel hath this miller vernissed his  
heed;

Ful pale he was for-dronken, and nat  
reed. 4150

He yexeth, and he speketh thurgh the  
nose (231)

As he were on the quakke, or on the  
pose.

To bedde he gooth, and with him goth  
his wyf.

As any jay she light was and jolyf,  
So was hir joly whistle wel y-wet. 4155

The cradel at hir beddes feet is set,  
To rokken, and to yeve the child to souke.

And whan that dronken al was in the  
crouke,

To bedde went the doghter right anon;  
To bedde gooth Aleyn and also John; 4160

Ther nas na more, hem nedede no dwale.  
This miller hath so wisly bibbed ale, (242)

That as an hors he snorteth in his sleep,  
Ne of his tayl bihinde he took no keep.

His wyf bar him a burdon, a ful strong,  
Men mighte hir routing here two furlong;

The wenche routeth eek *par compaignie*.

Aleyn the clerk, that herd this melodye,  
He poked John, and seyde, 'slepestow?

Herdestow ever slyk a sang er now? 4170  
Lo, whilk a complaine is y-mel hem alle!

A wilde fyr up-on thair bodyes falle! (252)  
Wha herkned ever slyk a ferly thing?

Ye, they sal have the flour of il ending.  
'This lange night ther tydes me na reste;

But yet, na fors; al sal be for the beste.  
For John,' seyde he, 'als ever moot I

thryve,  
If that I may, yon wenche wil I swyve.

Som esement has lawe y-shapen us; 4179  
For John, ther is a lawe that says thus,

That gif a man in a point be y-greved, (261)  
That in another he sal be releved.

Our corn is stolon, shortly, it is na nay,  
And we han had an il fit al this day.

And sin I sal have neen amendement, 4183  
Agayn my los I wil have esement.

By goddes saule, it sal neen other be!'

This John answerde, 'Alayn, avyse thee,  
The miller is a perillous man,' he seyde,  
'And gif that he out of his sleep abreyde



He mighte doon us bathe a vileinye.' (271)  
 Aleyn answerde, 'I count him nat a  
 flye;' 4192

And up he rist, and by the wonche he  
 crepte.

This wonche lay upright, and faste slepte,  
 Til he so ny was, er she mighte espye, 4195  
 That it had been to late for to crye,  
 And shortly for to seyn, they were at on;  
 Now play, Aleyn! for I wol speke of John.

This John lyth stille a furlong-wey or  
 two,

And to him-self he maketh routh and  
 wo: (280) 4200

'Allas!' quod he, 'this is a wikked jape;  
 Now may I seyn that I is but an ape.

Yet has my felawe som-what for his harm;  
 He has the milleris doghter in his arm.

He aunterd him, and has his nedes sped,  
 And I lye as a draf-sek in my bed; 4206

And when this jape is tald another day,  
 I sal been halde a daf, a cokenay!

I wil aryse, and aunte it, by my fayth!  
 "Unhardy is unsely," thus men sayth.'

And up he roos and softly he wente (291)  
 Un-to the cradel, and in his hand it hente,

And baar it soft to un-to his beddes fect.

Sone after this the wyf hir routing leet,  
 And gan awake, and wente hir out to

pisse, 4215  
 And cam agayn, and gan hir cradel misse,

And groped heer and ther, but she fond  
 noon.

'Allas!' quod she, 'I hadde almost mis-  
 goon;

I hadde almost gon to the clerkes bed.  
 Ey *ben'cite!* thanne hadde I foule y-sped.'

And forth she gooth til she the cradel  
 fond. (301) 4221

She gropeth alwey forthir with hir hond,  
 And fond the bed, and thoughte noght but

good,  
 By-cause that the cradel by it stood, 4224

And niste wher she was, for it was derk;  
 But faire and wel she creep in to the clerk,

And lyth ful stille, and wolde han caught  
 a sleep.

With-inne a whyl this John the clerk up  
 leep, 4228

And on this gode wyf he leyth on sore,  
 So mery a fit ne hadde she nat ful yore;

He priketh harde and depe as he were  
 mad. (311)

This joly lyf han thise two clerkes lade  
 Til that the thuridde cok bigan to singe.

Aleyn wex wery in the daweninge, 4234  
 For he had swonken al the longe night;

And seyde, 'far wel, Malin, swete wight!  
 The day is come, I may no longer hyde;

But evermo, wher so I go or ryde,  
 I is thyn awen clerk, swa have I seel!'

'Now dere lemman,' quod she, 'go, far  
 weel! (320) 4240

But er thou go, o thing I wol thee telle,  
 When that thou wendest homward by

the melle,  
 Right at the entree of the dore bihinde,

Thou shalt a cake of half a busshel finde  
 That was y-maked of thyn owne mele,

Which that I heelp my fader for to stole,  
 And, gode lemman, god thee save and

kepe!' 4247  
 And with that word almost she gan to

wepe.  
 Aleyn up-rist, and thoughte, 'er that

it dawe,  
 I wol go copen in by my felawe; 4250

And fond the cradel with his hand anon,  
 'By god,' thoghte he, 'al wrang I have

misgon; (332)  
 Myn heed is toty of my swink to-night,

That maketh me that I go nat aright, 4254  
 I woot wel by the cradel, I have misgo,

Heer lyth the miller and his wyf also.'

And forth he goth, a twenty devel way,  
 Un-to the bed ther-as the miller lay.

He wende have copen by his felawe John;  
 And by the miller in he creep anon, 4260

And caughte hym by the nekke, and soft to  
 he spak: (341)

He seyde, 'thou, John, thou swynes-heed,  
 awak

For Cristes saule, and heer a noble game.  
 For by that lord that called is seint

Jame,  
 As I have thryes, in this shorte night, 4265

Swyved the milleres doghter bolt-upright,  
 Why! thou hast as a coward been agast!

'Ye, false harlot,' quod the miller,  
 'hast?

A! false traitour! false clerk!' quod he,  
 'Thou shalt be deed, by goddes dignitee!'

Who dorste be so bold to disparage (351)  
 My doghter, that is come of swich linage?'  
 And by the throte-bolle he caughte Alayn.  
 And he honte hym despitously agayn,  
 And on the nose he smoot him with his  
 fest, 4275  
 Down ran the blodystreem up-on his brest;  
 And in the floor, with nose and mouth  
 to-broke,  
 They walwe as doon two pigges in a poke.  
 And up they goon, and doun agayn anon,  
 Til that the miller sporned at a stoon, 4280  
 And doun he fil bakward up-on his wyf,  
 That wiste no-thing of this nyce stryf;  
 For she was falle aslepe a lyte wight (363)  
 With John the clerk, that waked hadde  
 al night.  
 And with the fal, out of hir sleep she  
 breyde— 4285  
 'Help, holy croys of Bromeholm,' she  
 seyde,  
 '*In manus tuas!* lord, to thee I calle!  
 Awak, Symond! the feend is on us falle,  
 Myn herte is broken, help, I nam but  
 deed;  
 There lyth oon up my wombe and up  
 myn heed; 4290  
 Help, Simkin, for the false clerkes fighte.'  
 This John sterte up as faste as ever he  
 mighte, (372)  
 And graspeþ by the walles to and fro,  
 To finde a staf; and she sterte up also,  
 And knew the estres bet than dide this  
 John, 4295  
 And by the wal a staf she fond anon,

And saugh a litel shimering of a light,  
 For at an hole in shoon the mone bright;  
 And by that light she saugh hem bothe  
 two,  
 But sikerly she niste who was who, 4300  
 But as she saugh a whyt thing in hir yē.  
 And whan she gan the whyte thing espye,  
 She wende the clerk hadde wered a volu-  
 peer. (383)  
 And with the staf she drough ay neer and  
 neer, 4304  
 And wende han hit this Aleyn at the fulle,  
 And smoot the miller on the pyled skulle,  
 That doun he gooth and cryde, 'harrow!  
 I dye!'  
 Thise clerkes bete him weal and lete him  
 lye;  
 And greythen hem, and toke hir hors anon,  
 And eek hir mele, and on hir wey they  
 gon. (390) 4310  
 And at the mille yet they toke hir cake  
 Of half a busschel flour, ful wel y-bake.  
 Thus is the proude miller wel y-bete,  
 And hath y-lost the grinding of the whete,  
 And payed for the soper every-deel 4315  
 Of Aleyn and of John, that bette him weel.  
 His wyf is swyved, and his doghter als;  
 Lo, swich it is a miller to be fals!  
 And therefore this proverbe is seyð ful  
 sooth, 4319  
 'Him thar nat wene wel that yvel dooth;  
 A gylour shal him-self bigyled be.' (401)  
 And God, that sitteth heighe in magestee,  
 Save al this companye grete and smale!  
 Thus have I quit the miller in my tale,

Here is ended the Reves tale.

## THE COOK'S PROLOGUE.

The prologe of the Cokes tale.

THE Cook of London, whyl the Reve spak,  
 For joye, him thoughte, he clawed him  
 on the bak, 4326  
 'Ha! ha!' quod he, 'for Cristes passioun,  
 This miller hadde a sharp conclusioun  
 Upon his argument of herbergage!  
 Wel seyde Salomon in his langage, 4330  
 "Ne bringe nat every man in-to thyn  
 hous;"

For herberwing by nighte is perilous.  
 Wel oghte a man avysed for to be (9)  
 Whom that he broghte in-to his privete.  
 I pray to god, so yeve me sorwe and care,  
 If ever, sith I highte Hogge of Ware, 4336  
 Herde I a miller bettre y-set a-werk.  
 He hadde a jape of malice in the derk.  
 But god forbode that we stinten here;  
 And therefore, if ye vouche-sauf to here  
 A tale of me, that am a povre man, 4341  
 I wol yow telle as wel as ever I can  
 A litel jape that fil in our citee.'

Our hostanswerde, and seide, 'I graunte  
 it thee; (20) 4344

Now telle on, Roger, loke that it be good;  
 For many a pastee hastow laten blood,  
 And many a Jakke of Dover hastow sold  
 That hath been twyes hoot and twyes cold.  
 Of many a pilgrim hastow Cristes curs,  
 For of thy persly yet they fare the wors,  
 That they han eten with thy stubbel-goos;  
 For in thy shoppe is many a flye loos. (28)  
 Now telle on, gentil Roger, by thy name.  
 But yet I pray thes, be nat wrooth for game,  
 A man may seye ful sooth in game and  
 pley.' 4355  
 'Thou seist ful sooth,' quod Roger, 'by  
 my fey,  
 But "sooth pley, quaad pley," as the Flem-  
 ing seith; (31)  
 And ther-fore, Herry Bailly, by thy feith,  
 Be thou nat wrooth, or we departen heer,  
 Though that my tale be of an hostileer.  
 But natheles I wol nat telle it yit, 4361  
 But er we parte, y-wis, thou shalt be quit.'  
 And ther-with-al he lough and made chere,  
 And seyde his tale, as ye shul after here.

Thus endeth the Prologe of the Cokes tale.

## THE COKES TALE.

Heer bigynneth the Cokes tale.

A PARENTIS whylom dwelled in our citee,  
 And of a craft of vitailers was he; 4366  
 Gaillard he was as goldfinch in the shawe,  
 Broun as a berie, a propre short felawe,  
 With lokkes blake, y-kempt ful fetisly.  
 Dauncen he coude so wel and jolily, 4370  
 That he was cleped Perkin Revelour.  
 He was as ful of love and paramour

As is the hyve ful of hony swete;  
 Wel was the wenche with him mighte  
 mete. (10)  
 At every brydale wolde he singe and  
 hoppe, 4375  
 He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe.  
 For whan ther any ryding was in Chepe,  
 Out of the shoppe thider wolde he lepe.

Til that he hadde al the sighte y-seyn,  
And daunced wel, he wolde nat come  
ageyn. 4380

And gadered him a meinee of his sort  
To hope and singe, and maken swich  
disport.

And ther they setten steven for to mete  
To playen at the dys in swich a strete. (20)  
For in the tounne nas ther no prentys, 4385  
That fairer coude caste a paire of dys  
Than Perkin coude, and ther-to he was free  
Of his dispense, in place of priuete.

That fond his maister wel in his chaffare;  
For often tyme he fond his box ful bare.

For sikerly a prentis revelour, 4391

That haunteth dys, riot, or paramour,  
His maister shal it in his shoppe aby,  
Al have he no part of the minstrelcye; (30)  
For thefte and riot, they ben convertible,  
Al conne he playe on giterne or ribble.  
Revel and trouthe, as in a low degree,  
They been ful wrothe al day, as men may  
see.

This joly prentis with his maister bood,  
Til he were ny out of his prentishood, 4400  
Al were he snibbed bothe orly and late,  
And somtyme lad with revel to Newgate;  
But atte lasto his maister him bithoghte,

Up-on a day, whan he his paper soghte, (40)  
Of a proverbe that seith this same word,  
'Wel bet is roten appel out of hord. 4406  
Than that it rotie al the remenaunt.'

So fareth it by a riotous servaunt;  
It is wel lasse harm to lete him pace,  
Than he shende alle the servants in the  
place. 4410

Therfore his maister yaf him acquitance,  
And bad him go with sorwe and with  
meschance;

And thus this joly prentis hadde his  
leve.

Now lat him riote al the night or leve. (50)

And for ther is no theef with-oute a  
louke, 4415

That helpeth him to wasten and to souke  
Of that he brybe can or borwe may,  
Anon he sente his bed and his array  
Un-to a compeer of his owne sort,  
That lovede dys and revel and disport, 4420  
And hadde a wyf that heeld for count-  
enance (57)

A shoppe, and swyved for hir sustenance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of this Cokes tale maketh Chaucer  
na more.

## GROUP B.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE MAN OF LAW'S PROLOGUE.

The wordes of the Hoost to the companye.

Oure Hoste sey wel that the brighte sonne  
Th'ark of his artificial day had ronne  
The fourthe part, and half an houre, and  
more;

And though he were not depe expert in  
lore,

He wiste it was the eightetethe day 5  
Of April, that is messenger to May;

And sey wel that the shadwe of every tree  
Was as in lengthe the same quantitee  
That was the body erect that caused it.  
And therfor by the shadwe he took his wit  
That Phebus, which that shoon so clere  
and brighte, 11

Degrees was fyve and forty clombe on  
highte;

And for that day, as in that latitude,  
It was ten of the clokke, he gan conclude,  
And soodeynly he plighte his hors aboute.

'Lordinges,' quod he, 'I warne yow, al  
this route, 16

The fourthe party of this day is goon;  
Now, for the love of god and of seint  
John,

Leseth no tyme, as ferforth as ye may;  
Lordinges, the tyme wasteth night and  
day, 20

And stoleth from us, what prively slepinge,  
And what thurgh negligence in our  
wakinge,

As dooth the stream, that turneth never  
agayn,

Descending fro the montaigne in-to playn.  
Wel can Senek, and many a philosophre 25  
Biwailen tyme, more than gold in cofre.

"For los of catel may recovered be,  
But los of tyme shendeth us," quod he.

It wol nat come agayn, with-outen drede,  
Na more than wol Malkins maydenhede,  
Whanshe hath lost it in hir wantownesse,  
Lat us nat moulten thus in ydelnesse. 32

Sir man of lawe,' quod he, 'so have ye  
blis,

Tel us a tale anon, as forward is,  
Ye been submitted thurgh your free  
assent 35

To stonde in this cas at my jugement.  
Acquiteth yow, and holdeth your biheste,  
Than have ye doon your devoir atte leste.

'Hoste,' quod he, '*depardieuz* ich as-  
sente,

To breke forward is not myn entente. 40  
Biheste is dette, and I wol holde fayn  
Al my biheste; I can no better seyn.

For swich lawe as man yeveth another  
wight,

He sholde him-selven usen it hy right; 44  
Thus wol our text; but natheles certeyn  
I can right now no thrifty tale seyn,

†But Chancer, though he can but lewedly  
On metres and on ryming craftily,

Hath seyde hem in swich English as he can  
Of olde tyme, as knoweth many a man. 50  
And if he have not seyde hem, leve brother,

In o book, he hath seyde hem in another.  
For he hath told of lovers up and doun  
Mo than Ovyde made of mencion

In his Epistelles, that been ful olde. 55  
What sholde I tellen hem, sin they ben  
tolde?

In youthe he made of Ceys and Alcion,  
And sithen hath he spoke of everichon,  
Thise noble wyves and thise loveres eke.

Who-so that wol his large volume seke 60  
Cleped the Seintes Legende of Cupyde,  
Ther may he seen the large woundes wyde

Of Lucesse, and of Babilan Tisbee;  
The sword of Dido for the false Ence;

The tree of Phillis for hir Demophon; 65  
The ploynte of Dianire and Hermion,  
Of Adriane and of Isiphilee;

The bareyne yle standing in the see;  
The dreynthe Leander for his Erro;

The teres of Eleyne, and eek the wo 70  
Of Brixseyde, and of thes, Ladonke;  
The crueltee of thes, queen Medea,

Thy litel children hanging by the hals  
For thy Jason, that was of love so fals!

O Ypermestra, Penelope, Alceste, 75  
Your wythod he comendeth with the beste!

But certainly no word ne wryteth he  
Of thilke wikke ensample of Canacee,

That lovede hir owne brother sinfully;  
Of swiche cursed stories I sey "fy"; 80

Or elles of Tyro Apollonius,  
How that the cursed king Antiochus

Eraste his doghter of hir maydenhede,  
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,

Whan he hir threw up-on the pavement,  
And therfor he, of ful avysement, 85

Nolde never wryte in none of his sermons  
Of swiche unkinde abhominaciouns,

Ne I wol noon reherse, if that I may.

But of my tale how shal I doon this day?

Mo were looth be lykned, douteles, 91  
To Muses that men clepe Pierides—  
*Metamorphoseos* wot what I mene:—

But natheles, I recche nought a bene 94  
Though I come after him with hawe-bake;

I speke in prose, and lat him rymes make.  
And with that word he, with a sobre chere,

Began his tale, as ye shal after here.

#### The Prologue of the Mannes Tale of Lawe.

O hateful harm! condicion of poverté!  
With thirst, with cold, with hunger so  
confounded! 100

To asken help thee shameth in thy  
herte;

If thou noon aske, with nede artow so  
wounded,

That verray nede unwrappeth al thy  
wounde hid!

Maugree thy heed, thou most for indi-  
gence 104

Or stele, or begge, or borwe thy despence!

Thou blamest Crist, and seyst ful bitterly,  
He misdeparteth richesse temporal;

Thy neighebour thou wytest sinfully, (10)

And seyst thou hast to lyte, and he hath al.

'Parfay,' seistow, 'somtyme he rekne shal,  
Whan that his tayl shal brennen in the  
glede, 111

For he noght helpeth needfulle in hir  
nedo.'

Herkne what is the sentence of the  
wyse:—

'Bet is to dyen than have indigence;' 111

'Thy selve neighebour wol thee despyse;'

If thou be povre, farwel thy reverence!

Yet of the wyse man tak this sentence:—

'Alle the dayes of povre men ben wikke;'

Be war therfor, er thou come in that  
prikke! (21)

'If thou be povre, thy brother hateth  
thee, 120

And alle thy freendes fleen fro thee, alas!'

O riche marchaunts, ful of wele ben ye,

O noble, o prudent folk, as in this cas!

Your bagges been nat filled with *ambes as*,

But with *sis cink*, that renneth for your

chaunce; 125

At Cristemasse merie may ye daunce!

Ye seken lond and see for your winniges,

As wyse folk ye knowen al th'estaat (30)

Of regnes; ye ben fadres of tydinges

And tales, bothe of pees and of debat. 130

I were right now of tales desolat,

Nere that a marchaunt, goon is many a

yere,

Me taughte a tale, which that yeshal here,

## THE TALE OF THE MAN OF LAWE.

Here beginneth the Man of Lawe his Tale.

In Surrie whylom dwelte a companye  
Of chapmen riche, and therto sadde and

trewe, 135

That wyde-where senten her spycerye,

Clothes of gold, and satins riche of hewe;

Herchaffar was so thrifty and so newe, (40)

That every wight hath deyntee to chaffare

With hem, and eek to sellen hem hir

ware. 140

Now fel it, that the maistres of that sort

Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende;

Were it for chapmanhode or for disport,

Non other message wolde they thider

sende,

But comen hem-self to Rome, this is the  
ende; 145

And in swich place, as thoughte hem

avantage

For her entente, they take her herbergage.

Sojourned han thise marchants in that

toun (50)

A certain tyme, as fel to hir plesance,

And so bifel, that th'excellent renoun 150

Of th'emperoures doghter, dame Custance,

Reported was, with every circumstance,

Un-to thise Surrien marchants in swich

wyse,

Fro day to day, as I shal yow devyse.

This was the commune vois of every  
man— 155

'Our Emperour of Rome, god him see,  
A doghter hath that, sin the world bigan,  
To rekne as wel hir goodnesse as beautee,  
Nas never swich another as is she; (61)  
I prey to god in honour hir sustene, 160  
And wolde she were of al Europe the  
quene.

In hir is heigh beautee, with-oute pryde,  
Yowthe, with-oute grenedede or folye;  
To alle hir werkes vertu is hir gyde,  
Humblesse hath slayn in hir al tirannye.  
She is mirour of alle curteisye; (68) 166  
Hir herte is verray chambre of holinesse,  
Hir hand, ministre of fredom for almesse.'

And al this vois was soth, as god is trewe,  
But now to purpos lat us turne agayn; 170  
Thise marchants han doon fraught hir  
shippes newe,  
And, when they han this blisful mayden  
seyen,

Hoom to Surry8 been they went ful fayn,  
And doon her nedes as they han don yore,  
And liven in wele; I can sey yow nomore.

Now fel it, that thise marchants stode in  
grace 176  
Of him, that was the sowdan of Surrye;  
For whan they came from any strange  
place, (80)

He wolde, of his benigne curteisye,  
Make hem good chere, and bisily espye 180  
Tydings of sondry regnes, for to lere  
The wondres that they mighte seen or here.

Amonges othere things, specially  
Thise marchants han him told of dame  
Custance,  
So gret noblesse in earnest, ceriously, 185  
That this sowdan hath caught so gret  
plesance

To han hir figure in his remembrance,  
That al his lust and al his bisy cure (90)  
Was for to love hir whyl his lyf may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book 190  
Which that men clepe the heven, y-written

With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,  
That he for loves shulde han his deeth, alas!  
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,  
Is writen, god wot, who-so coude it rede, 195  
The deeth of every man, withouten drede.

In sterres, many a winter ther-biforn,  
Was writen the deeth of Ector, Achilles,  
Of Pompey, Julius, er they were born; (101)  
The stryf of Thebes; and of Ercules, 200  
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates  
The deeth; but mennes wittes been so  
dulle,  
That no wight can wel rede it atte fulle.

This sowdan for his privee conseil sente,  
And, shortly of this mater for to pace, 205  
He hath to hem declared his entente,  
And seyde hem certain, 'but he mighte  
have grace (109)  
To han Custance with-inne a litel space,  
He nas but deed;' and charged hem, in  
hye,  
To shapen for his lyf som remedye. 210

Diverse men diverse things seyden;  
They argumenten, casten up and down  
Many a subtil resoun forth they leyden,  
They speken of magik and abusioun;  
But finally, as in conclusioun, 215  
They can not seen in that non avantage,  
Ne in non other wey, save mariage. (119)

Than sawe they ther-in swich difficultee  
By wey of resoun, for to speke al playn,  
By-cause that ther was swich diversitee 220  
Bitwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,  
They trowe 'that no cristen prince wolde  
fayn

Wedden his child under oure lawes swete  
That us were taught by Mahoun our  
prophete.'

And he answerde, 'rather than I lese 225  
Custance, I wol be cristned douteless;  
I mot ben hires, I may non other chese.  
I prey yow holde your arguments in  
pees; (130)  
Saveth my lyf, and beeth noght recocheles  
To geten hir that hath my lyf in cure; 230  
For in this wo I may not longe endure.'

What nedeth gretter dilatacioun?  
 I seye, by tretis and ombassadrye,  
 And by the popes mediacioun,  
 And al the chirche, and al the chivalrye,  
 That, in destruccioun of Maumetrye, 236  
 And in encrees of Cristes lawe dere,  
 They ben accorded, so as ye shal here; (140)

How that the sowdan and his baronage  
 And alle his ligeshulde y-cristned be, 240  
 And he shal han Custance in mariage,  
 And certein gold, I noot what quantitee,  
 And her-to founden suffisant seurtee;  
 This same acord was sworn on eyther syde;  
 Now, faire Custance, almighty god thee  
 gyde! 245

Now wolde som men waiten, as I gesso,  
 That I shulde tellen al the purveyance  
 That th'empour, of his grette noblesse,  
 Hath shapen for his doghter dame Custance. (151)  
 Wel may men knowe that so gret ordinance 250

May no man tellen in a lital clause  
 As was arrayed for so heigh a cause.

Bisshopes ben shapen with hir for to  
 wende,  
 Lordes, ladyes, knightes of renoun,  
 And other folk y-nowe, this is the ende;  
 And notified is thurgh-out the tonn 256  
 That every wight, with gret devocioun,  
 Shulde preyen Crist that he this mariage  
 Receyve in gree, and spede this viage. (161)

The day is comen of hir departinge, 260  
 I sey, the woful day fatal is come,  
 That ther may be no lenger taryinge,  
 But forthward they hem dresen, alle and  
 some;  
 Custance, that was with sorwe al over-  
 come, 264  
 Ful pale arist, and dreseth hir to wende;  
 For wel she seeth ther is non other ende.

Allas! what wonder is it though she wepte,  
 That shal be sent to strange nacioun (170)  
 Fro freendes, that so tendrely hir kepte,  
 And to be bounden under subieccioun 270  
 Of oon, she knoweth not his condicioun.

Housbondes been alle gode, and han ben  
 yore,  
 That knowen wyves, I darsay yow no more.

'Fader,' sle sayde, 'thy wrecched child  
 Custance,

Thy yonge doghter, fostred up so softe, 275  
 And ye, my moder, my soverayn plesance  
 Over alle thing, out-taken Crist on-lofte,  
 Custance, your child, hir recomandeth  
 ofte (180)

Un-to your grace, for I shal to Surrye,  
 Ne shal I never seen yow more with y8. 280

Allas! un-to the Barbre nacioun  
 I moste anon, sin that it is your wille;  
 But Crist, that starf for our redempcioun,  
 So yeve me grace, his hestes to fulfille;  
 I, wrecche womman, no fors though I  
 spilla. 285  
 Wommen are born to thraldom and  
 penance,  
 And to ben under mannes governance.'

I trowe, at Troye, whan Pirrus brak the  
 wal (190)  
 Or Ylion brende, at Thebes the citee, 289  
 N'at Rome, for the harm thurgh Hanibal  
 That Romayns hath venquished tymes  
 three,  
 Nas herd swich tendre weping for pitee  
 As in the chambre was for hir departinge;  
 Bot forth she moot, wher-so she wepe or  
 singe.

O firste mooving cruel firmament, 295  
 With thy diurnal sweigh that crowdest ay  
 And hurlest al from Est til Occident, (199)  
 That naturelly wolde holde another way,  
 Thy crowding set the heven in swich array  
 At the beginning of this fiers viage, 300  
 That cruel Mars hath slayn this mariage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,  
 Of which the lord is helples falle, alas!  
 Out of his angle in-to the derkest hous.  
 O Mars, O Atazir, as in this cas! 305  
 O feble mone, unhappy been thy pas!  
 Thou knitest thee ther thou art nat  
 receyved,  
 Ther thou were weel, fro thennes artow  
 wayved. (210)



Imprudent emperour of Rome, alas ! 309  
 Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun ?  
 Is no tyme bet than other in swich oas ?  
 Of vinge is ther noon eleccioun,  
 Namely to folk of heigh condicioun,  
 Nat whan a rote is of a birthe y-knowe ?  
 Alas ! we ben to lewed or to slowe. 315

To shippe is brought this woful faire mayde  
 Solempnely, with every circumstance.  
 'Now Jesu Crist be with yow alle,' she  
 sayde ; (220)  
 Ther nis namore but 'farewel ! faire  
 Custance !' 319  
 She peyneth hir to make good countenance,  
 And forth I lete hir sayle in this manere,  
 And turne I wol agayn to my matere.

The moder of the sowdan, welle of vyces,  
 Espyd hath hir sones pleyn entente,  
 How he wol lete his olde sacrificyes, 325  
 And right anon she for hir conseil sente ;  
 And they ben come, to knowe what she  
 mente.  
 And when assembled was this folk in-fere,  
 She sette hir doun, and sayde as ye shal  
 here. (231)

'Lordes,' quod she, 'ye knowen everichon,  
 How that my sone in point is for to lete 331  
 The holy lawes of our Alkaron,  
 Yeven by goddes message Makomete.  
 But oon avow to grete god I hete, 334  
 The lyf shal rather out of my body sterte  
 Than Makometes lawe out of myn herte !

What shulde us tyden of this newe lawe  
 But thraldom to our bodies and penance ?  
 And afterward in helle to be drawe (241)  
 For we reneyed Mahoun our creance ? 340  
 But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,  
 As I shal seyn, assenting to my lore,  
 And I shall make us sauf for evermore ?'

They sworn and assenten, every man, 344  
 To live with hir and dye, and by hir stonde ;  
 And everich, in the beste wyse he can,  
 To strengthen hir shal alle his freendes  
 fonde ;  
 And she hath this emprise y-take on  
 honde, (250)

Which ye shal heren that I shal devyse,  
 And to hem alle she spak right in this  
 wyso. 350

'We shul first feyne us cristendom to take,  
 Cold water shal not greve us but a lyte ;  
 And I shal swich a feste and revel make,  
 That, as I trowe, I shal the sowdan quyto.  
 For though his wyf be cristned never so  
 whyte, 355  
 She shal have nede to wasshe away the  
 rede,  
 Though she a font-ful water with hir lede.'

O sowdanesse, rote of iniquitee, (260)  
 Virago, thou Semyram the secounde,  
 O serpent under femininitee, 360  
 Lyk to the serpent depe in helle y-bounde,  
 O feyned womman, al that may confounde  
 Vertu and innocence, thurgh thy malyce,  
 Is bred in thee, as nest of every vyce !

O Satan, envious sin thilke day 365  
 That thou were chased from our heritage,  
 Wel knowestow to women the olde way !  
 Thou madest Eva bringe us in servage. (270)  
 Thou wolt fordoon this cristen mariago.  
 Thyn instrument so, weylawcy the whyle !  
 Makestow of wommen, whan thou wolt  
 begyle. 371

This sowdanesse, whom I thus blame and  
 warie,  
 Leet prively hir conseil goon hir way.  
 What sholde I in this tale lenger tarie ?  
 She rydeth to the sowdan on a day, 375  
 And seyde him, that she wolde reneye  
 hir lay,  
 And cristendom of preestes haundes fonge,  
 Repenting hir she hethen vasso longe, (280)

Biseching him to doon hir that honour,  
 That she moste han the cristen men to  
 feste ; 380  
 'To plesen hem I wol do my labour.'  
 The sowdan seith, 'I wol donat your heste,'  
 And kneling thanketh hir of that requeste.  
 So glad he was, he niste what to seye,  
 She kiste hir sone, and hoom she gooth  
 hir weye. 385

Explicit prima pars. Sequitur  
 pars secunda.

Arryved ben this Cristen folk to londe,  
 In Surrie, with a greet solempne route,  
 And hastily this sowdan sente his sonde,  
 First to his moder, and al the regne  
 aboute, (291)  
 And seyde, his wyf was comen, out of  
 doute, 390  
 And preyde hir for to ryde agayn the  
 quene,  
 The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the prees, and riche was th'array  
 Of Surriens and Romayns met y-fere;  
 The moder of the sowdan, riche and gay,  
 Receyved hir with al-so glad a chere 396  
 As any moder mighte hir doghter dere,  
 And to the nexte citee ther bisyde (300)  
 A softe pas solempnely they ryde.

Noght trowe I the triumphe of Julius, 400  
 Of which that Lucan maketh swich a bost,  
 Was royaller, ne more curious  
 Than was th'assemblee of this blisful host.  
 But this scorpioun, this wikked gost,  
 The sowdanesse, for al hir flateringe, 405  
 Caste under this ful mortally to stinge.

The sowdan comth him-self sone after this  
 So royally, that wonder is to telle, (310)  
 And welcometh hir with alle joye and blis.  
 And thus in merthe and joye I lete hem  
 dwelle. 410

The fruyt of this matere is that I telle.  
 When tyme cam, men thoughte it for the  
 beste

That revel stinte, and men goon to hir  
 reste.

The tyme cam, this olde sowdanesse 414  
 Ordeyned hath this feste of which I tolde,  
 And to the feste Cristen folk hem dresse  
 In general, ye! bothe yonge and olde. (319)  
 Here may men feste and royaltee biholde,  
 And deyntees mo than I can yow devyse,  
 But al to dere they boughte it er they ryse.

Osodeyn wo! that ever art successour 421  
 To worldly blisse, spreyned with bitter-  
 nesse;

Th'ende of the joye of our worldly labour;  
 Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.  
 Herke this conseil for thy sikernes, 425

Up-on thy glade day have in thy minde  
 The unwar wo or harm that comth bi-  
 hinde.

For shortly for to tellen at o word, (330)  
 The sowdan and the Cristen everichone  
 Ben al to-hewe and stiked at the bord, 430  
 But it were only dame Custance allone.  
 This olde sowdanesse, cursed crone,  
 Hath with hir frendes doon this cursed  
 dede,  
 For she hir-self wolde al the contree lede.

Ne ther was Surrien noon that was con-  
 verted 435  
 That of the conseil of the sowdan woot,  
 That he nas al to-hewe er he asterted.  
 And Custance han they take anon, foot-  
 hoot, (340)  
 And in a shippe al sterelees, god woot,  
 They han hir set; and bidde hir lerne  
 sayle 440  
 Out of Surrye agaynward to Itayle.

A certain tresor that she thider ladde,  
 And, sooth to sayn, vitaille gret plentee  
 They han hir yeven, and clothes eek she  
 hadde,  
 And forth she sayleth in the salte see. 445  
 O my Custance, ful of benigntee,  
 O emperoures yonge doghter dere, (349)  
 He that is lord of fortune be thy stere!

She blesseth hir, and with ful pitous voys  
 Un-to the croys of Crist thus seyde she,  
 'O clere, o welful auter, holy croys, 451  
 Reed of the lambes blood full of pites,  
 That wesh the world fro the olde iniquitee,  
 Me fro the feend, and fro his clawes kepe,  
 That day that I shal drenchen in the  
 depe. 455

Victorious tree, proteccioun of trewe,  
 That only worthy were for to bere (359)  
 The king of heven with his woundes newe,  
 The whyte lamb, that hurt was with the  
 spere, 459  
 Flemer of feendes out of him and here  
 On which thy limes feithfully extenden,  
 Me keep, and yif me might my lyf t'amen-  
 dan.'

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature  
Thurghout the see of Grece un-to the  
strayte

Of Marrok, as it was hir aventure; 465  
On many a sory meel now may she bayte;  
After her deeth ful often may she wayte,  
Er that the wilde waves wol hir dryve  
Un-to the placē, ther she shal arryve. (371)

Men mighten asken why she was not  
s'ayn? 470  
Eek at the feste who mighte hir body save?  
And I answer to that demaunde agayn,  
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,  
Ther every wight save he, maister and  
knave, 474  
Was with the leoun frete or he asterte?  
No wight but god, that he bar in his herte.

God liste to shewe his wonderful miracle  
In hir, for we sholde soon his mighty  
werkes; (380)

Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,  
By certein menes ofte, as knowen clerkes,  
Doth thing for certein ende that ful  
derk is 481  
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance  
Ne conne not knowe his prudent pur-  
veyance.

Now, sith she was not at the feste y-slave,  
Who kepte hir fro the drenching in the  
see? 485

Who kepte Jonas in the fisshes mawe  
Til he was spouted up at Ninivee?  
Wel may men knowe it was no wight  
but he (390)  
That kepte peple Ebraik fro hir drench-  
inge,  
With drye feet thurgh-out the see pass-  
inge. 490

Who bad the foure spirits of tempest,  
That power han t'anoyen land and see,  
'Bothe north and south, and also west  
and est,  
Anoyeth neither see, ne land, ne tree?'  
Sothly, the comaundour of that was he,  
That fro the tempest ay this womman  
kepte 496  
As wel whan [that] she wook as whan she  
slepte.

Wher mighte this womman mete and  
drinke have? (400)

Three yer and more how lasteth hir  
vitaile? 499

Who fedde the Egipoien Marie in the cave,  
Or in desert? no wight but Crist, sans  
faillē.

Fyve thousand folk it was as gret mer-  
vaille

With loves fyve and fisshes two to fede.  
God sente his foison at hir grete nede.

She dryveth forth in-to our oceau 505  
Thurgh-out our wilde see, til, atte laste,  
Under an hold that nempnen I ne can,  
Fer in Northumberlond the wawe hir  
caste, (410)  
And in the sond hir ship stiked so faste,  
That thennes wolde it noght of al a tyde,  
The wille of Crist was that she shulde  
abyde. 511

The constable of the castel doun is fare  
To sen this wrak, and al the ship he  
soghte,  
And fond this very womman ful of care;  
He fond also the tresor that she broghte.  
In hir langage mercy she bisoghte 516  
The lyf out of hir body for to twinne, (419)  
Hir to delivere of wo that she was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hir speche,  
But algates ther-by was she understonde;  
The constable, whan him list no lenger  
seche, 521  
This woful womman broghte he to the  
londe;  
She kneleth doun, and thanketh goddes  
sonde.  
But what she was, she wolde no man seye,  
For foul ne fair, though that she shulde  
deye. 525

She seyde, she was so mased in the see  
That she forgat hir minde, by hir trouthe;  
The constable hath of hir so greet pitee,  
And eek his wyf, that they wepen for  
routhe, (431) 529  
She was so diligent, with-uten slouthe,  
To serve and plesen everich in that place,  
That alle hir loven that loken on hir face.

This constable and dame Hermengild his  
wyf

Were payens, and that contree every-  
where;

But Hermengild lovede hir right as hir  
lyf, 535

And Custance hath so longe sojourned  
there,

In orisons, with many a bitter tere,

Til Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace  
Dame Hermengild, constablesse of that  
place, (441) 539

In al that lond no Cristen durste route,  
Alle Cristen folk ben fled fro that contree  
Thurgh payens, that conquereden al  
aboute

The plages of the North, by land and see;  
To Walis fled the Cristiantee

Of olde Britons, dwellinge in this ylo; 545  
Ther was hir refut for the mene whyle.

But yet nere Cristen Britons so exyled (449)  
That ther nere somme that in hir privtee  
Honoured Crist, and hethen folk bigyled;  
And ny the castel swiche ther dwelten  
three, 550

That oon of hem was blind, and mighte  
nat see

But it were with thilke yēn of his minde,  
With whiche men seen, after that they  
ben blinde,

Bright was the sonne as in that someres  
day, 554

For which the constable and his wyf also  
And Custance han y-take the righte way  
Toward the see, a furlong wey or two,  
To pleyen and to romen to and fro; (460)  
And in hir walk this blinde man they  
mette 559

Croked and old, with yēn faste y-shette.

'In name of Crist,' cryde this blinde  
Britoun,

'Dame Hermengild, yif me my sighte  
agayn.'

This lady wex affrayed of the soun,

Lest that hir housbond, shortly for to  
sayn,

Wolde hir for Jesu Cristes love han slayn,

Til Custance made hir bold, and bad hir  
werche 566

The wil of Crist, as doghter of his chirche.

The constable wex abashed of that sight,  
And seyde, 'what amounteth al this fare?'

Custance answerde, 'sire, it is Cristes  
might, (472) 570

That helpeth folk out of the feendes snare.'

And so ferforth she gan our luy declare,

That she the constable, er that it were eve,

Converted, and on Crist made him bileve.

This constable was no-thing lord of this  
place (477) 575

Of which I speke, ther he Custance fond,

But kepte it strongly, many wintresspace,

Under Alla, king of al Northumberlond,

That was ful wys, and worthy of his hond

Agayn the Scottes, as men may wel here,

But turne I wol agayn to my matere. 581

Sathan, that ever us waiteth to bigyle,

Saugh of Custance al hir perfeccioun,

And caste anon how he mighte quyte hir  
whyle,

And made a yong knight, that dwelte in  
that toun, 585

Love hir so hote, of foul affeccioun,

That verrailly him thoughte he shulde  
spille (489)

But he of hir mighte ones have his wille.

He woweth hir, but it availleth noght,

She wolde do no sinne, by no weye; 590

And, for despyt, he compassed in his  
thoght

To maken hir on shamful deth to deye,

He wayteth whan the constable was aweye,

And prively, up-on a night, he crepte 594

In Hermengildes chambre whyl she slepte.

Wery, for-waked in her orisouns,

Slepeth Custance, and Hermengild also,

This knight, thurgh Sathanas tempta-  
cions, (500)

Al softly is to the bed y-go,

And kitte the throte of Hermengild a-two,

And leyde the bloody knyf by dame  
Custance, 601

And wente his wey, ther god yeve him  
meschance!

Sone after comth this constable hoom  
agayn,

And eek Alla, that king was of that lond,  
And saugh his wyf despitously y-slayn, 605  
For which ful ofte he weep and wrong his  
hond,

And in the bed the bloody knyf he fond  
By dame Custance; alas! what mighte  
she seye? (510)

For verray wo hir wit was al aweye.

To king Alla was told al this meschance,  
And eek the tyme, and where, and in  
what wyse 611

That in a ship was founden dame Custance,  
As heer-biforn that ye han herd devyso.  
The kinges herte of pitee gan agryse,  
Whan he saugh so benigne a creature 615  
Falle in disese and in misaventure.

For as the lomb toward his deeth is brougt,  
So stant this innocent bifore the king;  
This false knight that hath this tresoun  
wroght (521)

Berth on hond that she hath doon  
this thing. 620

† But natheless, ther was [ful] greet  
moorning

Among the peple, and seyn, 'they can not  
gesse

That she hath doon so greet a wikked-  
nesse. 623

For they han seyn hir ever so vertuuous,  
And loving Hermengild right as her lyf.  
Of this bar witnessse everich in that hous  
Save he that Hermengild slow with his  
knyf.

This gentil king hath caught a gret motyf  
Of this witnessse, and thoughte he wolde  
enquere (531)

Depper in this, a trouthe for to lere. 630

Allas! Custance! thou hast no champioun,  
Ne fighte canstow nought, so weylaway!  
But he, that starf for our redempcioun  
And bond Sathan (and yit lyth ther he  
lay)

So be thy stronge champioun this day! 635  
For, but-if Crist open miracle kythe,  
Withouten gilt thou shalt be slayn as  
swythe.

She sette her down on knees, and thus  
she sayde, (540)

'Immortal god, that savedest Susanne  
Fro false blame, and thou, merciful  
mayde, 640

Mary I mene, doghter to Saint Anne,  
Bifore whos child angeles singe Osanne,  
If I be gilleles of this felonye,  
My socour be, for elles I shal dye!' 644

Have ye nat seyn som tyme a pale face,  
Among a prees, of him that hath be lad  
Toward his deeth, wher-as him gat no  
grace,

And swich a colour in his face hath had,  
Men mighte knowe his face, that was  
bistad, (551)

Amonges alle the faces in that route: 650  
So stant Custance, and loketh hir aboute.

O quenes, livinge in prosperitee,  
Duchesses, and ye ladies everichone,  
Haveth som routhe on hir adversitee;  
An emperoures doghter stant alone; 655  
She hath no wight to whom to make hir  
mone.

O blood royal, that stondest in this drede,  
Fer ben thy freendes at thy grete nede!

This Alla king hath swich compassioun,  
As gentil herte is fulfid of pitee, (562) 660  
That from his yē ran the water down.

'Now hastily do fecche a book,' quod he,  
'And if this knight wol sweren how that  
she

This womman slow, yet wole we us avyse  
Whom that we wole that shal ben our  
justyse.' 665

A Briton book, written with Evangyles,  
Was fet, and on this book he swoor anon  
She gilty was, and in the mene whyles  
A hand him smoot upon the nekke-boon,  
That doun he fl atones as a stoon, (572) 670  
And bothe his yē broste out of his face  
In sight of every body in that place.

A vois was herd in general audience,  
And seyde, 'thou hast desclaundred  
gilleles

The doghter of holy chirche in they  
presence; 675

Thus hastoun doon, and yet holde I my  
pees.'

Of this mervaille agast was al the prees;  
As mased folk they stoden everichone, (580)  
For drede of wreche, save Custance allone.

Greet was the drede and eek the repent-  
ance 680

Of hem that hadden wrong suscepcioun  
Upon this sely innocent Custance;  
And, for this miracle, in conclusioun,  
And by Custances mediacioun,  
The king, and many another in that  
place, 685

Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace!

This false knight was slayn for his un-  
trouthe

By jugement of Alla hastify; (590)  
And yet Custance hadde of his deeth gret  
routhe.

And after this Jesus, of his mercy, 690  
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely  
This holy mayden, that is so bright and  
shene,

And thus hath Crist y-maad Custance  
a queene.

But who was woful, if I shal nat lye,  
Of this wedding but Donegild, and na mo,  
The kinges moder, ful of tirannye? 696  
Hir thoughte hir cursed herte brast a-two;  
She wolde noght hir sone had do so; (600)  
Hir thoughte a despit, that he sholde take  
So strange a creature un-to his make. 700

Me list nat of the chaf nor of the stree  
Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.  
What sholde I tellen of the royaltee  
At mariage, or which cours gooth biforn,  
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?  
The fruit of every tale is for to seye; 706  
They ete, and drinke, and daunce, and  
sing, and pleye.

They goon to bedde, as it was skile and  
right; (610)

For, though that wyves been ful holy  
thinges,

They moste take in pacience at night 710  
Swich maner necessities as been plesinges  
To folk that han y-wedded hem with  
ringes,

And leye a lyte hir holinesse asyde  
As for the tyme; it may no bet bityde.

On hir he gat a knave-child anon, 715  
And to a bishop and his constable eke  
He took his wyf to kepe, whan he is goon  
To Scotland-ward, his fo-men for to seke;  
Now faire Custance, that is so humble  
and meke, (621)

So longe is goon with childe, til that stille  
She halt hir chambre, abyding Cristes  
wille. 721

The tyme is come, a knave-child she ber;  
Mauricius at the font-stoon they him calle;  
This constable dooth forth come a mes-  
sager,

And wroot un-to his king, that cleped  
was Alle, 725

How that this blisful tyding is bifalle,  
And othere tydings speedful for to seye;  
He tak'th the lettre, and forth he gooth  
his weye. (630)

This messenger, to doon his avantage, 730  
Un-to the kinges moder rydeth swythe,  
And salueth hir ful faire in his langage,  
'Madame,' quod he, 'ye may be glad and  
blythe,

And thanke god an hundred thousand  
sythe;

My lady queene hath child, with-outen  
doute, 734

To joye and blisse of al this regne aboute.

Lo, heer the lettres seled of this thing,  
That I mot bere with al the haste I may;  
If ye wol aught un-to your sone the king,  
I am your servant, bothe night and day.'  
Donegild answerde, 'as now at this tyme,  
nay; (642) 740

But heer al night I wol thou take thy  
reste,

Tomorwe wol I seye thee what me leste.'

This messenger drank sadly ale and wyn,  
And stolen were his lettres prively  
Out of his box, whyl he sleep as a swyn;  
And countrefeted was ful subtilly 746  
Another lettre, wrought ful sinfully,  
Un-to the king direct of this matere (651)  
Fro his constable, as ye shul after here.

The lettre spak, 'the queen delivered was  
Of so horrible a feendly creature, 751  
That in the castel noon so hardy was  
That any whyle dorste ther endure.  
The moder was an elf, by aventure  
Y-come, by charmes or by sorcerye, 755  
And every wight hateth hir companye.'

Wo was this king whan he this lettre  
had seyn, (659)  
But to no wighte he tolde his sorwes sore,  
But of his owne honde he wroot ageyn,  
'Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermore  
To me, that am now lerned in his lore; 761  
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy  
plesaunce,  
My lust I putte al in thyn ordinaunce!

Kepeth this child, al be it foul or fair,  
And eek my wyf, un-to myn hoom-  
cominge; 765  
Crist, whan him list, may sende me an  
heir

More agreable than this to my lykinge.'  
This lettre he seleth, prively wepinge, (670)  
Which to the messenger was take sone,  
And forth he gooth; ther is na more to  
done. 770

O messenger, fulfild of dronkenesse,  
Strong is thy breeth, thy limes faltren ay,  
And thou biwreyst alle secrenesse.  
Thy mind is lorn, thou janglest as a jay,  
Thy face is turned in a newe array! 775  
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,  
Ther is no conseil hid, with-outen doute.

O Donegild, I ne have noon English digne  
Un-to thy malice and thy tyrannye! (681)  
And therfor to the feend I thee resigne,  
Let him edyten of thy traitorye! 781  
Fy, mannish, fy! o nay, by god, I lye,  
Fy, *feendly* spirit, for I dar wel telle,  
Though thou heer walke, thy spirit is in  
helle! 784

This messenger comth fro the king agayn,  
And at the kinges modres court he lighte,  
And she was of this messenger ful fayn,  
And plesed him in al that ever she  
mighte. (690)  
He drank, and wel his girdel under-  
pighte.

He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gyse 790  
Al night, þun-til the sonne gan aryse.

Eft were his lettres stolen everichon  
And countrefeted lettres in this wyse;  
'The king comandeth his constable anon,  
Up peyne of hanging, and on heigh juyse,  
That he ne sholde suffren in no wyse 796  
Custance in-with his regne for t'abyde  
Thre dayes and a quarter of a tyde; (700)

But in the same ship as he hir fond,  
Hir and hir yonge sone, and al hir gere,  
He sholde putte, and croude hir fro the  
lond, 801  
And charge hir that she never eft come  
there.'

O my Custance, wel may thy goost have  
fore  
And sleping in thy dreem been in penance,  
When Donegild caste al this ordinaunce!

This messenger on morwe, whan he wook,  
Un-to the castel halt the nexte wey, (700)  
And to the constable he the lettre took;  
And whan that he this pitous lettre sey,  
Ful ofte he seyde 'allas!' and 'wey-  
lawey!' 810

'Lord Crist,' quod he, 'how may this  
world endure?  
So ful of sinne is many a creature!

O mighty god, if that it be thy wille,  
Sith thou art rightful juge, how may it be  
That thou wolt suffren innocents to spille,  
And wikked folk regne in prosperitee? 816  
O good Custance, alas! so wo is me  
That I mot be thy tormentour, or deye  
On shames death; ther is noon other  
weye!' (721)

Wepen bothe yonge and olde in al that  
place, 820  
Whan that the king this cursed lettre  
sente,

And Custance, with a deedly pale face,  
The ferthe day toward hir ship she wente.  
But natheles she taketh in good entente  
The wille of Crist, and, kneeling on the  
stronde, 825  
She seyde, 'lord! ay wel-com be thy  
sonde!

He that me kepte fro the false blame  
 Why! I was on the londe amonges yow,  
 He can me kepe from harme and eek fro  
 shame (731)  
 In salte see, al-though I see nat how. 830  
 As strong as ever he was, he is yet now.  
 In him triste I, and in his moder dere,  
 That is to me my seyl and eek my stere.'

Hir litel child lay weping in hir arm, 834  
 And kneling, pitously to him she seyde,  
 'Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee non  
 harm.'

With that hir kerchief of hir heed she  
 breyde,

And over his litel yën she it leyde; (740)  
 And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,  
 And in-to heven hir yën up she caste. 840

'Moder,' quod she, 'and mayde bright,  
 Marye,  
 Sooth is that thurgh wommannes egge-  
 ment

Mankind was lorn and damned ay to dye,  
 For which thy child was on a croys y-  
 rent;

Thy blisful yën sawe al his torment; 845  
 Than is ther no comparisoun bitwene  
 Thy wo and any wo man may sustene.

Thou sawe thy child y-slayn bifor thyn  
 yën, (750)  
 And yet now liveth my litel child, parfay!  
 Now, lady bright, to whom alle woful  
 cryën, 850

Thou glorie of wommanhede, thou faire  
 may,

Thou haven of refut, brighte sterre of day,  
 Rewe on my child, that of thy gentillesse  
 Rewest on every rewful in distresse!

O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt, 855  
 That never wroughtest sinne as yet,  
 pardee,

Why wil thyn harde fader han thee spilt?  
 O mercy, dere constable!' quod she; (760)  
 'As lat my litel child dwelle heer with  
 thee;

And if thou darst not saven him, for  
 blame, 860  
 So kis him ones in his fadres name!'

Ther-with she loketh bakward to the  
 londe,

And seyde, 'far-wel, housbond rounthe-  
 lees!'

And up she rist, and walketh down the  
 stronde

Toward the ship; hir folweth al the prees,  
 And ever she preyeth hir child to holde  
 his pees; 866

And taketh hir leve, and with an holy  
 entente  
 She blesseth hir; and in-to ship she  
 wente. (770)

Vitailed was the ship, it is no drede,  
 Habundantly for hir, ful longe space, 870  
 And other necessities that sholde nede  
 She hadde y-nogh, heried be goddes grace!  
 For wind and weder almighty god pur-  
 chace,

And bringe hir hoom! I can no better  
 seye; 874  
 But in the see she dryveth forth hir weye.

#### Explicit secunda pars.

#### Sequitur pars tercia.

Alla the king comth hoom, sone after this,  
 Unto his castel of the which I tolde, (779)  
 And aveth wher his wyf and his child is.  
 The constable gan aboute his herte colde,  
 And pleynly al the maner he him tolde 880  
 As ye han herd, I can telle it no better,  
 And sheweth the king his seel and [seel]  
 his lettre,

And seyde, 'lord, as ye comaunded me  
 Up payne of deeth, so have I doon, certain.'  
 This messenger tormented was til he 885  
 Moste biknowe and tellen, plat and plein.  
 Fro night to night, in what place he had  
 leyn.

And thus, by wit and subtil enqueringe,  
 Ymaged was by whom this harm gan  
 springe. (791)

The hand was knowe that the lettre wroot,  
 And al the venim of this cursd dede, 891  
 But in what wyse, certainly I noot.  
 Th'effect is this, that Alla, out of drede,  
 His moder slow, that men may plainly  
 rede,



For that she traitour was to hir ligeaunce.  
Thus endeth olde Donegild with mes-  
chance. 896

The sorwe that this Alla, night and day,  
Maketh for his wyf and for his child also,  
Ther is no tonge that it telle may. (801)  
But now wol I un-to Custance go, 900  
That fleteth in the see, in peyne and wo,  
Fyve yer and more, as lyked Cristes  
sonde,

Er that hir ship approached un-to londe.

Under an hethen castel, atte laste,  
Of which the name in my text noght  
I finde, 905  
Custance and eek hir child the see up-  
caste.

Almighty god, that saveth al mankinde,  
Have on Custance and on hir child som  
minde, (810)  
That fallen is in hethen land eft-sone, 909  
In point to spille, as I shal telle yow sene.

Doun from the castel comth ther many  
a wight

To gauren on this ship and on Custance.  
But shortly, from the castel, on a night,  
The lordes styward—god yeve him mes-  
chance!— 914

A theef, that had reneyed our creausce,  
Com in-to ship alone, and seyde he sholde  
Hir lemman be, wher-so she wolde or  
nolde. (819)

Wo was this wrecched womman tho bigon,  
Hir child cryde, and she cryde pitously;  
But blisful Marie heelp hir right anon;  
For with hir struggling wel and mightily  
The theef fil over bord al sodeinly, 922  
And in the see he dreynthe for vengeance;  
And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept  
Custance.

**Auctor.**

O foule lust of luxurie! lo, thyn ende!  
Nat only that thou feyntest mannes  
minde, 926

But verraily thou wolt his body shende;  
Th'ende of thy werk or of thy lustes  
blinde (830)

Is compleynyn, how many-oon may men  
finde

That noght for werk som-tyme, but for  
th'entente 930  
To doon this sinne, ben outhur sleyn or  
shente!

How may this wayke womman han this  
strengthe

Hir to defende agayn this renegat?  
O Goliath, unmesurable of lengthe,  
How mighte David make thee so mat, 935  
So yong and of armure so desolat?  
How dorste he loke up-on thy dredful face?  
Wel may men seen, it nas but goddes  
grace! (840)

Who yaf Judith corage or hardinesse  
To sleen him, Olofernus, in his tente, 940  
And to deliveren out of wrecchednesse  
The peple of god? I seye, for this entente,  
That, right as god spirit of vigour sente  
To hem, and saved hem out of meschance,  
So sente he might and vigour to Custance.

Forth goth hir ship thurgh-out the narwe  
mouth 946

Of Jubaltar and Septe, dryving ay,  
Som-tyme West, som-tyme North and  
South, (850)

And som-tyme Est, ful many a wery  
day,

Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay!) 950  
Hath shapen, thurgh hir endelees good-  
nesse,

To make an ende of al hir hevinesse.

Now lat us stinte of Custance but a throwe,  
And speke we of the Romain Emperour,  
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe  
The slaughtre of Cristen folk, and dis-  
honour 956

Don to his doghter by a fals traitour,  
I mene the cursed wikked sowdanesse,  
That at the feste leet aleen both more and  
lesse. (861)

For which this emperour hath sent anon  
His senatour, with royal ordinance, 961  
And others lordes, got wot, many oon,  
On Surriens to taken heigh vengeance.  
They breunen, aleen, and bringe hem to  
meschance

Ful many a day; but shortly, this is  
the ende, 965  
Homward to Rome they shapen hem to  
wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie  
To Rome-ward, sayling ful royally, (870)  
And mette the ship dryving, as seith the  
storie,

In which Custance sit ful pitously. 970  
No-thing ne knew he what she was, ne  
why

She was in swich array; ne she nil seye  
Of hir estaat, although she sholde deye.

He bringeth hir to Rome, and to his wyf  
He yaf hir, and hir yonge sone also; 975  
And with the senatour she laddes her lyf.  
Thus can our lady bringen out of wo (879)  
Woful Custance, and many another mo.  
And longe tyme dwelled she in that place,  
In holy werkes ever, as was hir grace. 980

The senatoures wyf hir aunte was,  
But for al that she knew hir never the  
more;

I wol no lenger tarien in this cas,  
But to king Alla, which I spak of yore,  
That for his wyf wepeth and syketh  
sore, 985

I wol retourne, and lete I wol Custance  
Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that hadde his moder  
slayn, (890)

Upon a day fil in swich repentance,  
That, if I shortly tellen shal plain, 990  
To Rome he comth, to receyven his  
penance;

And putte him in the popes ordinance  
In heigh and low, and Jesu Crist bisoghte  
Foryeve his wikked werkes that he  
wroghte. 994

The fame anon thurgh Rome toun is born,  
How Alla king shal come in pilgrimage,  
By herbergeours that wenten him biforn;  
For which the senatour, as was usage, (900)  
Rood him ageyn, and many of his linage,  
As wel to shewen his heighe magnificence  
As to don any king a reverence. 1001

Greet chere dooth this noble senatour  
To king Alla, and he to him also;  
Everich of hem doth other greet honour;  
And so bifel that, in a day or two, 1005  
This senatour is to king Alla go  
To feste, and shortly, if I shal nat lye,  
Custances sone wente in his companye.

Som men wolde seyn, at requeste of  
Custance, (911)

This senatour hath lad this child to feste;  
I may nat tellen every circumstance, 1011  
Be as be may, ther was he at the leste.  
But soth is this, that, at his modres heste,  
Biforn Alla, during the metes space,  
The child stood, loking in the kinges face.

This Alla king hath of this child greet  
wonder, 1016

And to the senatour he seyde anon,  
'Whos is that faire child that stondeth  
yonder?' (920)

'I noot,' quod he, 'by god, and by seint  
John! 1019

A moder he hath, but fader hath he non  
That I of woot'—but shortly, in a stounde,  
He tolde Alla how that this child was  
founde.

'But god wot,' quod this senatour also,  
'So vertuous a livers in my lyf, 1024

Ne saugh I never as she, ne herde of mo  
Of worldly wommen, mayden, nor of wyf;  
I dar wel seyn hir hadde lever a knyf

Thurgh-out her breste, than been a wom-  
man wikke; (930)

Ther is no man conde bringe hir to that  
prikke.'

Now was this child as lyk un-to Custance  
As possible is a creature to be. 1031

This Alla hath the face in remembrance  
Of dame Custance, and ther-on mused he  
If that the childes moder were aught she  
That was his wyf, and prively he sighte,  
And spedde him fro the table that he  
myghte. 1036

'Parfay,' thoughte he, 'fantome is in myn  
heed!

I oghte deme, of skilful jugement, (940)

That in the salte see my wyf is deed.  
 And afterward he made his argument—  
 'What woot I, if that Crist have hider  
     y-sent 1041  
 My wyf by see, as wel as he hir sente  
 To my contree fro thennes that she  
     wente?'

And, after noon, hoom with the senatour  
 Goth Alla, for to seen this wonder chaunce.  
 This senatour dooth Alla greet honour,  
 And hastify he sente after Custaunce.  
 But trusteth weel, hir liste nat to daunce  
 Whan that she wiste wherefor was that  
     sonde. (951) 1049  
 Unnethe up-on hir feet she mighte stonde.

When Alla saugh his wyf, faire he hir  
     grette,  
 And weep, that it was routhe for to see.  
 For at the firste look he on hir sette  
 He knew wel verrailly that it was she.  
 And she for sorwe as domb stant as a tree;  
 So was hir herte shet in hir distresse 1056  
 Whan she remembered his unkindenes.

Twyes she swowned in his owne sighte;  
 He weep, and him excuseth pitously:—  
 'Now god,' quod he, 'and alle his halwes  
     brighte (962) 1060  
 So wisly on my soule as have mercy,  
 That of your harm as gilteles am I  
 As is Maurice my sone so lyk your face;  
 Elles the fesuud me fecche out of this place!'

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peyne  
 Er that hir woful hertes mighte cesse;  
 Greet was the pitee for to here hem pleyne,  
 Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo en-  
     cresse. (970)  
 I pray yow al my labour to releese;  
 I may nat telle hir wo un-til tomorwe, 1070  
 I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But fynally, when that the sooth is wist  
 That Alla giltelless was of hir wo,  
 I trowe an hundred tymes been they kist,  
 And swich a blisse is ther bitwix hem two  
 That, save the joye that lasteth evermo,  
 Ther is non lyk, that any creature 1077  
 Hath seyn or shal, whyl that the world  
     may dure. (980)

Tho preyde she hir housbond mekely.  
 In relief of hir longe pitous pyne, 1080  
 That he wold preyde hir fader specially  
 That, of his magestee, he wolde enclyne  
 To vouchere-sauf som day with him to dyne;  
 She preyde him eek, he sholde by no weye  
 Un-to hir fader no word of hir seye. 1085

Som men wold seyn, how that the child  
     Maurice  
 Doth this message un-to this emperour;  
 But, as I gesse, Alla was nat so nyce (990)  
 To him, that was of so sovereyn honour  
 As he that is of Cristen folk the flour, 1090  
 Sente any child, but it is bet to deme  
 He wente him-self, and so it may wel seme.

This emperour hath graunted gentilly  
 To come to dinor, as he him bisoghte,  
 And wel rede I, he loked bisily 1095  
 Up-on this child, and on his doghter  
     thoghte.  
 Alla goth to his in, and, as him oghte,  
 Arrayed for this feste in every wyse (1000)  
 As ferforth as his conning may suffyse.

The morwe cam, and Alla gan him dresse,  
 And eek his wyf, this emperour to meto;  
 And forth they ryde in joye and in glad-  
     nesse. 1102  
 And whan she saugh hir fader in the strete,  
 She lighte down, and falleth him to fete.  
 'Fader,' quod she, 'your yonge child  
     Custance 1105  
 Is now ful cleue out of your remembrance.

I am your doghter Custance,' quod she,  
 'That whylom ye han sent un-to Surrye.  
 It am I, fader, that in the salte see (1011)  
 Was put allone and dampned for to dye.  
 Now, gode fader, mercy I yow crye, 1111  
 Send me namore un-to non hethenesso,  
 But thonketh my lord heer of his kinde-  
     nesse.'

Who can the pitous joye tellen al  
 Bitwix hem three, sin they ben thus  
     y-mette? 1115  
 But of my tale make an ende I shal;  
 The day goth faste, I wol no lenger letta.  
 This glade folk to dinor they hem sette;

In joye and blisse at mete I lete hem  
dwelle (1021) 1119  
A thousand fold wel more than I can telle.

This child Maurice was sithen emperour  
Maad by the pope, and lived Cristenly.  
To Cristes chirche he dide greet honour;  
But I lete al his storie passen by,  
Of Custance is my tale specially. 1125  
In olde Romayn gestes may men finde  
Maurices lyf; I bere it noght in minde.

This king Alla, whan he his tymesey, (1030)  
With his Custance, his holy wyf so swete,  
To Engelond been they come the righte  
wey, 1130  
Wher-as they live in joye and in quiete.  
But litel whyl it lasteth, I yow hete,  
Joye of this world, for tyme wol nat  
abyde;

For day to night it changeth as the tyde.

Who lived ever in swich delyt o day 1135  
That him ne moeved onther conscience,  
Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray, (1039)  
Envy, or pryde, or passion, or offence?  
I ne seye but for this ende this sentence,  
That litel whyl in joye or in plesance 1140  
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance.

For deeth, that taketh of heigh and low  
his rente,

When passed was a year, even as I gesse,  
Out of this world this king Alla he hente,  
For whom Custance hath ful gret hev-  
enese. 1145

Now lat us preyen god his soule blesse!  
And dame Custance, fynally to seye,  
Towards the toun of Rome gooth hir weye.

To Rome is come this holy creature, (1051)  
And syndeth ther hir frendes hole and  
sounde: 1150

Now is she scaped al hir aventure;  
And whan that she hir fader hath y-founde,  
Doun on hir knets falleth she to grounde;  
Weping for tendrenesse in herte blythe,  
She herieth god an hundred thousand  
sythe. 1155

In vertu and in holy almes-dede (1058)  
They liven alle, and never a-sonder wende;  
Til deeth departed hem, this lyf they lede.  
And fareth now weel, my tale is at an ende.  
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might may  
sende 1160  
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,  
And kepe us alle that ben in this place!  
Amen.

Here endeth the Tale of the Man of Lawe; and next folweth the  
Shipmannes Prolog.

\* \* For l. 5583 in Tyrwhitt's Text, see Group D, l. 1.

## THE SHIPMAN'S PROLOGUE.

Here biginneth the Shipmannes Prolog.

\*.\* In Tyrwhitt's text, *ll.* 12903-12924.

Our hoste up-on his stiropes stood anon,  
And seyde, 'good men, herkneth everich on;

This was a thrifty tale for the nones ! 1165  
Sir parish prest, quod he, 'for goddes bones,

Tel us a tale, as was thy forward yore.  
I see wel that ye lerned men in lore  
Can moche good, by goddes dignitee !'

The Personel him answerde, 'ben'cite ! 1170  
What eyleth the man, so sinfully to swere ?'

Our hoste answerde, 'O Jankin, be ye there ?' (10)

I smelle a loller in the wind, quod he,  
'How ! good men, quod our hoste, 'herkneth me ;

Abydeth, for goddes digne passioun, 1175  
For we shal han a predicacioun ;

This loller heer wil prechen us som-what.  
'Nay, by my fader soule ! that shal be nat,'

Seyde the Shipman ; 'heer he shal nat preche,

He shal no gospel glosen heer neteche. 1180  
We leve alle in the grette god, quod he,  
'He wolde sowen som difficultee, (20)

Or springen cokkel in our clene corn ;  
And therfor, hoste, I warne thee biforn,  
My joly body shal a tale telle, 1185

And I shal clinken yow so mery a belle,  
That I shal waken al this compagne ;  
But it shal nat ben of philosophye,  
Ne *physicks*, ne termes queinte of lawe ;  
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe.' 1190

Here endeth the Shipman his Prolog.

## THE SHIPMANNES TALE.

Here biginneth the Shipmannes Tale.

A MARCHANT whylom dwelled at Saint Denys,

That riche was, for which men helde him wys ;

A wyf he hadde of excellent beautee,  
And compaignable and revelous was she,  
Which is a thing that causeth more dispence 1195

Than worth is al the chere and reverence  
That men hem doon at festes and at daunces ;

Swiche salutaciouns and contenaunces  
Passen as dooth a shadwe up-on the wal.

But wo is him that payen mootforal ; 1200  
The sely housbond, algate he mot paye ;  
He moot us clothe, and he moot us arraye, (12)

Al for his owene worship richely,  
In which array we daunce jolily. 1204  
And if that he noight may, par-aventure,  
Or elles, list no swich dispence endure,  
But thinketh it is wasted and y-lost,  
Than moot another payen for our cost,  
Or lene us gold, and that is perilous.

This noble Marchant heeld a worthy hous, (20) 1210

For which he hadde alday so greet repair  
 For his largesse, and for his wyf was fair,  
 That wonder is; but herkneth to my tale.  
 Amonges alle his gestes, grete and smale,  
 Ther was a monk, a fair man and a bold,  
 I trowe of thritty winter he was old, 1216  
 That ever in oon was drawing to that place.  
 This yonge monk, that was so fair of face,  
 Aqueinted was so with the gode man,  
 Sith that hir firste knoweliche bigan, 1220  
 That in his hous as famulier was he (31)  
 As it possible is any freend to be.

And for as muchel as this gode man  
 And eek this monk, of which that I bigan,  
 Were bothe two y-born in o village, 1225  
 The monk him claimeth as for cosinage;  
 And he again, he seith nat ones nay,  
 But was as glad ther-of as fowel of day;  
 For to his herte it was a greet plesaunce.  
 Thus been they knit with eterne alliaunce,  
 And ech of hem gan other for t'assure 1231  
 Of bretherhede, whyl that hir lyf may  
 dure. (42)

Free was daun John, and namely of  
 dispence,  
 As in that hous; and ful of diligence 1234  
 To doon plesaunce, and also greet costage.  
 He noght forgat to yeve the leeste page  
 In al that hous; but, after hir degree,  
 He yaf the lord, and sithe al his meynee,  
 When that he cam, som maner honest  
 thing; 1239  
 For which they were as glad of his coming  
 As fowel is fayn, whan that the sonne  
 up-ryseth. (51)

Na more of this as now, for it suffyseth.  
 But so bifel, this marchant on a day  
 Shoop him to make redy his array  
 Toward the toun of Brugges for to fare, 1245  
 To byen ther a porcioun of ware;  
 For which he hath to Paris sent anon  
 A messenger, and preyed hath daun John  
 That he sholde come to Seint Denys to  
 pleye 1249  
 With him and with his wyf a day or tweye,  
 Er he to Brugges wente, in alle wyse. (61)  
 This noble monk, of which I yow devyse,  
 Hath of his abbot, as him list, licence,  
 By-cause he was a man of heigh prudence,  
 And eek an officer, out for to ryde, 1255  
 To seen hir graunges and hir bernys wyde;

And un-to Seint Denys he comth anon.  
 Who was so welcome as my lord daun  
 John,

Our dere cosin, ful of curteisye? 1259  
 With him broghte he a jubbe of Malvesye,  
 And eek another, ful of fyn Vernage, (71)  
 And volatyl, as ay was his usage.  
 And thus I lete hem ete and drinke and  
 pleye,  
 This marchant and this monk, a day or  
 tweye.

The thridde day, this marchant up  
 aryseth, 1265  
 And on his nedes sadly him avyseth,  
 And up in-to his countour-hous goth he  
 To rekene with him-self, as wel may be,  
 Of thilke yeer, how that it with him stood,  
 And how that he despended hadde his  
 good; 1270  
 And if that he encressed were or noon. (81)  
 His bokes and his bagges many oon  
 He leith biforn him on his counting-bord;  
 Ful riche was his tresor and his hord,  
 For which ful faste his countour-dore he  
 shette; 1275  
 And eek he nolde that no man sholde him  
 lette

Of his accountes, for the mene tyme;  
 And thus he sit til it was passed pryme.  
 Daun John was risen in the morwe also,  
 And in the gardin walketh to and fro, 1280  
 And hath his thinges seyde ful curteisly.

This gode wyf cam walking prively (92)  
 In-to the gardin, ther he walketh softe,  
 And him saleweth, as she hath don ofte.  
 A mayde child cam in hir companye, 1285  
 Which as hir list she maygoverne and gye,  
 For yet under the yerde was the mayde.  
 'O dere cosin myn, daun John,' she sayde,  
 'What eyleth yow so rathe for to ryse?'  
 'Neece,' quod he, 'it oghte y-nough suffyse  
 Fyve houres for to slepe up-on a night, (101)  
 But it were for an old appa'led wight,  
 As been thise wedded men, that lye and  
 dare

As in a forme sit a very hare,  
 Were al for-straught with houndes grete  
 and smale, 1295  
 But dere nece, why be ye so pale?  
 I trowe certes that our gode man (109)  
 Hath yow laboured sith the night bigan,

That yow were neded to resten hastily? 1299  
And with that word he lough ful merily,  
And of his owene thought he wex al reed.

This faire wyf gan for to shake hir heed,  
And seyde thus, 'ye, god wot al,' quod she;  
'Nay, cosin myn, it stant nat so with me.  
For, by that god that yaf me soule and lyf,  
In al the reme of France is ther no wyf 1306  
That lasse lust hath to that sory play.  
For I may singe "allas" and "weylawaye,  
That I was born," but to no wight,' quod she,  
'Dar I nat telle how that it stant with me.  
Wherefore I thinke out of this land to  
wende, (121) 1311

Or elles of my-self to make an ende,  
So ful am I of drede and eek of care.'

This monk bigan up-on this wyf to stare,  
And seyde, 'allas, my nece, god forbede  
That ye, for any sorwe or any drede, 1316  
Fordo your-self; but telleth me your grief;  
Paraventure I may, in your meschief,  
Conseille or helpe, and therefore telleth me  
Al your any, for it shal been secree; 1320  
For on my porthors here I make an ooth,  
That never in my lyf, for lief ne looth, (132)  
Ne shal I of no conseil yow biwreye.'

'The same agayn to yow,' quod she,  
'I seye; 1324

By god and by this porthors, I yow swere,  
Though men me wolde al in-to pees tere,  
Ne shal I never, for to goon to helle,  
Biwreye a word of thing that ye me telle,  
Nat for no cosinage ne alliance,  
But verrailly, for love and affiance, 1330  
Thus been they sworn, and heer-upon they  
kiste, (141)

And ech of hem tolde other what hem liste.  
'Cosin,' quod she, 'if that I hadde  
a space,

As I have noon, and namely in this place,  
Than wolde I telle a legende of my lyf, 1335  
That I have suffred sith I was a wyf  
With myn housbonde, al be he your cosyn.'  
'Nay,' quod this monk, 'by god and seint  
Martyn,

He is na more cosin un-to me 1339  
Than is this leef that hangeth on the tree!  
I clepe him so, by Seint Denys of Fraunce,  
To have the more cause of aqeintaunce  
Of yow, which I have loved specially (153)  
Aboven alle wommen sikerly;

This swere I yow on my profession. 1345  
Telleth your grief, lest that he come adoun,  
And hasteth yow, and gooth your wey  
anon.'

'My dere love,' quod she, 'o my daun  
John, (158)

Ful lief were me this conseil for to hyde,  
But out it moot, I may namore abyde. 1350  
Myn housbond is to me the worste man  
That ever was, sith that the world bigan.  
But sith I am a wyf, it sit nat me  
To tellen no wight of our privetes, 1354  
Neither a-bedde, ne in non other place;  
God shilde I sholde it tellen, for his grace!  
A wyf ne shal nat seyn of hir housbonde  
But al honour, as I can understonde;  
Save un-to yow thus muche I tellen  
shal;

As help me god, he is noight worth at al 1360  
In no degree the value of a flye. (171)  
But yet me greveth most his nigardye:  
And wel ye woot that wommen naturelly  
Desyren thinges sixe, as wel as I. 1364  
They wolde that hir housbondes sholde be  
Hardy, and wyse, and riche, and ther-to  
free,

And buxom to his wyf, and fresh a-bedde.  
But, by that ilke lord that for us bledde,  
For his honour, my-self for to arraye,  
A Sunday next, I moste nedes paye 1370  
An hundred frankes, or elles am I lorn.  
Yet were me lever that I were unborn (182)  
Than me were don a sclandre or vil-  
einye;

And if myn housbond eek it mighte espye,  
I nere but lost, and therefore I yow preye  
Lene me this somme, or elles moot I  
deye. 1376

Dann John, I seye, lene me thise hundred  
frankes;

Pardee, I wol nat faille yow my thanks,  
If that yow list to doon that I yow praye.  
For at a certein day I wol yow paye, 1380  
And doon to yow what plesance and  
servyce (191)

That I may doon, right as yow list devyse.  
And but I do, god take on me vengeance  
As foul as ever had Geniloun of France!'

This gentil monk answerde in this  
manere; 1385

'Now, trewely, myn owene lady dere,

I have,' quod he, 'on yow so greet a routhe,  
That I yow swere and plichte yow my  
trouthe,

That than your housbond is to Flaundres  
fare,

I wol delivere yow out of this care; 1390  
For I wol bringe yow an hundred frankes.'

And with that word he caugte hir by the  
flankes, (202)

And hir embraceth harde, and kiste hir  
ofte. ○

'Goth now your wey,' quod he, 'al stille  
and softe,

And lat us dyne as sone as that ye may;  
For by my chilindre it is pryme of day. 1396  
Goth now, and beeth as trewe as I shal be.'

'Now, elles god forbede, sire,' quod she,  
And forth she gooth, as jolif as a pye,  
And bad the cokes that they sholde hem  
hve, 1400

So that men mighte dyne, and that anon.  
Up to hir housbonde is this wyf y-gon, (212)  
And knokketh at his countour boldly.

'Qui la?' quod he. 'Peter! it am I,'  
Quod she, 'what, sire, how longe wol ye  
faste? 1405

How longe tyme wol ye rekene and caste  
Your sommes, and your bokes, and your  
thinges?

The devel have part of alle swiche reken-  
inges!

Ye have y-nough, pardee, of goddes sonde;  
Com down to-day, and lat your bagges  
stonde. 1410

Ne be ye nat ashamed that daun John (221)  
Shal fasting al this day elenge goon?

What! lat us here a messe, and go we  
dyne.'

'Wyf,' quod this man, 'litel canstow  
devyne

The curious businesse that we have. 1415  
For of us chapmen, al-so god me save,  
And by that lord that cleped is Seint  
Yve,

Scarsly amonges twelve ten shul thryve,  
Continuelly, lastinge un-to our age. 1410

We may wel make chere and good visage,  
And dryve forth the world as it may be,  
And kepen our estaat in privtee, (232)

Til we be deed, or elles that we pleye  
A pilgrimage, or goon out of the weye.

And therfor have I greet necessitee 1425  
Up-on this quainte world t'avvyse me;

For evermore we mote stonde in drede  
Of hap and fortune in our chapmanhede.

To Flaundres wol I go to-morwe at day,  
And come agayn, as sone as ever I may.

For which, my dere wyf, I thee biseke, (241)  
As be to every wight buxom and meke,

And for to kepe our good be curious,  
And honestly governe wel our hous. 1434

Thou hast y-nough, in every maner wyse,  
That to a thyrty household may suffice.

Thee lakketh noon array ne no vitaille,  
Of silver in thy purs shaltow nat faille.'

And with that word his countour-dore he  
shette,

And down he gooth, no lenger wolde he  
letto, 1440

But hastily a messe was ther seyde, (251)

And spedily the tables were y-loyd,  
And to the diner faste they hem spedde;

And richely this monk the chapman fedde.  
At-after diner daun John sobrely 1445

This chapman took a-part, and prively  
He seyde him thus, 'cosyn, it standeth so,  
That wel I see to Brugges wol ye go.

God and seint Austin spede yow and gyde!  
I prey yow, cosin, wysly that ye ryde; 1450

Governeth yow also of your diete (261)  
Atemprely, and nemely in this hete.

Bitwix us two nedeth no strange fare;  
Fare-wel, cosyn; god shilde yow fro  
care.

If any thing ther be by day or night, 1455  
If it lye in my power and my might,

That ye me wol comande in any wyse,  
It shal be doon, right as ye wol desire.

O thing, er that ye goon, if it may be,  
I wolde prey yow; for to lene me 1460

An hundred frankes, for a wyke or tweye,  
For certein beestes that I moste beye, (272)

To store with a place that is oures.  
God help me so, I wolde it were youre!

I shal nat faille surely of my day, 1465  
Nat for a thousand frankes, a myle-way.

But lat this thing be secree, I yow prey,  
For yet to-night thise beestes moot I beye;

And fare-now wel, myn owene cosin  
dere,

Graunt mercy of your cost and of your  
chere.' (280) 1470



This noble marchant gentilly anon  
Answerde, and seyde, 'o cosin myn, daun  
John,

Now sikerly this is a smal requeste;  
My gold is youre, whan that it yow leste.  
And nat only my gold, but my chaffare;  
Take that yow list, god shilde that ye  
spare. 1476

But o thing is, ye knowe it wel y-nogh,  
Of chapmen, that hir moneye is hir plogh.  
We may creauce whyl we have a name,  
But goldlees for to be, it is no game. 1480  
Paye it agayn whan it lyth in your ese;  
After my might ful fayn wolde I yow  
plese.' (292)

Thise hundred frankes he fette forth  
anon,  
And prively he took hem to daun John.  
No wight in al this world wiste of this  
lone, 1485  
Savage this marchant and daun John  
allone.

They drinke, and speke, and rome a whyle  
and pleye,  
Til that daun John rydeth to his abbeye.

The morwe cam, and forth this mar-  
chant rydeth

To Flaundres-ward; his prentis wel him  
gydeth, 1490

Til he cam in-te Brugges merily. (301)  
Now gooth this marchant faste and bisily  
Aboute his nede, and byeth and creau-  
ceth.

He neither pleyeth at the dees ne daun-  
ceth;

But as a marchant, shortly for to telle, 1495  
He let his lyf, and there I lete him dwelle.  
The Sunday next this Marchant was  
agon,

To Seint Denys y-comen is daun John,  
With crowne and berd all fresh and newe  
y-shave.

In al the housther nas so litel a knave, 1500  
Ne no wight elles, that he nas ful fayn, (311)  
For that my lord daun John was come  
agayn.

And shortly to the point right for to gon,  
This faire wyf accorded with daun John,  
That for thise hundred frankes he sholde  
al night 1505

Have hir in his armes bolt-upright;

And this acord parfourned was in dede.  
In mirthe al night a bisy lyf they lede  
Til it was day, that daun John wente his  
way,

And bad the meynee 'fare-wel, have good  
day!' (320) 1510

For noon of hem, ne no wight in the toun,  
Hath of daun John right no suspicioun.  
And forth he rydeth hoom to his abbeye,  
Or where him list; namore of him I seye.

This marchant, whan that ended was  
the faire, 1515

To Seint Denys he gan for to repaire,  
And with his wyf he maketh feste and  
chere,

And telleth hir that chaffare is so dere,  
That nedes moste he make a chevisaunce.  
For he was bounde in a reconisaunce 1520  
To paye twenty thousand sheeld anon. (331)  
For which this marchant is to Paris gon,  
To borwe of certein frendes that he hadde  
A certein frankes; and somme with him  
he ladde.

And whan that he was come in-to the toun,  
Forgreet chertee and greet affeccioun, 1526  
Un-to daun John he gooth him first, to  
pleye;

Nat for to axe or borwe of him moneye,  
But for to wite and seen of his welfare,  
And for to tellen him of his chaffare, 1530  
As freendes doon whan they ben met  
y-fere. (341)

Daun John him maketh feste and mery  
chere;

And he him tolde agayn ful specially,  
How he hadde wel y-boght and graciously,  
Thanked be god, al hool his marchandise.  
Save that he moste, in alle maner wyse, 1536  
Maken a chevisaunce, as for his beste,  
And thanne he sholde been in joye and  
reste.

Daun John answerde, 'certes, I am fayn  
That ye in hele ar comen hoom agayn. 1540  
And if that I were riche, as have I blisse,  
Of twenty thousand sheeld shold ye nat  
misse, (352)

For ye so kindly this other day  
Lente me gold; and as I can and may,  
I thanke yow, by god and by seint Jame!  
But natheless I took un-to our dame, 1546  
Your wyf at hoom, the same gold ageyn

Upon your bench; she woot it wol, certeyn,  
By certein tokenes that I can hir tella.  
Now, by your leve, I may no lenger dwelle,  
Our abbot wol out of this toun anon; (361)  
And in his compayne moot I gon. 1552  
Grete wel our dame, myn owene nece  
swete,

And fare-wel, dere cosin, til we mete.'

This Marchant, which that was ful war  
and wys, 1555

Creaunced hath, and payd eek in Parys,  
To certeyn Lumbardes, redy in hir hond,  
The somme of gold, and gat of hem his  
bond;

And hoom he gooth, mery as a papejay.  
For wel he knew he stood in swich array,  
That nodes moste he winne in that  
viage (371)

A thousand frankes above al his costage.

His wyf ful redy mette him atte gate,  
As she was wont of old usago algate, 1564  
And al that night in mirthe they bisette;  
For he was riche and clearly out of dette.  
When it was day, this marchant gan  
embrace

His wyf al newe, and kiste hir on hir face,  
And up he gooth and maketh it ful  
tough.

'Namore,' quod she, 'by god, ye have  
y-nough!' 1570

And wantounly agayn with him she  
pleyde; (381)

Til, atte laste, that this Marchant seyde,  
'By god,' quod he, 'I am a litel wrooth  
With yow, my wyf, al-though it be me  
looth,

And woot ye why? by god, as that I  
gesse, 1575

That ye han maad a maner straungenesse  
Bitwixen me and my cosyn daun John.  
Ye sholde han warned me, er I had gon,  
That he yow hadde an hundred frankes  
payd

By redy tokene; and heeld him yvel  
apayed, 1580

For that I to him spak of chevisaunce,  
Me semed so, as by his contenaunce. (392)  
But natheles, by god our hevene king,  
I thoghte nat to axe of him no-thing.

I prey thee, wyf, ne do namore so; 1585  
Tel me alwey, er that I fro thee go,  
If any dettour hath in myn absence  
Y-payd thee; lest, thurgh thy negligence,  
I mighte him axe a thing that he hath  
payed.' (399) 1589

This wyf was nat afered nor affrayed,  
But boldely she seyde, and that anon:  
'Marie, I defy the falsemonk, daun John!  
I kepe nat of hise tokenes never a deel;  
He took me certein gold, that woot I weel!  
What! yvel thedom on his monkesnoute!  
For, god it woot, I wende, withouten doute,  
That he had yve it me bycause of yow,  
To doon ther-with myn honour and my  
prow,

For cosinage, and eek for bele chere  
That he hath had ful ofte tymes here. 1600  
But sith I see I stonde in this disjoint, (411)  
I wol answer yow shortly, to the point.

Ye han mo slakker dettours than am I!  
For I wol paye yow wel and redily  
Fro day to day; and, if so be I faille, 1605  
I am your wyf; score it up-on my taille,  
And I shal paye, as sone as ever I may.  
For, by my trouthe, I have on myn array,  
And nat on wast, bistowed every deel.

And for I have bistowed it so weel 1610  
For your honour, for goddes sake, I seye,  
As be nat wrooth, but lat us laughe and  
pleye. (422)

Ye shal my joly body have to wedde;  
By god, I wol nat paye yow but a-bedde.  
Forgive it me, myn owene spouse dere;  
Turne hiderward and maketh bettre  
chere.' 1616

This marchant saugh ther was no  
remedye,

And, for to chydre, it nere but greet folye,  
Sith that the thing may nat amended be.  
'Now, wyf,' he seyde, 'and I foryeve it  
thee; 1620

But, by thy lyf, ne be namore so large;  
Keep bet our good, this yewe I thee in  
charge.' (432)

Thus endeth now my tale, and god us  
sende

Taling y-nough, un-to our lyves ende.  
Amen.

## THE PRIORESS'S PROLOGUE.

Bihold the mery wordes of the Host to the Shipman and to the  
lady Prioresse.

'WEL seyde, by *corpus dominus*,' quod our  
hoste, 1625

'Now longe moot thou sayle by the coste,  
Sir gentil maister, gentil marineer!

God yeve this monk a thousand last quad  
yeer!

A ha! felawes! beth ware of swiche a  
jape!

The monk putte in the mannes hood an  
ape, 1630

And in his wyves eek, by seint Austin!  
Draweth no monkes more un-to your in.

But now passe over, and lat us seke  
aboute,

Who shal now telle first, of al this  
route, (10)

Another tale;' and with that word he  
sayde, 1635

As couteisly as it had been a mayde,  
'My lady Prioresse, by your leve,

So that I wiste I sholde yow nat greve,  
I wolde demen that ye tellen sholde

A tale next, if so were that ye wolde. 1640  
Now wol ye vouches-sauf, my lady dere?'

'Gladly,' quod she, and seyde as ye  
shal here. (18)

*Explicit.*

## THE PRIORESSES TALE

The Prologe of the Prioresses Tale.

*Domine, dominus noster.*

O LORD our lord, thy name how mer-  
veillous

Is in this large worlde y-sprad—quod  
she:—

For noght only thy lande precious 1645  
Parfourned is by men of dignitee,

But by the mouth of children thy bountee  
Parfourned is, for on the brest soukinge  
Som tyme shewen they thyn herynge.

Wherfor in lande, as I best can or may,  
Of thee, and of the whyte lily flour 1651

Which that thee bar, and is a mayde  
alway, (10)

To telle a storie I wol do my labour;  
Not that I may encreasen hir honour;  
For she hir-self is honour, and the rote  
Of bountee, 'next hir sone, and soules  
bote.— 1656

O moder mayde! o mayde moder free!  
O bush unbrent, brenninge in Moyse's  
sighte,

That ravisedest down fro the deitee,  
Thurgh thyn humblesse, the goost that in  
th'alighte, 1660

Of whos vertu, whan he thyn herte  
lighte,

Conceived was the fadres sapience, (20)  
Help me to telle it in thy reverence!

Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,  
 Thy vertu, and thy grete humilitee 1665  
 Ther may no tonge expresse in no science;  
 For som-tyme, lady, er men praye to thee,  
 Thou goost biurn of thy beniguitee,  
 And getest us the light, thurgh thy preyere,  
 To gyden us un-to thy sone so dere. 1670

My conning is so wayk, o blisful quene,  
 For to declare thy grete worthinesse, (30)  
 That I ne may the weighte nat sustene,  
 But as a child of twelf monthe old, or  
 lesse, 1674  
 That can unnethes any word expresse,  
 Right so fure I, and therfor I yow preye,  
 Gydeth my song that I shal of yow seye.

*Explicit.*

#### Here biginneth the Prioresses Tale.

Ther was in Asie, in a greet citee,  
 Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye,  
 Sustened by a lord of that contree 1680  
 For foule usure and lucre of vilanye,  
 Hateful to Crist and to his companye;  
 And thurgh the strete men mighte ryde  
 or wende, (41)  
 For it was free, and open at either ende.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood  
 Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther  
 were 1686  
 Children an heep, y-comen of Cristen  
 blood,  
 That lerned in that scole yeer by yeer  
 Swich maner doctrine as men used there,  
 This is to seyn, to singen and to rede, 1690  
 As smale children doon in hir childhede.

Among thise children was a widwes sone,  
 A litel clergeon, seven yeer of age, (51)  
 That day by day to scole was his wone,  
 And eek also, wher-as he saugh th' image  
 Of Cristes moder, hadde he in usage,  
 As him was taught, to knele adoun and  
 seye  
 His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye.

Thus hath this widwe hir litel sone y-  
 taught  
 Our blisful lady, Cristes moder dere, 1700  
 To worshiþe ay, and he forgot it naught,

For sely child wol alday sone lere; (60)  
 But ay, whan I remembre on this matere,  
 Saint Nicholas stant ever in my presence,  
 For he so yong to Crist did reverence. 1705

This litel child, his litel book lerninge,  
 As he sat in the scole at his prymer,  
 He *Alma redemptoris* herde singe,  
 As children lerned hir antiphoner;  
 And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and  
 ner, 1710  
 And herkned ay the wordes and the note,  
 Til he the firste vers coude al by rote. (70)

Noght wiste he what this Latin was to  
 seye,  
 For he so yong and tendre was of age;  
 But on a day his felaw gan he preye 1715  
 T'expouden him this song in his langage,  
 Or telle him why this song was in usage;  
 This preyde he him to construe and de-  
 clare  
 Ful ofte tyme upon his knowes bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,  
 Answerde him thus: 'this song, I have  
 herd seye,  
 Was makid of our blisful lady free, (80)  
 Hir to salve, and eek hir for to preye  
 To been our help and socour whan we  
 deye. 1724  
 I can no more expounde in this matere;  
 I lerne song, I can but smal grammere.'

'And is this song makid in reverence  
 Of Cristes moder?' seyde this innocent;  
 'Now certes, I wol do my diligence 1729  
 To conne it al, er Cristemasse is went;  
 Though that I for my prymer shal be  
 shent,  
 And shal be beton thryȝes in an houre, (90)  
 I wol it conne, our lady for to honoure.'

His felaw taughte him homward prively,  
 Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote,  
 And than he song it wel and boldly  
 Fro word to word, acordung with the note;  
 Twyȝes a day it passed thurgh his throte,  
 To scoleward and homward whan he  
 wente; 1739  
 On Cristes moder set was his entente.

As I have seyde, thurgh-out the Jewerye  
This litel child, as he cam to and fro, (100)  
Ful merily than wolde he singe, and crye  
*O Alma redemptoris* ever-mo.

The swetnes hath his herte perced so 1745  
Of Cristes moder, that, to hir to preye,  
He can nat stinte of singing by the weye.

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanas,  
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest,  
Up swal, and seide, 'O Hebraik peple,  
alas! 1750

Is this to yow a thing that is honest,  
That swich a boy shal walken as him lest  
In your despyt, and singe of swich sen-  
tence, (111)  
Which is agayn your lawes reverence?'

Fro thennes forth the Jewes han con-  
spired 1755

This innocent out of this world to chace;  
An homicyde ther-to han they hyred,  
That in an alei hadde a privee place;  
And as the child gan for-by for to pace,  
This cursed Jew him hente and heeld  
him faste, 1760  
And kitte his throte, and in a pit him  
caste.

I seye that in a wardrobe they him threwe  
Wher-as these Jewes purgen hir entraille.  
O cursed folk of Herodes al newe, (122)  
What may your yvel entente yow availle?  
Mordre wol out, certein, it wol nat faille,  
And namely ther th'onour of god shal  
sprede,  
The blood out cryeth on your cursed dede.

'O martir, souted to virginitee, 1769  
Now maystou singen, folwing ever in oon  
The whyte lamb celestial,' quod she,  
'Of which the grete evangelist, seint John,  
In Pathmos wroot, which seith that they  
that goon (131)  
Biforn this lamb, and singe a song al newe,  
That never, fleschly, wommen they ne  
knewe.' 1775

This povre widwe awaiteth al that night  
After hir litel child, but he cam noght;  
For which, as sone as it was dayes light,

With face pale of drede and bisy thought,  
She hath at scole and elles-wher him soght,  
Til finally she gan so fer espye 1781  
That he last seyn was in the Jewerye. (140)

With modres pitee in hir brest enclosed,  
She gooth, as she were half out of hir  
minde,

To every place wher she hath supposed  
By lyklihedde hir litel child to finde; 1786  
And ever on Cristes moder meke and  
kinde

She cryde, and atte lastethus she wroghte,  
Among the cursed Jewes she him soghte.

She frayneth and she preyeth pitously  
To every Jew that dwelte in thilke place,  
To telle hir, if hir child wente oght for-by.  
They seyde, 'nay'; but Jesu, of his grace,  
Yaf in hir thought, inwith a litel space,  
That in that place after hir sone she cryde,  
Wher he was casten in a pit biayde. 1796

O grete god, that parfournest thy laude  
By mouth of innocents, lo heer thy might!  
This gemme of chastitee, this emeraude,  
And eek of martirdom the ruby bright,  
Ther he with throte y-corven lay upright,  
He '*Alma redemptoris*' gan to singe (160)  
So loude, that al the place gan to ringe.

The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete  
wente, 1804  
In coomen, for to wondre up-on this thing,  
And hastily they for the provost sente;  
He cam anon with-outen taryng,  
And herieth Crist that is of heven king,  
And eek his moder, honour of mankinde,  
And after that, the Jewes leet he binde.

This child with pitous lamentacioun 1811  
Up-taken was, singing his song alway;  
And with honour of greet processcioun  
They carien him un-to the nexte abbay.  
His moder sowning by the bere lay;  
Unnethe might the peple that was there  
This newe Rachel bringe fro his bere.

With torment and with shamful deth  
echon (176)  
This provost dooth thise Jewes for to  
sterve 1819

That of this mordre wiste, and that anon ;  
 He nolde no swich cursednesse observe.  
 Yvel shal have, that yvel wol deserve.  
 Therfor with wilde hors he dide hem  
 drawe, (181)  
 And after that he heng hem by the lawe.

Up-on his bere ay lyth this innocent 1825  
 Biforn the chief auter, whyl masse laste,  
 And after that, the abbot with his covent  
 Han sped hem for to burien him ful faste ;  
 And whan they holy water on him  
 caste,  
 Yet spak this child, whan spreyn was  
 holy water, 1830  
 And song—' *O Alma redemptoris mater* !'

This abbot, which that was an holy man  
 As monkes been, or elles oghten be, (191)  
 This yonge child to conjure he bigan,  
 And seyde, 'o dere child, I halse thee,  
 In vertu of the holy Trinitee, 1836  
 Tel me what is thy cause for to singe,  
 Sith that thy throte is cut, to my sem-  
 inge?'

'My throte is cut un-to my nekke-boon,'  
 Seyde this child, 'and, as by wey of kinde,  
 I sholde have deyed, ye, longe tyme agoon,  
 But Jesu Crist, as ye in bokes finde, (200)  
 Wil that his glorie laste and be in minde ;  
 And, for the worship of his moder dere,  
 Yct may I singe "*O Alma*" loude and  
 clere. 1845

This welle of mercy, Cristes moder swete,  
 I lovede alwey, as after my conninge ;  
 And whan that I my lyf sholde forlete,  
 To me she cam, and bad me for to singe  
 This antem verrailly in my deyinge, 1850

As ye han herd, and, whan that I had  
 songe,  
 Me thoughte, she leyde a greyn up-on my  
 tonge. (210)

Wherfor I singe, and singe I moot certeyn  
 In honour of that blisful mayden free,  
 Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn ;  
 And afterward thus seyde she to me,  
 "My litel child, now wol I fecche thee  
 Whan that the greyn is fro thy tonge  
 y-take ; 1858  
 Be nat agast, I wol thee nat forsake."

This holy monk, this abbot, him mene I,  
 Him tonge out-caughte, and took a-wey  
 the greyn,  
 And he yaf up the goost ful softly. (220)  
 And whan this abbot had this wonder  
 seyn,  
 His salte teres trikked doun as reyn, 1864  
 And gruf he fil al plat up-on the grounde,  
 And stille he lay as he had been y-bounde.

The covent eek lay on the pavement  
 Weping, and herien Cristes moder dere,  
 And after that they ryse, and forth ben  
 went, 1869  
 And toke away this martir fro his bere,  
 And in a tombe of marbul-stones clere  
 Enclosen they his litel body swete ; (230)  
 Ther he is now, god leve us for to mete.

O yonge Hugh of Lincoln, slayn also  
 With cursed Jewes, as it is notable, 1875  
 For it nis but a litel whyle ago ;  
 Preye eek for us, we sinful folk unstable,  
 That, of his mercy, god so merciable  
 On us his grete mercy multiplie, (237)  
 For reverence of his moder Marye. Amen.

Here is ended the Prioresses Tale.

## PROLOGUE TO SIR THOPAS.

Bihold the murye wordes of the Host to Chaucer.

WHAN seyð was al this miracle, every man  
As sobre was, that wonder was to see,  
Til that our hoste jopen tho bigan,  
And than at erst he loket up-on me,  
And seyde thus, 'what man artow?' quod  
he; 1885  
'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an  
hare,  
For ever up-on the ground I see thee stare.

Approche neer, and loke up merily.  
Now war yow, sirs, and lat this man have  
place;  
He in the waast is shape as wel as I; 1890  
This were a popet in an arm t'enbrace (11)

For any womman, smal and fair of face.  
He semeth elvish by his contenance,  
For un-to no wight dooth he daliaunce.

Sey now somwhat, sin other folk han  
sayd; 1895  
Tel us a tale of mirthe, and that anon;—  
'Hoste,' quod I, 'no beth nat yvel apayd,  
For other tale certes can I noon,  
But of a ryme I lerned longe agoon.'  
'Ye, that is good,' quod he; 'now shul  
we here 1900  
Som deyntee thing, me thinketh by his  
there.' (21)

*Explicit.*

## SIR THOPAS.

Here biginneth Chaucers Tale of Thopas.

LISTERS, lordes, in good entent,  
And I wol telle verrayment  
Of mirthe and of solas;  
Al of a knyght was fair and gent 1905  
In bataille and in tourneyment,  
His name was sir Thopas.

Y-born he was in fer contree,  
In Flaundes, al biyonde the see,  
At Popering, in the place;  
His fader was a man ful free, 1910  
And lord he was of that contree, (10)  
As it was goddes grace.

Sir Thopas wex a doghty swayn,  
Whyt was his face as payndemayn, 1915  
His lippes rede as rose;

His rode is lyk scarlet in grayn,  
And I yow telle in good certayn,  
He hadde a semely nose.

His heer, his berd was lyk saffroun, 1920  
That to his girdel raughte adoun; (20)  
His shoon of Cordewane.  
Of Brugges were his hosen broun,  
His robe was of ciclatoun,  
That coste many a jame. 1925

He coude hunte at wilde deer,  
And ryde an hauking for riveer,  
With grey goshawk on honde;  
Ther to he was a good archer,  
Of wrastling was ther noon his peer, 1930  
Ther any ram shal stonde. (30)

Ful many a mayde, bright in bour,  
They moorne for him, paramour,  
Whan hem were bet to slepe;  
But he was chast and no lechour,  
And sweet as is the bremble-flour  
That bereth the rede hepe.

1935

And so bifel up-on a day,  
Forsothe, as I yow telle may,  
Sir Thopas wolde out ryde;  
He worth upon his stede gray,  
And in his honde a launcegay,  
A long sword by his syde.

1940

(40)

He prikeþ thurgh a fair forest,  
Ther-inne is many a wilde best,  
Ye, bothe bukke and hare;  
And, as he prikeþ north and est,  
I telle it yow, him hadde almost  
Bitid a sory care.

1945

1949

Ther springen herbes grete and smale,  
The lycorys and cetewale,  
(50)  
And many a clowe-gilofre;  
And notemuge to putte in ale,  
Whether it be moyste or stale,  
Or for to leye in cofre.

1955

The briddes singe, it is no nay,  
The sparhawk and the papejay,  
That joye it was to here;  
The thrustelcock made eek his lay,  
The wodedowwe upon the spray  
She sang ful loude and clere.

1960

(60)

Sir Thopas fil in love-longinge  
Al whan he h orde the thrustel singe,  
And priked as he were wood:  
His faire stede in his prikinge  
So swatte that men mighte him wringe,  
His sydes were al blood.

1965

Sir Thopas eek so wery was  
For prikinge on the softe gras,  
So fiers was his corage,  
That doun he leyde him in that plas  
To make his stede som solas,  
And yaf him good forage.

1970

(70)

'O seinte Marie, *ben'cite*!  
What eyleth this love at me  
To binde me so sore?

1975

Me dromed al this night, pardee,  
An elf-queen shal my lemman be,  
And slepe under my gore.

An elf-queen wol I love, y-wis, 1980

For in this world no womman is (80)

Worthy to be my make [T. 13722

In toun; [T. 13722

Alle othere wommen I forsake, [T. 13723

And to an elf-queen I me take 1985

By dale and eek by doune ' '

In-to his sadel he clamb anon,  
And prikeþ over style and stoon

An elf-queen for t'espye,

Til he so longe had riden and goon 1990

That he fond, in a privee woon, (90)

The contree of Fairye [T. 13731

So wilde; [T. 13734

For in that contree was ther noon

†That to him dorste ryde or goon, 1995

Neither wyf ne childe.

Til that ther cam a greet geaunt,

His name was sir Olifaunt,

A perilous man of dede;

He seyde, 'child, by Termagaunt, 2000

But-if thou prike out of myn haunt, (100)

Anon I slee thy stede [T. 13743

With mace, [T. 13743

Heer is the queen of Fayerye,

With harpe and pype and simphonie 2005

Dwelling in this place.'

The child seyde, 'al-so mote I thee,

Tomorwe wol I mote thee

Whan I have myn armour;

And yet I hope, *par ma foy*, 2010

That thou shalt with this launcegay (110)

Abyen it ful soure; [T. 13752

Thy mawe [T. 13752

Shal I percen, if I may,

Er it be fully pryme of day, 2015

For heer thou shalt be slawe.'

Sir Thopas drow abak ful faste;

This geaunt at him stoness caste

Out of a fel staf-slinge;

But faire escapeth child Thopas, 2020

And al it was thurgh goddes gras, (120)

And thurgh his fair beringe.



Yet listeth, lordes, to my tale  
Merier than the nightingale,  
For now I wol yow rounne 2025  
How sir Thopas with sydes smale,  
Priking over hil and dale,  
Is come agayn to tounne.

His merie men comanded he  
To make him bothe game and glee, 2030  
For nedes moste he fighte (130)  
With a geaunt with hevedes three,  
For paramour and jolitee  
Of oon that shoon ful brighte.

'Do come,' he seyde, 'my minstrales, 2035  
And gestours, for to tellen tales  
Anon in myn arminge;  
Of romances that been royaies,  
Of popes and of cardinaies,  
And eek of love-lykinge.' 2040

They fette him first the swete wyn, (140)  
And mede eek in a maselyn,  
And royal spicerye  
Of gingebreed that was ful fyn,  
And lycorys, and eek comyn, 2045  
With sugre that is so trye.

He dide next his whyte lere  
Of clooth of lake fyn and clere  
A breech and eek a sherte;  
And next his sherte an aketoun, 2050  
And over that an habergeoun (150)  
For percinge of his herte;

And over that a fyn hauberk,  
Was al y-wrought of Jewes werk,  
Ful strong it was of plate; 2055  
And over that his cote-armour  
As whyt as is a lily-flour,  
In which he wol debate.

His sheeld was al of gold so reed,  
And ther-in was a bores heed, 2060  
A charbocle bisyde; (160)  
And there he swoor, on ale and breed,  
How that 'the geaunt shal be deed,  
Bityde what bityde!'

His jambeux were of quirboilly, 2065  
His swerdes shethe of yvory,  
His helm of laton bright;

His sadel was of rewel-boon,  
His brydel as the sonne shoon,  
Or as the mone light. 2070

His spere was of fyn ciprees, (170)  
That bodeth werre, and no-thing pees,  
The heed ful sharpe y-grounde;  
His stede was al dappel-gray,  
It gooth an ambel in the way 2075  
Ful softly and rounde [T. 13815  
In londe. [T. 13815  
Lo, lordes myne, heer is a fit!  
If ye wol any more of it,  
To telle it wol I fonde. 2080

[The Second Fil.]

Now hold your mouth, *par charitee*, (180)  
Bothe knight and lady free,  
And herkneth to my spelle;  
Of bataille and of chivalry,  
And of ludyes love-drury 2085  
Anon I wol yow telle.

Men speke of romances of prys,  
Of Horn child and of Ypotys,  
Of Bevis and sir Gy,  
Of sir Libeux and Pleyn-damour; 2090  
But sir Thopas, he bereth the flour (190)  
Of royal chivalry.

His gode stede al he bistrood,  
And forth upon his wey he glood  
As sparkle out of the bronde; 2095  
Up-on his crest he bar a tour,  
And ther-in stiked a lily-flour,  
God shilde his cors fro shonde!

And for he was a knight auntrous,  
He nolde slepen in non hous, 2100  
But ligen in his hode; (200)  
His brighte helm was his wonger,  
And by him baiteth his dextrer  
Of herbes fyne and gode.

Him-self drank water of the wel, 2105  
As did the knight sir Percivel,  
So worthy under wede,  
Til on a day— (207)

Here the Host stinteth Chaucer of his Tale of Thopas.

## PROLOGUE TO MELIBEUS.

'No more of this, for goddes dignitee,'  
 Quod oure hoste, 'for thou makest me 2110  
 So wery of thy verray lewednesse  
 That, also wisly god my soule blesse,  
 Myn eres aken of thy drasty specho;  
 Now swiche a rym the devel I biteche!  
 This may wel be rym dogerel,' quod he.

'Why so?' quod I, 'why wiltow lette me  
 More of my tale than another man,  
 Sin that it is the beste rym I can?' (10)  
 'By god,' quod he, 'for pleylnly, at  
 a word,

Thy drasty ryming is nat worth a tord;  
 Thou doost nought elles but despendest  
 tyme, 2121

Sir, at o word, thou shalt no lenger  
 ryme.

Lat see wher thou canst tellen aught in  
 geste,

Or telle in prose somewhat at the leste  
 In which ther be som mirthe or som  
 doctryne.' 2125

'Gladly,' quod I, 'by goddes swete pyne,  
 I wol yow telle a litel thing in prose,  
 That oghte lyken yow, as I suppose, (20)  
 Or elles, cortes, ye been to daungerous.

It is a moral tale vertuons, 2130  
 Al be it told som-tyme in sondry wyse  
 Of sondry folk, as I shal yow devyse.

As thus; ye woot that every evangelist,  
 That telleth us the peyne of Jesu Crist,  
 Ne saith nat al thing as his felaw dooth,  
 But natheles, hir sentence is al sooth, 2136  
 And alle acorden as in hir sentence,  
 Al be ther in hir telling difference. (30)  
 For somme of hem seyn more, and somme  
 lesse,

Whan they his pitous passioun expresse;  
 I mene of Mark [and] Mathew, Luk and  
 John; 2141

But doutelees hir sentence is al oon.  
 Therfor, lordinges alle, I yow biseche,  
 If that ye thinke I varie as in my speche,  
 As thus, thogh that I telle som-what more  
 Of proverbes, than ye han herd bifore,  
 Comprehended in this litel tretis here,  
 To enforce with the th'effect of mymatere,  
 And thogh I nat the same wordes seye (41)  
 As ye han herd, yet to yow alle I preye,  
 Blameth me nat; for, as in my sentence,  
 Ye shul not fynden moche difference  
 Fro the sentence of this tretis lyte  
 After the which this mery tale I wryte.  
 And therfor herkneht what that I shal  
 seye, 2155

And lat me tellen al my tale, I preye,' (48)

*Explicit.*

## THE TALE OF MELIBEUS.

Here beginneth Chaucers Tale of Melibee.

§ 1. A yong man called Melibeus,  
 mighty and rich, bigat up-on his wyf  
 that called was Prudence, a doghter  
 which that called was Sophie./

§ 2. Upon a day bifel, that he for his  
 desport is went in-to the feeldes him to  
 pleye. / His wyf and eek his doghter

hath he left inwith his hous, of which the  
 dores waren fast y-shette. / Thre of his  
 olde foos han it espyed, and setten laddres  
 to the wallis of his hous, and by the  
 windowes been entred, / and betten his 2160  
 wyf, and wounded his doghter with fyve  
 mortal woundes in fyve sondry places; /

this is to seyn, in hir feet, in hir handes, in hir eres, in hir nose, and in hir mouth; and leften hir for deed, and wenten away. /

§ 3. Whan Melibeus retourned was into his hous, and saugh al this meschief, he, lyk a mad man, rendinge his clothes, gan to wepe and crye. /

§ 4. Prudence his wyf, as ferforth as she dorste, bisoghte him of his weping for to stinte; / but nat for-ty he gan to  
2165 crye and wepen ever lenger the more. /

§ 5. This noble wyf Prudence remembered hir upon the sentence of Ovide, in his book that cleped is The Remedie of Love, wher-as he seith; / 'he is a fool that destourbeth the moder to wepen in the deeth of hir child, til she have wept hir fille, as for a certein tyme; / and thanne shal man doon his diligence with amiable wordes hir to reconforte, and preyen hir of hir weping for to stinte.' / For which resoun this noble wyf Prudence suffred hir housbond for to wepe and crye as for a certein space; / and when she saugh hir tyme, she seyde him in this wyse. 'Allas, my lord,' quod she, 'why  
2170 make ye your-self for to be lyk a fool? /

For sothe, it aperteneth nat to a wys man, to maken swiche a sorwe. / Your doghter, with the grace of god, shal warisshe and escape. / And al were it so that she ight now were deed, ye no oghte nat as for hir deeth your-self to destroye. / Senek seith: "the wise man shal nat take to greet discomfort for the deeth of his children, / but certes he sholde suffren it in pacience, as wel as he abyde the  
2175 deeth of his owne propre persone." /

§ 6. This Melibeus answerde anon and seyde, 'What man,' quod he, 'sholde of his weping stinte, that hath so greet a cause for to wepe? / Jesu Crist, our lord, him-self wepte for the deeth of Lazarus his freend.' / Prudence answerde, 'Certes, wel I woot, attempre weping is no-thing defended to him that sorweful is, amonges folk in sorwe, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. / The Apostle Paul un-to the Romayns wryteth, "man shal rejoyse with hem that maken joye,

and wepen with swich folk as wepen." / But though attempre weping be y-graunted, outrageous weping certes is defended. / Mesure of weping sholde be considered, after the lore that techeth us  
2185 Senek. / "Whan that thy freend is deed," quod he, "lat nat thyne eyen to moyste been of teres, ne to muche drye; although the teres come to thyne eyen, lat hem nat falle." / And whan thou hast for-goon thy freend, do diligence to gete another freend; and this is more wysdom than for to wepe for thy freend which that thou hast lorn; for ther-inne is no bote. / And therefore, if ye governe yow by sapience, put away sorwe out of your herte. / Remembre yow that Jesus Syrak seith: "a man that is joyous and glad in herte, it him conserveth florissching in his age; but soothly sorweful herte maketh his bones drye." / He seith eek thus: 2185  
"that sorwe in herte sleeth ful many a man." / Salomon seith: "that, right as motthes in the shepes flees anyeth to the clothes, and the smale wormes to the tree, right so anyeth sorwe to the herte." / Wherefore us oghte, as wel in the deeth of our children as in the losse of our goodes temporels, have pacience /

§ 7. Remembre yow up-on the pacient Job, whan he hadde lost his children and his temporel substance, and in his body endured and receyved ful many a grevous tribulacioun; yet seyde he thus: / "our lord hath yeven it me, our lord hath biraft it me; right as our lord hath wold, right so it is doon; blessed be the name of our lord." / To thise foreseide thinges  
2190 answerde Melibeus un-to his wyf Prudence: 'Alle thy wordes,' quod he, 'been sothe, and ther-to profitable; but trewely myn herte is troubled with this sorwe so greuously, that I noot what to done.' / 'Lat calle,' quod Prudence, 'thy trewe freendes alle, and thy linage whiche that been wyse; tolleth your cas, and herkenth what they seye in conseil, and yow governe after hir sentence. / Salomon seith: "werk alle thy thinges by conseil, and thou shalt never repente." /

§ 8. Thanne, by the conseil of his wyf

Prudence, this Melibeus leet callen a greet congregacioun of folk; / as surgiens, phisiciens, olde folk and yonge, and somme of hise olde enemys reconciled as by hir semblaunt to his love and in-to his  
 2195 grace; / and ther-with-al ther comen somme of hise neighebores that diden him reverence more for drede than for love, as it happeth ofte. / Ther comen also ful many subtilo flatereres, and wyse advocats lerned in the lawe. /

§ 9. And whan this folk togidre assembled weren, this Melibeus in sorweful wyse shewed hem his cas; / and by the manere of his spoche it semed that in herte he bar a cruel ire, redy to doon vengeance up-on hise foos, and sodeynly desired that the werre sholde beginne; / but natheles yet axed he hir conseil upon  
 2200 this matere. / A surgien, by licence and assent of swiche as weren wyse, up roos and un-to Melibeus seyde as ye may here. /

§ 10. 'Sir,' quod he, 'as to us surgiens aperteneth, that we do to every wight the beste that we can, wher-as we been with-holde, and to our pacients that we do no damage; / wherfore it happeth, many tyme and ofte, that whan twey men han everich wounded other, oon same surgien heleth hem bothe; / wherfore un-to our art it is nat pertinent to norice werre, ne parties to supporte. / But certes, as to the warissinge of your doghter, al-be-it so that she perilously be wounded, we shullen do so ententif bisinosse fro day to night, that with the grace of god she shal be hool and sound as sone as is  
 2205 possible.' / Almost right in the same wyse the phisiciens answerden, save that they seyden a fewe wordes more: / 'That, right as maladyes been cured by hir contraries, right so shul men warisshe werre by vengeance.' / His neighebores, ful of envye, his feyned freendes that semeden reconciled, and his flatereres, / maden semblant of weping, and empoireden and agreggeden muchel of this matere, in preising greetly Melibee of might, of power, of richesse, and of freendes, despynginge the power of his

adversaries, / and seiden outrely that he anon sholde wreken him on his foos and beginne werre. /

2210

§ 11. Up roos thanne an advocat that was wys, by leve and by conseil of others that were wyse, and seyde: / 'Lordinges, the nede for which we been assembled in this place is a ful hevy thing and an heigh matere, / by-cause of the wrong and of the wikkednesse that hath be doon, and eek by resoun of the grete damages that in tyme cominge been possible to fallen for this same cause; / and eek by resoun of the grete richesse and power of the parties bothe; / for the whiche resouns it were a ful greet peril to erren in this matere. / Wherfore, 2215 Melibeus, this is our sentence: we conseil yow aboven alle thing, that right anon thou do thy diligence in kepinge of thy propre persone, in swich a wyse that thou ne wante noon espye ne wache, thy body for to save. / And after that we conseil, that in thyn hous thou secte suffisant garnisoun, so that they may as wel thy body as thyn hous defende. / But certes, for to move werre, or sodeynly for to doon vengeance, we may nat demen in so litel tyme that it were profitable. / Wherfore we axen leyser and espace to have deliberacioun in this cas to deme. / For the commune proverbe seith thus: "he that sone demeth, sone shal repent." / And eek men seyn that 2220 thilke juge is wys, that sone understondeth a matere and juggeth by leyser. / For al-be-it so that alle taryng be anyoful, algates it is nat to repreve in yevinge of jugement, ne in vengeance-taking, whan it is suffisant and resonable. / And that shewed our lord Jesu Crist by ensample; for whan that the womman that was taken in avoutrie was brought in his presence, to knowen what sholde be doon with hir persone, al-be-it so that he wiste wel him-self what that he wolde answer, yet ne wolde he nat answer sodeynly, but he wolde have deliberacioun, and in the ground he wroot twyes. / And by thise causes we axen deliberacioun, and we shal thanne,

by the grace of god, conseille thee thing that shal be profitable.'/

§ 12. Up sturten thanne the yonge folk at-ones, and the moste partie of that compagne han scorned the olde wyse men, and bigonnen to make noyse, and  
 2225 seyden: that, / right so as whyl that iren is hoot, men sholden smyte, right so, men sholde wreken hir wronges whyle that they been fresshe and newe; and with loud voyes they cryden, 'werre! werre!'/

Up roos the oon of thise olde wyse, and with his hand made contenance that men sholde holden hem stille and yeven him audience. / 'Iordinges,' quod he, 'ther is ful many a man that cryeth "werre! werre!" that woot ful litel what werre amounteth. / Werre at his bi-  
 2230 ginning hath so greet an entree and so large, that every wight may entre whan him lyketh, and lightly finde werre. / But, certes, what ende that shal ther-of

2230 bifalle, it is nat light to knowe. / For soothly, whan that werre is ones bigonne, ther is ful many a child unborn of his moder, that shal sterue yong by-cause of that ilke werre, or elles live in sorwe and dye in wrecchednesse. / And ther-fore, er that any werre biginne, men moste have greet conseil and greet delibera-  
 2235 ciooun. / And whan this olde man wende to enforcen his tale by resons, wel ny alle at-ones bigonne they to ryse for to breken his tale, and beden him ful ofte his wordes for to abregge. / For soothly, he that prebeth to hem that listen nat heren his wordes, his sermon hem anoyeth. / For Jesus Syrak seith: that 'musik in wepinge is anoyous thing'; this is to seyn: as muche availleth to speken before folk to whiche his speche anoyeth, as dooth to singe

2235 biforn him that wepeth. / And whan this wyse man saugh that him wanted audience, al shamefast he sette him doun agayn. / For Salomon seith: 'ther-as thou ne mayst have noon audience, enforce thee nat to speke.' / 'I see wel,' quod this wyse man, 'that the commune proverbe is sooth; that "good conseil wanteth whan it is most nede."'/

§ 13. Yet hadde this Melibeus in his conseil many folk, that prively in his ere counselled him certeyn thing, and counselled him the contrarie in general audience. /

Whan Melibeus hadde herd that the gretteste partie of his conseil weren accorded that he sholde maken werre, anon he consented to hir conselling, and fully affirmed hir sentence. / Thanne 2240 dame Prudence, whan that shesawgh how that hir housbonde shoop him for to wreken him on his foe, and to biginne werre, she in ful humble wyse, when she saugh hir tyme, seide him thise wordes: / 'My lord,' quod she, 'I yow hiseche as hertely as I dar and can, ne haste yow nat to faste, and for alle guerdons as yeveth me audience. / For Piers Alfonse seith: "who-so that dooth to that other good or harm, haste thee nat to quyten it; for in this wyse thy freend wol abyde, and thyn enemy shal the longer live in drede." / The proverbe seith: "he hasteth wel that wysly can abyde"; and in wikked haste is no profit.'/

§ 14. This Melibee answerde un-to his wyf Prudence: 'I purpose nat,' quod he, 'to werke by thy conseil, for many causes and resouns. For certes every wight wolde holde me thanne a fool; / this is 2245 to seyn, if I, for thy conselling, wolde chaungen thinges that been ordeyned and affirmed by so manye wyse. / Secoundly I seye, that alle wommen been wikked and noon good of hem alle. For "of a thousand men," seith Salomon, "I fond a good man: but certes, of alle wommen, good womman fond I never." / And also certes, if I governed me by thy conseil, it sholde seme that I hadde yeve to thee over me the maistrie; and god forbode that it so were. / For Jesus Syrak seith: "that if the wyf have maistrie, she is contrarious to hir housbonde." / And Salomon seith: "never in thy lyf, to thy wyf, ne to thy child, ne to thy freend, ne yeve no power over thyself. For bettre it were that thy children aske of thy persone thinges that hem nedeth, than thou see thy-self in the

2250 handes of thy children." / And also, if I wolde werke by thy conseylling, certes my conseylling moste som tyme be secree, til it were tyme that it moste be knowe; and this no may nocht be. / [†For it is writen, that "the janglerie of wommen can hyden thinges that they witen nocht." / Furthermore, the philosophre seith, "in wikked conseil wommen venquisshe men"; and for thise resouns I ne ow nat usen thy conseil.']/

§ 15. Whanne dame Prudence, ful debonairly and with greet pacience, hadde herd al that hir housbonde lyked for to seye, thanne axed she of him licence for to speke, and seyde in this wyse. / 'My lord,' quod she, 'as to your firste resoun, certes it may lightly been answered. For I seye, that it is no folie to chaunge conseil whan the thing is chaunged; or elles whan the thing 2255 semeth otherweyes than it was biȝorn. / And more-over I seye, that though ye han sworn and bihight to perfourne your emprise, and nathelless ye weyve to per-tourne thilke same emprise by juste cause, men sholde nat seyn therefore that ye were a lyer ne forsworn. / For the book seith, that "the wyse man maketh no lesing whan he turneth his corage to the better." / And al-be-it so that your emprise be establissed and ordeyned by greet multitude of folk, yet thar ye nat accompyse thilke same ordinaunce but yow lyke. / For the trouthe of thinges and the profit been rather founden in fewe folk that been wyse and ful of resoun, than by greet multitude of folk, ther every man cryeth and clatereth what that him lyketh. Soothly swich multi-tude is nat honeste. / As to the seconde resoun, where-as ye seyn that "alle 2260 wommen been wikked," save your grace, certes ye despyssen alle wommen in this wyse; and "he that alle despyseth alle displeseth," as seith the book. / And Senek seith that "who-so wole have sapience, shal no man displeise; but he shal gladly techen the science that he can, with-outen presumpeioun or pryde. / And swiche thinges as he nought ne can,

he shal nat been ashamed to lerne hem and enquire of lasse folk than him-self." / And sir, that ther hath been many a good womman, may lightly be preved. / For certes, sir, our lord Jesu Crist wolde never have descended to be born of a womman, if alle wommen hadden ben wikked. / And after that, for the grete bountee that is in wommen, our lord Jesu Crist, whan he was risen fro deeth to lyve, appeered rather to a womman than to his apostles. / And though that 2265 Salomon seith, that "he ne fond never womman good," it folweth nat therfore that alle wommen ben wikked. / For though that he ne fond no good womman, certes, ful many another man hath founden many a womman ful good and trewe. / Or elles per-aventure the entente of Salomon was this; that, as in sovereyn bountee, he fond no womman; / this is to seyn, that ther is no wight that hath sovereyn bountee save god allone; as he him-self recordeth in his Eua-ngelie. / For ther nis no creature so good that him ne wanteth somwhat of the perfeccioun of god, that is his maker. / 2270 Your thridde resoun is this: ye seyn that "if ye governe yow by my conseil, it sholde seme that ye hadde yewe me the maistrie and the lordshipe over your persone." / Sir, save your grace, it is nat so. For if it were so, that no man sholde be conseilled but only of hem that hadden lordshipe and maistrie of his persone, men wolden nat be conseilled so ofte. / For soothly, thilke man that asketh conseil of a purpos, yet hath he free choys, whether he wole werke by that conseil or noon. / And as to your fourthe resoun, ther ye seyn that "the janglerie of wommen hath hid thinges that they woot nocht," as who seith, that "a womman can nat hyde that she woot"; / sir, thise wordes been understonde of wommen that been jangleresses and wikked; / of whiche wom- 2275 men, men seyn that "three thinges dryven a man out of his hous; that is to seyn, smoke, dropping of reyn, and wikked wyves"; / and of swiche wommen seith Salomon, that "it were better

dwelle in desert, than with a womman that is riotous." / And sir, by your leve, that am nat I; / for ye han ful ofte assayed my grete silence and my gret pacience; and eek how wel that I can hyde and hele thinges that men oghte secreely to hyde. / And soothly, as to your fifthe resoun, wher-as ye seyn, that "in wikked conseil wommen venquisshe men"; god woot, thilke resoun stant  
 2280 here in no stede. / For understand now, ye asken conseil to do wikkednesse; / and if ye wole werken wikkednesse, and your wyf restreyneth thilke wikked purpos, and overcometh yow by resoun and by good conseil; / certes, your wyf oghte rather to be preised than y-blamed. / Thus sholde ye understande the philosophre that seith, "in wikked conseil wommen venquisshe hir housbondes." / And ther-as ye blamen alle wommen and hir resouns, I shal shewe yow by manye ensamples that many a womman hath ben ful good, and yet been; and hir  
 2285 conseil ful hoolsome and profitable. / Eek som men han seyd, that "the consaillinge of wommen is outhur to dere, or elles to litel of prya." / But al-be-it so, that ful many a womman is badde, and hir conseil vile and noght worth, yet han men founde ful many a good womman, and ful discrete and wise in consaillinge. / Lo, Jacob, by good conseil of his moder Rebekka, wan the benisoun of Ysaak his fader, and the lordshipe over alle his bretheren. / Judith, by hir good conseil, delivered the citee of Bethulie, in which she dwelled, out of the handes of Olofermus, that hadde it biseged and wolde have al destroyed it. / Abignil delivered Nabal hir housbonde fro David the king, that wolde have slayn him, and apayed the ire of the king by hir wit and by hir  
 2290 good consailling. / Hester by hir good conseil enhanced gretly the peple of god in the regne of Assuerus the king. / And the same bountee in good consailling of many a good womman may men telle. / And moreover, whan our lord hadde creat Adam our forme-fader, he seyde in this wyse: / "it is nat good to been a man

allone; make we to him an help semblable to himself." / Here may ye se that, if that wommen were nat goode, and hir counseils goode and profitable, / our lord  
 2295 god of hevne wolde never han wrought hem, ne called hem help of man, but rather confusioun of man. / And ther seyde ones a clerk in two vers: "what is bettre than gold? Jaspre. What is bettre than jaspre? Wisdom. / And what is bettre than wisdom? Womman. And what is bettre than a good womman? No-thing." / And sir, by manye of othre resons may ye seen, that manye wommen been goode, and hir counseils goode and profitable. / And therefore sir, if ye wol triste to my conseil, I shal restore yow your doghter hool and sound. / And eek  
 2300 I wol do to yow so muche, that ye shul have honour in this cause.' /

§ 16. Whan Melibee hadde herd the wordes of his wyf Prudence, he seyde thus: / 'I see wel that the word of Salomon is sooth; he seith, that "wordes that been spoken discreetly by ordinance, been honycombes; for they yeven swetnesse to the soule, and hoolsonnesse to the body." / And wyf, by-cause of thy swete wordes, and eek for I have assayed and proved thy grete sapience and thy grete trouthe, I wol governe me by thy conseil in alle thing.' /

§ 17. 'Now sir,' quod dame Prudence, 'and sin ye vouche-sauf to been governed by my conseil, I wol enforme yow how ye shul governe your-self in chesinge of your counsellours. / Ye shul first, in alle your werkes, mekely biseken to the heighe god that he wol be your counsellour; / and shapeth yow to swich entente, that he yeve yow conseil and confort, as taughte Thobie his sone: / "at alle tymes thou shalt blesse god, and praye him to dresse thy weyes"; and looke that alle thy counsels been in him for evermore. / Seint Jame eek seith: "if any of yow have nede of sapience, axe it of god." / And afterward thanne shul ye taken conseil in your-self, and examine wel your thoughtes, of swich thing as yow thinketh that is best for your profit. / And thanne 231

shul ye dryve fro your herte three thinges that been contrariouse to good conseil, / that is to seyn, ire, covetise, and hastifnesse. /

§ 18. First, he that axeth conseil of him-self, certes he mosto been with-outen ire, for manye causes. / The firste is this; he that hath greet ire and wratthe in him-self, he weneth alwey that he may do thing that he may nat do. / And secondly, he that is irous and wroth, 2315 he ne may nat wel deme; / and he that may nat wel deme, may nat wel conseil. / The thridde is this; that "he that is irous and wroth," as seith Senek, "ne may nat speke but he blame thinges"; / and with his viciouse wordes he stireth other folk to angre and to ire. / And eek sir, ye moste dryve covetise out of your herte. / For the apostle seith, that 2320 "covetise is rote of alle harmes." / And trust wel that a covetous man ne can noght deme ne thinke, but only to fulfille the ende of his covetise; / and certes, that he may never been accompliced; for ever the more habundaunce that he hath of richesse, the more he desyreth. / And sir, ye moste also dryve out of your herte hastifnesse; for certes, / ye ne may nat deme for the beste a sodeyn thought that falleth in youre herte, but ye moste avyse yow on it ful ofte. / For as ye herde bifore, the commune proverbe is this, that "he that sone demeth, sone 2325 repenteth." /

§ 19. Sir, ye ne be nat alwey in lyke disposicioun; / for certes, som thing that somtyme semeth to yow that it is good for to do, another tyme it semeth to yow the contrarie. /

§ 20. Whan ye han taken conseil in your-self, and han domed by good deliberacion swich thing as you smeth best, / thanne rede I yow, that ye kepe it secree. / Biwrey nat your conseil to no persone, but-if so be that ye wenen sik-erly that, thurgh your biwreying, your condicioun shal be to yow the more 330 profitable. / For Jesus Syrak seith: "neither to thy foo ne to thy freend discovers nat thy secree ne thy folie; /

for they wol yewe yow audience and loking and supportacioun in thy presence, and scorne thee in thy absence." / Another clerk seith, that "scarsly shalton finden any persone that may kepe conseil secree." / The book seith: "why! that thou kepest thy conseil in thy herte, thou kepest it in thy prison: / and whan thou biwreyst thy conseil to any wight, he holdeth thee in his snare." / And therefore yow is bettre 2335 to hyde your conseil in your herte, than praye him, to whom ye han biwreied your conseil, that he wole kepen it cloos and stille. / For Seneca seith: "if so be that thou ne mayst nat thyn owene conseil hyde, how darstou prayen any other wight thy conseil secree to kepe?" / But natheles, if thou wene sikely that the biwreying of thy conseil to a persone wol make thy condicioun to stonden in the bettre plyt, thanne shalton tellen him thy conseil in this wyse. / First, thou shalt make no semblant whether thee were lever pees or werre, or this or that, ne shewe him nat thy wille and thyn entente; / for trust wel, that comunly thise conseilours been flater-eres, / namely the conseilours of grete 2340 lordes; / for they enforcen hem alwey rather to speken plesante wordes, enclynge to the lordes lust, than wordes that been trewe or profitable. / And therefore men seyn, that "the riche man hath seld good conseil but-if he have it of him-self." / And after that, thou shalt considere thy freendes and thyne enemys. / And as touchinge thy freendes, thou shalt considere whiche of hem been most feithful and most wyse, and eldest and most approved in consailing. / And of 2345 hem shalt thou aske thy conseil, as the caas requireth. /

§ 21. I seye that first ye shul clepe to your conseil your freendes that been trewe. / For Salomon seith: that "right as the herte of a man dolyteth in savour that is sote, right so the conseil of trewe freendes yeveth swetenesso to the soule." / He seith also: "ther may no-thing be lykned to the trewe freend." / For



certes, gold ne silver beth nat so muche  
 2350 worth as the gode wil of a trewe freend. /  
 And eek he seith, that "a trewe freend  
 is a strong defense; who-so that it  
 findeth, certes he findeth a greet tre-  
 sour." / Thanne shul ye eek considere,  
 if that your trewe freendes been dis-  
 crete and wyse. For the book seith:  
 "axe alwey thy conseil of hem that been  
 wyse." / And by this same rescoun shul  
 ye clepen to your conseil, of your freendes  
 that been of age, swiche as han seyn and  
 been expert in manye thinges, and been  
 approved in consellinges. / For the  
 book seith, that "in olde men is the  
 sapience and in longe tyme the pru-  
 dence." / And Tullius seith: that "grette  
 thinges ne been nat ay accompliced by  
 strengthe, ne by delivernesse of body,  
 but by good conseil, by auctoritee of per-  
 sones, and by science; the whiche three  
 thinges ne been nat feble by age, but  
 2355 certes they enforcen and encreesen day  
 by day." / And thanne shul ye kepe  
 this for a general reule. First shul ye  
 clepen to your conseil a fewe of your  
 freendes that been espesiale; / for Salo-  
 mon seith: "manye freendes have thou;  
 but among a thousand chese thee on to  
 be thy consellour." / For al-be-it so  
 that thou first ne telle thy conseil but  
 to a fewe, thou mayst afterward telle it  
 to mo folk, if it be nede. / But loke  
 alwey that thy consellours have thilke  
 three condiciouns that I have seyd bifore;  
 that is to seyn, that they be trewe, wyse,  
 and of old experience. / And werke nat  
 alwey in every nede by on counsellour  
 allone; for somtyme bihoveth it to been  
 2360 conselled by manye. / For Salomon  
 seith: "salvacioun of thinges is wher-as  
 her been manye consellours." /

§ 22. Now sith that I have told yow  
 of which folk ye sholde been conselled,  
 now wol I teche yow which conseil ye  
 oghte to eschewe. / First ye shul eschewe  
 the conselling of folles; for Salomon seith:  
 "tak no conseil of a fool, for he ne can  
 nocht conselle but after his owne lust  
 and his affeccioun." / The book seith:  
 that "the propretee of a fool is this; he

troweth lightly harm of every wight,  
 and lightly troweth alle bountee in him-  
 self." / Thou shalt eek eschewe the con-  
 seilling of alle flatereres, swiche as en-  
 forcen hem rather to praise your persone  
 by flaterye than for to telle yow the  
 sothfastnesse of thinges. /

2365 § 23. Wherfore Tullius seith: "amonges  
 alle the pestilences that been in freend-  
 shipe, the gretteste is flaterye." And ther-  
 fore is it more nede that thou eschewe and  
 drede flatereres than any other peple. /  
 The book seith: "thou shalt rather drede  
 and fle fro the swete wordes of flateringe  
 preiseres, than fro the egre wordes of thy  
 freend that seith thee thy sothes." /  
 Salomon seith, that "the wordes of a  
 flaterere is a snare to cacche with inno-  
 cents." / He seith also, that "he that  
 speketh to his freend wordes of swetnesse  
 and of plessaunce, setteth a net bifore  
 his feet to cacche him." / And therfore  
 seith Tullius: "enclayne nat thyne eres to  
 flatereres, ne taketh no conseil of wordes  
 of flaterye." / And Caton seith: "avyse  
 2370 thee wel, and eschewe the wordes of  
 swetnesse and of plessaunce." / And eek  
 thou shalt eschewe the conselling of  
 thyne olde enemys that been reconciled. /  
 The book seith: that "no wight re-  
 tourneth sauily in-to the grace of his  
 olde enemy." / And Isope seith: "ne  
 trust nat to hem to whiche thou hast  
 had som-tyme warre or enmittee, ne telle  
 hem nat thy conseil." / And Seneca  
 telleth the cause why. "It may nat be,"  
 seith he, "that, where greet fyr hath  
 longe tyme endured, that ther ne dwell-  
 eth som vapour of warmnesse." / And  
 2375 therfore seith Salomon: "in thyne olde  
 foo trust never." / For sikerly, though  
 thyne enemy be reconciled and maketh  
 thee chere of humilitee, and louteth to  
 thee with his heed, ne trust him never. /  
 For certes, he maketh thilke feyned hu-  
 militee more for his profit than for any  
 love of thy persone; by-cause that he  
 demeth to have victorie over thy persone  
 by swich feyned contenance, the which  
 victorie he mighte nat have by stryf or  
 warre. / And Peter Alfonse seith: "make

no felawshipe with thyne olde enemys;  
for if thou do hem bountee, they wol per-  
verten it in-to wikkednesse." / And eek  
thou most eschewe the conselling of hem  
that been thy servants, and beren thee  
greet reverence; for peraventure they  
2380 seyn it more for drede than for love.  
And therefore seith a philosopre in this  
wyse: "ther is no wight parfitly trewe  
to him that he to sore dredeth." / And  
Tullius seith: "ther nis no might so  
greet of any emperour, that longe may  
endure, but-if he have more love of the  
peple than drede." / Thou shalt also  
eschewe the conselling of folk that been  
dronkelewe; for they ne can no conseil  
hyde. / For Salomon seith: "ther is  
no privetee ther-as regneth dronke-  
nesse." / Ye shul also han in suspect  
the conselling of swich folk as conselle  
yow a thing prively, and conselle yow  
2385 the contrarie openly. / For Cassidorie  
seith: that "it is a maner sleighte to  
hindre, whan he sheweth to doon a thing  
openly and werketh prively the con-  
trario." / Thou shalt also have in suspect  
the conselling of wikked folk. For the  
book seith: "the conselling of wikked  
folk is alway ful of fraude." / And David  
seith: "blisful is that man that hath  
nat folwed the conselling of shrewes." /  
Thou shalt also eschewe the conselling  
of yong folk; for hir conseil is nat rype. /

§ 24. Now sir, sith I have shewed yow  
of which folk ye shul take your conseil,  
and of which folk ye shul folwe the  
2390 conseil, / now wol I teche yow how ye  
shal examine your conseil, after the doc-  
trine of Tullius. / In the examininge  
thanne of your consellour, ye shul con-  
sidere manye thinges. / Alderfirst thou  
shalt considere, that in thilke thing that  
thou purposest, and upon what thing  
thou wolt have conseil, that verray  
trouthe be seyed and conserved; this is  
to seyn, telle trewely thy tale. / For he  
that seith fals may nat wel be counselled,  
in that cas of which he lyeth. / And  
after this, thou shalt considere the thinges  
that accorden to that thou purposest for  
to do by thy consellours, if resoun

acorde therto; / and eek, if thy might 2395  
may atteine ther-to; and if the more  
part and the bettre part of thy con-  
selloours acorde ther-to, or no. / Thanne  
shaltou considere what thing shal folwe  
of that conselling; as hate, pees, werre,  
grace, profit, or damage; and manye  
othere thinges. / And in alle these thinges  
thou shalt chese the beste, and weye  
alle othere thinges. / Thanne shaltow  
considere of what rote is engendred the  
matere of thy conseil, and what fruit  
it may conceyve and engendre. / Thou  
shalt eek considere alle these causes, fro  
whennes they been sprongen. / And 2400  
whan ye han examined your conseil as  
I have seyed, and which partie is the  
bettre and more profitable, and hast  
approved it by manye wyse folk and  
olde; / thanne shaltou considere, if thou  
mayst parfourn it and maken of it a  
good ende. / For certes, resoun wol nat  
that any man sholde biginne a thing,  
but-if he mighte parfourn it as him  
oghte. / Ne no wight sholde take up-on  
hym so hevy a charge that he mighte  
nat bere it. / For the proverbe seith:  
"he that to muche embraceth, distrey-  
neth litel." / And Catoun seith: "assay 2405  
to do swich thing as thou hast power to  
doon, lest that the charge oppresse thee  
so sore, that thee bihoveth to weye  
thing that thou hast bigonne." / And  
if so be that thou be in doute, whether  
thou mayst parfourn a thing or noon,  
chese rather to suffre than biginne. /  
And Piers Alphonse seith: "if thou hast  
might to doon a thing of which thou  
most repente thee, it is bettre 'nay'  
than 'ye';" / this is to seyn, that thee  
is bettre holde thy tonge stille, than for  
to speke. / Thanne may ye understonde  
by stronger reasons, that if thou hast  
power to parfourn a werk of which thou  
shalt repente, thanne is it bettre that  
thou suffre than biginne. / Wel seyn 2410  
they, that defenden every wight to assaye  
any thing of which he is in doute,  
whether he may parfourn it or no. /  
And after, whan ye han examined your  
conseil as I have seyed bifore, and knowen

wel that ye may parfournen youre emprise, conforme it thanne sadly til it be at an ende. /

§ 25. Now is it reson and tyme that I shewe yow, whanne, and wherfore, that ye may chaunge your conseil with-outen your repreve. / Soothly, a man may chaungen his purpos and his conseil if the cause cesseth, or whan a newe caas bitydeh. / For the lawe seith: that "upon thinges that newly bityden  
2415 bihoveth newe conseil." / And Senek seith: "if thy conseil is comen to the eres of thyn enemy, chaunge thy conseil." / Thou mayst also chaunge thy conseil if so be that thou finde that, by error or by other cause, harm or damage may bityde. / Also, if thy conseil be dishonest, or elles cometh of dishoneste cause, chaunge thy conseil. / For the lawes seyn: that "alle bihestes that been dishoneste been of no value." / And eek, if it so be that it be impossible, or  
2420 may nat goodly be parfourned or kept. /

§ 26. And take this for a general reule, that every conseil that is affermed so strongly that it may nat be chaunged, for no condicioun that may bityde, I seye that thilke conseil is wikked. /

§ 27. This Melibeus, whanne he hadde herd the doctrine of his wyf dame Prudence, answerde in this wyse. / 'Dame,' quod he, 'as yet in-to this tyme ye han wel and covenably taught me as in general, how I shal governe me in the chesinge and in the withholdinge of my conseilours. / But now wolde I fayn that ye wolde condescende in especial, / and telle me how lyketh yow, or what semeth yow, by our conseilours that we han chosen in our  
2425 present nede.' /

§ 28. 'My lord,' quod she, 'I biseke yow in al humblesse, that ye wol nat wilfully replye agayn my resouns, ne distempre your herte thogh I speke thing that yow displese. / For god wot that, as in myn entente, I speke it for your beste, for your honour and for your profite eke. / And soothly, I hope that your benignitee wol taken it in pacience. /

Trusteth me wel,' quod she, 'that your conseil as in this caas ne sholde nat, as to speke properly, be called a con-sailing, but a mocoun or a moevyng of folye; / in which conseil ye han erred in many a sondry wyse. /

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§ 29. First and forward, ye han erred in th'assemblinge of your conseilours. / For ye sholde first have cleped a fewe folk to your conseil, and after ye mighte han shewed it to mo folk, if it hadde been nede. / But certes, ye han sodynly cleped to your conseil a greet multitude of peple, ful chargeant and ful anyouns for to here. / Also ye han erred, for there-as ye sholden only have cleped to your conseil your trewe freendes olde and wyse, / ye han y-cleped straunge folk, and yong folk, false flatereres, and enemys reconciled, and folk that doon yow reverence withouten love. / And eek  
2435 also ye have erred, for ye han broght with yow to your conseil ire, covetise, and hastifnesse; / the whiche three thinges been contrariouse to every conseil honeste and profitable; / the whiche three thinges ye han nat anientissed or destroyed hem, neither in your-self ne in your conseilours, as yow oghte. / Ye han erred also, for ye han shewed to your conseilours your talent, and your affeccioun to make werre anon and for to do vengeance; / they han espyed by your wordes to what thing ye been enclyned. / And therefore han they  
2440 rather counselled yow to your talent than to your profit. / Ye han erred also, for it semeth that yow suffyseth to han been counselled by thise conseilours only, and with litel avys; / wher-as, in so greet and so heigh a nede, it hadde been necessarie mo conseilours, and more deliberacioun to parfournen your emprise. / Ye han erred also, for ye han nat examined your conseil in the forseyde manere, ne in due manere as the caas requireth. / Ye han erred also, for ye han made no divisioun bitwixe your conseilours; this is to seyn, bitwixen your trewe freendes and your feyned conseilours; / ne ye han nat knowe  
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the wil of your trewe freondes olde and wyse; / but ye han cast alle hir wordes in an hochebot, and enclyned your herte to the more part and to the gretter nombre; and ther been ye condescended, / And sith ye wot wel that men shal alwey finde a gretter nombre of folles than of wyse men, / and therfore the counseils that been at congregaciouns and multitudes of folk, ther-as men take more reward to the nombre than to the sapience of persones, / ye see wel that in swiche counsellinges folles han the maiestrie.' / Melibeus answerde agayn, and seyde: 'I graunte wel that I have erred; / but ther-as thou hast told me heer-bifore, that he nis nat to blame that chaungeth hise counsellours in certain caas, and for certeine juste causes, / I am al redy to chaunge my counsellours, right as thou wilt devyse. / The proverbe seith: that "for to do sinne is mannish, but certes for to persevere longe in sinne is werk of the devel."'

§ 30. To this sentence answerde anon dame Prudence, and seyde: 'Examineth,' quod she, 'your conseil, and lat us see the whiche of hem han spoken most resonably, and taught yow best conseil. / And for-as-muche as that the examinacioun is necessaria, lat us beginne at the surgens and at the phisiciens, that first speken in this matere. / I sey yow, that the surgens and phisiciens han seyde yow in your conseil discreetly, as hom oughte; / and in hir speche seyden ful wysly, that to the office of hem averteneth to doon to every wight honour and profit, and no wight for to anoye; / and, after hir craft, to doon greet diligence un-to the cure of hem whiche that they han in hir governaunce. / And sir, right as they han answered wysly and discreetly, / right so rode I that they been highly and sovereynly gwerdouned for hir noble speche; / and eek for they sholde do the more ententif bisinesse in the curacioun of your doghter dere, / For al-be-it so that they been your freendes, therfore shal ye nat suffren that they serve yow for noght; /

but ye oghte the rather gwerdone hem and shewe hem your largesse. / And as touching the proposicioun which that the phisiciens entreteden in this caas, this is to seyn, / that, in maladyes, that oon contrarie is warissed by another contrarie, / I wolde fayn knowe how ye understonde thiske text, and what is your sentence.' / 'Certes,' quod Melibeus, 'I understonde it in this wyse: / that, right as they han doon me a contrarie, right so sholde I doon hem another. / For right as they han venged hem on me and doon me wrong, right so shal I venge me upon hem and doon hem wrong; / and thanne have I cured oon contrarie by another.'

§ 31. 'Lo, lo!' quod dame Prudence, 'how lightly is every man enclyned to his owene desyr and to his owene pleaseunce! / Certes,' quod she, 'the wordes of the phisiciens ne sholde nat han been understonden in this wyse. / For certes, wikkednesse is nat contrarie to wikkednesse, ne vengeance to vengeance, ne wrong to wrong; but they been sembla. / And therfore, o vengeance is nat warissed by another vengeance, ne o wrong by another wrong; / but everich of hem encreeseth and aggreggeth other. / But certes, the wordes of the phisiciens sholde been understonden in this wyse: / for good and wikkednesse been two contraries, and pees and werre, vengeance and suffraunce, discord and accord, and manye othere thinges. / But certes, wikkednesse shal be warissed by goodnesse, discord by accord, werre by pees, and so forth of othere thinges. / And heer-to accordeth Seint Paul the apostle in manye places. / He seith: "ne yeldeth nat harm for harm, ne wikked speche for wikked speche; / but do wel to him that dooth thee harm, and blesse him that seith to thee harm." / And in manye othere places he amonesteth pees and accord. / But now wol I speke to yow of the conseil which that was yeven to yow by the men of lawe and the wyse folk, / that seyden alle by oon accord as ye han herd bifore; / that, over

alle thynges, ye sholde doon your diligence to kepen your persone and to warnestore your hous. / And seyden also, that in this caas ye oghten for to werken ful avysely and with greet deliberacioun. / And sir, as to the firste point, that toucheth to the keping of your persone; / ye shul understonde that he that hath werre shal evermore mekely  
 2490 and devoutly preyen bifore alle thynges, / that Jesus Crist of his grete mercy wol han him in his proteccioun, and been his sovereyn helping at his nede. / For certes, in this world ther is no wight that may be counselled ne kept sufficiently withouten the keping of our lord Jesu Crist. / To this sentence accordeth the prophete David, that seith: / "if god ne kepe the citee, in ydel waketh he that it kepeth." / Now sir, thanne shul ye committe the keping of your persone to your trewe freendes that been approved and  
 2495 y-knowe; / and of hem shul ye axen help your persone for to kepe. For Catoun seith: "if thou hast nede of help, axe it of thy freendes; / for ther nis noon so good a phisicien as thy trewe freend." / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow fro alle straunge folk, and fro lyeres, and have alwey in suspect hir companye. / For Piers Alfonse seith: "ne tak no companye by the weye of a straunge man, but-if so be that thou have knowe him of a longer tyme. / And if so be that he falle in to thy companye paraventure  
 2500 withouten thyn assent, / enquire thanne, as subtilly as thou mayst, of his conversacioun and of his lyf bifore, and feyne thy way; seye that thou goost thider as thou wolt nat go; / and if he bereth a spere, hold thee on the right syde, and if he bere a sward, hold thee on the left syde." / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow wysely from alle swich manere pople as I have seyd bifore, and hem and hir conseil eschewe. / And after this, thanne shul ye kepe yow in swich manere, / that for any presumpcioun of your strengthe, that ye ne dispyse nat ne accounte nat the might of your adversarie so litel, that ye lete the keping of your persone for your pre-

sumpcioun; / for every wys man dredeth  
 his enemy. / And Salomon seith: "welfareful is he that of alle hath drede; / for certes, he that thurgh the hardinesse of his herte and thurgh the hardinesse of him-self hath to greet presumpcioun, him shal yvel bityde." / Thanne shul ye evermore countrewayte embussments and alle espiaille. / For Senek seith: that "the wyse man that dredeth harmes escheweth harmes; / ne he ne falleth in-to perils, that perils escheweth." / And al-be-it so  
 2510 that it seme that thou art in siker place, yet shaltow alwey do thy diligence in kepinge of thy persone; / this is to seyn, ne be nat negligent to kepe thy persone, nat only fro thy gretteste enemys but fro thy leeste enemy. / Senek seith: "a man that is wel avysed, he dredeth his leste enemy." / Ovide seith: that "the litel wesele wol slee the grete bole and the wilde hert." / And the book seith: "a  
 2515 litel thorn may prikke a greet king ful sore; and an hound wol holde the wilde boor." / But natheles, I sey nat thou shalt be so coward that thou doute ther wher-as is no drede. / The book seith: that "somme folk han greet lust to deceyve, but yet they dreden hem to be deceyved." / Yet shaltow drede to been empoisoned, and kepe yow from the companye of scornere. / For the book seith: "with scornere make no companye, but flee hir wordes as venim." /  
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§ 32. Now as to the seconde point, wher-as your wyse conseilours counselled yow to warnestore your hous with greet diligence, / I wolde fayn knowe, how that ye understonde thilke wordes, and what is your sentence.' /

§ 33. Melibeus answerde and seyde, 'Certes I understonde it in this wise; that I shal warnestore myn hous with toures, swiche as han castelles and othere manere edifices, and armure and artilleries, / by whiche thinges I may my persone and myn hous so kepen and defenden, that myne enemys shul been in drede myn hous for to approche.' /

§ 84. To this sentence answerde anon Prudence; 'warnestoring,' quod she, 'of heighe toures and of grete edifices apper-  
 5 teneth som-tyme to pryde; / and eek men make heighe toures and grete edifices with grete costages and with greet trauaille; and whan that they been accom-  
 plished, yet be they nat worth a stree, but-if they be defended by trewe freendes that been olde and wyse. / And understond wel, that the gretteste and strongeste garnison that a riche man may have, as wel to kepen his persone as hise goodes, is / that he be biloued amonges his sub-  
 gects and with hise neighebores. / For thus seith Tullius: that "ther is a maner garnison that no man may venquisse ne disconfite, and that is, / a lord to be biloued of hise citezeins and of his  
 1530 peple." /

§ 85. Now sir, as to the thridde point; wher-as your olde and wise conseilours seyden, that yow ne oghte nat sodeynly ne hastily proceden in this nede, / but that yow oghte purveyen and apparaillen yow in this caas with greet diligence and greet deliberacioun; / trewely, I trowe that they seyden right wysly and right sooth. / For Tullius seith, "in every nede, er thou biginne it, apparaill thee with greet diligence." / Thanne seye I, that in vengeance-taking, in werre, in  
 1535 bataille, and in warnestoring, / er thou biginne, I rede that thou apparaill thee ther-to, and do it with greet delibera-  
 cioun. / For Tullius seith: that "long apparailing biforn the bataille maketh short victorie." / And Cassidorus seith: "the garnison is stronger whan it is longe tyme avysed." /

§ 86. But now lat us spoken of the conseil that was accorded by your neighebores, swiche as doon yow reverence withouten love, / your olde enemys recon-  
 2540 siled, your flatereres / that conseilled yow certeyne thinges prively, and openly conseilleden yow the contrarie; / the yonge folk also, that conseilleden yow to venge yow and make werre anon. / And certes, sir, as I have seyð biforn, ye han greetly erred to han cleped swich maner folk to

your conseil; / which conseilours been y-nogh reprevd by the resouns afore-seyd. / But natheles, lat us now descende to the special. Ye shuln first procede after the doctrine of Tullius. /  
 2545 Certes, the trouthe of this matere or of this conseil nedeth nat diligently enquire; / for it is wel wist whiche they been that han doon to yow this trespas and vileinye, / and how manye trespasours, and in what manere they han to yow doon al this wrong and al this vileinye. / And after this, thanne shul ye examine the seconde condicioun, which that the same Tullius addeth in this matere. / For Tullius put a thing, which that he clepeth "consenting," this is to seyn; / who been they and how manye,  
 2550 and whiche been they, that consenteden to thy conseil, in thy wilfulnesse to doon hastif vengeance. / And lat us considere also who been they, and how manye been they, and whiche been they, that consenteden to your adversaries. / And certes, as to the firste poynt, it is wel known whiche folk been they that consenteden to your hastif wilfulnesse; / for trewely, alle tho that conseilleden yow to maken sodeyn werre ne been nat your freendes. / Lat us now considere whiche been they, that ye holde so greetly your freendes as to your persone. / For  
 2555 al-be-it so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ne been nat but allone. / For certes, ye ne han no child but a doghter; / ne ye ne han bretheren ne cosins germayns, ne noon other neigh kinrede; / wherfore that your enemys, for drede, sholde stinte to plede with yow or to destroye your persone. / Ye known also, that your richesses moten been dispendid in diverse parties; / and whan  
 2560 that every wight hath his part, they ne wollen taken but litel reward to venge thy deeth. / But thyne enemys been three, and they han manie children, bretheren, cosins, and other ny kinrede; / and, though so were that thou haddest slayn of hem two or three, yet dwellen ther y-nowe to wreken hir deeth and to alee thy persone. / And though so be

that your kinrede be more siker and stedefast than the kin of your adversarie, / yet nathelless your kinrede nis but a fer kinrede; they been but litel sib  
 1565 to yow, / and the kin of your enemys been ny sib to hem. And certes, as in that, hir condicioun is bet than yowres. / Thanne lat us considere also if the conseilling of hem that conselleden yow to taken sodeyn vengeance, whether it accorde to resoun? / And certes, ye knowe wel "nay." / For as by right and resoun, ther may no man taken vengeance on no wight, but the jure that hath the jurisdiction of it, / when it is graunted him to take thilke vengeance, hastily or  
 1570 attemptrely, as the lawe requireth. / And yet more-over, of thilke word that Tullius clepeth "consenting," / thou shalt considere if thy might and thy power may consenten and suffyse to thy wilfulnesse and to thy conseilours. / And certes, thou mayest wel seyn that "nay." / For sikerly, as for to speke proprely, we may do no-thing but only swich thing as we may doon rightfully. / And certes, rightfully ne mowe ye take no vengeance as of  
 2575 your propre auctoritee. / Thanne mowe ye seen, that your power ne consenteth nat ne accordeth nat with your wilfulnesse. / Let us now examine the thridde point that Tullius clepeth "consequent." / Thou shalt understonde that the vengeance that thou purposest for to take is the consequent. / And ther-of folweth another vengeance, peril, and werre; and other damages with-outen nombre, of whiche we be nat war as at this tyme. / And as touchinge the fourthe point, that  
 2580 Tullius clepeth "engendringe," / thou shalt considere, that this wrong which that is doon to thee is engendred of the hate of thyne enemy; / and of the vengeance-takinge upon that wolde engendre another vengeance, and muchel sorwe and wastinge of riches, as I seyde. /

§ 37. Now sir, as to the point that Tullius clepeth "causes," which that is the laste point, / thou shalt understonde that the wrong that thou hast receyved

hath certeine causes, / whiche that clerkes clepen *Oriens* and *Efficiens*, and *Causa longinqua* and *Causa propinqua*; this is to seyn, the fer cause and the ny cause. / The fer cause is almighty god, that is cause of alle thinges. / The neer cause is thy three enemy. / The cause accidental was hate. / The cause material been the fyve woundes of thy doghter. / The cause formal is the manere of hir werkings, that broghten laddres and cloumben in at thy windowes. / The cause final was for to slee thy doghter; it letted nat in as much as in hem was. / But for to spoken of the fer cause, as to what ende they shul come, or what shal finally bityde of hem in this caas, ne can I nat deme but by conjectinge and by supposinge. / For we shul suppose that they shul come to a wikked ende, / by-cause that the Book of Decrees seith: "selden or with greet payne been causes y-brought to good ende whanne they been baddely bigonne." /

§ 38. Now sir, if men wolde axe me, why that god suffred men to do yow this vileinye, certes, I can nat wel answer as for no sothfastnesse. / For th'apostle seith, that "the sciences and the juggementz of our lord god almighty been ful depe; / ther may no man comrehende ne sorchen hem suffisantly." / Nathelless, by certeyne presumpciouns and conjectinges, I holde and beleve / that god, which that is ful of justice and of rightwisnesse, hath suffred this bityde by juste cause resonable. /

§ 39. Thy name is Melibee, this is to seyn, "a man that drinketh hony." / Thou hast y-dronke so muchel hony of swete temporel riches and delices and honours of this world, / that thou art dronken; and hast forgotten Jesu Crist thy creatour; / thou ne hast nat doon to him swich honour and reverence as thee oughte. / Ne thou ne hast nat wel y-taken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that seith: / "under the hony of the godes of the body is hid the venom that sleeth the soule." / And Salomon seith, "if thou hast founden hony, etc of it that

suffyseth; / for if thou ete of it out of  
mesure, thou shalt spewe," and be nedý  
and povre. / And peraventure Crist hath  
thee in despit, and hath turned away fro  
thee his face and his eres of miseri-  
corde; / and also he hath suffred that  
thou hast been punissed in the manere  
that thou hast y-trespased. / Thou hast

2610 doon sinne agayn our lord Crist; / for  
certes, the three enemys of mankinde,  
that is to seyn, the flesh, the foend, and  
the world, / thou hast suffred hem entre  
in-to thyne herte wilfully by the windowes  
of thy body, / and hast nat defended thy-  
self suffisantly agayns hir assautes and  
hir temptaciouns, so that they han  
wounded thy soule in fyve places; / this  
is to seyn, the dedly synnes that leen  
entred in-to thyne herte by thy fyve  
wittes. / And in the same manere our  
lord Crist hath wold and suffred, that thy  
three enemys has entred in-to thyne hous  
2615 by the windowes, / and han y-wounded  
thy doghter in the fore-seyde manere.' /

§ 40. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I see wel  
that ye enforce yow muchel by wordes to  
overcome me in swich manere, that I shal  
nat venge me of myne enemys; / shew-  
inge me the perils and the yvels that  
mighten falle of this vengeance. / But  
who-so wolde considere in alle vengeance  
the perils and yvels that mighte sewe  
of vengeance-takinge, / a man wolde never  
2620 take vengeance, and that were harm; /  
for by the vengeance-takinge been the  
wikked men disseyvered for the gode  
men. / And they that han wil to do  
wikkednesse restreyne hir wikked purpos,  
whan they seen the punissinge and chas-  
tysinge of the trespassours.' / [And to  
this answerde dame Prudence: 'Certes,'  
seyde she, 'I graunte wel that of ven-  
geance cometh muchel yvel and muchel  
good; / but vengeance-takinge aperteneth  
nat unto everichoon, but only unto juges  
and unto hem that han jurisdiccoun  
upon the trespassours.] / And yet seye I  
more, that right as a singular persone  
sinneth in takinge vengeance of another  
2625 man, / right so sinneth the juge if he do  
no vengeance of hem that it han de-

served. / For Senek seith thus: "that  
maister," he seith, "is good that proveth  
shrewes." / And as Cassidore seith: "A  
man dredeth to do outrages, whan he  
woot and knoweth that it displeseth to  
the juges and sovereyns." / And another  
seith: "the juge that dredeth to do right,  
maketh men shrewes." / And Seint Paule  
the apostle seith in his epistle, whan he  
wryteth un-to the Romayns: that "the  
juges beren nat the spere with-outen  
cause;" / but they beren it to punisse 2630  
the shrewes and misdoeres, and for to  
defende the gode men. / If ye wol thanne  
take vengeance of your enemys, ye shul  
retourne or have your recours to the juge  
that hath the jurisdiccoun up-on hem; /  
and he shal punisse hem as the lawe  
axeth and requyreth.' /

§ 41. 'A!' quod Melibee, 'this ven-  
geance lyketh me no-thing. / I biþenke  
me now and take hede, how fortune hath  
norissed me fro my childhede, and hath  
holpen me to passe many a strong pas. / 2635  
Now wol I assayen hir, trowinge, with  
goddes help, that she shal helpe me my  
shame for to venge.' /

§ 42. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'if ye  
wol werke by my conseil, ye shul nat  
assaye fortune by no wey; / ne ye shul  
nat lene or bowe unto hir, after the word  
of Senek: / for "thinges that been folily  
doon, and that been in hope of fortune,  
shullen never come to good ende." / And  
as the same Senek seith: "the more cleer  
and the more shying that fortune is, the  
more brotil and the sonner broken she  
is." / Trusteth nat in hir, for she nis 2640  
nat stidefast ne stable; / for whan thou  
trowest to be most seur or siker of hir  
help, she wol faille thee and deceyve  
thee. / And wheras ye seyn that fortune  
hath norissed yow fro your childhede, /  
I seye, that in so muchel shul ye the  
lasse truste in hir and in hir wit. / For  
Senek seith: "what man that is norissed  
for fortune, she maketh him a greet  
fool." / Now thanne, sin ye desyre and 2645  
axe vengeance, and the vengeance that is  
doon after the lawe and bifore the juge  
ne lyketh yow nat, / and the vengeance



that is doon in hope of fortune is perilous and uncertein, / thanne have ye noon other remedie but for to have your recours unto the sovereyn juge that vengeth alle vileinyes and wronges; / and he shal venge yow after that him-self witnesseth, wher-as he seith: / "leveth  
2650 the vengeance to me, and I shal do it," /

§ 43. Melibee answerde, 'if I ne venge me nat of the vileinye that men han doon to me, / I sompne or warne hem that han doon to me that vileinye and alle othere, to do me another vileinye. / For it is written: "if thou take no vengeance of an old vileinye, thou sompnest thyne adversaries to do thee a newe vileinye." / And also, for my suffrance, men wolden do to me so muchel vileinye, that I mighte neither bere it ne sustene; / and so sholde I been put and holden over  
2655 lowe. / For men seyn: "in muchel suffringe shul manye thinges falle un-to the whiche thou shalt nat mowe suffre." /

§ 44. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'I graunte yow that over muchel suffraunce nis nat good; / but yet ne folweth it nat ther-of, that every persone to whom men doon vileinye take of it vengeance; / for that aperteneeth and lengthe al only to the juges, for they shul venge the vileinyes and iniuries. / And ther-for the two anotoritees that ye han seyde above, been  
2660 only understonden in the juges; / for whan they suffren over muchel the wronges and the vileinyes to be doon withouten punisshinge, / they sompne nat a man al only for to do newe wronges, but they comanden it. / Also a wys man seith: that "the juge that correcteth nat the sinnere comandeth and biddeth him do sinne." / And the juges and sovereyns mighten in hir land so muchel suffre of the shrewes and misdoeres, / that they sholden by swich suffrance, by proces of tyme, wexen of swich power and might, that they sholden putte out the juges  
2665 and the sovereyns from hir places, / and atte laste maken hem lesen hir lordshipes. /

§ 45. But lat us now putte, that ye

have leve to venge yow. / I seye ye been nat of might and power as now to venge yow. / For if ye wole maken comparisoun un-to the might of your adversaries, ye shul finde in manye thinges, that I have shewed yow er this, that hir condicioun is bettere than yowes. / And therfore seye I, that it is good as now that ye suffre and be pacient. /

§ 46. Forther-more, ye knowen wel that, after the comune sawe, "it is a woodnesse a man to stryve with a stranger or a more mighty man than he is him-self; / and for to stryve with a man of evene strongthe, that is to seyn, with as strong a man as he, it is peril; / and for to stryve with a weyker man, it is folie." / And therfore sholde a man flee stryvinge as muchel as he mighte. / For Salomon seith: "it is a greet worship to a man to kepen him fro noyse and stryff." / And if it so bifalle or happe that a man of gretter might and strengthe than thou art do thee grevaunce, / studie and bisie thee rather to stille the same grevaunce, than for to venge thee. / For Senek seith: that "he putteth him in greet peril that stryeth with a gretter man than he is him-self." / And Catoun seith: "if a man of hyer estaat or degree, or more mighty than thou, do thee any or grevaunce, suffre him; / for he that ones hath greved thee may another tyme releve thee and helpe." / Yet sette I  
2680 caas, ye have bothe might and licence for to venge yow. / I seye, that ther be ful manye thinges that shul restreyno yow of vengeance-takinge, / and make yow for to encolyne to suffre, and for to han pacience in the thinges that han been doon to yow. / First and forward, if ye wole considere the defautes that been in your owene persone, / for whiche defautes god hath suffred yow have this tribulacioun, as I have seyde yow heer-bifrom. /  
2685 For the poete seith, that "we oghte paciently taken the tribulacions that comen to us, whan we thinken and consideren that we han deserved to have hem." / And Seint Gregorie seith: that "whan a man considereth wel the nombre

of hise defeutes and of his sinnes, / the  
 peynes and the tribulaciouns that he  
 suffreth semen the lesse un-to hym; /  
 and in-as-muche as him thinketh hise  
 sinnes more hevy and grevous, / in-so-  
 muche semeth his peyne the lighter and  
 2690 the esier un-to him." / Also ye owen to  
 endlyne and bowe your herte to take the  
 pacience of our lord Jesu Crist, as seith  
 seint Peter in hise epistles: / "Jesu  
 Crist," he seith, "hath suffred for us,  
 and yeven ensample to every man to  
 folow and sewo him; / for he dide never  
 sinne, ne never cam ther a vileinous  
 word out of his mouth: / whan men  
 cursed him, he cursed hem noght; and  
 whan men botten him, he manaced hem  
 noght." / Also the grete pacience, which  
 the seintes that been in paradys han had  
 in tribulaciouns that they han y-suffred,  
 2695 with-outen hir desert or gilt, / oghte  
 muchel stiren yow to pacience. / Forther-  
 more, ye sholde enforce yow to have  
 pacience, / consideringe that the tribu-  
 laciouns of this world but litel whyle  
 endure, and sone passed been and  
 goon. / And the joye that a man  
 seketh to have by pacience in tribu-  
 laciouns is perdurable, after that the  
 apostle seith in his epistle: / "the joye  
 of god," he seith, "is perdurable," that is  
 2700 to seyn, everlasting. / Also troweth  
 and bileveth stedefastly, that he nis nat  
 wel y-norissed ne wel y-taught, that can  
 nat have pacience or wol nat receyve  
 pacience. / For Salomon seith: that "the  
 doctrine and the wit of a man is knowen  
 by pacience." / And in another place he  
 seith: that "he that is pacient governeth  
 him by greet prudence." / And the same  
 Salomon seith: "the angry and wrathful  
 man maketh noyses, and the pacient man  
 atempreth hem and stilleth." / He seith  
 also: "it is more worth to be pacient  
 2705 than for to be right strong; / and he that  
 may have the lordshipe of his owene  
 herte is more to preysse, than he that  
 by his force or strengthe taketh grete  
 citees." / And therefore seith seint Jame  
 in his epistle: that "pacience is a greet  
 vertu of perfeccioun." /

§ 47. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I graunte  
 yow, dame Prudence, that pacience is  
 a greet vertu of perfeccioun; / but every  
 man may nat have the perfeccioun that  
 ye seken; / ne I nam nat of the nombre  
 of right parfite men, / for myn herte may 2710  
 never been in pees un-to the tyme it be  
 venged. / And al-be-it so that it was  
 greet peril to myne enemys, to do me  
 a vileinye in takinge vengeance up-on  
 me, / yet token they noon hede of the  
 peril, but fulfilleden hir wikked wil and  
 hir corage. / And therefore, me thinketh  
 men oghten nat repreve me, though I  
 putte me in a litel peril for to venge me, /  
 and though I do a greet excesse, that is  
 to seyn, that I venge oon outrage by  
 another.' /

2715

§ 48. 'A!' quod dame Prudence, 'ye  
 seyn your wil and as yow lyketh; / but  
 in no caus of the world a man sholde nat  
 doon outrage ne excesse for to vengen  
 him. / For Cassidore seith: that "as  
 yvel doth he that vengeth him by outrage,  
 as he that doth the outrage." / And  
 therefore ye shul venge yow after the  
 ordre of right, that is to seyn by the lawe,  
 and noght by excesse ne by outrage. /  
 And also, if ye wol venge yow of the ou-  
 trage of your adversaries in other maner  
 than right comandeth, ye sinnen; / and 2720  
 therefore seith Senek: that "a man shal  
 never vengen shrewednesse by shrewed-  
 nesse." / And if ye seye, that right axeth  
 a man to defenden violence by violence,  
 and fighting by fighting, / certes ye seye  
 sooth, whan the defense is doon anon  
 with-outen intervale or with-outen tary-  
 ing or delay, / for to defenden him and  
 nat for to vengen him. / And it bihoveth  
 that a man putte swich attemperance  
 in his defence, / that men have no  
 cause ne matere to repreven him that 2725  
 defendeth him of excesse and outrage;  
 for elles were it agayn resoun. / Pardee,  
 ye knowen wel, that ye maken no de-  
 fence as now for to defende yow, but for  
 to venge yow; / and so seweth it that ye  
 han no wil to do your dede attemprely. /  
 And therefore, me thinketh that pacience  
 is good. For Salomon seith: that "he

that is nat pacient shal have greet harm." /

§ 49. 'Certes,' quod Melibee, 'I graunte yow, that whan a man is impacient and wroth, of that that toucheth him noght and that aperteneth nat un-to him, though  
2730 it harme him, it is no wonder. / For the lawe seith: that "he is coupable that entremetteth or medleth with swich thyng as aperteneth nat un-to him." / And Salomon seith: that "he that entremetteth him of the noyse or stryf of another man, is lyk to him that taketh an hound by the eres." / For right as he that taketh a strangeound hound by the eres is outhewhyle biten with the hound, / right in the same wyse is it resoun that he have harm, that by his impacience medleth him of the noyse of another man, wher-as it aperteneth nat un-to him. / But ye knowen wel that this dede, that is to seyn, my grief and my disese, toucheth  
2735 me right ny. / And therfore, though I be wroth and impacient, it is no merueille. / And savinge your grace, I can nat seen that it mighte greetly harme me though I toke vengeance; / for I am richer and more mighty than myne enemys been. / And wel knowen ye, that by moneye and by havinge grete possessions been all the thynges of this world governed. / And Salomon seith: that  
2740 "alle thynges obeyen to moneye." /

§ 50. Whan Prudence hadde herd hir housbonde avanten him of his richesse and of his moneye, dispreisinge the power of hise adversaries, she spak, and seyde in this wyse: / 'certes, dere sir, I graunte yow that ye been rich and mighty, / and that the richesces been goode to hem that han wel y-eten hem and wel conne usen hem. / For right as the body of a man may nat live withoute the soule, namore may it live withoute temporel goodes. / And by richesces  
2745 may a man gete him grete freendes. / And therfore seith Pamphilles: "if a netherdes doghter," seith he, "be riche, she may chosen of a thousand men which she wol take to hir housbonde; / for, of a thousand men, oon wol nat forsaken

hir ne refusen hir." / And this Pamphilles seith also: "if thou be right happy, that is to seyn, if thou be right riche, thou shalt find a greet nombre of felawes and freendes. / And if thy fortune change that thou wexe povre, farwel freendshipe and felaweshipe; / for thou shalt be allone with-outen any compaignie, but-if it be the compaignie of povre folk." / And yet seith this Pamphilles  
2750 moreover: that "they that been thralle and bonde of linge shullen been maad worthy and noble by the richesces." / And right so as by richesces ther comen manye goodes, right so by povertie come ther manye harmes and yveles. / For greet povertie constreyneth a man to do manye yveles. / And therfore clepeth Cassidore povertie "the moder of ruine," / that is to seyn, the moder of over-throwinge or fallinge down. / And therfore seith Piers Alfonce: "oon of the  
2755 gretteste adversites of this world is / whan a free man, by kinde or by burthe, is constreyned by povertie to eten the almesse of his enemy." / And the same seith Innocent in oon of hise bokes; he seith: that "sorweful and mishappy is the condicioun of a povre begger; / for if he axe nat his mete, he dyeth for hunger; / and if he axe, he dyeth for shame; and algates necessitee constreyneth him to axe." / And therfore seith  
2760 Salomon: that "bet it is to dye than for to have swich povertie." / And as the same Salomon seith: "bette it is to dye of bitter deeth than for to live in swich wyse." / By this reasons that I have seid un-to yow, and by manye othere reasons that I coude seye, / I graunte yow that richesces been goode to hem that geten hem wel, and to hem that wel usen the richesces. / And therfore wol I shewe yow how ye shul have yow, and how ye shul bere yow in gaderinge of richesces, and in what manere ye shul usen hem. /  
2765

§ 51. First, ye shul geten hem withoute greet desyr, by good leyser sokingly, and nat over hastily. / For a man that is to desyringe to gete richesces abandoneth him first to thefte and to alle

other yveles. / And therefore seith Salomon : " he that hasteth him to bisily to wexe riche shal be noon innocent. " / He seith also : that " the riches that hastily cometh to a man, sone and lightly gooth and passeth fro a man ; / but that riches that cometh litel and litel wexeth alwey and multiplyeth. " / And sir, ye shul  
 2770 geten riches by your wit and by your travaille un-to your profit ; / and that with-outen wrong or harm-doinge to any other persone. / For the lawe seith : that " ther maketh no man himselven riche, if he do harm to another wight " ; / this is to seyn, that nature defendeth and forbeth by right, that no man make himself riche un-to the harm of another persone. / And Tullius seith : that " no sorwe ne no drede of deeth, ne no-thing  
 2775 that may falle un-to a man / is so muchel agayns nature, as a man to encreasen his owene profit to the harm of another man. / And though the grete men and the mighty men geten riches more lightly than thou, / yet shaltou nat been ydel no slow to do thy profit ; for thou shalt in alle wyse flee ydelnesse. " / For Salomon seith : that " ydelnesse techeth a man to do manye yveles. " / And the same Salomon seith : that " he that travaileth and bisieeth him to tilien his land, shal eten  
 2780 breed ; / but he that is ydel and casteth him to no businesse ne occupacioun, shal falle in-to poverte, and dye for hunger. " / And he that is ydel and slow can never finde covenable tyme for to doon his profit. / For ther is a versifiour seith : that " the ydel man excuseth hym in winter, by cause of the grete cold ; and in somer, by enchesoun of the hete. " / For these causes seith Caton : " waketh and enclyneth nat yow over muchel for to slepe ; for over muchel reste norisseth and causeth manye vices. " / And therefore seith seint Jerome : " doth somme gode dedes, that the devel which is our  
 2785 enemy ne finde yow nat unoccupied. " / For the devel ne taketh nat lightly un-to his werkings swiche as he findeth occupied in gode werkes. "

§ 52. Thanne thus, in getinge riches,

ye mosten flee ydelnesse. / And afterward, ye shul use the riches, whiche ye have geten by your wit and by your travaille, / in swich a manere, that men holde nat yow to scars, ne to sparinge, ne to fool-large, that is to seyn, over-large a spender. / For right as men blamen an avaricious man by-cause of his scarsetee and chincherye, / in the same wyse is he  
 2790 to blame that spendeth over largely. / And therefore seith Caton : " use, " he seith, " thy riches that thou hast geten / in swich a manere, that men have no matere ne cause to calle thee neither wrecche ne chinche ; for it is a greet shame to a man to have a povere herte and a riche purs. " / He seith also : " the goodes that thou hast y-geten, use hem by mesure, " that is to seyn, spende hem mesurably ; / for they  
 2795 that folly wasten and despenden the goodes that they han, / whan they han namore propre of hir owene, they shapen hem to take the goodes of another man. / I seye thanne, that ye shul flee avarice ; / usinge your riches in swich manere, that men seye nat that your riches been y-buried, / but that ye have hem in your might and in your weeldinge. / For  
 2800 a wys man repreve the avaricious man, and seith thus, in two vers : / " wherto and why burieth a man hise goodes by his grete avarice, and knoweth wel that nedes moste he dye ; / for deeth is the ende of every man as in this present lyf. " / And for what cause or enchesoun joyneth he him or knitteth he him so faste un-to hise goodes, / that alle his wittes mowen nat disseveren him or departen him from hise goodes ; / and knoweth wel, or oghte  
 2805 knowe, that whan he is deed, he shal nothing bere with him out of this world ? / And ther-for seith seint Augustin : that " the avaricious man is likned un-to helle ; / that the more it swelweth, the more desyr it hath to swelwe and devoure. " / And as wel as ye wolde eschewe to be called an avaricious man or chinche, / as wel sholde ye kepe yow and governe yow in swich a wyse that men calle yow nat fool-large. / Therefore seith Tullius :  
 2810 " the goodes, " he seith, " of thyn hous ne

sholde nat been hid, ne kept so cloos but that they mighte been opened by pitee and debonairetee"; / that is to seyn, to yeven part to hem that han greet nede; / "ne thy goodes shullen nat been so opens, to been every mannes goodes." / Afterward, in getinge of your riches and in usinge hem, ye shul alwey have three thinges in your herte; / that is to seyn, our lord god, conscience, and good name. / First, ye shul have god in your herte; / and for no riches ye shullen do no-thing, which may in any manere displese god, that is your creatour and maker. / For after the word of Salomon: "it is bettre to have a litel good with the love of god, / than to have muchel good and tresour, and lese the love of his lord god." / And the prophete seith: that "bettre it is to been a good man and have litel good and tresour, / than to been holden a shrewe and have grete riches." / And yet seys I furthermore, that ye sholde alwey doon your businesse to gete yow riches, / so that ye gete hem with good conscience. / And th'apostle seith: that "ther nis thing in this world, of which we sholden have so greet joye as whan our conscience bereth us good witness." / And the wyse man seith: "the substance of a man is ful good, whan sinne is nat in mannes conscience." / Afterward, in getinge of your riches, and in usinge of hem, / yow moste have greet businesse and greet diligence, that your goode name be alwey kept and conserved. / For Salomon seith: that "bettre it is and more it availleth a man to have a good name, than for to have grete riches." / And therefore he seith in another place: "do greet diligence," seith Salomon, "in keeping of thy freend and of thy gode name; / for it shal lenger abide with thee than any tresour, be it never so precious." / And certes he sholde nat be called a gentil man, that after god and good conscience, alle thinges left, ne dooth his diligence and businesse to kepen his good name. / And Cassidore seith: that "it is signe of a gentil herte, whan a man loveth and desyreth to han a good name." / And

therfore seith seint Augustin: that "ther been two thinges that arn necessarie and nedefulle, / and that is good conscience and good loos; / that is to seyn, good conscience to thyn owene persone inward, and good loos for thy neighebores outward." / And he that trusteth him so muchel in his gode conscience, / that he displeseth and setteth at nocht his gode name or loos, and rekketh nocht though he kepe nat his gode name, nis but a cruel cherl. /

§ 53. Sire, now have I shewed yow how ye shul do in getinge riches, and how ye shullen usen hem; / and I see wel, that for the trust that ye han in youre riches, ye wole moeve werre and bataille. / I conseilte yow, that ye biginne no werre in trust of your riches; for they ne suffysen nocht werres to mayntene. / And therefore seith a philosophe: "that man that desyreth and wole algates han werre, shal never have suffaunce: / for the richer that he is, the gretter despenses moste he make, if he wole have worship and victorie." / And Salomon seith: that "the gretter riches that a man hath, the mo despendours he hath." / And dere sire, al-be-it so that for your riches ye mowe have muchel folk, / yet bihoveth it nat, ne it is nat good, to biginne werre, where-as ye mowe in other manere have pees, un-to your worship and profit. / For the victories of batailles that been in this world, lyen nat in greet nombre or multitude of the peple ne in the vertu of man; / but it lyth in the wil and in the hand of our lord god almighty. / And therefore Judas Machabens, which was goddes knight, / whan he sholde fighte agayn his adversarie that hadde a greet nombre, and a gretter multitude of folk and strengre than was this peple of Machabee, / yet he reconforted his litel companye, and seyde right in this wyse: / "als lightly," quod he, "may our lord god almighty yeve victorie to a fewe folk as to many folk; / for the victorie of bataile cometh nat by the grete nombre of peple, / but it cometh from our lord god of hevene." /

And dere sir, for as muchel as there is  
no man certain, if he be worthy that god  
yeve him victorie, [+ namore than he is  
certain whether he be worthy of the love  
of god] or naught, after that Salomon  
seith, / therefore every man sholde greetly  
2855 drede werres to biginne. / And by-cause  
that in batailles fallen manye perils, / and  
happeth outhir-while, that as sone is the  
grete man sleyn as the litel man; / and,  
as it is written in the seconde book of  
Kinges, "the dedes of batailles been  
aventurous and nothing certeyne; / for  
as lightly is oon hurt with a spere as  
another." / And for ther is gret peril in  
werre, therefore sholde a man flee and  
eschewe werre, in as muchel as a  
2860 man may goodly. / For Salomon seith :  
"he that loveth peril shal falle in  
peril." /

§ 54. After that Dame Prudence hadde  
spoken in this manere, Melibee answerde  
and seyde, / "I see wel, dame Prudence,  
that by your faire wordes and by your  
reons that ye han shewed me, that the  
werre lyketh yow no-thing; / but I have  
nat yet herd your conseil, how I shal do  
in this nede." /

§ 55. 'Certes,' quod she, 'I conseilte  
yow that ye accorde with youre adver-  
saries, and that ye have pees with hem. /  
2865 For seint Jame seith in hise epistles : that  
"by concord and pees the smale richesses  
wexen grete, / and by debaat and discord  
the grete richesses fallen down." / And  
ye knowen wel that oon of the gretteste  
and most sovereyn thing, that is in this  
world, is unities and pees. / And there-  
fore seyde oure lord Jesu Crist to hise  
apostles in this wyse : / "wel happy and  
blessed been they that loven and pur-  
chacen pees; for they been called children  
2870 of god." / "A!" quod Melibee, 'now see  
I wel that ye loven nat myn honour  
ne my worshippe. / Ye knowen wel that  
myne adversaries han bigonnen this  
debaat and brige by hir outrage; / and  
ye see wel that they ne requeren ne  
preyen me nat of pees, ne they asken nat  
to be reconciled. / Wol ye thanne that  
I go and meke me and obeie me to hem,

and crye hem mercy? / For sothe, that  
were nat my worship. / For right as men 2875  
seyn, that "over-greet homliness engend-  
reth dispreyng," so fareth it by to  
greet humylitee or mekenesse." /

§ 56. Thanne bigan dame Prudence to  
maken semblant of wratthe, and seyde, /  
'certes, sir, sauf your grace, I love your  
honour and your profit as I do myn  
owene, and ever have doon; / ne ye ne  
noon other syen never the contrarie. /  
And yit, if I hadde seyde that ye sholde  
han purchaced the pees and the recon-  
siliacioun, I ne hadde nat muchel mis-  
taken me, ne seyde amis. / For the wyse 2880  
man seith : "the dissensioun biginneth by  
another man, and the reconciling bi-  
ginneth by thy-self." / And the prophete  
seith : "flee shrewednesse and do good-  
nesse; / seke pees and folwe it, as muchel  
as in thee is." / Yet seye I nat that ye  
shul rather pursue to your adversaries for  
pees than they shuln to yow; / for I  
knowe wel that ye been so hard-herted,  
that ye wol do no-thing for me. / And 2885  
Salomon seith : "he that lath over-hard  
an herte, atte laste he shal mishappe and  
mistryde." /

§ 57. Whanne Melibee hadde herd dame  
Prudence maken semblant of wratthe, he  
seyde in this wyse, / "dame, I prey yow  
that ye be nat displeased of thinges that I  
seye; / for ye knowe wel that I am angry  
and wrooth, and that is no wonder; /  
and they that been wrothe witen nat wel  
what they doon, ne what they seyn. / 2890  
Therefore the prophete seith : that "trou-  
bled eyen han no cleer sighte." / But  
seyeth and conseilte me as yow lyketh;  
for I am redy to do right as ye wol  
desyre; / and if ye reprove me of my  
folye, I am the more holden to love yow  
and to preyse yow. / For Salomon seith :  
that "he that repreveith him that doth  
folye, / he shal finde gretter grace than  
he that deceyveth him by swete wordes." / 2895

§ 58. Thanne seide dame Prudence, 'I  
make no semblant of wratthe ne anger  
but for your grute profit. / For Salomon  
seith : "he is more worth, that repreveith  
or chydeth a fool for his folye, shewinge

him semblant of wratthe, / than he that supporteth him and preyeth him in his misdoinge, and laugheth at his folye." / And this same Salomon seith afterward: that "by the sorweful visage of a man," that is to seyn, by the sory and hevye countenance of a man, / "the fool correcteth and amendeth him-self," /

§ 59. Thanne seyde Melibee, 'I shal nat conne answers to so manye faire resouns as ye putten to me and shewen. / Seyeth shortly your wil and your conseil, and I am al ready to fulfille and parfourn it.' /

§ 60. Thanne dame Prudence discovered al hir wil to him, and seyde, / 'I conseilte yow,' quod she, 'aboven alle thinges, that ye make pees bitwene god and yow; / and beth reconciled un-to him and to his grace. / For as I have seyde yow heer-biforn, god hath suffred yow to have this tribulacioun and disese for your sinnes. / And if ye do as I sey yow, god wol sende your adversaries un-to yow, / and maken hem fallen at your feet, redy to do your wil and your comandements. / For Salomon seith: "whan the condicioun of man is plesaunt and likinge to god, / he chaungeth the hertes of the mannes adversaries, and constreyneth hem to biseken him of pees and of grace." / And I prey yow, lat me speke with your adversaries in privie place; / for they shul nat knowe that it be of your wil or your assent. / And thanne, whan I knowe hir wil and hir entente, I may conseilte yow the more seurlly.' /

§ 61. 'Dame,' quod Melibee, 'dooth your wil and your lykinge, / for I putte me hoolly in your disposicioun and ordinaunce.' /

§ 62. Thanne Dame Prudence, whan she saugh the gode wil of her housbonde, delibered and took avys in hir-self, / thinkinge how she mighte bringe this nede un-to a good conclusioun and to a good ende. / And whan she saugh hir tyme, she sente for these adversaries to come un-to hir in-to a privie place, / and shewed wysly un-to hem the grete goodes that comen of pees, / and the grete

harmes and perils that been in werre; / and seyde to hem in a goodly manere, how that hem oughte have greet repentance / of the injurie and wrong that they hadden doon to Melibee hir lord, and to hir, and to hir doghter. /

§ 63. And whan they harden the goodliche wordes of dame Prudence, / they weren so surprised and ravissed, and hadden so greet joye of hir, that wonder was to telle. / 'A! lady!' quod they, 'ye han shewed un-to us "the blessinge of swetnesse," after the sawe of David the prophete; / for the reconcilinge which we been nat worthy to have in no manere, / but we oghte requeren it with greet contricioun and humilitee, / ye of your grete goodnesse have presented unto us. / Now see we wel that the science and the conninge of Salomon is ful trewe; / for he seith: that "swete wordes multiplyen and encresen freendes, and maken shrewes to be debonaire and meke." /

§ 64. Certes,' quod they, 'we putten our dede and al our matere and cause al hoolly in your goode wil; / and been redy to obeye to the speche and comandement of my lord Melibee. / And therefore, dere and benigne lady, we preyen yow and biseke yow as mekely as we conne and mowen, / that it lyke un-to your grete goodnesse to fulfille in dede your goodliche wordes; / for we consideren and knowlichen that we han offended and greved my lord Melibee out of mesure; / so ferforth, that we be nat of power to maken hise amendes. / And therefore we oblige and binden us and our freendes to doon al his wil and hise comandements. / But peraventure he hath swich hevynesse and swich wratthe to us-ward, by-cause of our offence, / that he wole enjoyne us swich a payne as we mowe nat bere ne sustene. / And therefore, noble lady, we biseke to your womanly pitee, / to taken swich avysement in this nede, that we, ne our freendes, be nat desherited ne destroyed thurgh our folye.' /

§ 65. 'Certes,' quod Prudence, 'it is an hard thing and right perilous, / that a man putte him al outrely in the arbi-

tracioun and juggement, and in the might  
and power of hise enemy. / For Salomon  
seith: "leveth me, and yeveth credence  
to that I shal seyn; I seye," quod he,  
"ye peple, folk, and governours of holy  
chirche, / to thy sone, to thy wyf, to thy  
freend, ne to thy brother / ne yeve thou  
never might ne maistrie of thy body, whyl  
thou livest." / Now sithen he defendeth,  
that man shal nat yeven to his brother ne  
to his freend the might of his body, / by  
a strengier resoun he defendeth and for-  
bedeth a man to yeven him-self to his  
enemy. / And natheles I conseille you,  
that ye mistruste nat my lord. / For  
I woot wel and knowe verrailly, that he is  
debonaire and meke, large, curteys, / and  
rothing desyrus ne covetous of good ne  
richesse. / For ther nis no-thing in this  
world that he desyreth, save only worship  
and honour. / Forther-more I knowe  
wel, and am right seur, that he shal  
no-thing doon in this nede with-outen  
my conseil. / And I shal so werken in  
this cause, that, by grace of our lord  
god, ye shul been reconciled un-to us." /

§ 66. Thanne seyden they with o vois,  
'worshipful lady, we putten us and our  
goodes al fully in your wil and disposi-  
cioun; / and been redy to comen, what  
day that it lyke un-to your noblesse to  
limite us or assigne us, / for to maken our  
obligacioun and bond as strong as it  
lyketh un-to your goodnesse; / that we  
mowe fulfille the wille of yow and of my  
lord Melibee.' /

§ 67. Whan dame Prudence hadde herd  
the answers of these men, she bad  
hem goon agayn prively; / and she re-  
turned to hir lord Melibee, and tolde  
him how she fond hise adversaries ful  
repentant, / knowleching ful lowely hir  
sinnes and trespas, and how they were  
redy to suffren al payne, / requiringe  
and preyinge him of mercy and pitee. /

§ 68. Thanne seyde Melibee, 'he is wel  
worthy to have pardoun and foryifnesse  
of his sinne, that excuseth nat his sinne, /  
but knowletheth it and repenteth him,  
axinge indulgence. / For Senek seith:  
"ther is the remissioun and foryifnesse,

whereas confessioun is"; / for confessioun  
is neighebre to innocence. / And he  
seith in another place: "he that hath  
shame for his sinne and knowletheth it,  
is worthy remissioun." And therefore I  
assente and conferme me to have pees; /  
but it is good that we do it nat with-outen  
the assent and wil of our freendes.' /

§ 69. Thanne was Prudence right glad  
and joyeful, and seyde, / 'Certes, sir,'  
quod she, 'ye han wel and goodly an-  
swered. / For right as by the conseil,  
assent, and help of your freendes, ye han  
been stired to venge yow and maken  
werre, / right so with-outen hir conseil  
shul ye nat accorden yow, ne have pees  
with your adversaries. / For the lawe  
seith: "ther nis no-thing so good by wey  
of kinde, as a thing to been unbounde by  
him that it was y-bounde." /

§ 70. And thanne dame Prudence,  
with-outen delay or taryinge, sente anon  
hir messages for hir kin, and for hir olde  
freendes whiche that were trewe and  
wyse, / and tolde hem by ordre, in the  
presence of Melibee, al this matere as it  
is aboven expressed and declared; /  
preyden hem that they wolde yeven hir  
avyys and conseil, what best were to doon  
in this nede. / And whan Melibee  
freendes hadde taken hir avys and de-  
liberacioun of the forseide matere, / and  
hadden examined it by greet businesse  
and greet diligence, / they yave ful conseil  
for to have pees and reste; / and that  
Melibee sholde receyve with good herte  
hise adversaries to foryifnesse and mercy. /

§ 71. And whan dame Prudence hadde  
herd the assent of hir lord Melibee, and  
the conseil of hise freendes, / accorde  
with hir wille and hir entencioun, / she  
was wonderly glad in hir herte, and  
seyde: / 'ther is an old proverbe,' quod  
she, 'seith: that "the goodnesse that  
thou mayst do this day, do it; / and  
abyde nat ne delays it nat til to-morwe." /  
And therefore I conseille that ye sende  
your messages, swiche as been discrete  
and wyse, / un-to your adversaries; tel-  
linge hem, on your bihalve, / that if they  
wole trete of pees and of accord, / that



they shape hem, with-outen delay or taryng, to comen un-to us.' / Which thing parfourned was in dede. / And whanne thise trespassours and repentine folk of hir folles, that is to seyn, the adversaries of Melibee, / hadden herd what thise messagers seyden un-to hem, / they weren right glad and joyeful, and answeredn ful mekely and benignely, / yeldinge graces and thankinges to hir lord Melibee and to al his companye; / and shopen hem, with-outen delay, to go with the messagers, and obeie to the 2995 comandement of hir lord Melibee. /

§ 72. And right anon they token hir way to the court of Melibee, / and token with hem somme of hir trewe freendes, to maken feith for hem and for to been hir borwes. / And whan they were comen to the presence of Melibee, he seyde hem these wordes: / 'it standeth thus,' quod Melibee, 'and sooth it is, that ye, / causeless, and with-outen skile and 3000 resoun, / han doon grete injuries and wronges to me and to my wyf Prudence, and to my doghter also. / For ye han entred in-to myn hous by violence, / and have doon swich outrage, that alle men knowen wel that ye have deserved the deeth; / and therefore wol I knowe and wite of yow, / whether ye wol putte the punissemment and the chastysinge and the vengeance of this outrage in the wil of me and of my wyf Prudence; or ye wol 3005 nat?' /

§ 73. Thanne the wyseste of hem three answerde for hem alle, and seyde: / 'sire,' quod he, 'we knowen wel, that we been unworthy to comen un-to the court of so greet a lord and so worthy as ye been. / For we han so greetly mistaken us, and han offended and agilt in swich a wyse agayn your heigh lordshipe, / that trewely we han deserved the deeth. / But yet, for the grete goodnesse and debonairetee that all the world witnesseth 3010 of your persone, / we submitten us to the excellence and benignitee of your gracios lordshipe, / and been redy to obeie to alle your comandements; / bisekinge yow, that of your merciable pitee ye wol con-

sidere our grete repentaunce and lowe submissioun, / and graunten us foryevenesse of our outrageous trespas and offence. / For wel we knowe, that your liberal grace and mercy strechen hem fether in-to goodnesse, than doon our outrageouse giltes and trespas in-to wickednesse; / al-be-it that cursedly and 3015 dampnably we han agilt agayn your heigh lordshipe.' /

§ 74. Thanne Melibee took hem up fro the ground ful benignely, / and receyved hir obligaciouns and hir bondes by hir othes up-on hir plegges and borwes, / and assigned hem a certeyn day to retourne un-to his court, / for to accepte and receyve the sentence and jugement that Melibee wolde comande to be doon on hem by the causes afore-seyd; / whiche 3020 thinges ordeyned, every man retourned to his hous. /

§ 75. And whan that dame Prudence saugh hir tyme, she freyned and axed hir lord Melibee, / what vengeance he thoughte to taken of hise adversaries? /

§ 76. To which Melibee answerde and seyde, 'certes,' quod he, 'I thinke and purpose me fully / to desherite hem of al that ever they han, and for to putte hem in exil for ever.' / 3025

§ 77. 'Certes,' quod dame Prudence, 'this were a cruel sentence, and muchel agayn resoun. / For ye been riche y-nough, and han no nede of other mennes good; / and ye mighte lightly in this wyse gete yow a covetous name, / which is a vicious thing, and oghte been eschewed of every good man. / For after the sawe of the word of the apostle: "coveitise is rote of alle harmes." / And 3030 therefore, it were bettre for yow to lese so muchel good of your owene, than for to taken of hir good in this manere. / For bettre it is to lesen good with worshippe, than it is to winne good with vilainye and shame. / And every man oghte to doon his diligence and his bisnesse to geten him a good name. / And yet shal he nat only bisie him in kepinge of his good name, / but he shal also enforcen him alwey to do som-thing by which he

3035 may renouelle his good name; / for it is  
 written, that "the olde good loos or good  
 name of a man is sone goon and passed,  
 whan it is nat newed ne renouelled." /  
 And as touchinge that ye seyn, ye wole  
 exile your adversaries, / that thinketh  
 me muchel agayn rescoun and out of  
 mesure, / considered the power that they  
 han yewe yow up-on hem-self. / And it  
 is written, that "he is worthy to losen his  
 privilege that misuseth the might and  
 3040 the power that is yoven him." / And I  
 sette cas ye mighte enjoyne hem that  
 peyne by right and by lawe, / which I  
 trowe ye mowe nat do, / I seye, ye mighte  
 nat putten it to execucioun per-aven-  
 ture, / and thanne were it lykly to re-  
 tourne to the werre as it was biforn. /  
 And therefore, if ye wole that men do yow  
 obeisance, ye moste demen more cur-  
 3045 teisly; / this is to seyn, ye moste yoven  
 more esy sentences and jugements. /  
 For it is written, that "he that most  
 curteisly comandeth, to him men most  
 obeyen." / And therefore, I prey yow  
 that in this necessitee and in this nede,  
 ye caste yow to overcome your herte. /  
 For Senek seith: that "he that over-  
 cometh his herte, overcometh twyes." /  
 And Tullius seith: "ther is no-thing  
 3050 so comendable in a greet lord / as whan  
 he is debonaire and meke, and appeseth  
 him lightly." / And I prey yow that ye  
 wole forbere now to do vengeance, / in  
 swich a manere, that your goode name  
 may be kept and conserved; / and that  
 men mowe have cause and matere to  
 prayse yow of pitee and of mercy; / and  
 that ye have no cause to repente yow of  
 3055 thing that ye doon. / For Senek seith:  
 "he overcometh in an yvel manere, that  
 repenteth him of his victorie." / Where-  
 fore I pray yow, lat mercy been in your  
 minde and in your herte, / to th'effect

and entente that god almighty have  
 mercy on yow in his laste jugement. /  
 For seint Jame seith in his epistle:  
 "jugement withouten mercy shal be  
 doon to him, that hath no mercy of  
 another wight." /

§ 78. Whanne Melibee hadde herd the  
 grete skiles and rescouns of dame Pru-  
 dence, and hir wise informaciouns and  
 techinges, / his herte gan encline to the 3060  
 wil of his wyf, consideringe hir trewe  
 entente; / and conformed him anon,  
 and assented fully to werken after hir  
 conseil; / and thanked god, of whom  
 procedeth al vertu and alle goodnesse,  
 that him sente a wyf of so greet discre-  
 cioun. / And whan the day cam that  
 hise adversaries sholde apperen in his  
 presence, / he spak unto hem ful goodly,  
 and seyde in this wyse: / 'al-be-it so that 3065  
 of your pryde and presumpcioun and  
 folie, and of your negligence and un-  
 conninge, / ye have misborn yow and  
 trespassed un-to me; / yet, for as much  
 as I see and biholde your grete humilitee, /  
 and that ye been sory and repentant of  
 your giltes, / it constreyneth me to doon  
 yow grace and mercy. / Therefore I re- 3070  
 ceyve yow to my grace, / and foryeve  
 yow outrely alle the offences, injuries,  
 and wronges, that ye have doon agayn  
 me and myne; / to this effect and to this  
 ende, that god of his endelees mercy /  
 wole at the tyme of our dyngye foryeven  
 us our giltes that we han trespassed to  
 him in this wretched world. / For doute-  
 lees, if we be sory and repentant of the  
 sinnes and giltes whiche we han tres-  
 passed in the sighte of our lord god, / he 3075  
 is so free and so merciable, / that he  
 wole foryeven us our giltes, / and bringen  
 us to his blisse that never hath ende.  
 Amen.' /

3078

# THE MONK'S PROLOGUE.

[T. 13895-13956.]

The mery wordes of the Host to the Monk.

WHAN ended was my tale of Melibee,  
And of Prudence and hir benignitee, 3080  
Our hoste seyde, 'as I am faithful man,  
And by the precious *corpus Madrian*,  
I hadde lever than a barel ale  
That goode lief my wyf hadde herd this  
tale!

For she nis no-thing of swich pacience  
As was this Melibee's wyf Prudence. 3086  
By goddes bones! whan I bete my knaves,  
She bringth me forth the grete clobbered  
staves, (10)

And cryeth, "slee the dogges everichoon,  
And brek hem, bothe bak and every boon."  
And if that any neighebor of myne 3091  
Wol nat in chirche to my wyf enclyne,  
Or be so hardy to hir to trespase,  
Whan she comth hoom, she rampeth in  
my face, 3094

And cryeth, "false coward, wreek thy wyf!  
By *corpus* bones! I wol have thy knyf,  
And thou shalt have my distaf and go  
spinne!"

Fro day to night right thus she wol bi-  
ginne;— (20)

"Alas!" she seith, "that ever I was shape  
To wedde a milksop or a coward ape, 3100  
That wol be overlad with every wight!  
Thou darst nat stonden by thy wywes  
right!"

This is my lyf, but-if that I wol fighte;  
And out at dore anon I moot me dighte,  
Or elles I am but lost, but-if that I 3105  
Be lyk a wilde leoun fool-hardy.  
I woot wel she wol do me slee som day  
Som neighebor, and thanne go my way. (30)

For I am perilous with knyf in honde,  
Al be it that I dar nat hir withstonde, 3110  
For she is big in armes, by my feith,  
That shal he finde, that hir misdooth or  
seith.

But lat us passe away fro this matere.

My lord the Monk, quod he, 'be mery  
of chere;

For ye shul telle a tale trewely. 3115  
Lo! Rouchestre stant heer faste by!

Ryd forth, myn owene lord, brek nat our  
game, (30)

But, by my trouthe, I knowe nat your name,  
Wher shal I calle yow my lord dan John,  
Or dan Thomas, or elles dan Albon? 3120  
Of what hous be ye, by your fader kin?  
I vow to god, thou hast a ful fair skin,  
It is a gentil pasture ther thou goost,  
Thou art nat lyk a penaunt or a goost.

Upon my feith, thou art som officer, 3125  
Some worthy sexteyn, or som celeier,  
For by my fader soule, as to my doom,  
Thou art a maister whan thou art at hoom;  
No povre cloisterer, ne no novys, (51)  
But a governour, wyly and wys. 3130

And therewithal of brawnes and of bones  
A wel-faring persone for the nones.  
I pray to god, yeve him confusioun  
That first thee broghte un-to religioun;  
Thou woldest han been a trade-foulright.  
Haddestow as greet a leve, as thou hast  
might 3136

To parfournen al thy lust in engendrure,  
Thou haddest bigeten many a creature.  
Alas! why werestow so wyd a cope? (61)  
God yeve me sorwe! but, and I were a pope,

Not only thou, but every mighty man, 3141  
 Though he were shorn ful hye upon his pan,  
 Sholde have a wyf; for al the world is lorn!  
 Religoun hath take up al the corn 3144  
 Oft treading, and we borel men ben shrimpes!  
 Of feble trees ther comen wrecched impes.  
 This maketh that our heires been so  
 sclendre (69)

And feble, that they may nat wel engendre.  
 This maketh that our wyves wol assaye  
 Religious folk, for ye may better paye 3150  
 Of Venus payements than mowe we;  
 God woot, no lussheburghes payen ye!  
 But be nat wrooth, my lord, for that I  
 pleye;

Ful ofte in game a sooth I have herd seye.  
 This worthy monk took al in pacience,  
 And seyde, 'I wol doon al my diligence,  
 As fer as souneth in-to honestee, 3157  
 To telle yow a tale, or two, or three. (80)  
 And if yow list to herkne hiderward,  
 I wol yow seyn the lyf of seint Edward;

Or elles first Tragedies wol I telle 3161  
 Of whiche I have an hundred in my cella.  
 Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,  
 As olde bokes maken us memorie,  
 Of him that stood in greet prosperitee 3165  
 And is y-fallen out of heigh degree  
 Into miserie, and endeth wrecchedly.  
 And they ben versified comunly (90)  
 Of six feet, which men clepe *exametron*.  
 In prose eek been endyted many oon, 3170  
 And eek in metre, in many a sondry wyse.  
 Lo! this declaring oughte y-nough suffice.

Now herkne, if yow lyketh for to here;  
 But first I yow biseke in this matere, 3174  
 Though I by ordre telle nat these thinges,  
 Be it of popes, emperours, or kinges,  
 After hir ages, as men writen finde, (99)  
 But telle hem som biforn and som bihinde,  
 As it now comth un-to my remembraunce;  
 Have me excused of myn ignoraunce.' 3180

*Explicit.*

## THE MONKES TALE.

Here biginneth the Monkes Tale, de Casibus Virorum Illustrium.

I wol biwayle in maner of Tragedie  
 The harm of hem that stode in heigh de-  
 gree,  
 And fillen so that ther nas no remedie  
 To bringe hem out of hir adversitee; 3184  
 For certain, whan that fortune list to flee,  
 Ther may no man the cours of hir with-  
 holde;  
 Lat no man truste on blind prosperitee;  
 Be war by thisse ensamples trewe and olde.

LUCIFER.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were,  
 And nat a man, at him I wol biginne; 3190  
 For, though fortune may non angel ders, (11)

From heigh degree yet fel he for his sinne  
 Doun in-to helle, wher he yet is inne.  
 O Lucifer! brightest of angels alle,  
 Now artow Sathanas, that maist nat  
 twinne 3195  
 Out of miserie, in which that thou art falle.

ADAM.

Lo Adam, in the feld of Damassene,  
 With goddes owene finger wrought was he,  
 And nat bigeten of mannes sperme un-  
 clesne,  
 And welte al Paradys, saving o tree, 3200  
 Had never worldly man so heigh degree  
 As Adam, til he for misgovernance (22)

Was drive out of his hys prosperitee  
To labour, and to helle, and to meschaunce.

SAMPSON.

Lo Sampson, which that was annunciat  
By th'angel, longe er his nativitee, 3206  
And was to god almighty consecrat,  
And stood in noblesse, whyl he mighte see.  
Was never swich another as was he,  
To speke of strengthe, and therwith hardi-  
nesse; 3210  
But to his wyves tolde he his secree, (31)  
Through which he slow him-self, for  
wrecchednesse.

Sampson, this noble almighty champioun,  
Withouten wepen save his hondes tweye,  
He slow and al to-rente the leoun, 3215  
Toward his wedding walking by the weye.  
His false wyf coude him so plesse and  
preye  
Til she his conseil knew, and she untrewe  
Un-to his foos his conseil gan biwrewe, 3219  
And him forsook, and took another newe.

Three hundred foxes took Sampson for ire,  
And alle hir tayles he togider bond, (42)  
And sette the foxes tayles alle on fire,  
For he on every tayl had knit a brond;  
And they brende alle the cornes in that  
lond, 3225  
And alle hir oliveres and vynes eek.  
A thousand men he slow eek with his hond,  
And had no wepen but an asses cheek.

When they were slayn, so thursted him  
that he 3229  
Was wel ny lorn, for which he gan to preye  
That god wolde on his payne han som  
pitee, (51)  
And sende him drinke, or elles moste he  
deye;  
And of this asses cheke, that was dreye,  
Out of a wang-tooth sprang anon a welle,  
Of which he drank y-nogh, shortly to seye,  
Thus heelp him god, as *Judicum* can telle.

By verray force, at Gazan, on a night, 3237  
Mangree Philistiens of that citee,  
The gates of the toun he hath up-plight,  
And on his bak y-caried hem hath he 3240

Hye on an hille, that men mighte hem  
see. (61)  
O noble almighty Sampson, leef and dere,  
Had thou nat told to wommen thy secree,  
In al this worlde ne hadde been thy pere!

This Sampson never sicer drank ne wyn,  
Ne on his heed cam rasour noon ne shere,  
By precept of the messenger divyn, 3247  
For alle his strengthes in his heres were;  
And fully twenty winter, yeer by yeer,  
He hadde of Israel the governaunce. 3250  
But sone shal he wepen many a tere, (71)  
For wommen shal him bringen to mes-  
chaunce!

Un-to his lemman Dalida he tolde  
That in his heres al his strengthe lay,  
And falsly to his fo-men she him solde.  
And sleping in hir barme up-on a day 3256  
She made to clippe or shere his heer away,  
And made his fo-men al his craft espyen;  
And whan that they him fonde in this  
array,  
They bounde him faste, and putten out his  
yēn. 3260

But er his heer were clipped or y-shave, (81)  
Ther was no bond with which men might  
him binde;  
But now is he in prisoun in a cave,  
Wher-as they made him at the querne  
grinde. 3264  
O noble Sampson, strongest of mankinde,  
O whylom juge in glorie and in richesse,  
Now maystow wepen with thyn yēn blinde,  
Sith thou fro wale art falle in wrecched-  
nesse.

Th'ende of this caytif was as I shal seye;  
His fo-men made a feste upon a day, 3270  
And made him as hir fool biforn hem pleye,  
And this was in a temple of greet array. (92)  
But atte last he made a foul affray;  
For he two pilers shook, and made hem  
falle, 3274  
And down fl temple and al, and ther it lay,  
And slow him-self, and eek his fo-men alle.

This is to seyn, the princes everichoon,  
And eek three thousand bodies wer ther  
slayn (98)

With falling of the grete temple of stoon.  
Of Sampson now wol I na-more seyn. 3280  
Beth war by this ensample old and playn  
That no men telle hir conseil til hir wyves  
Of swich thing as they wolde han secree  
fayn,  
If that it touche hir limmes or hir lyves.

## HERCULES.

Of Hercules the sovereyn conquerour 3285  
Singen his workes laude and heigh renoun;  
For in his tyme of strengthe he was the  
flour.  
He slow, and rafte the skin of the leoun;  
He of Centauros leyde the boost adoun;  
He Arpies slow, the cruel briddes felle; 3290  
He golden apples rafte of the dragoun; (111)  
He drow out Cerberus, the hound of helle:

He slow the cruel tyrant Busirus,  
And made his hors to frete him, flesh and  
boon;

He slow the fryr serpent venimous; 3295  
Of Achelois two hornes, he brak oon;  
And he slow Cacus in a cave of stoon;  
He slow the geaunt Antheus the stronge;  
He slow the grisly boor, and that anoon,  
And bar the heven on his nekke longe. 3300

Was never wight, sith that the world  
bigan, (121)

That slow so many monstres as dide he.  
Thurgh-out this wyde world his name ran,  
What for his strengthe, and for his heigh  
bountee, 3304

And every reaume wente he for to see.  
He was so strong that no man mighte him  
lette;

At bothe the worldes endes, seith Trophee,  
In stede of boundes, he a piler sette.

A lemman hadde this noble champioun,  
That highte Dianira, fresh as May; 3310  
And, as thise clerkes maken mencion, (131)  
She hath him sent a sherte fresh and gay.  
Allas! this sherte, alas and weylaway!  
Envenimed was so subtilly with-alle, 3314  
That, er that he had wered it half a day,  
It made his flesh al from his bones falle.

But natheles somme clerkes hir excusen  
By oon that highte Nessus, that it maked;

Be as be may, I wol hir noght accusen;  
But on his bak this sherte he wered al  
naked, 3320  
Til that his flesh was for the venim blaked.  
And whan he sey noon other remedye, (142)  
In hote coles he hath him-selven raked,  
For with no venim deynd him to dye.

Thus starf this worthy mighty Hercules;  
Lo, who may truste on fortune any  
throwe? 3326

For him that folweth al this world of prees,  
Er he be war, is ofte y-leyd ful lowe.

Ful wys is he that can him-selven knowe.  
Beth war, for whan that fortune list to  
glose, 3330

Than wayteth she hir man to overthrowe  
By swich a wey as he wolde leest sup-  
pose. (152)

## NABUGODONOSOR (NEBUCHADNEZZAR).

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,  
The glorious ceptre and royal magestee  
That hadde the king Nabugodonosor, 3335  
With tonge unnethes may discryved be.  
He twyfes wan Jerusalem the citee;  
The vessel of the temple he with him ladde.  
At Babiloyne was his sovereyn see, 3339  
In which his glorie and his delyt he hadde.

The fairest children of the blood royal (161)  
Of Israel he leet do gelde anoon,  
And maked ech of hem to been his thral.  
Amonges othere Daniel was oon, 3344  
That was the wysest child of everichoon;  
For he the dremes of the king expounded,  
Wher-as in Chaldey clerk ne was ther noon  
That wiste to what fyn his dremes souned.

This pronde king leet make a statue of  
golde, 3349

Sixty cubytes long, and seven in brede,  
To which image bothe yonge and olde (171)  
Comaunded he to loute, and have in drede;  
Or in a fourneys ful of flambes rede  
He shal be brent, that wolde noght obeye.  
But never wolde assente to that dede 3355  
Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.

This king of kinges proud was and elaat,  
He wende that god, that sit in magestee,

Ne mighte him nat bireve of his estaat :  
 But sodeynly he loste his dignitee, 3360  
 And lyk a beste him semed for to be, (181)  
 And set hay as an oxe, and lay ther-oute ;  
 In royn with wilde bestes walked he,  
 Til certain tyme was y-come aboute.

And lyk an egles fetheres waxe his heres,  
 His nayles lyk a briddes clawes were ; 3366  
 Til god releessed him a certain yeres,  
 And yaf him wit ; and than with many a  
 tare

He thanked god, and ever his lyf in fere  
 Was he to doon amis, or more trespass, 3370  
 And, til that tyme he leyd was on his  
 bere,  
 He knew that god was ful of might and  
 grace. (192)

#### BALTHASAR (BELSHAZZAR).

His sone, which that highte Balthasar,  
 That heeld the regne after his fader day,  
 He by his fader conde nought be war, 3375  
 For proud he was of herte and of array ;  
 And eek an ydolastre was he ay.  
 His hye estaat assured him in pryde.  
 But fortune caste him down, and ther he  
 lay,  
 And sodeynly his regne gan divyde. 3380

A feste he made un-to his lordes alle (201)  
 Up-on a tyme, and bad hem blythe be,  
 And than his officeres gan he calle—  
 'Goth, bringeth forth the vessels,' [tho]  
 quod he, 3384  
 'Which that my fader, in his prosperitee,  
 Out of the temple of Jerusalem biraft,  
 And to our hye goddes thanke we  
 Of honour, that our eldres with us lafte.'

His wyf, his lordes, and his concubynes  
 Aydrongen, whyl hir appetytes laste, 3390  
 Out of these noble vessels sundry wyne ;  
 And on a wal this king his yēn caste, (212)  
 And sey an hond armlees, that wroot ful  
 faste,  
 For fore of which he quook and syked  
 sore. 3394  
 This hond, that Balthasar so sore agaste,  
 Wroot *Mene, techel, phares*, and na-more.

In al that lond magicien was noon  
 That coude expounse what this lettre  
 mente ;

But Daniel expounded it anoon, 3399  
 And seyde, 'king, god to thy fader lente  
 Glorie and honour, regne, tresour, rente  
 And he was proud, and no-thing god ne  
 dradde, (222)  
 And therfor god gret wroche up-on him  
 sente,  
 And him biraft the regne that he hadde.

He was out cast of mannes companye,  
 With asses was his habitacioun, 3406  
 And set hey as a beste in weet and drye,  
 Til that he knew, by grace and by resoun,  
 That god of heven hath dominacioun  
 Over every regne and every creature ; 3410  
 And thanne had god of him compassioun,  
 And him restored his regne and his  
 figure. (232)

Eek thou, that art his sone, art proud also,  
 And knowest alle these thinges verraily,  
 And art rebel to god, and art his fo. 3415  
 Thou drank eek of his vessels boldly ;  
 Thy wyf eek and thy wenches sinfully  
 Dronke of the same vessels sondry wyne,  
 And heriest false goddes cursedly ; 3419  
 Therfor to thee y-shapen ful gret pyne is.

This hand was sent from god, that on tho  
 walle (241)  
 Wroot *mene, techel, phares*, truste me ;  
 Thy regne is doon, thou weyest noght at  
 alle ;  
 Divyded is thy regne, and it shal be 3424  
 To Medes and to Perses yeven,' quod he.  
 And thilke same night this king was  
 slawe,  
 And Darius occupyeth his degree,  
 Though he therto had neither right ne  
 luwe.

Lordinges, ensample heer-by may ye take  
 How that in lordshipe is no siker-  
 nesse ; 3430  
 For whan fortune wol a man forsake, (251)  
 She bereth away his regne and his richesso,  
 And eek his freendes, bothe more and  
 losse ;

For what man that hath freendes thurgh  
fortune, 3434  
Mishap wol make hem enemyes, I gesse :  
This proverbe is ful sooth and ful com-  
mune.

## CENOBIA (ZENOBIA).

Cenobia, of Palimerie quene,  
As writen Persiens of hir noblesse,  
So worthly was in armes and so kene, 3439  
That no wight passed hir in hardinesse,  
No in linage, ne in other gentillesse. (261)  
Of kinges blode of Perse is she descended ;  
I seye nat that she hadde most fairnesse,  
But of hir shape she mighte nat been  
amended. 3444

From hir childhede I finde that she fledde  
Office of wommen, and to wode she wente ;  
And many a wilde hertes blood she shedde  
With arrowes brode that she to hem sente.  
She was so swift that she anon hem hente,  
And when that she was older, she wolde  
kille 3450  
Leouns, lepardes, and beres al to-rente, (271)  
And in hir armes welde hem at hir wille.

She dorste wilde beestes dennes seke,  
And rennen in the montaignes al the  
night,  
And slepen under a bush, and she coude  
eke 3455  
Wrastlen by verray force and verray might  
With any yong man, were he never so  
wight ;  
Ther mighte no-thing in hir armes stonde.  
She kepte hir maydenhod from every  
wight,  
To no man deigned hir for to be bonde. 3460

But atte laste hir frendes han hir married  
To Odenake, a prince of that contree, (282)  
Al were it so that she hem longe taried ;  
And ye shul understonde how that he  
Hadde swiche fantasies as hadde she. 3465  
But natheles, whan they were knit in-  
fere,

They lived in joye and in felicitie ;  
For ech of hem hadde other leef and dere.

Save o thing, that she never wolde assente  
By no way, that he sholde by hir lye 3470

But ones, for it was hir playn entente (291)  
To have a child, the world to multiplye ;  
And al-so sone as that she mighte espye  
That she was nat with childe with that  
dede,  
Than wolde she suffre him doon his fan-  
tasye 3475  
Eft-sone, and nat but ones, out of drede.

And if she were with childe at thilke cast,  
Na-more sholde he playen thilke game  
Til fully fourty dayes weren past ;  
Than wolde she ones suffre him do the  
same. 3480  
Al were this Odenake wilde or tame, (301)  
He gat na-more of hir, for thus she seyde,  
' It was to wyves lecherye and shame  
In other cas, if that men with hem  
pleyde.' 3484

Two sones by this Odenake hadde she,  
The whiche she kepte in vertu and let-  
ture ;  
But now un-to our tale turne we.  
I seye, so worshipful a creature,  
And wys therwith, and large with mesure,  
So penible in the werre, and curteis  
eke, 3490  
Ne more labour mighte in werre endure,  
Was noon, thogh al this world men sholde  
seke. (312)

Hir riche array ne mighte nat be told  
As wel in vessel as in hir clothing ;  
She was al clad in perree and in gold, 3495  
And eek she lafte noght, for noon hunting,  
To have of sondry tonges ful knowing,  
Whan that she leyser hadde, and for to  
entende  
To lerne bokes was al hir lyking, 3499  
How she in vertu mighte hir lyf dispende.

And, shortly of this storie for to trete, (321)  
So doughty was hir housbonde and eek  
she,  
That they conquered many regnes grete  
In th'orient, with many a fair citee,  
Apertenaunt un-to the magestee 3505  
Of Rome, and with strong hond helde  
hem ful faste ;  
Ne never mighte hir fo-men doon hem flee,  
Ay whyl that Odenakes dayes laste.



Hir batailles, who-so list hem for to rede,  
 Agayn Sapor the king and othere mo, 3510  
 And how that al this proces fil in dede, (331)  
 Why she conquered and what title had  
 therto,  
 And after of hir meschief and hir wo,  
 How that she was bisaged and y-take,  
 Let him un-to my maister Petrark go, 3515  
 That writ y-nough of this, I undertake.

When Odenake was deed, she mightily  
 The regnes heeld, and with hir propre  
 honde  
 Agayn hir foos she faught so cruelly,  
 That ther nas king ne prince in al that  
 londe (340) 3520  
 That he nas glad, if that he grace fonde,  
 That she ne wolde up-on his lond werreye;  
 With hir they made alliaunce by bonde  
 To been in pees, and lete hir ryde and  
 pleye.

The emperour of Rome, Claudius, 3525  
 Ne him bifore, the Romainn Galien,  
 Ne dorste never been so corageous,  
 Ne noon Ermyn, ne noon Egipcien,  
 Ne Surrien, ne noon Arabien,  
 Within the feld that dorste with hir fighte  
 Lest that she wolde hem with hir hondes  
 slen (351) 3531  
 Or with hir meynee putten hem to flighte.

In kinges habit wente hir sones two,  
 As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,  
 And Hermanno, and Thymalaß 3535  
 Her names were, as Persiens hem calle.  
 But ay fortune hath in hir hony galle;  
 This mighty quene may no whyl endure.  
 Fortune out of hir regne made hir falle  
 To wretchednesse and to misaventure. 3540

Aurelian, whan that the governaunce (361)  
 Of Rome cam in-to his hondes tweye,  
 He shoop up-on this quene to do ven-  
 geaunce,  
 And with his legiouns he took his weye  
 Toward Cenobie, and, shortly for to seye,  
 He made hir flee, and atte laste hir  
 hente, 3546  
 And fettered hir, and eek hir children  
 tweye,  
 And wan the lond, and hoom to Rome he  
 wente.

Amonges othere thinges that he wan,  
 Hir char, that was with gold wrought and  
 perree, (370) 3550  
 This grete Romainn, this Aurelian,  
 Hath with him lad, for that men sholde  
 it see.  
 Biforen his triumphe walketh she  
 With gilte cheynes on hir nekke hanging.  
 Corouned was she, as after hir degree, 3555  
 And ful of perree charged hir clothing.

Allas, fortune! she that whylom was  
 Dredful to kinges and to emperoures,  
 Now gaureth al the peple on hir, alas!  
 And she that helmed was in starke  
 stoures, (380) 3560  
 And wan by force tonnes stronge and  
 toures,  
 Shal on hir heed now were a vitrenmyte;  
 And she that bar the ceptre ful of  
 floures

Shal bere a distaf, hir cost for to quyte.  
 [T. 14380  
 (Nero follows in T.; see p. 537.)

#### DE PETRO REGE ISPANNIF.

O noble, o worthy Petro, glorie of  
 Spayne, [T. 14685  
 Whom fortune heeld so hy in magestee,  
 Wel oughten men thy pitous deeth com-  
 playne! 3567  
 Out of thy lond thy brother made thee flee;  
 And after, at a sege, by subtiltee,  
 Thou were bitrayed, and lad un-to his  
 tente, (390) 3570  
 Wher-as he with his owene hond slow thee,  
 Succeeding in thy regne and in thy rente.

The feeld of snow, with th'egle of blak  
 ther-inne, [T. 14693.  
 Caught with the lymrod, coloured as the  
 glede, 3574  
 He brew this cursednes and al this sinne.  
 The 'wikked nest' was werker of this nede;  
 Noght Charles Oliver, that ay took hede  
 Of trouth and honour, but of Armorique  
 Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede, 3579  
 Broghte this worthy king in swich a brike.

#### DE PETRO REGE DE CIPRO.

O worthy Petro, king of Cypre, also, (401)  
 That Alisaundre wan by heigh maistrye,

Ful many a hethen wroghtestew ful wo,  
Of which thyn owene liges hadde envye,  
And, for no thing but for thy chivalrye,  
They in thy bedde han slayn thee by the  
morwe. 3586  
Thus can fortune hir wheel governe and  
gye, [T. 14707.  
And out of joye bringe men to sorwe.

## DE BARNABO DE LUMBARDIA.

Of Melan grete Barnabo Viscounte, 3589  
God of delyt, and scourge of Lombardy,  
Why sholde I nat thyn infortune accunte,  
Sith in estaat thou clombe were so hye?  
Thy brother sone, that was thy double  
allye, (413)  
For he thy nevew was, and sone-in-lawe,  
With-inne his prisoun made thee to dye;  
But why, ne how, noot I that thou were  
slawe. 3596

## DE HUGELINO, COMITE DE PIZ.

Of the erl Hugelyn of Pyse the langour  
Ther may no tonge telle for pitee;  
But litel out of Pyse stant a tour,  
In whiche tour in prisoun put was he, 3600  
And with him been his litel children  
three. (421)  
The eldste scarsly fyfyeer was of age.  
Allas, fortune! it was greet crueltee  
Swiche briddes for to putte in swiche a  
cage! 3604

Dampned was he to deye in that prisoun,  
For Roger, which that bisshop was of Pyse,  
Hadde on him maad a fals suggestioun,  
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him  
ryse, (428)  
And putten him to prisoun in swich wyse  
As ye han herd, and mete and drink he  
hadde 3610  
So smal, that wel unnethe it may suffyse,  
And therwith-al it was ful povre and  
badde.

And on a day bifil that, in that hour,  
Whan that his mete wont was to be broght,  
The gayler shette the dores of the tour.  
He herde it wel,—but he spak right noght,  
And in his herte anon ther fl a thought,  
That they for hunger wolde doon him dyen.

'Allas!' quod he, 'allas! that I was  
wroght!' (439) 3619  
Therwith the teres fillen from his yen.

His yonge sone, that three yeer was of age,  
Un-to him seyde, 'fader, why do ye wepe?  
Whan wol the gayler bringen our potage,  
Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe?  
I am so hungry that I may nat slope. 3625  
Now wolde god that I mighte slepen ever!  
Than sholde nat hunger in my wombe  
crepe;  
Ther is no thing, save breed, that me  
were lever.'

Thus day by day this child bigan to crye,  
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay, 3630  
And seyde, 'far-wel, fader, I moot dye,'  
And kiste his fader, and deyde the same  
day. (452)  
And whan the woful fader deed it sey,  
For wo his armes two he gan to byte,  
And seyde, 'allas, fortune! and weylaway!  
Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte!'

His children wende that it for hunger was  
That he his armes gnaw, and nat for wo,  
And seyde, 'fader, do nat so, allas!  
But rather eet the flesh upon us two; 3640  
Our flesh thou yaf us, tak our flesh us fro  
And eet y-nough: 'right thus they to him  
seyde, (462)  
And after that, with-in a day or two,  
They leyde hem in his lappe adoun, and  
deyde. 3644

Him-self, despeired, eek for hunger starf;  
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pyse;  
From heigh estaat fortune away him carf.  
Of this Tragedie it oghte y-nough suffyse.  
Who-so wol here it in a lenger wyse, (469)  
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille, 3650  
That highte Dant, for he can al devyse  
Fro point to point, nat o word wol he faille.  
[T. 14772.

(For T. 14773, see p. 542; for T. 14380,  
see p. 536).

NERO.

[T. 14381.

Al-though that Nero were as vicious  
As any feend that lyth ful lowe adoun,

Yet he, as telleth us Swetonius, 3655  
This wyde world hadde in subjeccioun,  
Both Est and West, †South and Septem-  
trion; 3660  
Of rubies, saphires, and of perles whyte  
Were alle his clothes brouded up and down;  
For he in gemmes greetly gan delyte. 3660

More delicat, more pompous of array, (481)  
More proud was never emperour than he;  
That ilke cloth, that he had wered o day,  
After that tyme he nolde it never see.  
Nettes of gold-thred hadde he gret plentee  
To fische in Tybre, whan him liste pleye.  
His lustes were al lawe in his decree,  
For fortune as his freend him wolde obeye.

He Rome brende for his delicacye;  
The senatours he slow up-on a day, 3670  
To here how men wolde wepe and crye;  
And slow his brother, and by his sister  
lay. (492)  
His moder made he in pitous array;  
For he hir wombe slitte, to biholde  
Wher he conceived was; so weillaway!  
That he so litel of his moder tolde! 3676

No tere out of his yën for that sighte  
Ne cam, but seyde, 'a fair womman was  
she.'  
Gret wonder is, how that he coude or  
mighte (499)  
Be domesman of hir dede beantee. 3680  
The wyn to bringen him comaunded he,  
And drank anon; non other wo he made.  
Whan might is joynd un-to crueltee,  
Allas! to depe wol the venim wade! 3684

In youthe a maister hadde this emperour,  
To teche him letterure and curteisye,  
For of moralitee he was the flour,  
As in his tyme, but-if bokes lye;  
And whyl this maister hadde of him  
maistrye, 3689  
He maked him so conning and so souple  
That longe tyme it was er tyrannye (511)  
Or an vyce dorste on him uncouple.

This Seneca, of which that I devyse,  
By-cause Nero hadde of him swich drede,  
For he fro vyces wolde him ay chastyse  
Discreetly as by wordes and nat by dede;—

'Sir,' wolde he seyn, 'an emperour moot  
nede 3697  
Be vertuons, and hate tyrannye'—  
For which he in a bath made him to blede  
On bothe his armes, til he moste dye.

This Nero hadde eek of acustumaunce  
In youthe ageyn his maister for to ryse,  
Which afterward him thoughte a greet  
grevauunce; (523)  
Therfor he made him deyen in this wyse.  
But natheles this Seneca the wyse 3705  
Chees in a bath to deye in this manere  
Rather than han another tormentyse;  
And thus hath Nero slayn his maister dere.

Now fil it so that fortune list no lenger  
The hye pryde of Nero to cheryce; 3710  
For though that he were strong, yet was  
she strengier; (531)  
She thoughte thus, 'hy god, I am to nywe  
To sette a man that is fulfil of vyce  
In heigh degree, and emperour him calle.  
By god, out of his sete I wol him tryce;  
When he leest weneth, sonest shal he  
falle.' 3716

The peple roos up-on him on a night  
For his defeaute, and whan he it espyed,  
Out of his dores anon he bath him dight  
Alone, and, ther he wende han ben allyed,  
He knokked faste, and ay, the more he  
cryed, (541) 3721  
The faster shette they the dores alle;  
Tho wiste he wel he hadde him-self mis-  
gyed,  
And wente his wey, no lenger dorste he  
calle.

The peple cryde and rombled up and down,  
That with his eres herde he how they  
seyde, 3726  
'Wher is this false tyrann, this Neroun?'  
For fore almost out of his wit he breyde,  
And to his goddes pitously he preyde  
For socour, but it mighte nat bityde. 3730  
For drede of this, him thoughte that he  
deyde, (551)  
And ran in-to a gardin, him to hyde.

And in this gardin fond he cherles tweye  
That seten by a fyr ful greet and reed,

And to thise cherles two he gan to preye  
To sleen him, and to girden of his heed,  
That to his body, whan that he were deed,  
Were no despyt y-doon, for his defame.  
Him-self he slow, he coude no better reed,  
Of which fortune lough, and hadde a  
game. 3740

## DE OLOFERNO (HOLOFERNES).

Was never capitayn under a king (561)  
That regnes mo putte in subjeccioun,  
Ne strengier was in feeld of alle thing,  
As in his tyme, ne gretter of renoun, 3744  
Ne more pompous in heigh presumpcioun  
Than Oloferne, which fortune ay kiste  
So likerously, and ladde him up and doun  
Til that his heed was of, er that he wiste.

Nat only that this world hadde him in  
awe

For lesinge of richesse or libertee, 3750  
But he made every man reneye his lawe.  
'Nabugodonosor was god,' seyde he, (572)  
'Noon other god sholde adoured be.'  
Ageyns his heste no wight dar trespace  
Save in Bethulia, a strong citee, 3755  
Wher Eliachim a prest was of that place.

But tak kepe of the deeth of Olofern;  
Amidde his host he dronke lay a night,  
With-inne his tente, large as is a bern,  
And yit, for al his pompe and al his  
might, 3760

Judith, a womman, as he lay upright,  
Sleping, his heed of smoot, and from his  
tente (582)

Ful prively she stal from every wight,  
And with his heed unto hir toun she  
wente.

## DE REGE ANTHIOCHO ILLUSTR.

What nedeth it of King Anthiochus 3765  
To telle his hye royal magestee,  
His hye pryde, his werkes venomous?  
For swich another was ther noon as he.  
Rede which that he was in Machabee,  
And rede the proude wordes that he seyde,  
And why he fil fro heigh prosperitee, (591)  
And in an hil how wretchedly he deyde.

Fortune him hadde enhaunced so in pryde  
That verrailly he wende he mighte attayne  
Unto the sterres, upon every syde, 3775  
And in balance weyen ech montayne,  
And alle the flodes of the see restrayne.  
And goddes peple hadde he most in hate,  
Hem wolde he sleen in torment and in  
payne,  
Wening that god ne mighte his pryde  
abate. (600) 3780

And for that Nichanor and Thimothee  
Of Jewes weren venquissed mightily,  
Unto the Jewes swich an hate hadde he  
That he bad greithe his char ful hastily,  
And swoor, and seyde, ful despitously,  
Unto Jerusalem he wolde eft-sonne, 3786  
To wroken his ire on it ful cruelly;  
But of his purpos he was let ful sone.

God for his manace him so sore smoot  
With invisible wounde, ay incurable, 3790  
That in his guttes carf it so and boot (611)  
That his peynes weren importable.  
And certainly, the wreche was resonable,  
For many a mannes guttes dide he payne,  
But from his purpos cursed and dam-  
nable 3795  
For al his smert he wolde him nat re-  
streynen,

But bad anon apparailen his host,  
And sodeynly, er he of it was war,  
God daunted al his pryde and al his host.  
For he so sore fil out of his char, 3800  
That it his limes and his skin to-tar, (621)  
So that he neither mighte go ne ryde,  
But in a chayer men aboute him bar,  
Al for-brused, bothe bak and syde. 3804

The wreche of god him smoot so cruelly  
That thurgh his body wikked wormes  
crepte;  
And thor-with-al he stank so horribly,  
That noon of al his maynees that him  
kepte,  
Whether so he wook or alles slepte, 3809  
Ne mighte noght for stink of him endure.  
In this meschief he wayled and eek wepte,  
And knew god lord of every creature.

To al his host and to him-self also (633)  
Ful wlatson was the stink of his careyne;

No man ne mighte him bere to ne fro.  
 And in this stink and this horrible  
     payne 3816  
 He starf ful wrecchedly in a monteyne.  
 Thus hath this robbour and this homicyde,  
 That many a man made to wepe and  
     pleyne, 3819  
 Swich guerdon as bilongeth unto pryde.

## DE ALEXANDRO.

The storie of Alisaundre is so comune,  
 That every wight that hath discrecioun  
 Hath herd somwhat or al of his fortune.  
 This wyde world, as in conclusioun, (644)  
 He wan by strengthe, or for his hye  
     renoun 3825  
 They weren glad for pees un-to him sende.  
 The pryde of man and beste he leyde  
     adoun,  
 Wher-so he cam, un-to the worldes enda.

Comparisoun might never yit be makid  
 Bitwixe him and another conquerour;  
 For al this world for drede of him hath  
     quaked, (651) 3831  
 He was of knighthode and of fredom flour;  
 Fortune him made the heir of hir honour;  
 Save wyn and wommen, no-thing mighte  
     aswage  
 His hye entente in armes and labour;  
 So was he ful of leonyn corage. 3836

What preys were it to him, though I yow  
     tolde  
 Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo,  
 Of kinges, princes, erles, dukes bolde,  
 Whiche he conquered, and broghte hem  
     in-to wo? 3840  
 I seye, as fer as man may ryde or go, (661)  
 The world was his, what sholde I more  
     devyse?  
 For though I write or tolde you evermo  
 Of his knighthode, it mighte nat suffyse.

Twelfyeer he regned, as seith Machabee;  
 Philippes sone of Macedoyne he was, 3846  
 That first was king in Grece the contree.  
 O worthy gentil Alisaundre, allas!  
 That ever sholde fallen swich a cas! 3849  
 Empoisoned of thyn owene folk thou were;

Thy *sys* fortune hath turned into *as*, (671)  
 And yit for thee ne weep she never a tere!

Who shal me yeven teres to compleyne  
 The deeth of gentillesse and of fraunchyse,  
 That al the world welded in his demeyne,  
 And yit him thoughte it mighte nat  
     suffyse? 3856

So ful was his corage of heigh emprise.  
 Allas! who shal me helpe to endyte  
 False fortune, and poison to despyse,  
 The whiche two of al this wo I wyte? 3860

## DE JULIO CESARE.

By wisdom, manhede, and by greet labour  
 Fro humble bed to royal magestee, (682)  
 Up roos he, Julius the conquerour,  
 That wan al th'occident by lond and see,  
 By strengthe of hond, or elles by tretee,  
 And un-to Rome made hem tributarie;  
 And sitthe of Rome the emperour was he,  
 Til that fortune wax his adversarie.

O mighty Cesar, that in Thessalye  
 Ageyn Pompeius, fader thyn in lawe, 3870  
 That of th'orient hadde al the chivalrye  
 As fer as that the day beginneth dawne,  
 Thou thurgh thy knighthode hast hem  
     take and slawe, (693)  
 Save fewe folk that with Pompeius fledde,  
 Thurgh which thou putttest al th'orient  
     in awe, 3875  
 Thanke fortune, that so wel thee spedde!

But now a litel whyl I wol biwaille  
 This Pompeius, this noble governour  
 Of Rome, which that fleigh at this bataille;  
 I seye, oon of his men, a fals traitour, (700)  
 His heed of smoot, to winnen him favour  
 Of Julius, and him the heed he broghte.  
 Allas, Pompey, of th'orient conquerour,  
 That fortune unto swich a fyn thee  
     broghte!

To Rome ageyn repaireth Julius 3885  
 With his triumphhe, laureat ful hye,  
 But on a tyme Brutus Cassius,  
 That ever hadde of his hye estaat envye,  
 Ful prively hath maad conspiracye  
 Ageins this Julius, in subtil wyse, 3890

And cast the place, in whiche he sholde  
dye (711)  
With boydekins, as I shal yow devyse.

This Julius to the Capitolie wente  
Upon a day, as he was wont to goon,  
And in the Capitolie anon him hente 3895  
This false Brutus, and his othere foon,  
And stikede him with boydekins anoon  
With many a wounde, and thus they lete  
him lye;

But never gronte he at no strook but oon,  
Or elles at two, but-if his storie lye. 3900

So manly was this Julius at herte (721)  
And so wel lovede estaatly honestee,  
That, though his deedly woundes sore  
smerte,

His mantel over his hippes casteth he,  
For no man sholde seen his privitee. 3905  
And, as he lay on deyng in a traunce,  
And wiste verrailly that deed was he,  
Of honestee yit hadde he remembraunce.

Lucan, to thee this storie I recomende,  
And to Sweton, and to Valeric also, 3910  
That of this storie wryten word and  
ende, (731)

How that to thise grete conquerours two  
Fortune was first freend, and sithen fo,  
No man ne truste up-on hir favour longe,  
But have hir in awayt for ever-mo. 3915  
Witnesse on alle thise conquerours  
stronge.

#### CRESUS.

This riche Cresus, whylom king of Lyde,  
Of whiche Cresus Cyrus sore him dradde,  
Yit was he caught amidde al his pryde,  
And to be brent men to the fyr him ladde.  
But swich a reyn down for the welkne  
shadde (741) 3921  
That slow the fyr, and made him to escape;  
But to be war no grace yet he hadde,  
Til fortune on the galwes made him gape.

Whan he escaped was, he can nat stente  
For to biginne a newe werre agayn. 3926

He wende wel, for that fortune him sente  
Swich hap, that he escaped thurgh the  
rayn, (748)

That of his foos he mighte nat be slayn;  
And eek a sweven up-on a night he mette,  
Of which he was so proud and eek so fayn,  
That in vengeaunce he al his herte sette.

Up-on a tree he was, as that him thoughte,  
Ther Juppiter him wesh, bothe bak and  
syde, (754)

And Phebus eek a fair towaille him  
broughte 3935

To drye him with, and ther-for wex his  
pride;

And to his loghter, that stood him bisyde,  
Which that he knew in heigh sciencis  
habounde,

He bad hir telle him what it signyfide,  
And she his dreem bigan right thus ex-  
pounde. 3940

'The tree,' quod she, 'the galwes is to  
mene, (761)

And Juppiter bitokneth snow and reyn,  
And Phebus, with his towaille so clene,  
Tho ben the sonne stremes for to seyn;  
Thou shalt anhangd be, fader, certeyn;  
Reyn shal thee wasshe, and sonne shal  
thee drye;' 3946

Thus warned she him ful plat and ful  
pleyn,

His daughter, which that called was  
Phanya.

Anhangd was Cresus, the proude king,  
His royal trone mighte him nat availle.—  
Tragedie is noon other maner thing, (771)  
Ne can in singing crye ne biwaille, 3952  
But for that fortune alway wol assaille  
With unwar strook the regnes that ben  
proude;

For when men trusteth hir, than wol she  
faille, 3955

And coveure hir brighte face with a cloude.

[See l. 3565 on p. 536.

*Explicit Tragedia.*

Here stineth the Knight the Monk of his Tale.

# THE PROLOGUE OF THE NONNE PRESTES TALE.

## The prologue of the Nonne Preestes Tale.

'Ho!' quod the knight, 'good sir, na-  
more of this, 3957  
That ye han seyde is right y-nough, y-wis,  
And moche more; for litel heviness  
Is right y-nough to moche folk, I gesse.  
I seye for me, it is a greet disece 3961  
Wher-as men han ben in greet welthe  
and ese,  
To heren of hir sodeyn fal, alas!  
And the contrarie is joie and greet  
solas, 3964  
As whan a man hath been in povre estaat,  
And clymbeth up, and wexeth fortunat,  
And ther abyde in prosperitee, (11)  
Swich thing is gladsom, as it thinketh me,  
And of swich thing were goodly for to  
telle.'  
'Ye,' quod our hoste, 'by seint Poules  
belle, 3970  
Ye seye right sooth; this monk, he  
clappeth loude,  
He spak how "fortune covered with a  
cloude"  
I noot never what, and als of a "Tragedie"  
Right now ye herde, and parde! no  
remedie  
It is for to biwaille, ne compleyne 3975  
That that is doon, and als it is a payne,  
As ye han seyde, to here of heviness. (21)  
Sir monk, na-more of this, so god yow  
blesse!  
Your tale anoyeth al this companye;  
Swich talking is nat worth a boterflye;  
For ther-in is ther no desport ne game.  
Wherfor, sir Monk, or dan Piers by your  
name, 3982

I preye yow hertely, telle us somewhat elles,  
For sikerly, nere clinking of your belles,  
That on your brydel hange on every syde,  
By heven king, that for us alle dyde, (30)  
I sholde er this han fallen down for slepe,  
Although the slough had never been so  
depe; 3988  
Than had your tale al be told in vayn.  
For certainly, as that thise clerkes seyn,  
"Wher-as a man may have noon audience,  
Noght helpeth it to tellen his sentence."  
And wel I woot the substance is in me.  
If any thing shal wel reported be. 3994  
Sir, sey somewhat of hunting, I yow preye.'  
'Nay,' quod this monk, 'I have no lust  
to pleye; (40)  
Now let another telle, as I have told.'  
Than spak our host, with rude speche  
and bold,  
And seyde un-to the Nonnes Preest anon,  
'Com neer, thou preest, com hider, thou  
sir John, 4000  
Tel us swich thing as may our hertes  
glade,  
Be blythe, though thou ryde up-on a jade.  
What though flyn hors be bothe foule  
and lene, (47)  
If he wol serve thee, rekke nat a bene;  
Look that thyn herte be mery evermo.'  
'Yis, sir,' quod he, 'yis, host, so mote I go,  
But I be mery, y-wis, I wol be blamed:—  
And right anon his tale he hath attamed,  
And thus he seyde un-to us everichon,  
This swete preest, this goodly man, sir  
John. 4010

Explicit.

## THE NONNE PREESTES TALE.

Here biginneth the Nonne Preestes Tale of the Cok and Hen,  
Chauntecleer and Pertelote.

A rovere widwe, somdel stape in age,  
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotege,  
Bisyde a grove, standing in a dale.  
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,  
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,  
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf, 4016  
For litel was hir catel and hir rente;  
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,  
She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren  
two.

Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,  
Three kyn, and cek a sheep that lighte  
Malle, (11) 4021  
Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,  
In which she eet ful many a sclendre  
meel.

Of peynaut sauce hir neded never a deel.  
No deyntee morsel passed thurgh hir  
throte; 4025

Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.  
Replecioun ne made hir never syk;  
Attempree dyete was al hir plisyk,  
And exerceyse, and hertes suffisaunce. 4029  
The goute lette hir no-thing for to daunce,  
N'apoplexye shente nat hir heed; (21)  
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne  
reed;

Hir bord was served most with whyt and  
blak,

Milk and broun breed, in which she fond  
no lak,

Seynd baconn, and somtyme an ey or  
tweye, 4035

For she was as it were a maner deye.

A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute  
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,  
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chaun-  
tecleer, 4039

In al the land of crowing nas his peer. (30)  
His vois was merier than the mery organ  
On messo-dayes that in the chirche gon;

Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge,  
Than is a klokke, or an abbey orlogge.

By nature knew he ech ascencioun 4045  
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;

For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,  
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben  
amended. (38)

His comb was redder than the fyn coral,  
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal. 4050

His bile was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;  
Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon;

His nayles whytter than the lillie flour,  
And lyk the burned gold was his colour.

This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce  
Sevene hennes, for to doonal his plesaunce;

Whiche were his sutores and his para-  
mours, 4057

And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.

Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte  
Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.

Curteys she was, discrete, and debonaire,  
And compaignable, and bar hir-self so  
faire, (52)

Sin thilke day that she was seven night  
old,

That trewely she hath the herte in hold  
Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith; 4065

He loved hir so, that wel was him ther-  
with.

But such a joye was it to here hem singe,  
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to  
springe, 4068

In swete accord, 'my lief is faren in londe.'  
For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,

Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.  
And so bifel, that in a daweninge, (62)

As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle  
Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,

And next him sat this faire Pertelote, 4075  
This Chauntecleer gan gromen in his  
throte,



As man that in his dreem is dreeched sore.  
And than that Pertelote thus herde him  
rore, 4078

She was agast, and seyde, 'O herte dere,  
What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere?  
Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame!' (71)  
And he answerde and seyde thus,  
'madame,

I pray yow, that ye take it nat a-grief:  
By god, me mette I was in swich meschief  
Right now, that yet myn herte is sore  
afright. 4085

Now god,' quod he, 'my swevene reoche  
aright,

And keep my body out of foul prisoun!  
Me mette, how that I romed up and down  
Withinne our yerde, wher-as I saugh  
a beste,

Was lyk an honnd, and wolde han maad  
areste 4090

Upon my body, and wolde han had me  
deed. (81)

His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;  
And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres,  
With blak, unlyk the remenant of his  
heres;

His snowte smal, with glowering eyen  
tweye. 4095

Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;  
This caused me my groning, doutelees.'

'Avoy!' quod she, 'fy on yow, herte-  
lees!

Allas!' quod she, 'for, by that god above,  
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my  
love; 4100

I can nat love a coward, by my feith. (91)  
For certes, what so any womman seith,

We alle desyren, if it mighte be,  
To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,  
And secrete, and no nigard, ne no fool, 4105

Ne him that is agast of every tool,  
Ne noon avauntour, by that god above!  
How dorste ye seyn for shame unto your  
love,

That any thing mighte make yow aferd?  
Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?  
Allas! and conne ye been agast of swe-  
venis? (101) 4111

No-thing, god wot, but vanitee, in sweven  
is.

Swevenes engendren of replecciouns,

And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns,  
Whan humours been to habundant in a  
wight. 4115

Certes this dreem, which ye han met  
to-night,

Cometh of the grete superfluitee  
Of youre rede colera, pardee,  
Which causeth folk to dreden in here  
dremes (109)

Of arwes, and of fyr with rede lemes, 4120  
Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,  
Of contek, and of whelpes grete and lyte;  
Right as the humour of malencolye  
Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,  
For fere of blake beres, or boles blake, 4125  
Or elles, blake develes wole hem tako.

Of othere humours conde I telle also,  
That werken many a man in sleep ful wo;  
But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo Catoun, which that was so wys  
a man, 4130

Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors of  
dremes? (121)

Now, sire,' quod she, 'whan we fle fro  
the bemes,

For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;  
Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf, 4134

I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat lye,  
That bothe of colere and of malencolye  
Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat trarie,

Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,  
I shal my-self to herbes techen yow,

That shul ben for your hele, and for your  
prow; 4140

And in our yerd tho herbes shal I finde,  
The whiche han of hir propretee, by

kinde, (132)

To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.  
Forget not this, for goddes owene love!

Ye been ful colerik of compleccioun. 4145  
Ware the sonne in his ascencioun

Ne fynde yow nat repleet of humours  
hote;

And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote,  
That ye shul have a fevere terciane,

Or an agu, that may be youre bane. 4150  
A day or two ye shul have digestyves (141)

Of wormes, er ye take your laxatyves,  
Of lauriol, centaure, and fumetere,

Or elles of allebor, that groweth there.  
Of catapuce, or of gaytres beryls, 4155

Of erbe yve, growing in our yerd, that  
mery is;

Pekke hem up right as they growe, and  
ete hem in.

Be mery, housbond, for your fader kin!

Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow na-  
more.' (149)

'Madame,' quod he, 'graunt mercy of  
your lore. 4160

But natheles, as touching daun Catoun,  
That hath of wisdom such a greet renoun,  
Though that he bad no dremes for to  
drede,

By god, men may in olde bokes rede  
Of many a man, more of auctoritee 4165

Than over Catoun was, so mote I thee,  
That al the revers seyn of his sentence,

And han wel founden by experience,  
That dremes ben significaciouns,

As wel of joye as tribulaciouns 4170

That folk enduren in this lyf present. (161)

The nedeth make of this noon argument;  
The verray preve sheweth it in dede.

Oon of the gretteste auctours that men  
rede

Seith thus, that whylom two felawes  
wente 4175

On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente;  
And happed so, thay come into a toun,

Wher-as ther was swich congregacioun  
Of peple, and eek so streit of herbergage

That they ne founde as muche as o cotage  
In which they bothe mighte y-logged be.

Wherfor thay mosten, of necessitee, (172)

As for that night, departen compaignye;  
And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,

And took his logging as it wolde falle. 4185

That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,  
Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;

That other man was logged wel y-nough,  
As was his aventure, or his fortune, 4189

That us governeth alle as in commune.

And so bifel, that, longe er it were day,  
This man mette in his bed, ther-as he lay,

How that his felawe gan up-on him  
calles, (183)

And seyde, "allas! for in an oxes stalle  
This night I shal be mordred ther I lye.

Now help me, dere brother, er I dye; 4196  
In alle haste com to me," he seyde.

This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde;

But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,  
He turned him, and took of this no keep;

Him thoughte his drem nas but a vanitee.  
Thus twyfes in his sleping dremed he. (192)

And atte thriddre tyme yet his felawe  
Cam, as him thoughte, and seide, "I am

now slawe;  
Bihold my bloody woundes, depe and wyde!

Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde, 4206

And at the west gate of the toun," quod he,  
"A carte ful of dong ther shaltow see,

In which my body is hid ful prively;  
Do thilke carte aresten boldely. 4210

My gold caused my mordre, sooth to  
sayn;" (201)

And tolde him every poynt how he was  
slayn,

With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.  
And truste wel, his drem he fond ful

trewe;  
For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,

To his felawes in he took the way; 4216

And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,  
After his felawe he bigan to calle.

The hostiler answered him anon,  
And seyde, "sire, your felawe is agon, 4220

As sone as day he wente out of the toun."  
This man gan fallen in suspecioun, (212)

Remembring on his dremes that he mette,  
And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he

lette, 4224

Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond  
A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,

That was arrayed in the same wyse  
As ye han herd the dede man devyse;

And with an hardy herte he gan to crye  
Vengeance and justice of this felonye:—

"My felawe mordred is this same night,  
And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.

I crye out on the ministres," quod he, (223)

"That sholden kepe and reulen this citee;  
Harrow! allas! her lyth my felawe

slayn!" 4235

What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn?  
The peple out-sterde, and caste the cart to

grounde,  
And in the middel of the dong they

founde  
The dede man, that mordred was al newe.

O blifful god, that art so just and  
trewe! 4240

Lo, how that thou biwreyest mordre  
alway! (231)

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.  
Mordre is so wlatson and abhominable  
To god, that is so just and resonable,  
That he ne wol nat suffre it heled be; 4245  
Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,  
Mordre wol out, this my conclusioun.  
And right anon, ministres of that toun  
Han hent the carter, and so sore him  
pyned, (239)

And eek the hostiler so sore engyned, 4250  
That thay biknewe hir wikkednesse anon,  
And were an-ganged by the nekke-boon.

Here may men seen that dremes been  
to drede,

And certes, in the same book I rede,  
Right in the nexte chapitre after this,  
(I gabbe nat, so have I joye or blis,) 4256  
Two men that wolde han passed over see,  
For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,  
If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,  
That made hem in a citee for to tarie, 4260  
That stod ful mery upon an haven-  
syde. (251)

But on a day, agayn the even-tyde,  
The wind gan chaunge, and blew right  
as hem leste.

Jolif and glad they wente un-to hir reste,  
And casten hem ful erly for to saille; 4265  
But to that oo man fil a greet mervaille.  
That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,  
Him mette a wonder dreem, agayn the  
day;

Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes  
syde,

And him comaunded, that he sholde  
abyde, 4270

And seyde him thus, "if thou to-morwe  
wende, (261)

Thou shalt be dreynt; my tale is at an  
ende."

He wook, and tolde his felawe what he  
mette,

And preyde him his viage for to lette;  
As for that day, he preyde him to abyde.  
His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,  
Can for to laughe, and scorned him ful  
faste.

"No dreem," quod he, "may so myn herte  
agasté,

That I wol lette for to do my thinges.

I sette not a straw by thy dreminges, 4280  
For swevenes been, but vanitees and japes.  
Mon dreme al-day of owles or of apes, (272)  
And eke of many a mase therwithal;  
Men dreme of thing that never was ne  
shal. 4284

But sith I see that thou wolt heer abyde,  
And thus for-slenthen wilfully thy tyde,  
God wot it reweth me; and have good  
day."

And thus he took his leve, and wente his  
way.

But er that he hadde halfe his cours  
y-seyled,

Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it  
eyled, 4290

But casuelly the shippes botme rente, (281)  
And ship and man under the water wente  
In sighte of othere shippes it byside.

That with hem seyled at the same tyde.  
And therfor, faire Pertelote so dere, 4295

By swiche ensamples olde maistow lere,  
That no man sholde been to recocheles

Of dremes, for I sey thee, doutelees,  
That many a dreem ful sore is for to  
drede. 4299

Lo, in the lyf of seint Kenelm, I rede,  
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king  
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a  
thing; (292)

A lyte er he was mordred, on a day,  
His mordre in his avisoun he say.

His norice him expouned every del 4305  
His sweven, and bad him for to kepe him  
wel

For traisoun; but he nas but seven yeer  
old,

And therfore litel tale hath he told  
Of any dreem, so holy was his herte.

By god, I hadde lever than my sherte 4310  
That yo had rad his legende, as have I.

Dame Pertelote, I sey yow trowely, (302)  
Macrobeus, that writ th'avisoun

In Affrike of the worthy Cipoun,  
Affermeth dremes, and seith that they  
been 4315

Warning of thinges that men after seen.  
And farther-more, I pray yow loketh  
wel

In th'olde testament, of Daniel,

If he held dremes any vanitee. 4319  
 Reed eek of Joseph, and ther shul ye see  
 Wher dremes ben somtyme (Isey nat alle)  
 Warning of thinges that shul after falle.  
 Loke of Egipt the king, daun Pharao, (313)  
 His bakere and his boteler also, 4324  
 Wher they ne felte noon effect in dremes.  
 Who-so wol seken actes of sondry remes,  
 May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde king,  
 Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree, 4329  
 Which signified he sholde anhangen be?  
 Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf, (321)  
 That day that Ector sholde lese his lyf,  
 She dremed on the same night biforn,  
 How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn,  
 If thilke day he wente in-to bataille; 4335  
 She warnen him, but it mighte nat  
 availle;

He wente for to fighte natheloes,  
 But he was slayn anon of Achilles.  
 But thilke tale is al to long to telle, 4339  
 And eek it is ny day, I may nat dwelle.  
 Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun, (331)  
 That I shal han of this visoun  
 Adversitee; and I seye further-more,  
 That I ne telle of laxatyves no store,  
 For they ben venomous, I woot it wel; 4345  
 I hem defye, I love hem never a del.

Now let us speke of mirthe, and stiute  
 al this;

Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,  
 Of o thing god hath sent me large grace;  
 For whan I see the beautee of your face,  
 Ye ben so scarlet-red about your yēn,  
 It muketh al my drede for to dyen; (342)  
 For, also siker as *In principio*,  
*Mulier est hominis confusio*; 4354  
 Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—  
 Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.  
 For whan I fele a-night your softe syde,  
 Al-be-it that I may nat on you ryde,  
 For that our perche is maad so narwe,  
 alas!

I am so ful of joye and of solas 4360  
 That I defy bothe sweven and dream.  
 And with that word he fley down fro the  
 boem, (352)  
 For it was day, and eek his hennas alle;  
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,  
 For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd.

Royal he was, he was namore afeard; 4366  
 He fethered Pertelote twenty tyme,  
 And trad as ofte, er that it was pryme.  
 He loketh as it were a grim leoun; 4369  
 And on his toos he rometh up and doun,  
 Him deyned not to sette his foot to  
 grounde. (361)  
 He chukketh, whan he hath a corn  
 y-founde,  
 And to him rennen thanne his wyves  
 alle.

Thus royal, as a prince is in his halle,  
 Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture;  
 And after wol I telle his aventure. 4376  
 Whan that the month in which the  
 world bigan,  
 That highte March, whan god first maketh  
 man,

Was complet, and [y]-passed were also,  
 Sin March bigan, thirtry dayes and two,  
 Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,  
 His seven wyves walking by his syde, (372)  
 Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,  
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde  
 y-ronne  
 Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat  
 more; 4385  
 And knew by kynde, and by noon other  
 lore,  
 That it was pryme, and crew with blisful  
 stevene.

'The sonne,' he sayde, 'is clomben up on  
 hevene  
 Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.  
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis, 4390  
 Herkneþ thise blisful briddes how they  
 singe, (381)  
 And see the fresshe floures how they  
 springe;

Ful is myn herte of revel and molas.  
 But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas;  
 For ever the latter ende of joye is wo. 4395  
 God woot that worldly joye is sone ago;  
 And if a rethor coude faire endyte,  
 He in a cronique sanffy mighte it wryte,  
 As for a sovereyn notabilitee. 4399  
 Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;  
 This storie is also trewe, I undertake, (391)  
 As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,  
 That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.  
 Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.

A col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee, 4405  
That in the grove hadde woned yeres  
three,

By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast,  
The same night thurgh-out the heggess  
brast

Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire  
Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;  
And in a bed of wortes stille he lay, (401)  
Til it was passed undern of the day,  
Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to  
falle,

As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,  
That in awayt ligen to mordre men. 4415  
O false morderer, lurking in thy den!

O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!  
False dissimilour, O Greek Sinon,  
That broghtest Troye al outrely to sorwe!  
O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,  
That thou into that yerd flough fro the  
bemes! (411) 4421

Thou were ful wel y-warned by thy  
dremes,

That thilke day was perilous to thee.  
But what that god forwoot mot nedes be,  
After the opinioun of certeyn clerkis. 4425  
Witnesse on him, that any perfil clerk is,  
That in scole is gret altercacioun  
In this matere, and greet disputioun,  
And hath ben of an hundred thousand  
men.

But I ne can not bulke it to the bren, 4430  
As can the holy doctour Augustyn, (421)  
Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardyn,  
Whether that goddes worthy forwiting  
Streyneth me nedely for to doon a thing,  
(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee); 4435  
Or elles, if free choys be graunted me  
To do that same thing, or do it noght,  
Though god forwoot it, er that it was  
wroght;

Or if his witing streyneth nevere a del  
But by necessitee condicional. 4440  
I wol not han to do of swich matere; (431)  
My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,  
That took his counseil of his wyf, with  
sorwe,

To walken in the yerd upon that morwe  
That he had met the drem, that I yow  
tolde. 4445

Wommennes counseils been ful oftecolde;

Wommannes counseil broghte us first to  
wo,

And made Adam fro paradys to go,  
Ther-as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.—  
But for I noot, to whom it mighte  
displese, 4450

If I counseil of wommen wolde blame, (441)  
Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.

Rede auctours, wher they trete of swich  
matere,

And what thay seyn of wommen ye may  
here

Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat  
myne; 4455

I can noon harm of no womman divyne.—

Faire in the sond, to bathe hir merily,  
Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,  
Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so  
free

Song merier than the mermayde in the  
see; 4460

For Phisiologus seith sikerly, (451)  
How that they singen wel and merily.

And so bifel that, as he caste his yē,  
Among the wortes, on a boterflye, 4464  
He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe  
No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe.  
But cryde anon, 'cok, cok,' and up he  
sterte,

As man that was affrayed in his herte.

For naturelly a beest desyreth flee

Fro his contrarie, if he may it see, 4470  
Though he never erst had seyn it with  
his yē. (461)

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him  
espye,

He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon  
Seyde, 'Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye  
gon?

Be ye affrayed of me that am your  
freend? 4475

Now certes, I were worse than a feond,  
If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.

I am nat come your counseil for t'espye;  
But trewely, the cause of my cominge  
Was only for to herkne how that ye  
singe. (470) 4480

For trewely ye have as mery a stevene  
As any aungel hath, that is in hevene;  
Therwith ye han in musik more feingn  
Than hadde Boece, or any that can singe.

My lord your fader (god his soule blesse!)  
 And eek your moder, of hir gentillesse,  
 Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese;  
 And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow  
 plesse. 4488  
 But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,  
 So mote I brouke wel myn eyen twaye,  
 Save yow, I herde never man so singe,  
 As dide your fader in the morweninge;  
 Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.  
 And for to make his voys the more strong,  
 He wolde so payne him, that with bothe  
 his yēn 4495  
 He moste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,  
 And stonden on his tiptoon ther-with-al,  
 And streche forth his nekke long and  
 smal.  
 And eek he was of swich discrecioun,  
 That ther nas no man in no regioun 4500  
 That him in song or wisdom mighte  
 passe. (491)  
 I have wel rad in daun Burnel the Asse,  
 Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,  
 For that a preestes sone yaf him a knok  
 Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and  
 nyce, 4505  
 He made him for to lese his benefyce.  
 But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun  
 Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun  
 Of youre fader, and of his subtiltee. (499)  
 Now singeth, sire, for seinte Charitee, 4510  
 Let see, conne ye your fader countrefete?  
 This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,  
 As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,  
 So was he ravished with his flaterye.  
 Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour  
 Is in your courtes, and many a loengeour,  
 That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,  
 Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow  
 seith.  
 Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye;  
 Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye. 4520  
 This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his  
 toos, (511)  
 Streching his nekke, and heold his eyen  
 oloos,  
 And gan to crowe loude for the nones;  
 And daun Russel the fox sterte up at  
 ones, 4524  
 And by the gargat hente Chauntecleer,  
 And on his bak toward the wode him beer,

For yet ne was ther no man that him  
 sewed.  
 O destinee, that mayst nat been eschewed!  
 Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the  
 bemes! 4529  
 Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes!  
 And on a Friday flal this meschaunce. (521)  
 O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,  
 Sin that thy servant was this Chaunte-  
 cleer,  
 And in thy service dide al his poweer,  
 More for delyt, than world to multiplye,  
 Why woldestow suffre him on thy day to  
 dye? 4536  
 O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,  
 That, whan thy worthy king Richard  
 was slayn  
 With shot, compleynedest his deth so  
 sore,  
 Why ne hadde I now thy sentence and  
 thy lore, 4541  
 The Friday for to chyde, as diden ye? (531)  
 (For on a Friday soothly slayn was he.)  
 Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude  
 pleyne  
 For Chauntecleres drode, and for his  
 payne.  
 Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun 4545  
 Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun  
 Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite  
 swerd,  
 Whan he hadde hent king Priam by the  
 berd,  
 And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*),  
 As maden alle the hennes in the clos, 4550  
 Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the  
 sighte. (541)  
 But sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighite,  
 Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,  
 Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,  
 And that the Romayns hadde brend  
 Cartage; 4555  
 She was so ful of torment and of rage,  
 That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,  
 And brende hir-selven with a stedfast  
 herte.  
 O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,  
 As, whan that Nero brende the citee 4560  
 Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves, (551)  
 For that hir housbondes losten alle hir  
 lyves;

Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.  
Now wol I torne to my tale agayn :-

This sely widwe, and eek hir doghtres  
two, 4565

Herden thise hennas crye and maken wo,  
And out at dozes starten they anon,  
And aȝen the fox toward the grove goon,  
And bar upon his bak the cok away;  
And cryden, 'Out! harrow! and weyla-  
way! 4570

Ha, ha, the fox!' and after him they  
ran, (561)

And eek with staves many another man;  
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and  
Gerland,

And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand;  
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray  
hogges 4575

So were they fered for berking of the  
dogges

And shouting of the men and wimmen  
eke,

They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte  
breke.

They yelleden as feendes doon in helle;  
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem  
quelle; (571) 4580

The gees for fare flownen over the trees;  
Out of the hye cam the swarm of bees;  
So hidous was the noyse, a! *benedicite!*  
Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,  
Ne made never shoutes half so shrille, 4585  
Whan that they wolden any Fleming  
kille,

As thilke day was maad upon the fox.  
Of bras thynghen brouȝten bemes, and of box,  
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blew  
and pouped,

And therewithal thay shryked and they  
houped; 4590

It semed as that heven sholde falle. (581)  
Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneþ alle!

Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly  
The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy!  
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak, 4595  
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,  
And seyde, 'sire, if that I were as ye,  
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis god helpe me),  
Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle!

A verray pestilence up-on yow falle! 4600  
Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,  
Maugree your heed, the cok shal heer  
abyde; (592)

I wol him ete in feith, and that anon.'—  
(The fox answerde, 'in feith, it shal he  
don;—

And as he spak that word, al sodeinly 4605  
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,  
And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.

And whan the fox saugh that he was  
y-gon,

'Allas!' quod he, 'O Chauntecleer, alas!  
I have to yow,' quod he, 'y-doon trespas,  
In-as-muche as I made yow aserd, (601)  
Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of  
the yerd;

But, sire, I dide it in no wikke entente;  
Com down, and I shal telle yow what  
I mente.

I shal seye sooth to yow, god help me so,  
'Nay than,' quod he, 'I shrewe us bothe  
two, 4616

And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood  
and bones,

If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.  
Thou shalt na-more, thurgh thy flaterye,  
Do me to singe and winke with myn yf.

For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,  
Al wilfully, god lat him never thee!' (612)  
'Nay,' quod the fox, 'but god yeve him  
meschaunce,

That is so undiscreet of governaunce,  
That jangleth whan he sholde holde his  
pees.' 4625

Lo, swich it is for to be recchelees,  
And negligent, and truste on flaterye.  
But ye that holden this tale a folye,  
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,  
Taketh the moralitee, good men. 4630  
For seint Paul seith, that al that writen  
is, (621)

To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.  
Taketh the fruyt, and lat the chaf be  
stille.

Now, gode god, if that it be thy wille,  
As seith my lord, so make us alle good  
men; 4635

And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

## EPILOGUE TO THE NONNE PREESTES TALE.

'SIR Nonnes Preest,' our hostes seyde anon,  
'Y-blessed be thy breche, and every stoon!  
This was a mery tale of Chauntecleer.  
But, by my trouthe, if thou were secular,  
Thou woldest been a trede-foula-right. 4641  
For, if thou have corage as thou hast  
    might,  
Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,  
Ya, mo than seven tymes seventene.

See, whiche braunes hath this gentil  
    Preest, 4645  
So greet a nekke, and swich a large breest!  
He loketh as a sperhawk with his yē; (11)  
Him nedeth nat his colour for to dyen  
With brasil, ne with greyn of Portingale.  
Now sire, faire falle yow for youre tale!  
    And after that he, with ful mery chere.  
Seide to another, as ye shullen here. 4652

\* \* B. 4652 = T. 15468; C. 1 = T. 11935.

### GROUP C.

## THE PHISICIENS TALE.

Here folweth the Phisiciens Tale.

THER was, as telleth Titus Livius,  
A knight that called was Virginius,  
Fulfil of honour and of worthinesse,  
And strong of freendes and of greet  
    richesse. [T. 11938]

This knight a doghter hadde by his wyf,  
No chilkren hadde he mo in al his lyf. 6  
Fair was this mayde in excellent beantes  
Aboven every wight that man may see;  
For nature hath with sovereyn diligence  
Y-formed hir in so greet excellence, 10  
As though she wolde seyn, 'lo! I, Nature,  
Thus can I forme and peynte a creature,  
Whan that me list; who can me countre-  
    fete?

Pigmalion noght, though he ay forge and  
    bete,

Or grave, or peynte; for I dar wel seyn, 15  
Apelles, Zanzis, sholde werche in veyn,  
Outher to grave or peynte or forge or bete,  
If they presumed me to countrefete.  
For he that is the former principal  
Hath made me his vicaire general, 20  
To forme and peynten erthely creaturis  
Right as me list, and ech thing in my  
    cure is  
Under the mone, that may wane and waxe,  
And for my werk right no-thing wol I axe:  
My lord and I ben ful of oon accord; 25  
I made hir to the worship of my lord.  
So do I alle myne othere creatures,  
What colour that they han, or what  
    figures.—  
Thus semeth me that Nature wolde seye.



This mayde of age twelf yeer was and  
tweye, 30  
In which that Nature hadde swich delyt.  
For right as she can paynte a lille whyt  
And reed a rose, right with swich peynture  
She peynted hath this noble creature  
Er she were born, up-on hir limes free, 35  
Wher-as by right swiche colours sholde be;  
And Phebus dyed hath hir tresses grete  
Lyke the stremes of his burned hete.  
And if that excellent was hir beautee,  
A thousand-fold more vertuous was she. 40  
In hir ne lakked no condicioun,  
That is to preyse, as by discrecioun.  
As wel in goost as body chast was she;  
For which she flourid in virginitee  
With alle humilitee and abstinence, 45  
With alle attemperance and pacience,  
With mesure eek of bering and array.  
Discreet she was in answering alway;  
Though she were wys as Pallas, dar I seyn,  
Hir facound eek ful wommanly and pleyn,  
No countrefet termes hadde she 51  
To seme wys; but after hir degree  
She spak, and alle hir wordes more and  
lesse  
Sounning in vertu and in gentillesse.  
Shamfast she was in maydens shamfast-  
nesse, 55  
Constant in herte, and ever in businesse  
To dryve hir out of ydel slogardye.  
Bacus hadde of hir mouth right no  
maistrye;  
For wyn and youthe doon Venus encrece,  
As men in fyr wol casten oile or grece. 60  
And of hir owene vertu, unconstreyned,  
She hath ful ofte tyme syk hir feyned,  
For that she wolde fleen the compaignye  
Wher lykly was to treten of folye,  
As is at festes, revels, and at daunces. 65  
That been occasions of daliaunces  
Swich thinges maken children for to be  
To sone rype and bold, as men may see,  
Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore.  
For al to sone may she lerne lore 70  
Of boldnesse, whan she woxen is a wyf

And ye maistresses in your olde lyf,  
That lordes doghtres han in governaunce,  
Ne taketh of my wordes no displeaunce;  
Thenketh that ye ben set in governings 75  
Of lordes doghtres, only for two thinges;

Outher for ye han kept your honestee,  
Or elles ye han falle in freletee,  
And knowen wel y-nough the olde daunce,  
And han forsaken fully swich meschaunce  
For evermo; therfore, for Cristes sake, 81  
To teche hem vertu loke that ye ne slake.  
A thief of venisoun, that hath forlaft  
His likerousnesse, and al his olde craft,  
Can kepe a forest best of any man. 85  
Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol, ye can;  
Loke wel that ye un-to no vice assente,  
Lest ye be dampned for your wikke en-  
tente;

For who-so doth, a traitour is certeyn.  
And taketh kepe of that that I shal  
seyn; 90

Of alle tresons sovereyn pestilence  
Is whan a wight bitrayseth innocence.

Ye fadres and ye modres eek also,  
Though ye han children, be it oon or two,  
Your is the charge of al hir surveyaunce, 95  
Whyt that they been under your govern-  
aunce.

Beth war that by ensample of your livinge,  
Or by your negligence in chastisinge,  
That they ne perisse; for I dar wel seye,  
If that they doon, ye shul it dere abeye. 100  
Under a shepherde softe and negligent  
The wolf hath many a sheep and lamb  
to-rent.

Suffyseth oon ensample now as here,  
For I mot turne agayn to my matere.

This mayde, of which I wol this tale  
expresse, 105

So kepte hir-self, hir neded no maistresse;  
For in hir living maydens mighten rede,  
As in a book, every good word or dede,  
That longeth to a mayden vertuous;  
She was so prudent and so bountevous. 110  
For which the fame out-sprong on every  
syde

Bothe of hir beautee and hir bountee wyde;  
That thurgh that land they preysed hir  
echone,

That loved vertu, save envye allone,  
That sory is of other mennes wele, 115  
And glad is of his sorwe and his unhole;  
(The doctour maketh this descripcioun).  
This mayde up-on a day wente in the toun  
Toward a temple, with hir moder dere,  
As is of yonge maydens the manere. 120

Now was ther thanne a justice in that  
toun,

That governour was of that regioun.  
And so bifel, this juge his eyen caste  
Up-on this mayde, avysinge him ful faste,  
As she cam forby ther this juge stood. 125  
Anon his herte chaunged and his mood,  
So was he caught with beautes of this  
mayde;

And to him-self ful prively he sayde,  
'This mayde shal be myn, for any man.'

Anon the feend in-to his herte ran, 130  
And taughte him sodeynly, that he by  
slighte

The mayden to his purpos winne mighte.  
For certes, by no force, ne by no mede,  
Him thoughte, he was nat able for to spede;  
For she was strong of freendes, and eek she  
Confermed was in swich soverayn bountee,  
That wel he wiste he mighte hir never  
winne 137

As for to make hir with hir body sinne.  
For which, by greet deliberacioun,  
He sente after a cherl, was in the toun, 140  
Which that he knew for subtil and for  
bold.

This juge un-to this cherl his tale hath told  
In secree wyse, and made him to ensue,  
He sholde telle it to no creature,  
And if he dide, he sholde lese his heed. 145  
Whan that assented was this cursed reed,  
Glad was this juge and maked him greet  
chere,

And yaf him yiftes precieuse and dere.

Whan shapen was al hir conspiraunce  
Fro point to point, how that his lecherye  
Parfourned sholde been ful subtilly, 151  
As ye shul here it after openly,  
Hoom gooth the cherl, that highte Clau-  
dius.

This false juge that highte Apius,  
So was his name, (for this is no fable, 155  
But known for historial thing notable,  
The sentence of it sooth is, out of doute),  
This false juge gooth now faste aboute  
To hasten his delyt al that he may.  
And so bifel sone after, on a day, 160

This false juge, as telleth us the storie,  
As he was wont, sat in his consistorie,  
And yaf his domes up-on sondry cas.  
This false cherl cam forth a ful greet pas,

And seyde, 'lord, if that it be your wille, 165  
As dooth me right up-on this pitous bille,  
In which I pleyne up-on Virginus.  
And if that he wol seyn it is nat thus,  
I wol it preve, and finde good witnessse,  
That sooth is that my bille wol expresse.'

The juge answerde, 'of this, in his  
absence, 171

I may nat yeve diffinitif sentence.

Lat do him calle, and I wol gladly here;  
Thou shalt have al right, and no wrong  
here.' 174

Virginus cam, to wite the juges wille,  
And right anon was rad this cursed bille;  
The sentence of it was as ye shul here.

'To yow, my lord, sire Apius so dere,  
Sheweth your povre servant Claudius,  
How that a knight, called Virginus, 180  
Agayns the lawe, agayn al equitee,  
Holdeth, expres agayn the wil of me,  
My servant, which that is my thral by  
right,

Which for myn hous was stole up-on  
a night,

Whyl that she was ful yong; this wol  
I preve 185

By witnessse, lord, so that it nat yow greve.  
She nis his doghter nat, what so he seye;  
Wherfore to yow, my lord the juge, I preye,  
Yeld me my thral, if that it be your wille.'  
Lo! this was al the sentence of his bille.

Virginus gan up-on the cherl biholde,  
But hastily, er he his tale tolde, 192  
And wolde have proved it, as sholde  
a knight,

And eek by witnessing of many a wight,  
That it was fals that seyde his adversarie,  
This cursed juge wolde no-thing tarie, 196  
Ne here a word more of Virginus,  
But yaf his jugement, and seyde thus:—

'I deme anon this cherl his servant have,  
Thou shalt no longer in thyn hous hir  
save. 200

Go bring hir forth, and put hir in our  
warde,

The cherl shal have his thral, this I  
awarde.'

And whan this worthy knight Virginus,  
Thurgh sentence of this justice Apius,  
Moste by force his dere doghter given 205  
Un-to the juge, in lecherye to liven,

He gooth him hoom, and sette him in his  
halle,  
And leet anon his dere daughter calle,  
And, with a face deed as ashen colde,  
Upon hir humble face he gan biholde, 210  
With fadrespitesteiking thurgh his herte,  
Al wolde he from his purpos nat converte.

'Doghter,' quod he, 'Virginia, by thy  
name,  
Ther been two weyes, outhur deeth or  
shame,  
That thou most suffre; alas! that I was  
bore! 215

For never thou deservedest wherfore  
To dyen with a swerd or with a knyf.  
O dere doghter, ender of my lyf,  
Which I have fostred up with swich  
plesaunce,

That thou were never out of my remem-  
braunce! 220

O doghter, which that art my laste wo,  
And in my lyf my laste joye also,  
O gemme of chastitee, in pacience  
Take thou thy deeth, for this is my sen-  
tence.

For love and nat for hate, thou most be  
deed; 225

My pitous hand mot smyten of thyn heed.  
Alas! that ever Apius thee say!

Thus hath he falsly juged thee to-day!—  
And tolde hir al the cas, as ye bifore 230  
Han herd; nat nedeth for to telle it more.

'O mercy, dere fader,' quod this mayde,  
And with that word she both hir armes  
layde

About his nekke, as she was wont to do:  
The teres broste out of hir eyen two,  
And seyde, 'gode fader, shal I dye? 235  
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedye?'

'No, certes, dere doghter myn,' quod he.  
'Thanne yif me layser, fader myn,' quod  
she,

'My-deeth for to compleyne a litel space;  
For pardee, Jeptheyaf his doghter grace 240  
For to compleyne, er he hir slow, alas!  
And god it woot, no-thing was hir trespas,  
But for she ran hir fader first to see,  
To welcome him with greet solemnpnitee.'  
And with that word she fil aswowne anon,  
And after, whan hir swowning is agon, 246

She ryseth up, and to hir fader sayde,  
'Blessed be god, that I shal dye a mayde.  
Yif me my deeth, er that I have a shame;  
Doth with your child your wil, a goddes  
name!' 250

And with that word she preyed him ful  
ofte,

That with his swerd he wolde smyte softe,  
And with that word aswowne doun she fil.  
Hir fader, with ful sorweful herte and wil,  
Hir heed of smoot, and by the top it  
hente, 255

And to the juge he gan it to presente,  
As he sat yet in doom in consistorie.  
And whan the juge it saugh, as seith the  
storie,

He bad to take him and anchange him  
faste. 259

But right anon a thousand peple in thraste,  
To save the knight, for rounthe and for  
pitee,

For knowen was the false iniquitee.  
The peple anon hath suspect of this thing,  
By manere of the cherles chalanging,  
That it was by th'assent of Apius; 265  
They wisten wel that he was lecherous.

For which un-to this Apius they gon,  
And caste him in a prison right anon,  
Wher-as he slow him-self; and Claudius,  
That servant was un-to this Apius, 270  
Was demed for to hange upon a tree;

But that Virginius, of his pitee,  
So prayde for him that he was exyled,  
And elles, certes, he had been bigyled.

The remenant were anhangd, more and  
lesse, 275

That were consentant of this cursed-  
nesse.—

Heer men may seen how sinne hath his  
meryte!

Beth war, for no man woot whom god  
wol smyte

In no degree, no in which maner wyse  
The worm of conscience may agryse 280  
Of wikked lyf, though it so privee be,  
That no man woot ther-of but god and he.  
For be he lewed man, or elles lored,  
He noot how sone that he shal been aferd.  
Therefore I rede yow this conseil take, 285  
Forsaketh sinne, er sinne yow forsake.

## WORDS OF THE HOST.

The wordes of the Host to the Phisicien and the Pardoner.

Our Hoste gan to swere as he were  
wood,  
'Harrow!' quod he, 'by nayles and by  
blood!

This was a fals cherl and a fals justyse!  
As shamful deeth as herte may devyse 290  
Come to thise juges and hir advocats!  
Algate this sely mayde is slayn, allas!  
Allas! to dere boghte she beantees!  
Wherefore I seye al day, as men may see,  
That yiftes of fortune or of nature 295  
Ben cause of deeth to many a creature. (10)  
Hir beantees was hir deeth, I dar wel sayn;  
Allas! so pitously as she was slayn!  
Of bothe yiftes that I speke of now  
Men han ful ofte more harm than prow.  
But trewely, myn owene mayster dere, 301  
This is a pitous tale for to here.  
But natheles, passe over, is no fors;  
I prey to god, so save thy gentil cors, 304  
And eek thyne urinals and thy jordanes,  
Thyn Ypocras, and eek thy Galianes, (20)  
And every boist ful of thy letuarie;  
God blesse hem, and our lady seinte  
Marie!

So mot I theen, thou art a propre man,  
And lyk a prelat, by seint Ronyan! 310

Seyde I nat wel? I can nat speke in  
terme;

But wel I woot, thou doost my herte to  
erme,

That I almost have caught a cardiale.  
By corpus bones! but I have triacle, 314  
Orelles a draught of moyste and cornyale,  
Or but I here anon a mery tale, (30)  
Myn herte is lost for pitee of this mayde.  
Thou bel amy, thou Pardoner,' he seyde,  
'Tel us som mirthe or japes right anon.'

'It shall be doon,' quod he, 'by seint  
Ronyon! 320

But first,' quod he, 'heer at this ale-  
stake

I wol both drinke, and eten of a cake.'

But right anon thise gentils gonne to  
crye,

'Nay! lat him telle us of no ribaudye;

Tel us som moral thing, that we may  
lere 325

Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly  
here.' (40)

'I graunte, y-wis,' quod he, 'but I mot  
thinke

Up-on som honest thing, whyl that I  
drinke.'

# THE PROLOGUE OF THE PARDONERS TALE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Pardoners Tale.

*Radix malorum est Cupiditas: Ad Thimotheum, sermo.*

'LORDINGS,' quod he, 'in chirches whan I preche,

I peyne me to han an hauteyn speche, 330  
And ringe it out as round as gooth a belle,  
For I can al by rote that I telle.

My theme is alwey oon, and ever was—  
"Radix malorum est Cupiditas."

First I pronounce whennes that I come,  
And than my bulles shewe I, alle and somme. 336

Our lige lordes seel on my patente,  
That shewe I first, my body to warente, (10)  
That no man be so bold, ne preest ne clerk,  
Me to destourbe of Cristes holy werk; 340  
And after that than telle I forth my tales,  
Bulles of popes and of cardinales,  
Of patriarkes, and bishoppes I shewe;  
And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,  
To saffron with my predicacioun, 345  
And for to stire men to devocioun. (18)

Than shewe I forth my longe cristal stones,  
Y-crammed ful of cloutes and of bones;  
Reliks been they, as wenen they echoon.  
Than have I in latoun a sholder-boon 350  
Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.  
"Good men," seye I, "tak of my wordes  
kepe;

If that this boon be wasshe in any well,  
If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxwelle  
That any worm hath ete, or worm y-  
stonge, 355

Tak water of that well, and wash his  
tonge,

And it is hool anon; and furthermore,  
Of peckes and of scabbe, and every sore (30)

Shal every sheep be hool, that of this well  
Drinketh a draughte; tak kepe eek what  
I telle. 360

If that the good-man, that the bestes oweth,  
Wol every wike, or that the cok him  
croweth,

Fastinge, drinken of this well a draughte,  
As thilke holy Jewe our eldres taughte,  
His bestes and his stoor shal multiplie. 365  
And, sirs, also it heleth jalonsye;

For, though a man be falle in jalous rage,  
Let maken with this water his potage, (40)  
And never shal he more his wyf mistriste,  
Though he the sooth of hir defaute wiste;  
Al had she taken preestes two or three. 371

Heer is a miteyn eek, that ye may see.  
He that his hond wol putte in this miteyn,  
He shal have multiplying of his greyn,  
Whan he hath sown, be it whete or otes,  
So that he offre pens, or elles grotes. 376

Good men and wommen, o thing warne  
I yow,

If any wight be in this chirche now, (50)  
That hath doon sinne horrible, that he  
Dar nat, for shame, of it y-shrive, be 380  
Or any womman, be she yong or old,  
That hath y-maad hir housbond cokewold,  
Swich folk shul have no power ne no grace  
To offren to my reliks in this place.

And who-so findeth him out of swich  
blame, 385

He wol com up and offre in goddes name,  
And I assaille him by the auctoritee  
Which that by bulle y-graunted was to  
me." (60)

By this gande have I wonne, yeer by  
 year,  
 An hundred mark sith I was Pardoner.  
 I stonde lyk a clerk in my pulpet, 391  
 And whan the lewed peple is down y-set,  
 I preche, so as ye han herd bifore,  
 And telle an hundred false japes more.  
 Than payne I me to strecche forth the  
 nekke, 395  
 And est and west upon the peple I bekke,  
 As doth a dowe sitting on a berne. (69)  
 Myn hondes and my tonge goon so yerne,  
 That it is joye to see my bisnesse.  
 Of avaryce and of swich cursednesse 400  
 Is al my preching, for to make hem free  
 To yewe her pens, and namely un-to me.  
 For my entente is nat but for to winne,  
 And no-thing for correccioun of sinne. 404  
 I rekke never, whan that they ben beried,  
 Though that her soules goon a-blake-  
 beried !  
 For certes, many a predicacioun  
 Comth ofte tyme of yvel entencioun ; (80)  
 Som for plesaunce of folk and flaterye,  
 To been avaunced by ipocriaye, 410  
 And som for veyneglorie, and som for hate.  
 For, whan I dar non other weyes debate,  
 Than wol I stinge him with my tonge  
 smerte  
 In preching, so that he shal nat asterte  
 To been defamed falsly, if that he 415  
 Hath trespassed to my brethren or to me.  
 For, though I telle noight his propre name,  
 Men shal wel knowe that it is the same (90)  
 By signes and by othere circumstances.  
 Thus quyte I folk that doon us dis-  
 plesances ; 420  
 Thus spitte I out my venim under hewe  
 Of holynesse, to some holy and trewe.  
 But shortly myn entente I wol devyse ;  
 I preche of no-thing but for coveityse.  
 Therfor my theme is yet, and ever was—

*"Radix malorum est cupiditas."* 426  
 Thus can I preche agayn that same vyce  
 Which that I use, and that is avaryce. (100)  
 But, though my-self be giltly in that sinne,  
 Yet can I maken other folk to twinne 430  
 From avaryce, and sore to repente.  
 But that is nat my principal entente.  
 I preche no-thing but for coveityse ;  
 Of this matere it oughte y-nogh suffyse.  
 Than telle I hem ensamples many oon  
 Of olde stories, longe tyme agoon : 436  
 For lewed peple loven tales olde ;  
 Swich thinges can they wel reporte and  
 holde. (110)  
 What? trowe ye, the whyles I may preche,  
 And winne gold and silver for I teche, 440  
 That I wol live in povert wilfully ?  
 Nay, nay, I thoughte it never trewely !  
 For I wol preche and begge in sondry  
 londes ;  
 I wol not do no labour with myn hondes,  
 Ne make baskettes, and live therby, 445  
 Because I wol nat beggen ydally.  
 I wol non of the apostles counterfete ;  
 I wol have money, wolle, cheese, and whete,  
 Al were it even of the povrest page, (121)  
 Or of the povrest widwe in a village, 450  
 Al sholde hir children sterve for famyne.  
 Nay ! I wol drinke licour of the vyne,  
 And have a joly wenche in every toun.  
 But herkne, lordings, in conclusioun ;  
 Your lyking is that I shal telle a tale. 455  
 Now, have I dronke a draughte of coray  
 ale,  
 By god, I hope I shal yow telle a thing  
 That shal, by resoun, been at your lyking.  
 For, though myself be a ful vicious  
 man,  
 A moral tale yet I yow telle can, (132) 460  
 Which I am wont to preche, for to winne.  
 Now holde your pees, my tale I wol  
 beginne.'

## THE PARDONERS TALE.

Here biginneth the Pardoners Tale.

In Flaunders whylom was a companye  
Of yonge folk, that haunteden folye,  
As ryot, hasard, stewes, and tavernes, 465  
Wher-as, with harpes, lutes, and giternes,  
They daunce and pleye at dees bothe day  
and night, (139)

And ete also and drinken over hir might,  
Thurgh which they doon the devel sacri-  
fyse

With-in that develes temple, in cursed  
wyse, 470

By superfluitee abhominable;  
Hir othes been so grete and so dampnable,  
That it is grisly for to here hem swere;  
Our blissed lordes body they to-tere;  
Hem thoughte Jewes rente him noght  
y-nough; 475

And ech of hem at otheres sinne lough.  
And right anon than comen tombesteres  
Faty and smale, and yonge fruytes-  
teres, (150)

Singers with harpes, bandes, wafereres,  
Whiche been the verray develes officeres  
To kindle and blowe the fyr of lecherye,  
That is annexed un-to glotonye; 482  
The holy writ take I to my witnesse,  
That luxurie is in wyn and dronkenesse.

Lo, how that dronken Loth, unkindely,  
Lay by his doghtres two, unwittingly; 486  
So dronke he was, he niste what he  
wroghte. (159)

Herodes, (who-so wel the stories soghte),  
Whan he of wyn was replet at his feste,  
Right at his owene table he yaf his heste  
To sleen the Baptist John ful giltelees. 491

Senek seith eek a good word doutelees;  
He seith, he can no difference finde  
Bitwix a man that is out of his minde

And a man which that is dronkelewe, 495  
But that woodnesse, y-fallen in a shrewe,  
Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse.  
O glotonye, ful of cursednesse, (171)  
O cause first of our confusioun,  
O original of our dampnacioun, 500  
Til Crist had boght us with his blood  
agayn!

Lo, how dore, shortly for to sayn,  
Aboght was thilke cursed vileinye;  
Corrupt was al this world for glotonye!

Adam our fader, and his wyf also, 505  
Fro Paradys to labour and to wo  
Were driven for that vyce, it is no drede;  
For why! that Adam fasted, as I rede, (180)  
He was in Paradys; and whan that he  
Fet of the fruyt defended on the tree, 510  
Anon he was out-cast to wo and peyne.  
O glotonye, on thes wel oghte us pleyne!  
O, wiste a man how many maladyes  
Folwen of excesse and of glotonyes,  
He wolde been the more mesurable 515  
Of his diete, sittinge at his table.

Allas! the shorte throte, the tendre  
mouth,

Maketh that, Est and West, and North  
and South, (190)

In erthe, in air, in water men to-swinke  
To gete a glotoun deyntee mete and  
drinke! 520

Of this matere, o Paul, wel canstow trete,  
'Mete un-to wombe, and wombe eek un-to  
mete,

Shal god destroyen bothe,' as Paulus seith.  
Allas! a foul thing is it, by my feith, 524  
To seye this word, and fouler is the dede.  
Whan man so drinketh of the whyte and  
rede,

That of his throte he maketh his prives,  
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee. (200)

The apostel weping seith ful pitously,  
'Ther walken many of whiche yow told  
have I, 530

I seye it now weping with pitous voys,  
[That] they been enemyis of Cristes croys,  
Of whiche the ende is deeth, wombe is  
her god.'

O wombe! O bely! O stinking cod,  
Fulfil of donge and of corrupcioun! 535  
At either ende of thee foul is the soun.  
How greet labour and cost is thee to  
finde!

These cokes, how they stampe, and streyne,  
and grinde, (210)

And turnen substance in-to accident,  
To fulfille al thy likerous talent! 540  
Out of the harde bones knocke they  
The mary, for they caste nought a-wey  
That may go thurgh the golet softe and  
swote;

Of spicerie, of leef, and bark, an I rote  
Shal been his sauce y-made by delyt, 545  
To make him yet a newer appoty.  
But certes, he that haungeth swich deloyes  
Is deed, whyl that he liveth in tho vyces.

A lecherous thing is wyn, and dronke-  
nesse (221) 549

Is ful of stryving and of wretchednesse.  
O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,  
Sour is thy breath, foul artow to embrace,  
And thurgh thy dronke nose someth the  
soun

As though thou seydest ay 'Sampsoun,  
Sampsoun',

And yet, god wot, Sampsoun drauk never  
no wyn. 555

Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swyn;  
Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honest cure;  
For dronkenesse is verray sepulture (230)  
Of mannes wit and his discrecioun. 550  
In whom that drinke hath dominacioun,  
He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.  
Now kepe yow fro the whyte and fro the  
rede,

And namely fro the whyte wyn of Lepe,  
That is to selle in Fish-strete or in Chepe.  
This wyn of Spayne crepeth subtilly 565  
In othere wyne, growing faste by,  
Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee,

That whan a man hath dronken draughtes  
three, (240)

And weneth that he be at hoom in  
Chepe,

He is in Spayne, right at the toune of  
Lepe, 570

Nat at the Rochel, ne at Burdoux toun:  
And thanne wol he seye, 'Sampsoun,  
Sampsoun.'

But herkneth, lordings, o word, I yow  
preye,

That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,  
Of victories in th'olde testament, 575

Thurgh verray god, that is omnipotent,  
Were doon in abstinence and in preyere;  
Loketh the Bible, and ther ye may it  
lere. (250)

Loke, Attila, the grete conquerour;  
Doyle in his sleep, with shame and dis-  
honour, 580

Blidinge ay at his nose in dronkenesse;  
A capitayn shoulde live in sobrenesse.

And over al this, avyseth yow right wel  
What was comaunded un-to Lamuel—  
Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I— 585  
Rodeth the Bible, and finde it expresly  
Of wyn-veying to hem that han justyse.  
Na-more of this, for it may wel suffyse. (260)

And now that I have spoke of glotonye,  
Now wol I yow defenden hasardrye. 590  
Hasard is verray moder of lesinges,  
And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes,  
BlaspHEME of Crist, manslaughtre, and  
wast also

Of catel and of tyme; and forthermo,  
It is repreve and contrarie of honour 595  
For to ben holde a commune hasardour.  
And ever the hyer he is of estaat,  
The more is he holden desolaat. (270)

If that a prince useth hasardrye,  
In alle governaunce and poliiye 600  
He is, as by commune opinioun,  
Y-holde the lasse in reputacioun.

Stilbon, that was a wys embassadour,  
Was sent to Corinthe, in ful greet honour,  
Fro Lacidomie, to make hir alliaunce. 605  
And whan he cam, him happede, par  
chaunce,

That alle the grettest that were of that  
lond,

Pleynges atte hasard he hem fond. (280)



For which, as sone as it mighte be, 609  
 He stal him hoom agayn to his contree,  
 And seyde, 'ther wol I nat lese my name;  
 N' I wol nat take on me so greet defame,  
 Yow for to allye un-to none hasardours.  
 Sendeth othere wyse embassadours; 614  
 For, by my trouthe, me were lever dye,  
 Than I yow sholde to hasardours allye.  
 For ye that been so glorious in honours  
 Shul nat allyen yow with hasardours (290)  
 As by my wil, ne as by my trettee.'

This wyse philosophre thus seyde he. 620

Loke eek that, to the king Demetrius  
 The king of Parthes, as the book seith us,  
 Sente him a paire of dees of gold in scorn,  
 For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn;  
 For which he heeld his glorie or his  
 renoun 625

At no value or reputacioun.

Lordes may finden other maner pley  
 Honeste y-nough to dryve the day away  
 Now wol I speke of othes false and  
 grete (301)

A word or two, as olde bokes trete. 630  
 Gret swering is a thing abhominable,  
 And false swering is yet more reprevable.  
 The heighe god forbad swering at al,  
 Witnesse on Mathew; but in special  
 Of swering seith the holy Jeremye, 635  
 'Thou shalt seye sooth thyn othes, and  
 nat lye,

And swere in dome, and eek in rightwis-  
 nesse;'

But ydel swering is a cursednesse. (310)  
 Bihold and see, that in the frste table  
 Of heighe goddes hestes honourable, 640  
 How that the seconde heste of him is this—  
 'Tak nat my name in ydel or amis.'

Lo, rather he forbedeth swich swering  
 Than homicyde or many a cursed thing;  
 I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;  
 This known, that his hestes under-  
 stondeth, 646  
 How that the second heste of god is  
 that.

And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat,  
 That vengeance shal nat parten from his  
 hous, (321)

That of his othes is to outrageous. 650  
 'By goddes precious herte, and by his  
 nayles,

And by the blode of Crist, that it is in  
 Hayles,

Seven is my chaunce, and thyn is cink  
 and treye;

By goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,  
 This dagger shal thurgh-out thyn herte  
 go '— 655

This fruyt cometh of the bicched bones two,  
 Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicyde. (329)  
 Now, for the love of Crist that for us dyde,  
 Leveth your othes, bothe grete and smale;  
 But, sirs, now wol I telle forth my tale. 660

THISE ryotoures three, of whiche I telle,  
 Longe erst er pryme rong of any belle,  
 Were set hem in a tavern for to drinke;  
 And as they satte, they herde a belle clinke  
 Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave; 665  
 That oon of hem gan callen to his knave,  
 'Go bet,' quod he, 'and axe redily, (330)  
 What cors is this that passeth heer forby;  
 And look that thou reporte his name wel.'

'Sir,' quod this boy, 'it nedeth never-  
 a-del. 670

It was me told, er ye cam heer, two houres;  
 He was, pardee, an old felawe of youres;  
 And sodeynly he was y-slayn to-night,  
 For-dronke, as he sat on his bench up-  
 right;

Ther cam a privee theef, men clepeth  
 Deeth, 675

That in this contree al the peple sleeth,  
 And with his spere he smoot his herte  
 a-two, (349)

And wente his way with-uten wordes mo.  
 He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:  
 And, maister, er ye come in his presence,  
 Me thinketh that it were necessarie 681  
 For to be war of swich an adversarie:  
 Beth redy for to mete him evermore.

Thus taughte me my dame, I sey na-more.'  
 'By seinte Marie,' seyde this taverner, 685  
 'The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn  
 this year,

Henne over a myle, with-in a greet village,  
 Both man and womman, child and hyne,  
 and page. (360)

I trowe his habitacioun be there;  
 To been avysed greet wisdom it were, 690  
 Er that he dide a man a dishonour.'  
 'Ye, goddes armes,' quod this ryotour,

'Is it swich peril with him for to mete?  
 I shal him seke by wey and eek by strete,  
 I make avow to goddes digne bones! 695  
 Herkneeth, felawes, we three been al ones;  
 Lat ech of us holde up his hond til other,  
 And ech of us bi comen othere's brother, (370)  
 And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth;  
 He shal be slayn, which that so many  
 sleeth, 700  
 By goddes dignitee, er it be night.'

Togidres han thise three her trouthes  
 plight,  
 To live and dyen ech of hem for other,  
 As though he were his owene y-boren  
 brother.

And up they sterte al dronken, in this  
 rage, 705  
 And forth they goon towards that village,  
 Of which the taverner had spoke biforn,  
 And many a grisly ooth than han they  
 sworn, (380)  
 And Cristes blessed body they to-rente—  
 'Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him  
 hente.' 710

When they han goon nat fully half a  
 myle,  
 Right as they wolde han troden over a  
 style,

An old man and a povre with hem mette.  
 This olde man ful mekely hem grette,  
 And seyde thus, 'now, lordes, god yow  
 see!' 715

The proudest of thise ryoutoures three  
 Answerde agayn, 'what? carl, with sory  
 grace, (389)

Why artow al forwrapped save thy face?  
 Why livestow so longe in so greet age?'

This olde man gan loken in his visage, 720  
 And seyde thus, 'for I ne can nat finde  
 A man, though that I walked in-to Inde,  
 Neither in citee nor in no village,  
 That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn  
 age;

And therfore moot I han myn age stille,  
 As longe time as it is goddes wille. 726

Ne deeth, alas! ne wol nat han my lyf;  
 Thus walke I, lyk a resteles caityf, (400)  
 And on the ground, which is my modres  
 gate,

I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,  
 And seye, "leve moder, leet me in! 731

Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and  
 skin!

Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?  
 Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my  
 cheste, 734

That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,  
 Ye! for an heyre clout to wrappe me!"  
 But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,  
 For which ful pale and welked is my face.

But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye (411)  
 To speken to an old man vileinye, 740  
 But he trespass in worde, or elles in dede.  
 In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede,  
 "Agayns an old man, hoor upon his heed,  
 Ye sholde aryse;" wherfor I yewe yow  
 reed,

Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm  
 now, 745

Na-more than ye wolde men dide to yow  
 In age, if that ye so longe abyde;  
 And god be with yow, wher ye go or ryde.  
 I moot go thider as I have to go. (421)

'Nay, olde cherl, by god, thou shalt nat  
 so,' 750

Seyde this other hasardour anon;  
 'Thou partest nat so lightly, by saint John!  
 Thou spak right now of thilke traitour  
 Deeth,

That in this cuntree alle our frendes  
 sleeth.

Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his  
 aspye, 755

Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abyde,  
 By god, and by the holy sacrament!  
 For soothly thou art oon of his assent, (430)  
 To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!"

'Now, sirs, quod he, 'if that yow be so  
 leef 760

To finde Deeth, turne up this croked  
 wey,

For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey,  
 Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde;  
 Nat for your boost he wol him no-thing  
 hyde.

See ye that ook? right ther ye shul him  
 finde. 765

God save yow, that boghte agayn man-  
 kinde,

And yow amende!—thus seyde this olde  
 man.

And everich of thise ryoutoures ran, (440)

Til he cam to that tree, and ther they  
 founde  
 Of florins fyne of golde y-coyned rounde  
 Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem  
 thoughte. 771  
 Nolonger thanne after Deeth they soughte,  
 But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,  
 For that the florins been so faire and  
 brighte,  
 That down they sette hem by this precious  
 hord. 775  
 The worste of hem he spake the firste word.  
 'Brethren,' quod he, 'tak kepe what I  
 seye;  
 My wit is greet, though that I bourde and  
 pleye. (450)  
 This tresor hath fortune un-to us yiven,  
 In mirthe and jolitee our lyf to liven, 780  
 And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.  
 Ey! goddes precious dignitee! who wende  
 To-day, that we sholde han so fair a grace?  
 But mighte this gold be caried fro this  
 place 784  
 Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to yours—  
 For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures—  
 Than were we in heigh felicittee.  
 But trewely, by daye it may nat be; (460)  
 Men wolde seyn that we were theves  
 stronge, 789  
 And for our owene tresor doon us honge.  
 This tresor mooste y-caried be by nighte  
 As wysly and as slyly as it mighte,  
 Whorfore I rede that cut among us alle  
 Be drawe, and lat see wher the cut wol  
 falle;  
 And he that hath the cut with herte blythe  
 Shal renne to the toun, and that ful  
 swythe, 796  
 And bringe us breed and wyn ful prively.  
 And two of us shul kepen subtilly (470)  
 This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,  
 Whan it is night, we wol this tresor  
 carie 800  
 By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh best.'  
 That oon of hem the cut broughte in his  
 fest,  
 And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it wol  
 falle;  
 And it flil on the yongeste of hem alle;  
 And forth toward the toun he wente anon.  
 And al-so sone as that he was gon, 806

That oon of hem spak thus un-to that  
 other,  
 'Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne  
 brother, (480)  
 Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.  
 Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon;  
 And heer is gold, and that ful greet  
 plentee, 811  
 That shal departed been among us thre.  
 But natheles, if I can shape it so  
 That it departed were among us twg  
 Hadde I nat doon a freendes torn to thee?'  
 That other answerde, 'I noot how that  
 may be; 816  
 He woot how that the gold is with us  
 tweye,  
 What shal we doon, what shal we to him  
 seye?' (490)  
 'Shal it be conseil?' seyde the firste  
 shrewe,  
 'And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,  
 What we shal doon, and bringe it wel  
 aboute.' 821  
 'I graunte,' quod that other, 'out of  
 doute,  
 That, by my trouthe, I wol thee nat bi-  
 wrewe.'  
 'Now,' quod the firste, 'thou woost wel  
 we be tweye, 824  
 And two of us shul strengre be than oon.  
 Look whan that he is set, and right anon  
 Arys, as though thou woldest with him  
 pleye;  
 And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes  
 tweye (500)  
 Why! that thou strogelest with him as in  
 game,  
 And with thy dagger look thou do the  
 same; 830  
 And than shal al this gold departed be,  
 My dere freond, bitwixen me and thee:  
 Than may we bothe our lustes al fulfille,  
 And pleye at dees right at our owene  
 wille.'  
 And thus accorded been thise shrewes  
 tweye 835  
 To sloen the thridde, as ye han herd me  
 seye.  
 This yongest, which that wente un-to  
 the toun,  
 Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and down

The beautee of thise florins newe and  
bryghte. (511)

'O lord!' quod he, 'if so were that I  
mighte 840

Have al this tresor to my-self allone,  
Ther is no man that liveth under the trone  
Of god, that sholde live so mery as I!

And atte laste the feend, our enemy,  
Putte in his thought that he shold poyson  
beye, 845

With which he mighte sleen his felawes  
tweye;

For-why the feend fond him in swybb  
lyvinge, (519)

That he had leve him to sorwe bringe,  
For this was outrely his fulle entente  
To sleen hem bothe, and never to repente.  
And forth he gooth, no langer wolde he  
tarie, 851

Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie,  
And preyed him, that he him wolde  
selle

Som poyson, that he mighte his rattes  
quelle;

And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,  
That, as he scyde, his capouns hadde  
y-slawe, 856

And fayn he wolde wreke him, if he  
mighte,

On vermin, that destroyed him by nighte.  
The pothecarie answerde, 'and thou  
shalt have (531)

A thing that, also god my soule save, 860  
In al this world ther nis no creature,  
That ete or drouke hath of this confiture  
Noght but the mountance of a corn of  
wheete,

That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;  
Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lasse whyle  
Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a  
myle; 866

This poyson is so strong and violent.'

This cursed man hath in his hond  
y-hent (540)

This poyson in a box, and sith he ran  
In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man, 870

And borwed [of] him large botels three;  
And in the two his poyson poured he;

The thridde he kepte clone for his drinke.  
For al the night he shoop him for to  
swinke 874

In caryinge of the gold out of that place.  
And whan this ryotour, with sory grace,  
Had filled with wyn his grete botels three,  
To his felawes agayn repaireth he. (550)

What nedeth it to sermone of it more?  
For right as they had cast his deeth bifore,  
Right so they han him slayn, and that  
anon. 881

And whan that this was doon, thus spak  
that oon,

'Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make  
us merie,

And afterward we wol his body berie.'  
And with that word it happed him, par  
cas, 885

To take the botel ther the poyson was,  
And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke also,  
For which anon they storven bothe two.

But, certes, I suppose that Avicen (501)  
Wroot never in no canon, ne in no fen,  
Mo wonder signes of empoisoning 891  
Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir  
ending.

Thus ended been thise homicydes two,  
And eek the false empoysoner also.

O cursed sinne, ful of cursednesse! 895  
O traytours homicyde, o wikkednesse!

O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye! (569)  
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vileinye  
And othes grete, of usago and of pryde!  
Allas! mankinde, how may it bityde, 900  
That to thy creatour which that thee  
wroughte,

And with his precious herte-blood thee  
boghte,

Thou art so fals and so unkinde, alas!

Now, goode men, god forgoe yow your  
trespas, 904

And ware yow fro the sinne of avaryce.  
Myn hoii pardoun may yow alle waryce,

So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges,  
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes. (580)

Boweth your heed under this holy bulle!  
Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your  
wolle! 910

Your name I entre heer in my rolle anon;  
In-to the blisse of hevene shul ye gon;

I yow assoile, by myn heigh power,  
Yow that wol offre, as cleue and eek as  
cleer

As ye were born; and, lo, sirs, thus I  
preche. 915

And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,  
So graunte yow his pardon to receyve;  
For that is best; I wol yow nat deceyve.

But sirs, o word forgat I in my tale, (591)  
I have relikes and pardon in my male, 920

As faire as any man in Engelond,  
Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond.

If any of yow wol, of devocioun,  
Offren, and han myn absolucioun,  
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth heer  
adoun, 925

And mekely receyvethe my pardoun:  
Or elles, takoth pardon as ye wende, (599)  
Al newe and fresh, at every tounes ende,  
So that ye offren alwey newe and newe  
Nobles and pens, which that be gode and  
trewe. 930

It is an honour to everich that is heer,  
That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer  
Tassoille yow, in contree as ye ryde,  
For adventures which that may bityde.  
Peraventure ther may falle oon or two 935  
Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke  
atwo.

Look which a seuretee is it to yow alle  
That I am in your felaweship y-falle, (610)  
That may assoille yow, bothe more and  
lasse,

Whan that the soule shal fro the body  
passe. 940

I rede that our hoste heer shal biginne,  
For he is most enveloped in sinne.

Com forth, sir hoste, and offre first anon,  
And thou shalt kisse the reliks everichon,

Ye, for a grote! unbokel anon thy purs.'

'Nay, nay,' quod he, 'than have I  
Cristes curs! 946

Lat be,' quod he, 'it shal nat be, so  
thee'ch!

Thou woldest make me kisse thyn old  
breech, (620)

And swere it were a relik of a seint,  
Thogh it were with thy fundement de-  
peint! 950

But by the croys which that seint Eleyne  
fond,

I wolde I hadde thy cofflons in myn hond  
In stede of relikes or of seintuarie;  
Lat cutte hem of, I wol thee helpe hem  
carie;

They shul be shryned in an hogges tord.'  
This pardoner answerde nat a word; 956  
So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he  
seye.

'Now,' quod our host, 'I wol no lenger  
pleye (630)

With thee, newith noon other angry man.'  
But right anon the worthy Knight bigan,  
Whan that he saugh that al the peple  
lough, 961

'Na-more of this, for it is right y-nough;  
Sir Pardoner, be glad and mery of chere;  
And ye, sir host, that been to me so dere,  
I prey yow that ye kisse the Pardoner. 965  
And Pardoner, I prey thee, drawe thee  
neer,

And, as we diden, lat us laughe and  
pleye.' (639)

Anon they kiste, and riden forth hir  
weye. [T. 12902]

Here is ended the Pardoners Tale.

(For T. 12903, see p. 492).

GROUP D.

THE WIFE OF BATH'S PROLOGUE.

The Prologe of the Wyves Tale of Bathe.

'EXPERIENCE, though noon auctoritees  
Were in this world, were right y-nough  
to me

To speke of wo that is in mariage;  
For, lordinges, sith I twelf yeer was of age,  
Thonked be god that is eterne on lyve, 5  
Housbondes at chirche-dore I have had  
fyve;

For I so ofte have y-wedded be;  
And alle were worthy men in hir degree.  
But me was told certeyn, nat longe agon is,  
That sith that Crist ne wente never but  
onis 10

To wedding in the Cane of Galilee,  
That by the same ensample taughte he me  
That I ne sholde wedded be but ones.  
Herke eek, lo! which a sharp word for  
the nones

Besyde a welle Jesus, god and man, 15  
Spak in repreve of the Samaritan:  
"Thou hast y-had fyve housbondes," quod  
he,

"And thilke man, the which that hath  
now thee,  
Is noght thyn housbond;" thus seyde he  
certeyn;  
What that he mente ther-ly, I can nat  
seyn; 20

But that I axe, why that the fifte man  
Was noon housbond to the Samaritan?  
How manye mighte she have in mariage?  
Yet herde I never tellen in myn age  
Upon this nombre diffinicioun; 25

Men may devyne and glosen up and doun.  
But wel I woot expres, with-oute lye,  
God had us for to wexe and multiplye;  
That gentil text can I wel understonde.  
Rek wel I woot he seyde, myn housbondes

Sholde lete fader and moder, and take  
me; 31

But of no nombre mencion made he,  
Of bigamy or of octogamy;

Why sholde men speke of it vileinye?

Lo, here the wyse king, dan Salomon; 35

I trowe he hadde wyves mo than on;

As, wolde god, it lefevel were to me

To be refreshed half so ofte as he!

Which yifte of god hadde he for alle his  
wyvis!

No man hath swich, that in this world  
alyve is. 40

God woot, this noble king, as to my wit,

The firste night had many a mery fit

With ech of hem, so wel was him on lyve!

Blessed be god that I have wedded fyve!\*

Welcome the sixte, whan that ever he  
shal. 45

For sothe, I wol nat kepe me chaste in al;

Whan myn housbond is fro the world  
y-gon,

Som Cristen man shal wedde me anon;

For thanne th'apostle seith, that I am  
free

To wedde, a godd's half, wher it lyketh  
me. 50

He seith that to be wedded is no sinne;

Bet is to be wedded than to brinne.

What rekketh me, thogh folk seye vileiny

Of shrewed Lameth and his bigamy?

\* Here some MSS. insert the following genuine  
(but rejected) lines:—

Of whiche I have y-piked out the beste  
Bothe of hir nether purs and of hir cheste.  
Diverse sooles maken parfit clerkes,  
Divers praktik, in many sondry werkes,  
Maketh the werkman parfit sekirly.  
Of fyve husbondes soolering am I.

I woot wel Abraham was an holy man, 55  
And Jacob eek, as ferforth as I can;  
And ech of hem hadde wyves mo than  
two;

And many another holy man also.  
Whan saugh ye ever, in any maner age,  
That hye god defended mariage 60  
By expres word? I pray you, telleth me;  
Or wher comanded he virginitee?  
I woot as wel as ye, it is no drede,  
Th'apostel, whan he speketh of mayden-  
hede;

He seyde, that precept ther-of hadde he  
noon. 65

Men may conseilte a womman to been oon,  
But conselling is no comandement;  
He putte it in our owene jugement  
For hadde god comanded maydenhede,  
Thanne hadde he dampned wedding with  
the dede; 70

And certes, if ther were no seed y-sowe,  
Virginitee, wher-of than sholde it growe?  
Poul dorste nat comanden atte leste  
A thing of which his maister yaf noon  
hesta.

The dart is set up for virginitee; 75  
Cacche who so may, who renneth best lat  
see.

But this word is nat take of every wight,  
But ther as god list give it of his might.  
I woot wel, that th'apostel was a mayde,  
But natheless, thogh that he wroot and  
sayde, 80

He wolde that every wight were swich as  
he,

Al nis but conseil to virginitee;  
And for to been a wyf, he yaf me leve  
Of indulgence; so it is no repreve  
To wedde me, if that my make dye, 85  
With-oute excepcioun of bigamy.

Al were it good no womman for to touche,  
He mente as in his bed or in his couche;  
For peril is bothe fyr and tow t'assemble;  
Ye knowe what this ensample may  
resemble. 90

This is al and som, he heeld virginitee  
More parfit than wedding in freletee.  
Freelte clepe I, but-if that he and she  
Wolde leden al hir lyf in chastitee.

I graunte it wel, I have noon envye, 95  
Thogh maydenhede preferre bigamy;

Hem lyketh to be clene, body and goost,  
Of myn estaat I nil nat make no boost.  
For wel ye knowe, a lord in his household,  
He hath nat every vessel al of gold; 100  
Somme been of tree, and doon hir lord  
servyse.

God clepeth folk to him in sondry wyse,  
And everich hath of god a propre yifte,  
Som this, som that,—as him lyketh shifte.

Virginitee is greet perfeccioun, 105  
And continence eek with devocioun.  
But Crist, that of perfeccioun is welles,  
Bad nat every wight he sholde go selle  
All that he hadde, and give it to the pore,  
And in swich wyse folwe him and his  
fore. 110

He spak to hem that wolde live parfitly;  
And lordinges, by your leve, that am nat I.  
I wol bistowe the flour of al myn age  
In th' actes and in fruit of mariage.

Telle me also, to what conclusioun 115  
Were membres maad of generacioun,  
And for what profit was a wight  
y-wrought?

Trusteth right wel, they wer nat maad  
for noght.

Glose who-so wole, and soye bothe up and  
down,

That they were made for purgacioun 120  
Of urine, and our bothe things amale  
Were eek to knowe a femele from a  
male,

And for noon other cause: soye ye no?

The experience woot wel it is noght so;  
So that the clerkes be nat with me  
wrothe, 125

I sey this, that they maked been for bothe,  
This is to seye, for office, and for ese  
Of engendrure, ther we nat god displese.  
Why sholde men elles in hir bokes sette,  
That man shal yelde to his wyf hir  
dette? 130

Now wher-with sholde he make his  
payement,

If he ne used his sely instrument?

Than were they maad up-on a creature,  
To purge uryne, and eek for engendrure.

But I seye noght that every wight is  
holde, 135  
That hath swich harneys as I to yow  
tolde,

To goon and usen hem in engendrure;  
Than sholde men take of chastitee no  
cure.

Crist was a mayde, and shapen as a man,  
And many a seint, sith that the world  
bigan, 140

Yet lived they ever in parfit chastitee.  
I nil envye no virginitee;

Lat hem be breed of pured whete-seed,  
And lat us wyves hoten barly-breed;

And yet with barly-breed, Mark telle can,  
Our lord Jesu refresshed many a man. 146

In swich estaat as god hath cleped us  
I wol persevere, I nam nat precious.

In wyfhode I wol use myn instrument  
As frely as my maker hath it sent. 150

If I be daungerous, god yeve me sorwe!  
Myn housbond shal it have bothe eve and

morwe,  
Whan that him list com forth and paye

his dette.  
An housbonde I wol have, I nil nat lette,

Which shal be bothe my dettour and my  
thral, 155

And have his tribulacioun with-al  
Up-on his flesh, whyl that I am his wyf.

I have the power duringe al my lyf  
Up-on his propre body, and noght he.

Right thus th'apostel tolde it un to me;  
And bad our housbondes for to love us

weel. 161  
Al this sentence me lyketh every-deel —

Ur sterte the Pardoner, and that anon,  
'Now dame,' quod he, 'by god and by

seint John,  
Ye been a noble prechour in this cas! 165

I was aboute to wedde a wyf; alas!  
What sholde I bye it on my flesh so dere?

Yet hadde I lever wedde no wyf to-yere!  
'Abyde!' quod she, 'my tale is nat

bigonne; 169  
Nay, thou shalt drinken of another tonne

Er that I go, shal savoure wors than ale.  
And whan that I have told thee forth

my tale  
Of tribulacioun in mariage,

Of which I am expert in al myn age,  
This to seyn, my-self have been the

whippe;— 175  
Than maystow chese whether thou wolt

sippe

Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche.

Be war of it, er thou to ny approche;

For I shal telle ensamples mo than ten.

Who-so that nil be war by othere men, 180

By him shul othere men corrected be.

The same wordes wryteth Ptholomee;

Rede in his Almageste, and take it there.'

'Dame, I wolde praye yow, if your wil  
it were,'

Seyde this Pardoner, 'as ye bigan, 185

Telle forth your tale, spareth for no man,

And toche us yonge men of your praktike.'

'Gladly,' quod she, 'sith it may yow  
lyke.

But yet I praye to al this companye,

If that I speke after my fantasye, 190

As taketh not a-grief of that I seye;

For myn entente nis but for to pleye.

Now sires, now wol I telle forth my  
tale.—

As ever mote I drinken wyn or ale,

I shal seye sooth, tho housbondes that

I hadde, 195

As three of hem were gode and two were  
badde.

The three men were gode, and riche, and  
olde;

Unnethe mighte they the statut holde

In which that they were bounden un-to  
me. 199

Ye woot wel what I mene of this, pardee!

As help me god, I laughe whan I thinke

How pitously a-night I made hem swinke;

And by my fey, I tolde of it no stoor.

They had me yeven hir gold and hir  
tresoor;

Me neded nat do lenger diligence 205

To winne hir love, or doon hem reverence.

They loved me so wel, by god above,

That I ne tolde no deyntee of hir love!

A wys womman wol sette hir ever in oon

To gete hir love, ther as she hath noon. 210

But sith I hadde hem hoodly in myn hond,

And sith they hadde me yeven all hir

lond,

What sholde I taken hede hem for to  
plose,

But it were for my profit and myn ese?

I sette hem so a-werke, by my fey, 215

That many a night they songen "wel-

lawey!"



The bacoun was nat fet for hem, I trowe,  
That som men han in Essex at Dunmowe.  
I govered hem so wel, after my lawe,  
That ech of hem ful blisful was and fawe  
To bringe me gaye thinges fro the fayre. 221  
They were ful glad whan I spak to hem  
fayre ;

For god it woot, I chidde hem spitously.  
Now herkneth, how I bar me proprely,  
Ye wyse wyves, that can understonde. 225  
Thus shul ye speke and bere hem wrong  
on honde ;

For half so boldely can ther no man  
Swere and lyen as a womman can.  
I sey nat this by wyves that ben wyse,  
But-if it be whan they hem misavyse 230  
A wys wyf, if that she can hir good,  
Shal beren him on hond the cow is wood,  
And take witness of hir owene mayde  
Of hir assent ; but herkneth how I sayde.

"Sir olde kaynard, is this thyn array ?  
Why is my neighebores wyf so gay ? 236  
She is honoured over-al ther she goth ;  
I sitte at hoom, I have no thrifty cloth.  
What dostow at my neighebores hous ?  
Is she so fair ? artow so amorous ? 240  
What rowne ye with our mayde ? *ben'-cite !*

Sir olde lechour, lat thy japes be !  
And if I have a gossib or a freend,  
With-outen gilt, thou chydest as a feend,  
If that I walke or pleye un-to his hous ! 245  
Thou comest hoom as dronken as a mous,  
And prechest on thy bench, with yvel  
preef !

Thou seist to me, it is a greet meschief  
To wedde a povre womman, for costage ;  
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage,  
Than seistow that it is a tormentrye 251  
To suffre hir pryde and hir malencolye.  
And if that she be fair, thou verray knave,  
Thou seyst that every holour wol hir have ;  
She may no whyle in chastitee abyde, 255  
That is assailed up-on ech a syde.

Thou seyst, som folk desyre us for  
richesse,  
Som for our shap, and som for our fair-  
nesse ;  
And som, for she can outhir singe or  
daunce, 259  
And som for gentillesse and daliaunee ;

Som, for hir handes and hir armes smale ;  
Thus goth al to the devel by thy tale.  
Thou seyst, men may nat kepe a castel-  
wal ;

It may so longe assailed been over-al.  
And if that she be foul, thou seist that  
she 265

Coveiteth every man that she may see ;  
For as a spaynel she wol on him lepe,  
Til that she finde som man hir to chepe ;  
Ne noon so grey goos goth ther in the  
lake, 269  
As, seistow, that wol been with-oute make.  
And seyst, it is an hard thing for to welde  
A thing that no man wol, his thanks,  
helde.

Thus seistow, lorel, whan thou goost to  
bedde ;

And that no wys man nedeth for to  
wedde, 274  
Ne no man that entendeth un-to hevене.  
With wilde thunder-dint and firy levēe  
Mote thy walxed nekke be to-broke !

Thou seyst that dropping houses, and  
eek smoke,

And chydying wyves, maken men to flee  
Out of hir owene hous ; a ! *ben'cite !* 280  
What eytleth swich an old man for to  
chyde ?

Thou seyst, we wyves wol our vyces  
hyde

Til we be fast, and than we wol hem  
shewe ;

Wel may that be a proverbe of a shrewe !  
Thou seist, that oxen, asses, hors, and  
houndes, 285

They been assayed at diverse stoundes ;  
Bacins, lavours, er that men hem bye,  
Spones and stoles, and al swich hous-  
bondrye,

And so been pottes, clothes, and array ;  
But folk of wyves maken noon assay 290  
Til they be wedded ; olde dotard shrewe !  
And than, seistow, we wol oure vices  
shewe.

Thou seist also, that it displeaseth me  
But-if that thou wolt preyse my beautee,  
And but thou poure alway up-on my  
face, 295  
And clepe me 'faire dame' in every  
place ;

And but thou make a feste on thilke  
day

That I was born, and make me fresh and  
gay,

And but thou do to my norice honour,  
And to my chamberere with-inne my  
bour, 300

And to my fadres folk and his allyes;—  
Thus seistow, olde barel ful of lyes!

And yet of our apprentice Janekyn,  
For his crisp heer, shyninge as gold so fyn,  
And for he squiereth me bothe up and  
doun, 305

Yet hastow caught a fals suspecion;  
I wol hym noght, thogh thou were deed  
to-morwe.

But tel me this, why hydestow, with  
sorwe,

The keyes of thy cheste away fro me?  
It is my good as wel as thyn, pardee. 310  
What wenestow make an idiot of our  
dame?

Now by that lord, that called is seint  
Jame,

Thou shalt nat bothe, thogh that thou  
were wood,

Be maister of my body and of my good;  
That on thou shalt forgo, maugree thyne  
yën; 315

What nedeth thee of me to enquire or  
spyën?

I trowe, thou woldest loke me in thy  
cheste!

Thou sholdest seye, 'wyf, go wher thee  
leste,

Tak your disport, I wol nat leve no talis;  
I knowe yow for a trewe wyf, dame Alis.'  
We love no man that taketh kepe or  
charge 321

Wher that we goon, we wol ben at our  
large.

Of alle men y-blessed moot he be,  
The wyse astrologien Dan Ptholome, 324  
That seith this proverbe in his *Almageste*,  
'Of alle men his wisdom is the hyeste,  
That rekketh never who hath the world  
in honde.'

By this proverbe thou shalt understonde,  
Have thou y-nogh, what thar thee recche  
or care

How merily that othere folkes fare? 330

For certeyn, olde dotard, by your leve,  
Ye shul have queynteright y-nough at eve.  
He is to greet a nigard that wol werne  
A man to lighte his candle at his lanterne;  
He shal have never the lasse light,  
pardee; 335  
Have thou y-nough, thee thar nat pleyne  
thee

Thou seyst also, that if we make us gay  
With clothing and with precious array.

That it is peril of our chastitee;  
And yet, with sorwe, thou most enforce  
thee, 340

And seye thise wordes in the apostles  
name,

'In habit, maad with chastitee and  
shame,

Ye wommen shul apparaille yow,' quod  
he,

'And noght in tressed heer and gay  
perree,

As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche;'  
After thy text, ne after thy rubriche 346

I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat.  
Thou seydest this, that I was lyk a cat;

For who-so wolde senge a cattes skin,  
Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in  
his in; 350

And if the cattes skin be slyk and gay,  
She wol nat dwelle in house half a day,  
But forth she wole, er any day be dawed,  
To shewe hir skin, and goon a-cater-  
wawed;

This is to seye, if I be gay, sir shrewe, 355  
I wol renne out, my borel for to shewe.

Sire olde fool, what eyleth thee to  
spyën?

Thogh thou preye Argus, with his  
hundred yën,

To be my warde-cors, as he can best,  
In feith, he shal nat kepe me but me  
lest; 360

Yet coude I make his berd, so moot  
I thee.

Thou seydest eek, that ther ben thinges  
three,

The whiche thinges troublen al this erthe,  
And that no wight ne may endure the  
ferthe:

O leve sir shrewe, Jesu shorte thy lyf! 365  
Yet prechestow, and seyst, an hateful wyf

Y-rekened is for oon of thiso meschances.  
Been ther none othere maner resem-  
blances

That ye may lykne your parables to,  
But-if a sely wyf be oon of tho? 371

Thou lykenest wommanes love to helle,  
To bareyne lond, ther water may not  
dwelle.

Thou lyknest it also to wilde fyr;  
The more it brenneth, the more it hath  
desyr

To consume every thing that brent  
wol be. 375

Thou seyst, that right as wormes shende  
a tree,

Right so a wyf destroyeth hir housbonde;  
This knowe they that been to wyves  
bonde."

Lordinges, right thus, as ye have  
understonde,

Bar I stily myne olde housbondes on  
honde, 380

That thus they seyden in hir dronkenesse;  
And al was fals, but that I took witness  
On Janekin and on my nece also.

O lord, the peyne I dide hem and the wo,  
Ful gilleteles, by goddes swete pyne! 385  
For as an hors I coude byte and whyne.  
I coude pleyne, thogh I were in the  
gilt,

Or elles often tyme hadde I ben spilt.  
Who-so that first to mille comth, first  
grint;

I pleynd first, so was our werre y-stint.  
They were ful glad t'excusen hem ful  
blyve 391

Of thing of which they never agilte hir  
lyve.

Of wenchis wolde I beren him on  
honde,

Whan that for syk unnethes mighte he  
stonde.

Yet tikled it his herte, for that he 395  
Wende that I hadde of him so greet  
chiertee.

Iswor that al my walkinge out by nighte  
Was for t'espye wenchis that he dighte;  
Under that colour hadde I many a mirthe.  
For al swich wit is yeven us in our birthe;  
Deceite, weping, spinning god hath yive  
To wommen kindly, whyl they may live.

And thus of o thing I awaunte me, 403  
Atte ende I hadde the bettre in ech  
degree,

By sleighte, or force, or by som maner  
thing, 405

As by continuel murmur or grucching;  
Namelya-bedde hadden they meschaunce,  
Ther wolde I chyde and do hem no  
plesaunce;

I wolde no lenger in the bed abyde,  
If that I felte his arm over my syde, 410  
Til he had maad his raunson un-to me;  
Than wolde I suffre him do his nycetee.  
And ther-fore every man this tale I telle,  
Winne who-so may, for al is for to selle.  
With empty hand men may none hankes  
lure; 415

For winning wolde I al his lust endure,  
And make me a feyned appetyt;  
And yet in bacon hadde I never delyt;  
That made me that ever I wolde hem  
chyde. 419

For thogh the pope had seten hem bisyde,  
I wolde nat spare hem at hir owene bord.  
For by my trouthe, I quitte hem word  
for word.

As help me verray god omnipotent,  
Thogh I right now sholde make my  
testament,

I ne owe hem nat a word that it nis quit  
I broghte it so aboute by my wit, 426  
That they moste yeve it up, as for the  
beste;

Or elles hadde we never been in reste.  
For thogh he loked as a wood leoun,  
Yet sholde he faille of his conclusionn. 430

Thanne wolde I seye, "gode lief, tak  
keep

How mekely loketh Wilkin oure sheep;  
Com neer, my spouse, lat me ba thy  
cheke!

Ye sholde been al pacient and meke,  
And han a swete spyced conscience, 435  
Sith ye so preche of Jobes patience.  
Suffreth alwey, sin ye so wel can preche;  
And but ye do, certein we shal yow  
teche

That it is fair to have a wyf in pees.  
Oon of us two moste bowen, doutelees; 440  
And sith a man is more resonable  
Than womman is, ye moste been suffrable.

What eyleth yow to grucche thus and grone?

Is it for ye wolde have my queynte allone?  
Why taak it al, lo, have it every-deel; 445  
Peter! I shrewe yow but ye love it weel!  
For if I wolde selle my *bele chose*,  
I coude walke as fresh as is a rose;  
But I wol kepe it for your owene tooth.  
Ye be to blame, by god, I sey yow sooth."

Swiche maner wordes hadde we on bonde. 451  
Now wol I speken of my fourthe housbonde.

My fourthe housbonde was a revelour,  
This is to seyn, he hadde a paramour;  
And I was yong and ful of ragerye, 455  
Stiborn and strong, and joly as a pye.  
Wel coude I daunce to an harpe smale,  
And singe, y-wis, as any nightingale,  
Whan I had dronke a draughte of swete wyn.

Metellius, the foule cherl, the swyn, 460  
That with a staf birafted his wyf hir lyf,  
For she drank wyn, thogh I hadde been his wyf,

Hesholde nat han daunted me fro drinke;  
And, after wyn, on Venus moste I thinke:  
For al so siker as cold engendreth hayl,  
A likerous mouth moste han a likerous tayl. 466

In womman vinolent is no defence,  
This knowen lechours by experience.

But, lord Crist! whan that it remembreth me

Up-on my yowthe, and on my jolitee, 470  
It tikleth me aboute myn herte rote.

Unto this day it dooth myn herte bote  
That I have had my world as in my tyme.  
But age, allas! that al wol envenyme, 474  
Hath me biraft my beautee and my pith;  
Lat go, fare-wel, the devel go therwith!  
The flour is goon, this is na-more to telle,  
The bren, as I best can, now moste I selle;  
But yet to be right mery wol I fonde.

Now wol I tellen of my fourthe housbonde. 480

I sey, I hadde in herte greet despyt  
That he of any other had delyt.  
But he was quit, by god and by seint Joce!

I made him of the same wode a croce;

Nat of my body in no foul manere, 485  
But certainly, I made folk swich chere,  
That in his owene grece I made him frye  
For angre, and for verray jalouseye.  
By god, in erthe I was his purgatorie, 489  
For which I hope his soule be in glorie.  
For god it woot, he sat ful ofte and song  
Whan that his shoo ful bitterly him wrong.

Ther was no wight, save god and he, that wiste,

In many wyse, how sore I him twiste.  
He deyde whan I cam fro Jerusalem, 495  
And lyth y-grave under the rode-beem,  
Al is his tombe noght so curious  
As was the sepulchre of him, Darius,  
Which that Appelles wroghte subtilly;  
It nis but wast to burie him preciously. 500  
Lat him fare-wel, god yeve his soule reste,  
He is now in the grave and in his cheste.

Now of my fifthe housbond wol I telle.  
God lete his soule never come in helle!  
And yet was he to me the moste shrewe;  
That fele I on my ribbes al by rewe, 506  
And ever shal, un-to myn ending-day.  
But in our bed he was so fresh and gay,  
And ther-with-al so wol coude he me glose,  
Whan that he wolde han my *bele chose*, 510  
That thogh he hadde me bet on every boon,

He coude winne agayn my love anon.  
I trowe I loved him beste, for that he  
Was of his love daungerous to me.  
We women han, if that I shal nat lye,  
In this matere a queynte fantasye; 516  
Wayte what thing we may nat lightly have,

Ther-after wol we crye al-day and crave.  
Forbode us thing, and that desyren we;  
Prees on us faste, and thanne wol we flee.  
With daunger oute we al our chaffare; 521  
Greet prees at market maketh dere ware,  
And to greet cheep is holde at litel prys;  
This knoweth every womman that is wys.

My fifthe housbonde, god his soule blesse! 525  
Which that I took for love and no richesse,

He som-tyme was a clerk of Oxenford,  
And had left scole, and wente at hoorn to bord

With my gossib, dwellinge in oure toun,  
God have hir soule! hir name was  
Alisoun. 530

She knew myn herte and eek my privetee  
Bet than our parisshe-preest, so moot  
I thee!

To hir biwreyed I my conseil al.  
For had myn housbonde pissed on a wal,  
Or doon a thing that sholde han cost his  
lyf, 535

To hir, and to another worthy wyf,  
And to my nece, which that I loved  
weel,

I wolde han told his conseil every-deel.  
And so I dide ful often, god it woot,  
That made his face ful often reed and  
hoot 540

For verray shame, and blamed him-self  
for he

Had told to me so greet a privetee  
And so bifel that ones, in a Lente,  
(So often tymes I to my gossib wente,  
For ever yet I lovede to be gay, 545  
And for to walke, in March, Avenirille, and  
May,

Fro hous to hous, to here sondry talis),  
That Jankin clerk, and my gossib dame  
Alis,

And I my-self, in-to the felde wente.  
Myn housbond was at London al that  
Lente; 550

I hadde the bettre leyser for to pleye,  
And for to see, and eek for to be seye  
Of lusty folk; what wiste I wher my grace  
Was shapen for to be, or in what place?  
Therefore I made my visitaciouns, 555  
To vigilies and to processiouns,  
To preching eek and to thise pilgrimages,  
To pleyes of miracles and mariages,  
And wered upon my gaye scarlet gytes.  
Thise wormes, ne thise motthes, ne thise  
mytes, 560

Upon my peril, frete hem never a deel;  
And wostow why? for they were used  
weel.

Now wol I tellen forth what happed me.  
I seye, that in the felde walked we,  
Til trewely we hadde swich daliance, 565  
This clerk and I, that of my purveyance  
I spak to him, and seyde him, how that he,  
If I were widwe, sholde wedde me.

For certainly, I sey for no bobance,  
Yet was I never with-uten purveyance  
Of mariage, n'of othere thinges eek. 571  
I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek,  
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to,  
And if that faille, thanne is al y-do.

I bar him on honde, he hadde en-  
chanted me; 575  
My dame taughte me that soutiltee.

And eek I seyde, I mette of him al night;  
He wolde han slayn me as I lay up-right,  
And al my bed was ful of verray blood,  
But yet I hope that he shal do me  
good; 580

For blood bitokeneth gold, as me was  
taught.

And al was fals, I dremed of it right  
naught,

But as I folwed ay my dames lore,  
As wel of this as of other thinges more.

But now sir, lat me see, what I shal  
seyn? 585

A! ha! by god, I have my tale ageyn.

Whan that my fourthe housbond was  
on bere,

I weep algate, and made sory chere,  
As wyves moten, for it is usage,  
And with my coverchief covered my  
visage; 590

But for that I was purveyed of a make,  
I weep but smal, and that I undertake.

To chirche was myn housbond born  
a-morwe

With neighebores, that for him maden  
sorwe;

And Jankin oure clerk was oon of tho. 595  
As help me god, whan that I saugh  
him go

After the bere, me thoughte he hadde a  
paire

Of legges and of feet so clene and faire,  
That al myn herte I yaf un-to his hold.  
He was, I trowe, a twenty winter old, 600  
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth;  
But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.

Gat-tothed I was, and that becam me  
weel;

I hadde the prente of synt Venus seel.  
As help me god, I was a lusty oon, 605  
And faire and riche, and yong, and wel  
bigoon;

And trewely, as myne housbondes tolde  
me,

I had the beste *quoniam* mighte be.  
For certes, I am al Venerien 609  
In felinge, and myn herte is Marcien.  
Venus me yaf my lust, my likerousnesse,  
And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardinesse.  
Myn ascendent was Taur, and Mars ther-  
inne.

Allas! alas! that ever love was sinne!  
I folwed ay myn inclinacioun 615  
By vortu of my constellacioun;  
That made me I coude noght withdrawe  
My chambre of Venus from a good felawe.  
Yet have I Martes mark up-on my face,  
And also in another prives place. 620

For, god so wis be my savacioun,  
I ne loved never by no discrecioun,  
But ever folwede myn appetyt,  
Al were he short or long, or blak or  
why;

I took no kepe, so that he lyked me, 625  
How pore he was, ne eek of what degree.

What sholde I seye, but, at the monthes  
ende,

This joly clerk Jankin, that was so hende,  
Hath wedded me with greet solempnitee,  
And to him yaf I al the lond and fee 630  
That ever was mo yevon ther-bifore;  
But afterward repented me ful sore.

He nolde suffre nothing of my list.  
By god, he smoot me ones on the list,  
For that I rente out of his book a leef, 635  
That of the strook myn ere wex al deaf.  
Stiborn I was as is a leonesse,  
And of my tonge a verray jangleresso,  
And walke I wolde, as I had doon biforn,  
From hous to hous, al-though he had it  
sworn. 640

For which he often tymes wolde preche,  
And me of olde Romayn gestes teche,  
How he, Simplicius Gallus, lefte his wyf,  
And hir forsook for terme of al his lyf,  
Noght but for open-headed he hir say 645  
Lokinge out at his dore upon a day.

Another Romayn tolde he me by name,  
That, for his wyf was at a someres game  
With-oute his witing, he forsook hir eke.  
And than wolde he up-on his Bible seke  
That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste, 651  
Wher he comandeth and forbedeth faste,

Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule  
about;

Than wolde he seye right thus, with-  
outen doute,

"Who-so that buildeth his hous al of  
salwes, 655

And priketh his blinde hors over the  
falwes,

And suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes,  
Is worthy to been hanged on the gal-  
wes!"

But al for noght, I sette noght an hawe  
Of his proverbes n'of his olde sawe, 660  
Ne I wolde nat of him corrected be.

I hate him that my vices telleth me,  
And so do mo, god woot! of us than I.

This made him with me wood al outrely;  
I nolde noght forbere him in no cas. 665

Now wol I seye yow sooth, by seint  
Thomas,

Why that I rente out of his book a leef,  
For which he smoot me so that I was  
deef.

He hadde a book that gladly, night and  
day,

For his desport he wolde rede alway. 670  
He cleped it Valeris and Theofraste,  
At whiche book he lough alway ful faste.  
And eek ther was som-tyme a clerk at  
Rome,

A cardinal, that highte Seint Jerome,  
That made a book agayn Jovinian; 675

In whiche book eek ther was Tertulan,  
Crisippus, Trotula, and Helowys,

That was abbesse nat fer fro Parys;  
And eek the Parables of Salomon,

Ovydes Art, and bokes many on, 680  
And alle thise wer bounden in o volume.

And every night and day was his custume,  
Whan he had leyser and vacacioun

From other worldly occupacioun, 684  
To reden on this book of wikked wyves.

He knew of hem mo legendes and lyves  
Than been of gode wyves in the Bible.

For trusteth wel, it is an impossible  
That any clerk wol speke good of wyves,

But-if it be of holy seintes lyves, 690  
Ne of noon other womman never the mo.

Who peyntede the leoun, tel me who?  
By god, if wommen hadde writen stories,

As clerkes han with-inne hir oratories,

They wolde han writen of men more  
wikkednesse 695

Than all the mark of Adam may redresse.  
The children of Mercurie and of Venus  
Been in hir wirking ful contrarious;  
Mercurie loveth wisdom and science,  
And Venus loveth ryot and dispence. 700  
And, for hir diverse disposicioun,  
Ech falleth in otheres exaltacioun;  
And thus, god woot! Mercurie is desolat  
In Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat;  
And Venus falleth ther Mercurie is  
reyssed; 705  
Therefore no womman of no clerk is preyssed.  
The clerk, whan he is old, and may nocht  
do

Of Venus werkes worth his olde sho,  
Than sit he down, and writ in his dotage  
That womman can nat kepe hir mariage!

But now to purpos, why I tolde thee  
That I was beten for a book, pardee. 712  
Up-on a night Junkin, that was our  
syre,

Redde on his book, as he sat by the fyre,  
Of Eva first, that, for hir wikkednesse,  
Was al mankinde broght to wrecched-  
nesse, 716

For which that Jesu Crist him-self was  
slayn,

That boghte us with his herte-blood agayn.  
Lo, here expres of womman may ye finde,  
That womman was the los of al mankinde.

Tho redde he me how Sampson loste  
his heres, 721

Slepinge, his lemman kitte hem with hir  
sheres;

Thurgh whiche tresoun loste he bothe  
his yēn.

Tho redde he me, if that I shal nat lyen,  
Of Hercules and of his Dianyre, 725  
That caused him to sette himself a-fyre.

No-thing forgat he the penaunce and  
wo

That Socrates had with hise wyves two;  
How Xantippa caste pisse up-on his heed;  
This sely man sat stille, as he were deed;  
He wypped his heed, namore dorste he seyn  
But "er that thonder stinte, comth a  
reyn." 732

Of Phnsipha, that was the queene of  
Crete,

For shrewednesse, him thoughte the tale  
swete;

Fy! spek na-more—it is a grisly thing—  
Of hir horrible lust and hir lyking. 736

Of Clitemistra, for hir lecherye,  
That falsly made hir housbond for to dye,  
He redde it with ful good devocioun.

He tolde me eek for what occasioun 740  
Amphiorax at Thebes loste his lyf;  
Myn housbond hadde a legende of his wyf,  
Eriphilem, that for an ouche of gold  
Hath prively un-to the Grekes told  
Wher that hir housbonde hidde him in a  
place, 745

For which he hadde at Thebes sory grace.

Of Lyma tolde he me, and of Lucye,  
They bothe made hir housbondes for to  
dye;

That oon for love, that other was for  
hate;

Lyma hir housbond, on an even late, 750  
Empoysoned hath, for that she was his to.  
Lucya, likerous, loved hir housbond so,  
That, for he sholde alwey up-on hir thinke,  
She yaf him swich a maner love-drinke,  
That he was deed, or it were by the  
morwe; 755

And thus algates housbondes han sorwe.

Than tolde he me, how oon Latunius  
Compleyned to his felawe Arrius,  
That in his gardin growed swich a tree,  
On which, he seyde, how that his wyves  
three 760

Hanged hem-self for herte despitous.

"O leve brother," quod this Arrius,  
"Yif me a plante of thilke blissed tree,  
And in my gardin planted shal it be!"

Of latter date, of wyves hath he red,  
That somme han slayn hir housbondes in  
hir bed, 766  
And lete hir lechour dighte hir al the  
night

Why! that the corps lay in the floor up-  
right.

And somme han drive nayles in hir brayn  
Why! that they slepte, and thus they han  
hem slayn. 770

Somme han hem yeve poysoun in hir  
drinke.

He spak more harm than herte may  
bithinke,

And ther-with-al, he knew of mo pro-  
verbes

Than in this world ther growen gras or  
herbes.

"Bet is," quod he, "thyn habitacioun 775  
Be with a leoun or a foul dragoun,  
Than with a womman usinge for to chyle.  
Bet is," quod he, "hye in the roof abyde  
Than with an angry wyf down in the  
hous;

They been so wikked and contrarious; 780  
"hey haten that hir housbondes loveth  
ay."

He seyde, "a womman cast hir shame  
away,

Whan she cast of hir smok;" and forther-  
mo,

"A fair womman, but she be chaast also,  
Is lyk a gold ring in a sowes nose." 785  
Who wolde wenen, or who wolde suppose  
The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne?

And whan I saugh he wolde never fyne  
To reden on this cursed book al night,  
Al sodeynly three leves have I plight 790  
Out of his book, right as he radde, and  
oke,

I with my fist so took him on the cheke,  
That in our fyr he fil bakward adoun.  
And he up-stirte as dooth a wood leoun,  
And with his fist he smoot me on the  
heed, 795

That in the floor I lay as I were deed.  
And when he saugh how stille that I lay,  
He was agast, and wolde han fled his  
way,

Til atte laste out of my swogh I breyde:  
"O! hastow slayn me, false theef?" I  
seyde, 800

"And for my land thus hastow mordred  
me?

Er I be deed, yet wol I kisse thee."

And neer he cam, and kneled faire  
adoun,

And seyde, "dere suster Alisoun, 804  
As help me god, I shal thee never smyte;  
That I have doon, it is thy-self to wyte.  
Foryeve it me, and that I thee biseke"—  
And yet eft-sones I hitte him on the cheke,  
And seyde, "theef, thus muchel am I  
wreke; 809  
Now wol I dye, I may no longer speke."

But atte laste, with muchel care and wo,  
We fille acorded, by us selven two.

He yaf me al the brydel in myn hond  
To han the governance of hous and lond,  
And of his tonge and of his hond also, 815  
And made him brenne his book anon  
right tho.

And whan that I hadde gotten un-to me,  
By maistrie, al the soveraynetee,  
And that he seyde, "myn owene trewe  
wyf,

Do as thee lust the terme of al thy lyf,  
Keep thyn honour, and keep eek myn  
estnat"— 821

After that day we hadden never debaat.  
God help me so, I was to him as kinde  
As any wyf from Denmark un-to Inde,  
And also trewe, and so was he to me. 825  
I prey to god that sit in magestee,  
So blesse his soule, for his mercy dere!  
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol here.'

#### Biholde the wordes between the Somonour and the Frere.

THE FRERE lough, whan he hadde herd  
al this,

'Now, dame,' quod he, 'so have I joye or  
blis, 830

This is a long preamble of a tale!'

And whan the Somnour herde the Frere  
gale,

'Lo!' quod the Somnour, 'goddess armes  
two!

A frere wol entremette him ever-mo.

Lo, gode men, a flye and eek a frere 835  
Wol falle in every dlish and eek matere.

What spekestow of preambulacioun?  
What! amble, or trotte, or peas, or go  
sit down;

Thou lettest our disport in this manere.'

'Ye, woltow so, sir Somnour?' quod  
the Frere, 840

'Now, by my feith, I shal, or that I go,  
Telle of a Somnour swich a tale or two,  
That alle the folk shal laughen in this  
place.'

'Now elles, Frere, I bishrewe thy  
face,'

Quod this Somnour, 'and I bishrewe me,  
But-if I telle tales two or three 846



Of freres er I come to Sidingborne,  
That Ishal make thyn herte for to morne;  
For wel I woot thy pacience is goon.'

Our hoste cryde 'pees! and that anon!'  
And seyde, 'lat the womman telle hir  
tale. 851  
Ye fare as folk that dronken been of ale.

Do, dame, tel forth your tale, and that  
is best.'

'Al redy, sir,' quod she, 'right as yow  
lest,

If I have licence of this worthy Frere.'

'Yis, dame,' quod he, 'tel forth, and  
I wol here.' 856

Here endeth the Wyf of Bathe hir Prologe.

## THE TALE OF THE WYF OF BATHE.

Here biginneth the Tale of the Wyf of Bathe.

In th'olde dayes of the king Arthour,  
Of which that Britons speken greet  
honour,

Al was this land fulfid of fayerye. 859  
The elf-queen, with hir joly compagne,  
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede;  
This was the olde opinion, as I rede.

I speke of manye hundred yeres ago;  
But now can no man see none elves mo.  
For now the grete charitee and prayeres  
Of limitours and othere holy freres, (10)  
That serchen every lond and every streem,  
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,  
Blessing halles, chambres, kichenes,  
boures,

Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures, 870  
Thropes, barnes, shipnes, dayeryes,  
This maketh that ther been no fayeryes.  
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,  
Ther walketh now the limitour him-  
self

In undermeles and in morweninges, 875  
And seyth his matins and his holy thinges  
As he goth in his limitacioun. (21)  
Women may go sauily up and down,  
In every bush, or under every tree;  
Ther is noon other incubus but he, 880  
And he ne wol doon hem but dishonour.

And so bifel it, that this king Arthour  
Hadde in his hous a lusty bacheler,

That on a day cam rydinge fro river;  
And happed that, allone as she was  
born, (29) 885

He saugh a mayde walkinge him biforn,  
Of whiche mayde anon, maugree hir heed,  
By verray force he rafte hir maydenheed;  
For which oppressioun was swich clamour  
And swich pursute un-to the king Ar-  
thour, 890

That dampned was this knight for to be  
deed  
By cours of lawe, and sholde han lost his  
heed

Paraventure, swich was the statut tho;  
But that the quene and othere ladies mo  
So longe preyeden the king of grace, 895  
Til he his lyf him graunted in the place,  
And yaf him to the quene al at hir  
wille, (41)  
To chese, whether she wolde him save or  
spille.

The quene thanketh the king with al  
hir might, 899  
And after this thus spak she to the knight,  
Whan that she saugh hir tyme, up-on a  
day:

'Thou standest yet,' quod she, 'in swich  
array,

That of thy lyf yet hastow no suretee.  
I grante thee lyf, if thou canst tellen me

What thing is it that wommen most  
desyren? 905

Be war, and keep thy nekke-boon from  
yran. (50)

And if thou canst nat tellen it anon,  
Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon  
A twelf-month and a day, to seche and  
lere

An answer suffisant in this matere. 910  
And suretee wol I han, er that thou pace,  
Thy body for to yelden in this place.

\* *W*as this knight and sorwefully he  
syketh;

But what! he may nat do alas him lyketh.  
And at the laste, he chees him for to  
wende, 915

And come agayn, right at the yeres ende,  
With swich answers as god wolde him  
purveye; (61)

And taketh his leve, and wendeth forth  
his weye.

He seketh every hous and every place,  
Wher-as he hopeth for to finde grace, 920  
To lerne, what thing wommen loven  
most;

But he ne coude arryven in no cost,  
Wher-as he mighte finde in this matere  
Two creatures accordinge in-fere.

Somme seyde, wommen loven best  
richesse, 925

Somme seyde, honour, somme seyde, joly-  
nesse; (70)

Somme, riche array, somme seyden, lust  
abedde,

And ofte tyme to be widwe and wedde.

Somme seyde, that our hertes been  
most esed,

Whan that we been y-flattered and y-  
plesed. 930

He gooth ful ny the sothe, I wol nat lye;  
A man shal winne us best with flaterye;  
And with attendance, and with bisnesse,  
Been we y-lymed, bothe more and lesse.

And somme seyn, how that we loven  
best 935

For to be free, and do right as us lest, (80)  
And that no man repreve us of our vyce,  
But seye that we be wyse, and no-thing  
nyce.

For trewely, ther is noon of us alle, 939  
If any wight wol clawe us on the galle,

That we nil kike, for he seith us sooth;  
Assay, and he shal finde it that so dooth.  
For be we never so vicious with-inne,  
We wol been holden wyse, and clene of  
sinne.

And somme seyn, that greet delyt han  
we (89) 945

For to ben holden stable and eek secree,  
And in o purpos stedefastly to dwelle,  
And nat biwrewe thing that men us tella.  
But that tale is nat worth a rake-stele;  
Pardee, we wommen conne no-thing hele;  
Witnesse on Myda; wol ye here the tale?

Ovyde, amonges othere thinges smale,  
Seyde, Myda hadde, under his longe heres,  
Growinge up-on his heed two asses eres,  
The whiche vyce he hidde, as he best  
might, 955

Ful subtilly from every mannes sighte,  
That, save his wyf, ther wiste of it na-  
mo. (101)

He loved hir most, and trusted hir also;  
He preyede hir, that to no creature  
She sholde tellen of his disfigure. 960

She swoor him 'nay, for al this world  
to winne,

She nolde do that vileinye or sinne,  
To make hir housbond han so foul a name;  
She nolde nat telle it for hir owene shame.  
But natheless, hir thoughte that she dyde,  
That she so longe sholde a conseil hyde;  
Hir thoughte it swal so sore aboute hir  
herte, (111)

That nedely som word hir moste asterte;  
And sith she dorste telle it to no man,  
Doun to a mareys faste by she ran; 970  
Til she came there, hir herte was a-fyre,  
And, as a bitore bombleth in the myre,  
She leyde hir mouth un-to the water doun:  
'Biwrewe me nat, thou water, with thy  
soun,' (118) 974

Quod she, 'to thee I telle it, and namo;  
Myn housbond hath longe asses eres two!  
Now is myn herte all hool, now is it oute;  
I mighte no lenger kepe it, out of doute.  
Heer may ye se, thogh we a tyme abyde,  
Yet out it moot, we can no conseil hyde;  
The remenant of the tale if ye wol here,  
Redeth Ovyde, and ther ye may it lere.

This knight, of which my tale is spe-  
cially, 983

Whan that he saugh he mighte nat come  
therby,

This is to seye, what wommen loven moost,  
With-inne his brest ful sorweful was the  
goost; (130) 986

But hoom he gooth, he mighte nat  
sojourne.

The day was come, that hoomward moste  
he tourne,

And in his wey it happed him to ryde,  
In al this care, under a forest-syde, 990  
Wlier-as he saugh up-on a daunce go  
Of ladies foure and twenty, and yet mo;  
Toward the whiche daunce he drow ful  
yerne,

In hope that som wisdom sholde he lerne.  
But certeinly, er he came fully there, 995  
Vanished was this daunce, he niste where.  
No creature saugh he that bar lyf, (141)  
Save on the grene he saugh sittinge a wyf;  
A fouler wight ther may no man devyse.  
Agayn the knight this olde wyf gan ryse,  
And seyde, 'sir knight, heer-forth ne lyth  
no wey. 1001

Tel me, what that ye seken, by your fey?  
Paraventure it may the better be;  
These olde folk can muchel thing,' quod  
she.

'My leve mooder,' quod this knight  
certeyn, 1005

'I nam but deed, but-if that I can seyn  
What thing it is that wommen most  
desyre; (151)

Coude ye me wisse, I wolde wel qnyte  
your hyre.'

'Plight me thy trouthe, heer in myn  
hand,' quod she,

'The nexte thing that I requere thee, 1010  
Thou shalt it do, if it lye in thy might;  
And I wol telle it yow er it be night.'

'Have heer my trouthe,' quod the knight,  
'I grante.'

'Thanne,' quod she, 'I dar me wel  
avante, 1014

Thy lyf is sauf, for I wol stonde therby,  
Up-on my lyf, the queen wol seye as I.  
Lat see which is the proudeste of hem  
alle, (161)

That wereth on a coverchief or a calle,  
That dar seye nay, of that I shal thee  
teche;

Lat us go forth with-outen lenger speche.'  
Tho rouned she a pistol in his ere, 1021  
And bad him to be glad, and have no  
fere.

Whan they be comen to the court, this  
knight

Seyde, 'he had holde his day, as he  
hadde hight,

And redy was his answer,' as he seyde.

Ful many a noble wyf, and many a  
mayde, (170) 1020

And many a widwe, for that they be  
wyse,

The quene hir-self sittinge as a justyse,  
Assembled been, his answer for to here;  
And afterward this knight was bode  
appere. 1030

To every wight comanded was silence,  
And that the knight sholde telle in  
audience,

What thing that worldly wommen loven  
best.

This knight ne stood nat stille as doth  
a best,

But to his questioun anon answerde 1035  
With manly voys, that al the court it  
herde: (180)

'My lige lady, generally,' quod he,  
'Wommen desyren to have sovereyntee

As wel over hir housbond as hir love,  
And for to been in maistrie him above;

This is your moste desyr, thogh ye me  
kille, 1041

Doth as yow list, I am heer at your wille.'

In al the court ne was ther wyf ne  
mayde,

Ne widwe, that contraried that he seyde,  
But seyden, 'he was worthy han his  
lyf.' 1045

And with that word up stirte the olde  
wyf, (190)

Which that the knight saugh sittinge in  
the grene:

'Mercy,' quod she, 'my sovereyn lady  
quene!

Er that your court departe, do me right.  
I taughte this answer un-to the knight;  
For which he plighte me his trouthe  
there, 1051

The firste thing I wolde of him requere,  
He wolde it do, if it lay in his might.

Bifore the court than preye I thee, sir knight,

Quod she, 'that thou me take un-to thy wyf;

For wel thou wost that I have kept thy lyf.

If I sey fals, sey nay, up-on thy fey!

This knight answerde, 'allas! and weylaway!

I woot right wel that swich was my biheste.

For goddes love, as chees a newe requeste; Tak al my good, and lat my body go.

'Nay than,' quod she, 'I shrewe us bothe two!

For thogh that I be foul, and old, and pure,

I nolde for al the metal, ne for ore, That under erthe is grave, or lyth above,

But-if thy wyf I were, and eek thy love.'

'My love?' quod he; 'nay, my damp-nacioun!

Allas! that any of my nacioun Sholde ever so foule disparaged be!'

But al for noght, the ende is this, that he Constreynd was, he nedes moste hir wedde;

And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde.

Now wolden som men seye, paraventure, That, for my negligence, I do no cure

To tellen yow the joye and al th'array That at the feste was that ilke day.

To whiche thing shortly answer I shal; I seye, ther nas no joye ne feste at al,

Thor nas but hevynesse and muche sorwe; For prively he wedded hir on a morwe,

And al day after hidde him as an oule. So wo was him, his wyf looked so foule.

Greet was the wo the knight hadde in his thoght,

Whan he was with his wyf a-bedde y-brought;

He walweth, and he turneth to and fro. His olde wyf lay smylyng evermo,

And seyde, 'o dere housbond, ben'cite! Fareth every knight thus with his wyf

as ye?

Is this the lawe of king Arthures hous? Is every knight of his so dangerous?

I am your owene love and eek your wyf; I am she, which that saved hath your lyf;

And certes, yet dide I yow never unright; Why fare yethus with me this firste night?

Ye faren lyk a man had lost his wit; What is my gilt? for godd's love, tel

me it,

And it shal been amended, if I may. 'Amended?' quod this knight, 'allas! nay, nay!

It wol nat been amended never mo! Thou art so loothly, and so old also,

And ther-to comen of so lowe a kinde, That litel wonder is, thogh I walwe and winde.

So wolde god myn herte wolde breste! 'Is this,' quod she, 'the cause of your unreste?'

'Ye, certainly,' quod he, 'no wonder is.' 'Now, sirs,' quod she, 'I coude amende

al this,

If that me liste, er it were dayes three, So wel ye mighte bere yow un-to me

But for ye speken of swich gentillesse As is descended out of old richesse,

That therfore sholden ye be gentil men, Swich arrogance is nat worth an hen,

Loke who that is most vertuous alway, Privee and apert, and most entendeth ay

To do the gentil dedes that he can, And tak him for the grettest gentil

man.

Crist wol, we clayme of him our gentillesse,

Nut of our eldres for hir old richesse. For thogh they yewe us al hir heritage,

For which we clayme to been of heigh parage,

Yet may they nat biquethe, for no-thing, To noon of us hir vertuous living,

That made hem gentil men y-called be; And bad us folwen hem in swich degree.

Wel can the wyse poete of Florence, That highte Dant, speken in this sentence;

Lo in swich maner rym is Dantes tale: "Ful selde up ryseth by his branches

smale

Prowesse of man; for god, of his goodnesse,

Wol that of him we clayme our gentillesse;"

For of our eldres may we no-thing  
clayme 1131

But temporel thing, that man may hurte  
and mayme.

Eek every wight wot this as wel as I,  
If gentillesse were planted naturally  
Un-to a certeyn linage, doun the lyne,  
Privee ne apert, than wolde they never  
fyne (280) 1136

To doon of gentillesse the faire offyce;  
They mighte do no vileinye or vyce.

Tak fyr, and ber it in the derkeste hous  
Bitwix this and the mount of Caucasus,  
And lat men shette the dores and go  
thenne; 1141

Yet wol the fyr as faire lye and brenne,  
Astwenty thousand men mighte it biholde;  
His office naturel ay wol it holde,  
Up peril of my lyf, til that it dye. 1145

Heer may ye see wel, how that gentyre  
Is nat annexed to possessioun, (291)

Sith folk ne doon hir operacioun  
Alwey, as dooth the fyr, lo! in his kinde.  
For, god it woot, men may wel often finde  
A lordes sone do shame and vileinye; 1151  
And he that wol han prys of his gentrye  
For he was boren of a gentil hous,  
And hadde hise eldres noble and vertuous,  
And nil him-selven do no gentil dedis, 1155  
Ne folwe his gentil auncestre that deed is,  
He nis nat gentil, be he duk or erl; (301)  
For vileyns sinful dedes make a cherl.

For gentillesse nis but renomee 1159  
Of thyne auncestres, for hir heigh bountee,  
Which is a strange thing to thy persone.  
Thy gentillesse cometh fro god allone;  
Than comth our verray gentillesse of grace,  
It was no-thing biqethes us with our place.

Thenketh how noble, as seith Valerius,  
Was thilke Tullius Hostilius, (310) 1166  
That out of povert roos to heigh noblesse.  
Redeth Senek, and redeth eek Boece,  
Ther shul ye seen expres that it no drede is,  
That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis;  
And therefore, leve housbond, I thus con-  
clude, 1171

Al were it that myne auncestres were rude,  
Yet may the hye god, and so hope I,  
Grante me grace to liven vertuously. 1174  
Thanne am I gentil, whan that I biginne  
To liven vertuously and weyye sinne. (320)

And ther-as ye of povert me repreve,  
The hye god, on whom that we bileve.  
In wilful povert chees to live his lyf. 1179  
And certes every man, mayden, or wyf,  
May understonde that Jesus, hevne king,  
Ne wolde nat chese a vicious living.  
Glad povert is an honest thing, certeyn;  
This wol Senek and others clerkes seyn.  
Who-so that halt him payd of his povert,  
I holde him riche, al hadde he nat a  
sherte. (330) 1186

He that covayteth is a povre wight,  
For he wolde han that is nat in his might.  
But he that noght hath, ne covayteth have,  
Is riche, al-though ye holde him but a  
knafe. 1190

Verray povert, it singeth proprely;  
Juvenal seith of povert merily:  
"The povre man, whan he goth by the  
weye,

Bifore the theves he may singe and pleye."  
Povert is hateful good, and, as I gesse, 1195  
A ful greet bringer out of business; (340)  
A greet amender eek of sapience  
To him that taketh it in pacience.  
Povert is this, al-though it seme elenge:  
Possessioun, that no wight wol chalesce.  
Povert ful ofte, whan a man is lowe, 1201  
Maketh his god and eek him-self to knowe.  
Povert a spectacle is, as thinketh me,  
Thurgh which he may his verray frendes  
see.

And therefore, sire, sin that I noght yow  
greve, 1205  
Of my povert na-more ye me repreve. (350)

Now, sire, of elde ye repreve me;  
And certes, sire, thogh noon auctoritee  
Were in no book, ye gentils of honour  
Seyn that men sholde an old wight doon  
favour, 1210

And clepe him fader, for your gentillesse;  
And auctours shal I finden, as I gesse.

Now ther ye seye, that I am foul and old,  
Than drede you noght to been a cokewold;  
For filthe and elde, al-so mote I thee, 1215  
Been grete wardcyngs up-on chastitee. (360)  
But natheless, sin I knowe your delyt,  
I shal fulfille your worldly appetyt.

Chees now,' quod she, 'oon of thise  
thinges tweye, 1219  
To han me foul and old til that I deye,

And be to yow a trewe humble wyf,  
 And never yow displese in al my lyf,  
 Or elles ye wol han me yong and fair,  
 And take your aventure of the repair 1224  
 That shal be to your hous, by-cause of me,  
 Or in som other place, may wal be. (370)  
 Now chees your-selven, whether that yow  
 lyketh.'

This knight avyseth him and sore  
 syketh,

But atte laste he seyde in this manere,  
 'My lady and my love, and wyf so dere,  
 I put me in your wyse governance; 1231  
 Cheseth your-self, which may be most  
 plesance,

And most honour to yow and me also.

I do no fors the whether of the two;

For as yow lyketh, it suffiseth me.' 1235

'Thanne have I gete of yow maistrye,'  
 quod she, (380)

'Sin I may chese, and governe as me lest?'

'Ye, certes, wyf,' quod he, 'I holde it  
 best.'

'Kis me,' quod she, 'we be no lenger  
 wrothe; 1230

For, by my trouthe, I wol be to yow bothe,

This is to seyn, ye, bothe fair and good.

I prey to god that I mot sterven wood,

But I to yow be al-so good and trewe  
 As ever was wyf, sin that the world was  
 newe.

And, but I be to-morn as fair to sene 1245  
 As any lady, emperyce, or quene, (390)  
 That is bitwixe the est and eke the west,  
 Doth with my lyf and deeth right as yow  
 lest.

Cast up the curtin, loke how that it is.'

And whan the knight saugh verrailly al  
 this, 1250

That she so fair was, and so yong ther-to,  
 For joye he hente hir in his armes two,  
 His herte bathed in a bath of blisse;

A thousand tyme a-rewe he gan hir  
 kisse.

And she obeyed him in every thing 1255  
 That mighte doon him plesance or lyking.

And thus they live, un-to hir lyves  
 ende, (401)

In parfit joye; and Jesu Crist us sende  
 Housbondes meke, yonge, and fresshe a-  
 bedde, 1259

And grace t'overhyde hem that we wedde.  
 And eek I preye Jesu shorte hir lyves

That wol nat be governed by hir wyves;  
 And olde and angry nigardes of dispence,

God sende hem sone verray pestilence.

Here endeth the Wyves Tale of Bathe.

## THE FRIAR'S PROLOGUE.

The Prologe of the Freres tale.

This worthy limitour, this noble Frere, 1265  
 He made alwey a maner louring chere  
 Upon the Somnour, but for honestee  
 No vileyns word as yet to him spak he.  
 But atte laste he seyde un-to the Wyf,  
 'Dame,' quod he, 'god yeve yow right  
 good lyf! 1270

Ye han heer touched, al-so mote I thee,  
 In scole-matere greet diffioultee;

Ye han seyde muchel thing right wel, I  
 seye; (9)

But dame, here as we ryden by the weye,  
 Us nedeth nat to speken but of game, 1275  
 And lete auctoritees, on goddes name,  
 To preaching and to scole eek of clergie.

But if it lyke to this companye,  
 I wol yow of a somnour telle a game. 1279  
 Pardee, ye may wel knowe by the name.

That of a somnour may no good be  
sayd;

I praye that noon of you be yvel apayd.

A somnour is a renner up and down

With mandements for fornicacioun, (20)

And is y-bet at every tounes ende.' 1285

Our host tho spak, 'a! sire, ye sholde  
be hende

And curteys, as a man of your estaat;

In companye we wol have no debaat.

Telleth your tale, and lat the Somnour  
be.'

'Nay,' quod the Somnour, 'lat him  
seye to me 1290

What so him list; whan it comth to mylot,

By god, I shal him quyten every grot.

I shal him tellen which a greet honour (29)

It is to be a flateringe limitour; [T. 6876

And his offyee I shal him telle, y-wis.'

[T. 6879

Our host answerde, 'pees, na-more of  
this.' 1296

And after this he seyde un-to the Frere,

'Tel forth your tale, love maister deere.'

Here endeth the Prologe of the Frere.

## THE FRERES TALE.

Here biginneth the Freres tale.

WHILOM ther was dwellinge in my contree

An erchedeken, a man of heigh degree,

That boldely dide execucioun 1301

In punisshinge of fornicacioun,

Of wiccheecraft, and eek of bauderye,

Of diffamacioun, and avoutrye,

Of chirche-reves, and of testaments, 1305

Of contractes, and of lakke of sacraments,

And eek of many another maner cryme

[T. om.

Which nedeth nat rehercen at this tyme;

[T. om.

Of usure, and of symonye also. (11)

But certes, lechours dide he grettest wo;

They sholde singen, if that they were

hent; 1311

And smale tytheres weren foule y-shent.

If any persons wolde up-on hem pleyne,

Ther mighte asterte him no pecunial

peyne.

For smale tythes and for smal offringe 1315

He made the peple pitously to singe.

For er the bisshop caughte hem with his

hook,

They weren in the erchedeknes book. (20)

Thanne hadde he, thurgh his jurisdic-  
cioun,

Power to doon on hem correccioun. 1320

He hadde a Somnour redy to his hond,

A slyer boy was noon in Engelond;

For subtilly he hadde his espiaille,

That taughte him, wher that him mighte

availle. 1324

He coude spare of lechours oon or two,

To techen him to foure and twenty mo.

For thogh this Somnour wood were as an

hare,

To telle his harlotrye I wol nat spare; (30)

For we been out of his correccioun;

They han of us no jurisdiccioun, 1330

Ne never shullen, terme of alle hir lyves.

'Peter! so been the wommen of the

styves.'

Quod the Somnour, 'y-put out of my cure!'

'Pees, with mischance and with mis-

aventure,'

Thus seyde our host, 'and lat him telle

his tale. 1345

Now telleth forth, thogh that the Somnour gale,

Ne spareth nat, myn owene maister dere.

This false theef, this Somnour, quod the Frere, (40)

Hadde alwey baudes redy to his hond,  
As any hank to lure in Engelond, 1340  
That tolde him al the secree that they knewe;

For hir aqueyntance was nat come of newe.

They weren hise approwours prively;  
He took him-self a greet profit therby;  
His maister knew nat alwey what he wan.  
With-outen mandement, a lewed man 1346  
He coude somne, on peyne of Cristes curs,  
And they were gladdre for to fille his purs,

And make him grete festes atte nale.  
And right as Judas hadde purses smale,  
And was a theef, right swich a theef was he; 1351

His maister hadde but half his duete.  
He was, if I shal yeven him his laude,  
A theef, and eek a Somnour, and a bande.  
He hadde eek wenches at his retenue, 1355  
That, whether that sir Robert or sir Huwe,  
Or Jakke, or Rauf, or who-so that it were,  
That lay by hem, they tolde it in his ere;  
Thus was the wenche and he of oon assent. (61)

And he wolde fecche a feyned mandement, 1360

And somne hem to the chapitre bothe two,  
And pile the man, and lete the wenche go.  
Thanne wolde he seye, 'frend, I shal for thy sake 1363

Do stryken hir out of our lettres blake;  
Thee thar na-more as in this cas travaille;  
I am thy freend, ther I thee may availle.'

Certein he knew of brybories mo  
Than possible is to telle in yeres two. (70)  
For in this world nis dogge for the bowe,  
That can an hurt deer from an hool y-knowe, 1370

Bet than this Somnour knew a sly lechour,  
Or an avouter, or a paramour.  
And, for that was the fruit of al his rente,  
Therefore on it he sette al his entente.

And so bifel, that ones on a day 1375  
'This Somnour, ever waiting on his pray,

Rood for to somne a widwe, an old ribybe,  
Feyninge a cause, for he wolde brybe. (80)  
And happed that he saugh bifore him ryde  
A gay yeman, under a forest-ayde. 1380  
A bowe he bar, and arwes brighte and kene;

He hadde up-on a courtsey of grene;  
An hat up-on his heed with frenches blake.  
'Sir,' quod this Somnour, 'hay! and wel a-take!'

'Wel-come,' quod he, 'and every good felawe! 1385

Wher rydestow under this grene shawe?'  
Seide this yeman, 'wiltow fer to day?'

This Somnour him answerde, and seide,  
'nay; (91)

Heer faste by,' quod he, 'is myn entente  
To ryden, for to reysen up a rente 1390  
That longeth to my lordes duete.'

'Artow thanne a bailly?' 'Ye!' quod he.

He dorste nat, for verray filthe and shame,  
Seie that he was a somnour, for the name.

'Depardieuz,' quod this yeman, 'dere brother, 1395

Thou art a bailly, and I am another.  
I am unknowen as in this contree; (99)

Of thyn aqueyntance I wolde praye thee,  
And eek of brotherhede, if that yow leste.  
I have gold and silver in my cheste; 1400  
If that thee happe to comen in our shyre,  
Al shal be thyn, right as thou wolt desyre.'

'Grantmercy,' quod this Somnour, 'by my feith!'

Everich in otheres hand his trouthe leith,  
For to be sworne bretheren til they deye.

In daliance they ryden forth hir weye. 1406  
This Somnour, which that was as ful of jangles,

As ful of venim been thise wariangles, (110)  
And ever enquerung up-on every thing,  
'Brother,' quod he, 'where is now your dwelling, 1410

Another day if that I sholde yow seche?'

This yeman him answerde in softe speche,

'Brother,' quod he, 'fer in the north contree,

Wher, as I hope, som-tyme I shal thee see.  
Er we departs, I shal thee so wel wisse,



That of myn hous ne shaltow never  
misse.' 1416

'Now, brother,' quod this Somnour, 'I  
yow preye,

Teche me, whyl that we ryden by the  
weye, (120)

Sin that ye been a baillif as am I,  
Som subtiltee, and tel me feithfully 1420

In myn offyce how I may most winne;  
And spareth nat for conscience ne sinne,  
But as my brother tel me, how do ye?'

'Now, by my trouthe, brother dere,'  
seyde he,

'As I shal tellen thee a feithful tale, 1425  
My wages been ful streite and ful smale.

My lord is hard to me and daungerous,  
And myn offyce is ful laborous; (130)

And therefore by extorcions I live.

For sothe, I take al that men wol me  
yive; 1430

Algate, by sleighte or by violence,  
Fro yeer to yeer I winne al my dispence.

I can no better telle feithfully.'

'Now, certes,' quod this Somnour, 'so  
fare I;

I spare nat to taken, god it woot, 1435  
But-if it be to hevy or to hoot.

What I may gete in conseil prively,  
No maner conscience of that have I; (140)

Nere myn extorcoun, I mighte nat liven,  
Ne of swiche japes wol I nat be shriven.

Stomak ne conscience ne knowe I noon;  
I shrewe thise shrifte-fadres everichoon.

Wel be we met, by god and by seint  
Jaime!

But, leve brother, tel me than thy name,'  
Quod this Somnour; and in this mene

whyte, 1445

This yeman gan a litel for to smyle.  
'Brother,' quod he, 'wiltow that I thee

telle?

I am a feend, my dwelling is in helle. (150)  
And here I ryde about my purchasing,

To wite wher men wolde yeve me any  
thing. 1450

My purchas is th'effect of al my rente.  
Loke how thou rydest for the same en-

tente,

To winne good, thou rekkest never how;  
Right so fare I, for ryde wolde I now  
Un-to the worldes ende for a preye.' 1455

'A,' quod this Somnour, '*benicite*, what  
sey ye?

I wende ye were a yeman trewely.  
Ye han a mannes shap as wel as I; (160)

Han ye figure than determinat  
In helle, ther ye been in your estat?' 1460

'Nay, certainly,' quod he, 'ther have  
we noon;

But whan us lyketh, we can take us oon,  
Or elles make yow seme we ben shape

Som-tyme lyk a man, or lyk an ape;  
Or lyk an angel can I ryde or go. 1465

It is no wonder thing thogh it be so;  
A lousy jigelour can deceyve thee,

And pardee, yet can I more craft than  
he.' (170)

'Why,' quod the Somnour, 'ryde ye  
thanno or goon 1469

In sondry shap, and nat alwey in oon?'

'For we,' quod he, 'wol us swich formes  
make

As most able is our preyes for to take.'  
'What maketh yow to han al this

labour?'

'Ful many a cause, leve sir Somnour,'  
seyde this feend, 'but alle thing hath

tyme. 1475

The day is short, and it is passed pryme,  
And yet ne wan I no-thing in this day.

I wol entende to winnen, if I may, (180)  
And nat entende our wittes to declare.

For, brother myn, thy wit is al to bare 1480  
To understonde, al-though I tolde hem thee.

But, for thou axest why labouren we;  
For, som-tyme, we ben goddes instru-

ments,

And menes to don his comandements,  
Whan that him list, up-on his creatures,

In divers art and in divers figures. 1486  
With-outen him we have no might, cer-

tayn, (189)

If that him list to stonden ther-agayn.  
And som-tyme, at our prayere, han we leve

Only the body and nat the soule greve;  
Witnessen on Job, whom that we didnen

wo. 1491

And som-tyme han we might of bothe two,  
This is to seyn, of soule and body eke.

And somtyme be we suffred for to seke  
Up-on a man, and doon his soule unreste,  
And nat his body, and al is for the besta.

Whan he withstandeth our temptacioun,  
It is a cause of his savacioun; (200)

Al-be-it that it was nat our entente  
He sholde he sauf, but that we wolde  
him hente. 1500

And som-tyme he we servant un-to man,  
As to the archebischop Seint Dunstan  
And to the apostles servant eek was I.

'Yet tel me,' quod the Somnour, 'feith-  
fully,

Make ye yow newe bodies thus alway 1505  
Of elements?' the feend answerde, 'nay;  
Som-tyme we feyne, and som-tyme we  
aryse

With dede bodies in ful sondry wyse, (210)  
And speke as renably and faire and wel  
As to the Phitonissa dide Samuel. 1510

And yet wol som men seye it was nat he;  
I do no fors of your divinitee.

But o thing warne I thee, I wol nat jape,  
Thou wolt algates wite how we ben shape;  
Thou shalt her-afterward, my brother  
dere, 1515

Com ther thee nedeth nat of me to lere.  
For thou shalt by thyn owene experience  
Conne in a chayer rede of this sentence  
Bet than Virgyle, whyl he was on lyve,  
Or Dant also; now lat us ryde blyve. 1520  
For I wol holde companye with thee (223)  
Til it be so, that thou forsake me.'

'Nay,' quod this Somnour, 'that shal  
nat bityde;

I am a yeman, knowen is ful wyde;  
My trouthe wol I holde as in this cas. 1525  
For though thou were the devel Sathanas,  
My trouthe wol I holde to my brother,  
As I am sworn, and ech of us til other (230)  
For to be trewe brother in this cas;  
And bothe we goon abouten our purchas.  
Tak thou thy part, what that men wol  
thee yive, 1531

And I shal myn; thus may we bothe live.  
And if that any of us have more than  
other,  
Lat him be trewe, and parte it with his  
brother.'

'I graunte,' quod the devel, 'by my fey.'  
And with that word they ryden forth hir  
wey. 1536

And right at the entring of the tonnes  
ende,

To which this Somnour shoop him for to  
wende, (240)

They saugh a cart, that charged was with  
hey,

Which that a carter droofforth in his wey.  
Deep was the wey, for which the carte  
stood. 1541

The carter smoot, and cryde, as he were  
wood,

'Hayt, Brok! hayt, Scot! what spare ye  
for the stones?

The feend,' quod he, 'yow fecche body  
and bones,

As ferforthly as ever were ye foled! 1545  
So muche wo as I have with yow tholed!  
The devel have al, bothe hors and cart  
and hey!'

This Somnour seyde, 'heer shal we  
have a play;' (250)

And neer the feend he drough, as noght  
ne were,

Ful prively, and rouned in his ere: 1550  
'Herkne, my brother, herkne, by thy  
feith;

Herestow nat how that the carter seith?  
Hent it anon, for he hath yeve it thee,  
Bothe hey and cart, and eek hise caples  
three.'

'Nay,' quod the devel, 'god wot, never  
a deel; 1555

It is nat his entente, trust me weel.  
Axe him thy-self, if thou nat trowest me,  
Or elles stint a while, and thou shalt  
see.' (260)

This carter thakketh his hors upon the  
croupe,

And they bigonne drawn and to-stoupe;  
'Heyt, now!' quod he, 'ther Jesu Crist  
yow blesse, 1561

And al his handwerk, bothe more and  
lesse!

That was wel twight, myn owere lyard  
boy!

I pray god save thee and seynt Loy!

Now is my cart out of the slow, pardee!'

'Lo! brother,' quod the feend, 'what  
tolde I thee? 1566

Heer may ye see, myn owene dere brother,  
The carl spak oo thing, but he thoghte  
another. (270)

Lat us go forth abouten our viage;

Heer winne I no-thing up-on cariage,'

Whan that they comen som-what out  
of tounne, 1571

This Somnour to his brother gan to rounne,  
'Brother,' quod he, 'heer woneth an old  
rebekeke,

That hadde almost as lief to lese hir nekke  
As for to yeve a peny of hir good. 1575  
I wol han twelf pens, though that she be  
wood,

Or I wol sompne hir un-to our offyce;  
And yet, god woot, of hir knowe I no  
vyce. (280)

But for thou canst nat, as in this contree,  
Winne thy cost, tak heer ensample of  
me.' 1580

This Somnour clappeth at the widwes  
gate.

'Com out,' quod he, 'thou olde viritrate!  
I trowe thou hast som frere or preest  
with thee!'

'Who clappeth?' seyde this widwe,  
'ben'cite!

God save you, sire, what is your swete  
wille?' 1585

'I have,' quod he, 'of somonce here  
a bille;

Up payne of cursing, loke that thou be  
To-morn before the erchedeknes knee (290)  
Thou swere to the court of certeyn thinges.'

'Now, lord,' quod she, 'Crist Jesu, king  
of kinges, 1590

So wisly helpe me, as I ne may.  
I have been syk, and that ful many a day.

I may nat go so fer,' quod she, 'ne ryde,  
But I be deed, so priketh it in my syde.

May I nat axe a libel, sir Somnour, 1595  
And answer there, by my procourer,

To swich thing as men wol opposen me?'

'Yis,' quod this Somnour, 'pay anon,  
lat se, (300)

Twelf pens to me, and I wol thee acqute.  
I shall no profit han ther-by but lyte; 1600

My maister hath the profit, and nat I.  
Com of, and lat me ryden hastily;

Yif me twelf pens, I may no lenger tarie.'  
'Twelf pens,' quod she, 'now lady  
Seinte Marie

so wisly help me out of care and sinne,  
This wyde world thogh that I sholde  
winne, 1606

Ne have I nat twelf pens with-inne myn  
hold. (309)

Ye knowen wel that I am povre and old;  
Kythe your almesse on me povre wrecche.'

'Nay than,' quod he, 'the foule feend  
me fecche 1610

If I th'excuse, though thou shul be spilt!'

'Alas,' quod she, 'god woot, I have no  
gilt.'

'Pay me,' quod he, 'or by the swete  
seinte Anne,

As I wol bere away thy newe panne  
For dette, which that thou owest me of  
old, 1615

Whan that thou madest thyn housbond  
cokewold,

I payde at hoom for thy correccioun.'

'Thou list,' quod she, 'by my sava-  
cioun! (320)

Ne was I never er now, widwe ne wyf,  
Somoned un-to your court in al my lyf;

Ne never I nas but of my body trewe! 1621  
Un-to the devel blak and rough of hewe

Yeve I thy body and my panne also!'

And whan the devel herde hir cursen so  
Up-on hir knees, he seyde in this manere,

'Now Mabely, myn owene moder dere, 1626  
Is this your wil in earnest, that ye seye?'

'The devel,' quod she, 'so fecche him  
er he deye, (330)

And panne and al, but he wol him re-  
pente!'

'Nay, olde stot, that is nat myn entente,'  
Quod this Somnour, 'for to repente me,

For any thing that I have had of thee;  
I wolde I hadde thy smok and every  
clooth!'

'Now, brother,' quod the devel, 'be nat  
wrooth;

Thy body and this panne ben myne by  
right. 1635

Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,  
Where thou shalt knowen of our privetee

More than a maister of divinitee.' (340)  
And with that word this foule feend him  
hente;

Body and soule, he with the devel wente  
Wher-as that somnours han hir heritage.

And god, that maketh after his image  
Mankinde, save and gyde us alle and  
some;

And leve this Somnour good man to  
bicomme!

Lordinges, I coude han told yow, quod  
this Frere, 1645

Hadde I had leyser for this Somnour here,  
After the text of Crist [and] Pouland John,  
And of our othere doctours many oon,  
Swiche peynes, that your hertes mighte  
agryse, (351)

Al-be-it so, no tonge may devyse, 1650  
Thugh that I mighte a thousand winter  
telle,

The payne of thilke cursed hous of helle.  
But, for to kepe us fro that cursed place,  
Waketh, and preyeth Jesu for his grace

So kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas. 1655  
Herketh this word, beth war as in this  
cas;

The leoun sit in his await alway  
To slee the innocent, if that he may. (360)  
Disposeth ay your hertes to withstonde  
The feend, that yow wolde make thral  
and bonde. 1660

He may nat tempten yow over your might;  
For Crist wol be your champion and  
knight.

And prayeth that this Somnours hem  
repente

Of hir misdedes, er that the feend hem  
hente.

Here endeth the Freres tale.

## THE SOMNOUR'S PROLOGUE.

The prologe of the Somnours Tale.

This Somnour in his stiropes hie stood;  
Up-on this Frere his herte was so wood,  
That lyk an aspen leef he quook for yre.

'Lordinges,' quod he, 'but o thing I  
desyre;

I yow biseke that, of your curteisye,  
Sin ye han herd this false Frere lye, 1670  
As suffereth me I may my tale telle!

This Frere bosteth that he knoweth helle,  
And god it woot, that it is litel wonder;  
Freres and feendes been but lyte a-sonder.  
For pardee, ye han ofte tyme herd telle,  
How that a frere ravished was to helle  
In spirit ones by a visoun; (13) 1677

And as an angel ladde him up and doun,  
To shewen him the peynes that ther were,  
In al the place saugh he nat a frere; 1680  
Of other folk he saugh y-nowe in wo.  
Un-to this angel spak the frere tho:

"Now, sir," quod he, "han freres swich  
a grace (19)

That noon of hem shal come to this place?"

"Yis," quod this angel, "many a mil-  
lioun!" 1685

And un-to Sathanas he ladde him doun.  
"And now hath Sathanas," seith he,  
"a tayl

Brodder than of a carriik is the sayl.  
Hold up thy tayl, thou Sathanas!" quod  
he, 1689

"Sheweforth thyn ers, and lat the frere see  
Wher is the nest of freres in this place!"  
And, er that half a furlong-vey of space,  
Right so as bees out swarmen from an  
hyve,

Out of the develes ers ther gonne dryve (30)  
Twenty thousand freres in a route, 1695  
And thurgh-out helle swarmeden aboute

And comen agayn, as faste as they may  
gon,  
And in his ers they crepten everichon.  
He elayte his tayl agayn, and layful stilla.  
This frere, whan he loked hadde his fille  
Upon the torments of this sory place, 1701  
His spirit god restored of his grace

Un-to his body agayn, and he awook;  
But natheles, for fere yet he quook, (40)  
So was the develes ers ay in his minde,  
That is his heritage of verray kinde. 1706  
God save yow alle, save this cursed  
Frere;  
My prologe wol I ende in this manere.'

Here endeth the Prologe of the Somnours Tale.

## THE SOMNOURS TALE.

Here biginneth the Somonour his Tale.

LORDINGES, ther is in Yorkshire, as I  
gesse,  
A mersshy centree called Holderneshe,  
In which ther wente a limitour aboute, 1711  
To preche, and eek to begge, it is no doute.  
And so bifel, that on a day this frere  
Had preched at a chirche in his manere,  
And specially, aboven every thing, 1715  
Excited he the peple in his preching  
To trentals, and to yeve, for goddes sake,  
Wher-with men mighten holy houses  
make, (10)  
Ther as divyne service is honoured,  
Nat ther as it is wasted and devoured, 1720  
Ne ther it nedeth nat for to be yive,  
As to possessioners, that mowen live,  
Thanked begod, in wele and habundaunce.  
'Trentals,' seyde he, 'deliveren fro pen-  
aunce 1724  
Hir freendes soules, as wel olde as yonge,  
Ye, whan that they been hastily y-songe;  
Nat for to holde a preest joly and gay,  
He singeth nat but o masse in a day; (20)  
Delivereth out,' quod he, 'anon the soules;  
Ful hard it is with fleshhook or with oules  
To been y-clawed, or to brenne or bake;  
Now spede yow hastily, for Cristes sake.'  
And whan this frere had seyde al his  
entente,  
With *qui cum patre* forth his way he wente.

Whan folk in chirche had yeve him  
what hem leste, 1735  
He wente his wey, no lenger wolde he  
reste,  
With scrippe and tipped staf, y-tukked  
hye; (29)  
In every hous he gan to poure and pryve,  
And beggeth mele, and chese, or elles corn.  
His felawe hadde a staf tipped with horn,  
A peyre of tables al of yvory, 1741  
And a poyntel polished fetisly,  
And wroot the names alwey, as he stood,  
Of alle folk that yaf him any good, 1744  
Ascaunces that he wolde for hem preye.  
'Yeve us a busshel whete, malt, or reye,  
A goddes kechil, or a trip of chese,  
Or elles what yow list, we may nat chese;  
A goddes halfpeny or a masse-peny, (41)  
Or yeve us of your brawn, if ye have eny;  
A dagon of your blanket, leve dame, 1751  
Oursuster dere, lo! here I write your name;  
Bacon or beef, or swich thing as ye finde.'  
A sturdy harlot wente ay hem bihinde,  
That was hir hostes man, and bar a sak,  
And what men yaf hem, leyde it on his  
bak. 1756  
And whan that he was out at dore anon,  
He planed away the names everichon (50)  
That he biforn had writon in his tables;  
He served hem with nyfles and with fables.

'Nay, ther thou list, thou Somnour,'  
quod the Frere. 1761  
'Poes,' quod our Host, 'for Cristes  
moder dere;  
Tel forth thy tale and spare it nat at al.'  
Sothryve I, quod this Somnour, so I shal.—  
So longe he wente hous by hous, til he  
Cam til an hous ther he was wont to be  
Refreshed more than in an hundred  
placis. 1767  
Sik lay the gode man, whos that the place  
is; (60)  
Bedrede up-on a couche lowe he lay.  
'Deus hic,' quod he, 'O Thomas, freend,  
good day,' 1770  
Sayde this frere curteisly and softe.  
'Thomas,' quod he, 'god yelde yow! ful  
ofte  
Have I up-on this bench faren ful weel.  
Here have I eten many a mery meel;  
And fro the bench he droof away the cat,  
And leyde adoun his potente and his hat,  
And eek his scrippe, and sette him softe  
adoun. 1777  
His felawe was go walked in-to toun, (70)  
Forth with his knave, in-to that hostelrye  
Wher-as he shoop him thilke night to lye.  
'O dere maister,' quod this syke man,  
'How han ye fare sith that March bigan?  
I saugh yow noght this fourtenight or  
more.'  
'God woot,' quod he, 'laboured have I ful  
sore;  
And specially, for thy savacioun 1785  
Have I seyed many a precious orisoun,  
And for our othere frendes, god hem  
blesse!  
I have to-day been at your chirche at  
messo, (80)  
And seyde a sermon after my simple wit,  
Nat al after the text of holy writ; 1790  
For it is hard to yow, as I suppose,  
And therefore wol I teche yow al the glose.  
Glosinge is a glorious thing, certeyn,  
For lettre sleeth, so as we clerkes seyn.  
Ther have I taught hem to be charitable,  
And spende hir good ther it is resonable,  
And ther I saugh our dame; a! wher  
is she?' (89) 1797  
'Yond in the yerd I trowe that she be,'  
Sayde this man, 'and she wol come anon.'

'Ey, maister! wel-come be ye, by seint  
John!' 1800  
Sayde this wyf, 'how fare ye hertely?'  
The frere aryseth up ful curteisly,  
And hir embraceth in his armes narwe,  
And kiste hir swete, and chirketh as  
a sparwe  
With his lippes: 'dame,' quod he, 'right  
weel, 1805  
As he that is your servant every deel.  
Thanked be god, that yow yaf soule and lyf,  
Yet saugh I nat this day so fair a wyf (100)  
In al the chirche, god so save me!'  
'Ye, god amende defautes, sir,' quod she,  
'Algates wel-come be ye, by my fey!' 1811  
'Graunt mercy, dame, this have I founde  
alwey.  
But of your grete goodnesse, by your  
leve,  
I wolde prey yow that ye nat yow greve,  
I wol with Thomas speke a litel throwe.  
Thise curats been ful negligent and slowe  
To grope tendrely a conscience. (109) 1817  
In shrift, in preching is my diligence,  
And studie in Petres wordes, and in Poules,  
I walke, and fissahe Cristen mennes soules,  
To yelden Jesu Crist his propre rente; 1821  
To sprede his word is set al myn en-  
tente.'  
'Now, by your leve, o dere sir,' quod she,  
'Chydeth him weel, for seinte Trinitee.  
He is as angry as a pissemeye, 1825  
Though that he have al that he can  
desyre.  
Though I him wrye a-night and make  
him warm, (119)  
And on hym leye my leg outhur myn arm,  
He groneth lyk our boor, lyth in our sty.  
Other desport right noon of him have I;  
I may nat plesse him in no maner cas.'  
'O Thomas! *Je vous dy*, Thomas!  
Thomas!  
This maketh the feend, this moste ben  
amended.  
Ire is a thing that hye god defended, 1834  
And ther-of wol I speke a word or two.'  
'Now maister,' quod the wyf, 'er that  
I go,  
What wol ye dyne? I wol go ther-about.'  
'Now dame,' quod he, '*Je vous dy sans  
doute*, (130)

Have I nat of a capon but the livers,  
And of your softe breed nat but a shivere,  
And after that a rosted pigges heed, 1841  
(But that I nolde no beest for me were  
deed),

Thanne hadde I with yow hoonly suffi-  
saunce.

I am a man of lital sustenaunce.  
My spirit hath his fostring in the Bible.  
The body is ay so redy and penyble 1846  
To wake, that my stomak is destroyed.

I prey yow, dame, ye be nat annoyed, (140)  
Though I so frendly yow my conseil  
shewe; 1849

By god, I wolde nat telle it but a fewe.

'Now, sir,' quod she, 'but o word er I go;  
My child is deed with-inne thise wykes  
two,

Sone after that ye wente out of this toun.'

'His deeth saugh I by revelacioun,' 1854

Seith this frere, 'at hoom in our dortour.

I dar wel seyn that, er that half an hour

After his deeth, I saugh him born to blisse

In myn avisoun, so god me wisse! (150)

So dide our sexteyn and our fermerer,

That han been trewe freres fifty yeer;

They may now, god be thanked of his  
lone, 1861

Maken hir jubilee and walke allone.

And up I roos, and al our covent eke,

With many a tere triking on my cheke,

Withouten noyse or clateringe of belles;

*Te deum* was our song and no-thing elles,

Save that to Crist I seyde an orisoun,

Thankinge him of his revelacioun. (160)

For sir and dame, trusteth me right weel,

Our orisons been more effectueel, 1870

And more we seen of Cristes secree thinges

Than burel folk, al-though they weren  
kinges.

We live in povert and in abstinence,

And burel folk in richesse and despence

Of mete and drinke, and in hir foul delyt.

We han this worldes lust al in despyt.

Lazar and Dives liveden diversly, 1877

And diverse guerdon hadden they ther-by.

Who-so wol preye, he moot faste and be

clene, (171) 1879

And fatte his soule and make his body lene.

We fare as seith th'apostle; cloth and fode

Suffysen us, though they be nat ful gode.

The clenness and the fastinge of us freres  
Maketh that Crist accepteth our preyerer.

Lo, Moyses fourty dayes and fourty  
night 1885

Fasted, er that the heighe god of might

Spak with him in the mountain of Sinay.

With empty wombe, fastinge many a day,

Receyved he the lawe that was written (181)

With goddes finger; and Elie, wel ye

witen, 1890

In mount Oreb, er he hadde any speche

With hye god, that is our lyves leche,

He fasted longe and was in contemplanee.

Aaron, that hadde the temple in govern-

ance, 1894

And eek the othere preestes everichon,

In-to the temple whan they sholde gon

To preye for the peple, and do servyse,

They nolden drinken, in no maner wyse.

No drinke, which that mighte hem dronke

make, (191) 1899

But there in abstinence preye and wake,

Lest that they deyden; tak heed what

I seye.

But they be sobre that for the peple preye,

War that I seye; namore! for it suffyseth.

Our lord Jesu, as holy writ devyseth, 1904

Yaf us ensample of fastinge and preyerer.

Therfor we mendinants, we sely freres,

Been wedded to poverte and continence,

To charites, humblesse, and abstinence,

To perseeucion for rightwisnesse, (201) 1909

To weping, misericorde, and clenness.

And therfor may yee see that our preyerer—

I speke of us, we mendinants, we freres—

Ben to the hye god more acceptable

Than youre, with your festes at the table.

Fro Paradys first, if I shal nat lye, 1913

Was man out chaced for his glotonye;

And chaast was man in Paradys, certeyn.

But herkne now, Thomas, what I shal

seyn. (210)

I ne have no text of it, as I suppose,

But I shall finde it in a maner glose, 1920

That specially our swete lord Jesu

Spak this by freres, whan he seyde thus:

"Blessed be they that povre in spirit

been."

And so forth al the gospel may ye seen,

Wher it be lyker our professioun, 1925

Or hirs that swimmen in possessioun.

Fy on hir pompe and on hir glotonye !  
And for hir lewednesse I ham diffye. (220)

Me thinketh they ben lyk Jovinian,  
Fut as a whale, and walkinge as a swan ;  
Al vinolent as botel in the spence. 1931  
Hir preyer is of ful gret reverence ;  
Whan they for soules seye the psalm of  
Davut,  
Lo, "buf!" they seye, "*cor meum eruc-*  
*tavit!*"

Who folweth Cristes gospel and his fore,  
But we that humble been and chast and  
pore, 1936  
Werkers of goddes word, not auditours?  
Therfore, right as an hauk up, at a  
sour, (230)

Up springeth in-to their, right so prayeres  
Of charitable and chaste busy freres 1940  
Maken hir sour to goddes eres two.  
Thomas! Thomas! so mote I ryde or go,  
And by that lord that clepid is seint Yve,  
Nere thou our brother, sholdestou nat  
thryve! 1944

In our chapitre praye we day and night  
To Crist, that he thee sende hele and  
might,

Thy body for to welden hastily.  
'God woot,' quod he, 'no-thing ther-of  
tele I; (240)

As help me Crist, as I, in fewe yeres, 1949  
Han spended, up-on dyvers maner freres,  
Ful many a pound; yet fare I never the  
bet.

Certeyn, my good have I almost biset.  
Farwel, my gold! for it is al ago!

The frere answerde, 'O Thomas, dostow  
so? 1954

What nedeth yow diverse freres seche?  
What nedeth him that hath a parfit leche  
To sechen othere leches in the toun?  
Your inconstance is your confusioun. (250)  
Holde ye than me, or elles our covent,  
To praye for yow ben insufficient? 1960  
Thomas, that jape nis nat worth a myte;  
Your maladye is for we han to lyte.

"A! yif that covent half a quarter otes!"  
"A! yif that covent four and twenty  
grotes!"

"A! yif that frere a peny, and lat him  
go!" 1965

Nay, nay, Thomas! it may no-thing be so.

What is a ferthing worth parted in twelve?  
Lo, ech thing that is oned in him-selve  
Is more strong than whan it is to-  
scatered. (261)

Thomas, of me thou shalt nat been y  
flatered; 1970  
Thou woldest han our labour al for noght.  
The hye god, that al this world hath  
wrought,  
Seith that the werkman worthy is his  
hyre.

Thomas! noght of your tresor I desyre  
As for my-self, but that al our covent 1975  
To preye for yow is ay so diligent,  
And for to builden Cristes owene chirche.  
Thomas! if ye wol lernen for to wirche,  
Of buildinge up of chirches may 3e  
finde (271)

If it be good, in Thomas lyf of Inde. 1980  
Ye lye heer, ful of anger and of yre,  
With which the devel set your herte  
a-fyre,

And chyden heer this sely innocent,  
Your wyf, that is so meke and pacient.  
And therfor, Thomas, trowe me if thee  
leste, 1985

Ne stryve nat with thy wyf, as for thy  
beste;  
And ber this word away now, by thyfeith,  
Touchinge this thing, lo, what the wyse  
seith: (280)

"With-in thyn hous ne be thou no leoun;  
To thy subgits do noon oppressioun; 1990  
Ne make thyne aqueyntances nat to flee."  
And Thomas, yet eft-sones I charge thee,  
Be war from hir that in thy bosom slepeth;  
War fro the serpent that so slyly orepeth  
Under the gras, and stingeth subtilly. 1995  
Be war, my sone, and herkne paciently,  
That twenty thousand men han lost hir  
lyves,

For stryving with hir lemmans and hir  
wyves. (290)

Now sith ye han so holy and meke a wyf,  
What nedeth yow, Thomas, to maken  
stryf? 2000

Ther nis, y-wis, no serpent so cruel,  
Whan man tret on his tayl, ne half so fel,  
As womman is, whan she hath caught  
an ire;

Vengeance is thanne al that they desyre.



Ire is a sinne, oon of the grete of sevene,  
Abhominable un-to the god of hevene;  
And to him-self it is destruccion.

This every lewed viker or person (300)  
Can seye, how Ire engendreth homicyde.  
Ire is, in sooth, executour of pryde. 2010  
I coude of Ire seye so muche sorwe,  
My tale sholde laste til to-morwe.

And therfor preye I god bothe day and  
night, 2013

An irous man, god sende him litel might!  
It is greet harm and, certes, gret pitee,  
To sette an irous man in heigh degree.

Whilom ther was an irous potestat,  
As seith Senek, that, duringe his estaat,  
Up-on a day out riden knyghtes two, (311)  
And as fortune wolde that it were so, 2020  
That oon of hem cam hoom. that other  
noght.

Anon the knight bifore the juge is broght,  
That seyde thus, "thou hast thy felawe  
slayn,

For which I deme thee to the deeth, cer-  
tayn."

And to another knight comanded he, 2025  
"Go lede him to the deeth, I charge thee."  
And happed, as they wente by the weye  
Toward the place ther he sholde deye,  
The knight cam, which men wenden had  
be deed. (321)

Thanne thoughte they, it was the beste  
reed, 2030

To lede hem bothe to the juge agayn.

They seiden, "lord, the knight ne hath  
nat slayn

His felawe; here he standeth hool alyve."

"Ye shul be deed," quod he, "so moot I  
thryve!

That is to seyn, bothe oon, and two, and  
three!" 2035

And to the firste knight right thus spak he,  
"I dampned thee, thou most algate be  
deed.

And thou also most nedes lese thyn heed,  
For thou art cause why thy felawe deyth."

And to the thridde knight right thus he  
seyth, (332) 2040

"Thou hast nat doon that I comanded  
thee."

And thus he dide don sleen hem alle three.

Irous Cambyses was eek dronkelewe,

And ay deltyed him to been a shrewe.

And so bifel, a lord of his meynye, 2045

That lovede vertuuous moralitee,

Seyde on a day bitwix hem two right thus:

"A lord is lost, if he be vicious; (340)

And dronkenesse is eek a foul reoord

Of any man, and namely in a lord. 2050

Ther is ful many an eye and many an ere

Awaiting on a lord, and he noot where.

For goddes love, drink more attemprely;

Wyn maketh man to lesen wrecchedly

His minde, and eek his limes everichon."

"The revers shaltou se," quod he, "anon;

And preve it, by thyn owene experience,

That wyn ne dooth to folk no swich

offence. (350) 2058

Ther is no wyn bireveth me my might

Of hand ne foot, ne of myn eyen sight"—

And, for despyt, he drank ful muchel more

An hondred part than he had doon bifore;

And right anon, this irous cursed wrecche

Leet this knyghtes sone bifore him fecche,

Comandinge him he sholde bifore him

stonde. 2065

And sodeynly he took his bowe in honde,

And up the streng he pulled to his ere,

And with an arwe he slow the child right

there: (360)

"Now whether have I a siker hand or

noon?"

Quod he, "is al my might and minde

agoon? 2070

Hath wyn bireved me myn eyen sight?"

What sholde I telle th'answers of the

knight?

Hissone was slayn, ther is na-more to seye.

Beth war therfor with lordes how ye pleye.

Singeth *Placebo*, and I shal, if I can, 2075

But-if it be up-to a povre man.

To a povre man men sholde hise vyces telle,

But nat to a lord, thogh he sholde go to

helle. (370)

Lo irous Cirus, thilke Percien,

How he destroyed the river of Gysen, 2080

For that an hors of his was dreynt ther-

inne,

Whan that he wente Babiloigne to winne.

He made that the river was so smal,

That wommen mighte wade it over-al.

Lo, what seyde he, that so wel teche can?

"Ne be no felawe to an irous man. 2086

Ne with no wood man walke by the weye,  
Lest thee repente;" ther is na-more to  
seye. (380)

Now Thomas, leve brother, lef thyn ire;  
Thou shalt me finde as just as is a squire.  
Hold nat the develes knyf ay at thyn herte;  
Thyn angre dooth thee al to sore smerte;  
But shewe to me al thy confessioun.'

'Nay,' quod the syke man, 'by Seint  
Simoun! 2094

I have be shriven this day at my curat;  
I have him told al hoolly myn estat;  
Nedeth na-more to speke of it,' seith he,  
'But if me list of myn humilitee.' (390)  
'Yif me thanne of thy gold, to make  
our cloistre.'

Quod he, 'for many a muscle and many  
an oistre, 2100

Whan other men han ben ful wel at eyse,  
Hath been our fode, our cloistre for to reyse,  
And yet, god woot, unneth the fundement  
Parfourned is, ne of our pavement 2104  
Nis nat a tyle yet with-inne our wones;  
By god, we owen fourty pound for stones!  
Now help, Thomas, for him that harwed  
helle!

For elles mooste we our bokes selle. (400)  
And if ye lakke our predicacioun, 2109  
Than gooth the world al to destruccioun.  
For who-so wolde us fro this world bireve,  
So god me save, Thomas, by your leve,  
He wolde bireve out of this world the sonne.  
For who can teche and werchen as we  
conne? 2114

And that is nat of litel tyme,' quod he;  
'But sith that Elie was, or Elisee,  
Han freres been, that finde I of record,  
In charitee, y-thanked be our lord. (410)  
Now Thomas, help, for seinte Charitee!'

And down anon he sette him on his knee.

This syke man wex wel ny wood for ire;  
He wolde that the frere had been on-fire  
With his false dissimulacioun.

'Swich thing as is in my possessioun,'  
Quod he, 'that may I yeven, and non  
other. 2125

Ye sey me thus, how that I am your  
brother?'

'Ye, certes,' quod the frere, 'trusteth  
weel;

I took our dame our lettre with our seel.'

'Now wel,' quod he, 'and som-what  
shal I yive (421)

Un-to your holy covent whyl I live, 2130  
And in thyn hand thou shalt it have  
anon;

On this condicioun, and other noon,  
That thou departe it so, my dere brother,  
That every frere have also muche as other.  
This shaltou swere on thy professioun,  
With-uten fraude or cavillacioun.' 2136

'I swere it,' quod this frere, 'upon my  
feith!'

And ther-with-al his hand in his he leith:  
'Lo, heer my feith! in me shal be no lak.'

'Now thanne, put thyn hand down by  
my bak,' (432) 2141

Seyde this man, 'and grope wel bihinde;  
Bynethe my buttoke ther shaltow finde  
A thing that I have hid in privetee.'

'A!' thought this frere, 'this shal go  
with me!'

And down his hand he launcheth to the  
clifte, 2145

In hope for to finde ther a yifte. (438)  
And whan this syke man felte this frere  
Aboute his twel grope there and here,  
Amidde his hand he leet the frere a fart.  
Ther nis no capul, drawinge in a cart, 2150  
That mighte have lete a fart of swich  
a soun.

The frere up stirte as doth a wood  
leoun:

'A! false cherl,' quod he, 'for goddes  
bones,

This hastow for despyt doon, for the  
nones!

Thou shalt abyte this fart, if that I may!'

His meynee, whiche that herden this  
affray, 2156

Cam lepinge in, and chaced out the frere;  
And forth he gooth, with a ful angry  
chere, (450)

And fette his felawe, ther-as lay his stoor.  
He looked as it were a wilde boor; 2160  
He grinte with his teeth, so was he wrooth.  
A sturdy pas down to the court he gooth,  
Wher-as ther woned a man of greet  
honour,

To whom that he was alwey confessour;  
This worthy man was lord of that village  
This frere cam, as he were in a rage, 2166

Wher-as this lord sat eting at his bord.  
Unnethes mighte the frere speke a word,  
Til atte laste he seyde: 'god yow see!' (461)

This lord gan loke, and seide, 'ben-  
cite!' 2170

What, frere John, what maner world is  
this?

I see wel that som thing ther is amis.  
Ye loken as the wode were ful of thevis,  
Sit down anon. and tel me what your  
grief is,

And it shal been amended, if I may.' 2175

'I have,' quod he, 'had a despyt this day,  
God yelde yow! adoun in your village,  
That in this world is noon so povre a page,  
That he nolde have abhominacioun (471)  
Of that I have receyved in your toun. 2180  
And yet ne greveth me no-thing so sore,  
As that this olde cherl, with lokkes hore,  
Blasphemed hath our holy covent eke.'

'Now, maister,' quod this lord, 'I yow  
biseke.'

'No maister, sire,' quod he, 'but servi-  
tour, 2185

Thogh I have had in scole swich honour.  
God lyketh nat that "Raby" men us calle,  
Neither in market ne in your large halle.'

'No fors,' quod he, 'but tel me al your  
grief.' (481)

'Sire,' quod this frere, 'an odious  
chief 2190

This day bitid is to myn ordre and me,  
And so *per consequens* to ech degree  
Of holy chirche, god amende it sone!'

'Sir,' quod the lord, 'ye woot what is  
to done.

Distempour yow noght, ye be my con-  
fessour; 2195

Ye been the salt of the erthe and the  
savour.

For goddes love your pacience ye holde;  
Tel me your grief:' and he anon him  
tolde, (490)

As ye han herd biforn, ye woot wel what.

The lady of the hous ay stille sat, 2200  
Til she had herd al what the frere seyde:  
'Ey, goddes moder,' quod she, 'blisful  
mayde!

Is ther oght elles? telle me feithfully.'

'Madame,' quod he, 'how thinketh yow  
her-by?'

'How that me thinketh?' quod she;  
'so god me speede, 2205

I seye, a cherl hath doon a cherles dede.  
What shold I seye? god lat him never  
thee!

His syke heed is ful of vanitee, (500)  
I hold him in a maner frenesye.'

'Madame,' quod he, 'by god I shal nat  
lye; 2210

But I on other weyes may be wreke,  
I shal diffame him over-al ther I speke,  
This false blasphemour, that charged me  
To parte that wol nat departed be,  
To every man y-liche, with meschaunce!'

The lord sat stille as he were in a  
traunce, 2216

And in his herte he rolled up and down,  
'How hadde this cherl imaginacioun (510)  
To shewe swich a probleme to the frere?  
Never erst er now herde I of swich matere;  
I trowe the devel putte it in his minde.  
In ars-metryke shal ther no man finde,  
Biforn this day, of swich a questioun.

Who sholde make a demonstracioun,  
That every man sholde have y-liche his  
part 2225

As of the soun or savour of a fart? (518)

O nyce proude cherl, I shrewe his face!

Lo, sires,' quod the lord, 'with harde grace,

'Who ever herde of swich a thing er now?

To every man y-lyke? tel me how. 2230

It is an impossible, it may nat be!

Ey, nyce cherl, god lete him never thee!

The rumblinge of a fart, and every soun,

Nis but of eir reverberacioun, 2234

And ever it wasteth lyte and lyte away.

Ther is no man can demen, by my fey,

If that it were departed equally. (529)

What, lo, my cherl, lo, yet how shrewedly

Un-to my confessour to-day he spak!

I holde him certeyn a demoniak! 2240

Now ete your mete, and lat the cherl go  
pleye,

Lat him go honge himself, a devel weye!'

Now stood the lordes squyer at the bord,  
That carf his mete, and herde, word by  
word, 2244

Of alle thinges of which I have yow sayd.

'My lord,' quod he, 'be ye nat yvel apayd;

I coude telle, for a goune-clooth,

To yow, sir frere, so ye be nat wrooth, (540)

How that this fart shold: even aled be  
Among your covent, if it lyked me.' 2250

'Tel,' quod the lord, 'and thou shalt  
have anon

A gounne-cloth, by god and by Seint John!'

'My lord,' quod he, 'whan that the  
weder is fair,

With-outen wind or perturbinge of air,  
Lat bringe a cartwheel here in-to this  
halle, 2255

But loke that it have his spokes alle.

'Twelf spokes hath a cartwheel comunly.

And bring me than twelf freres, woot ye  
why? (550)

For thrittene is a covent, as I gesse.

The confessour heer, for his worthinessse,  
Shal parfourne up the nombre of his  
covent. 2261

Than shal they knele down, by oon assent,  
And to every spokes ende, in this manere,  
Ful sadly leye his nose shal a frere.

Your noble confessour, ther god him save,  
Shal holde his nose upright, under the  
nave. 2266

Than shal this cherl, with bely stif and  
tought

As any tabour, hider been y-broght; (560)

And sette him on the wheel right of this  
cart, 2269

Upon the nave, and make him lete a fart.

And ye shul seen, up peril of my lyf,  
By preve which that is demonstratif,  
That equally the soun of it wol wende,  
And eek the stink, un-to the spokes  
ende;

Save that this worthy man, your con-  
fessour, 2275

By-cause he is a man of greet honour,  
Shal have the firste fruit, as reson is;

The noble usage of freres yet is this, (570)

The worthy men of hem shul first be  
served; 2279

And certainly, he hath it weel deserved.

He hath to-day taught us so muchel good

With preching in the pulpit ther he stood,

That I may vouche-sauf, I sey for me,

He hadde the firste smel of fartes three,

And so wolde al his covent hardily; 2285

He bereth him so faire and holily.'

The lord, the lady, and ech man, save  
the frere, (579)

Seyde that Jankin spak, in this matere,

As wel as Euclide or [as] Ptholomee.

Touchinge this cherl, they seyde, subtiltee

And heigh wit made him speken as he  
spak; 2291

He nis no fool, ne no demoniak.

And Jankin hathy-wonne a nowegoune.—

My tale is doon we been almost at  
toun. 2294

Here endeth the Somnours Tale.

## GROUP E.

## THE CLERK'S PROLOGUE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Clerkes Tale of Oxenford.

'SIR clerk of Oxenford,' our hoste sayde,  
'Ye ryde as coy and stille as dooth a  
mayde,

Were newe spoused, sitting at the bord;  
This day ne herde I of your tonge a word.  
I trowe ye studie aboute som sophyme, 5  
But Salomon seith, "every thing hath  
tyme."

For goddes sake, as beth of bettre chere,  
It is no tyme for to studien here.  
Telle us som mery tale, by your fey;  
For what man that is entred in a pley, 10  
He nedes moot unto the pley assente.  
But precheth nat, as freres doon in Lente,  
To make us for our olde sinnes wepe,  
Ne that thy tale make us nat to slepe.

Telle us som mery thing of aventures;—  
Your termes, your colours, and your  
figures, 16  
Kepe hem in stoor til so be ye endyte  
Heigh style, as whan that men to kinges  
wryte.

Speketh so pleyn at this tyme, I yow preye,  
That we may understonde what ye seye.'

This worthy clerk benignely answerde,  
'Hoste,' quod he, 'I am under your yerde;  
Ye han of us as now the governaunce,  
And therfor wol I do yow obeisaunce,  
As fer as reson axeth, hardily. 25

I wol yow telle a tale which that I  
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,  
As preved by his wordes and his werk.

He is now deed and nayled in his cheste,  
I prey to god so yeve his soule reste! 30

Fraunceys Petrark, the laureat poete,  
Highte this clerk, whos rethoryke sweete  
Enlumined al Itaille of poetrye,  
As Linian dide of philosophye  
Or lawe, or other art particuler; 35  
But deeth, that wol nat suffre us dwellen  
heer

But as it were a twinkling of an yē,  
Hem bothe hath slayn, and alle shul we  
dyē.

But forth to tellen of this worthy man,  
That taughte me this tale, as I bigan, 40  
I seye that first with heigh style he  
endyteth,

Er he the body of his tale wryteth,  
A proheme, in the which discryveth he  
Pemond, and of Saluces the contree, 44  
And speketh of Apennyn, the hilles hye,  
That been the boundes of West Lum-  
bardye,

And of Mount Vesulus in special,  
Where as the Poo, out of a welle smal,  
Taketh his frste springing and his sours,  
That estward ay encresseth in his cours 50  
To Emelward, to Ferrare, and Venyse:  
The which a long thing were to devyse.  
And trevely, as to my jugement,  
Me thinketh it a thing impertinent,  
Save that he wol conveyen his matere: 55  
But this his tale, which that ye may here.'

## THE CLERKES TALE.

Here biginneth the Tale of the Clerk of Oxenford.

Then is, at the west syde of Itaille,  
Doun at the rote of Vesulus the colde,  
A lusty playne, habundant of vitaille,  
Wher many a tour and toun thou mayst  
biholde, 60

That founded were in tyme of fadres olde,  
And many another delitable sighte,  
And Saluces this noble contree highte.

A markis whylom lord was of that londe,  
As were his worthy eldres him bifore; 65  
And obeisant and redy to his honde (10)  
Were alle his liges, bothe lasse and more.  
Thus in delyt he liveth, and hath don yore,  
Biloved and drad, thurgh favour of fortune, 69

Bothe of his lordes and of his commune.

Therwith he was, to speke as of linage,  
The gentilleste y-born of Lumbardye,  
A fair persone, and strong, and yong of age,

And ful of honour and of curteisye;  
Discreet y-nogh his contree for to gye, 75  
Save in somme thinges that he was to blame, (20)  
And Walter was this younge lordes name.

I blame him thus, that he considereth  
noght 78  
In tyme cominge what mighte him bityde,  
But on his lust present was al his thought,  
As for to hauke and hunte on every syde;  
Wel ny alle othere cures leet he slyde,  
And eek he nolde, and that was worst of alle, (27)  
Wedde no wyf, for noght that may bifalle.

Only that point his peple bar so sore, 85  
That flokmele on a day they to him wente,  
And con of hem, that wysest was of lore,  
Or elles that the lord best wolde assento

That he sholde telle him what his peple  
mente, 89  
Or elles coude he shewe wel swich matere,  
He to the markis seyde as ye shul here.

' O noble markis, your humanitee  
Assureth us and yeveth us hardinessse,  
As ofte as tyme is of necessitee 94  
That we to yow mowe telle our hevinessse  
Accepteth, lord, now for your gentillesse.  
That we with pitous herte un-to yow  
pleyne, (41)  
And lete your eres nat my voys disdeyne.

Al have I noght to done in this matere  
More than another man hath in this place,  
Yet for as muche as ye, my lord so  
dore, 101  
Han alwey shewed me favour and grace,  
I dar the better aske of yow a space  
Of audience, to shewen our requeste,  
And ye, my lord, to doon right as yow  
leste. 105

For certes, lord, so wel us lyketh yow (50)  
And al your werk and ever han doon,  
that we

Ne coude nat us self devyssen how  
We mighte liven in more felicitie,  
Save o thing, lord, if it your wille be, 110  
That for to been a wedded man yow leste,  
Than were your peple in sovereyn hertes  
reste.

Boweth your nekke under that blisful yok  
Of soveraynetee, noght of servyse,  
Which that men clepeth spousaille or  
wedlok; 115  
And thenketh, lord, among your thoghtes  
wyse, (60)  
How that our dayes passe in sondry wyse;

For though we slepe or wake, or rome, or  
ryde,  
Ay fleeth the tyme, it nil no man abyde.

And though your grene youthe floure as  
yit, 120

In crepeth age alwey, as stille as stoon,  
And deeth manaceth every age, and smit  
In ech estaat, for ther escapeth noon :  
And al so certein as we knowe echoon  
That we shul deye, as uncerteyn we alle  
Been of that day whan deeth shal on us  
falle. (70) 126

Accepteth than of us the trewe entente,  
That never yet refuseden your heste,  
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assente,  
Chese yow a wyf in short tyme, atte leste,  
Born of the gentilleste and of the meste  
Of al this lond, so that it oghte seme  
Honour to god and yow, as we can deme.

Deliver us out of al this bisy drede,  
And tak a wyf, for hye goddes sake ; 135  
For if it so bifelle, as god forbede, (80)  
That thurgh your deeth your linage  
sholde slake,

And that a straunge successour sholde  
take

Your heritage, o ! wo were us alyve !  
Wherfor we pray you hastily to wyve.' 140

Hir meke preyere and hir pitous chere  
Made the markis herte han pitee.  
'Ye wol,' quod he, 'myn owene peple  
dere,

To that I never erst thoghte streyne me.  
I me rejoysed of my libertee, 145  
That selde tyme is founde in mariage ; (90)  
Ther I was free, I moot been in servage.

But natheles I see your trewe entente,  
And truste upon your wit, and have don ay ;  
Wherfor of my free wil I wol assente 150  
To wedde me, as sone as ever I may.  
But ther-as ye han profred me to-day  
To chese me a wyf, I yow relese  
That choys, and prey yow of that profre  
cesse. 154

For god it woot, that children ofte been  
Unlyk her worthy eldres hem bifore ; (100)

Bountee comth al of god, nat of the streen  
Of which they been engendred and y-bore ;  
I truste in goddes bountee, and therfore  
My mariage and myn estaat and reste 160  
I him bitake ; he may don as him leste.

Lat me alone in chesinge of my wyf,  
That charge up-on my bak I wol endure ;  
But I yow preye, and charge up-on your lyf,  
That what wyf that I take, ye me assure  
To worships hir, whyl that hir lyf may  
dure, (110) 166  
In word and werk, bothe here and every-  
where,  
As she an emperoures doghter were.

And furthermore, this shal ye swere, that  
ye  
Agayn my choys shul neither grucche ne  
stryve ; 170

For sith I shal forgoon my libertee  
At your requeste, as ever moot I thryve,  
Ther as myn herte is set, ther wol I wyve ;  
And but ye wole assente in swich manere,  
I prey yow, speketh na-more of this  
matere.' (119) 175

With hertly wil they sworn, and assenten  
To al this thing, therseyde no wight nay :  
Bisekinge him of grace, er that they  
wenten,  
That he wolde graunten hem a certein day  
Of his spousaille, as sone as ever he may ;  
For yet alwey the peple som-what dredde  
Lest that this markis no wyf wolde wedde.

He graunten hem a day, swich as him  
leste,  
On which he wolde be wedded sikerly, 184  
And seyde, he dide al this at hir requeste ;  
And they, with humble entente, buxomly,  
Knolinge up-on her knees ful reverently  
Him thanken alle, and thus they han an  
ende (132)  
Of hir entente, and hoom agayn they  
wende.

And heer-up-on he to his officeres 190  
Comaundeth for the feste to purveye,  
And to his privee knightes and squyeres  
Swich charge yaf, as him liste on hem leye ;

And they to his comandement obeye,  
And ech of hem doth al his diligence 195  
To doon un-to the feste reverence. (140)

**Explicit prima pars.**

**Incipit secunda pars.**

Noght fer fro thilke paleys honourable  
Ther-as this markis shoop his mariage,  
Ther stood a throp, of site delitable,  
In which that povre folk of that village 200  
Hadden hir bestes and hir herbergage,  
And of hir labour took hir sustenance  
After that th'erthe yaf hem habundance.

Amonges thise povre folk ther dwelte  
a man

Which that was holden povrest of hem  
alle; 205

But hye god som tyme senden can (150)

His grace in-to a litel oxes stalle:  
Janicula men of that throp him calle.  
A doghter hadde he, fair y-nogh to sighte,  
And Grisildis this yonge mayden highte.

But for to speke of vertuous beautee, 211  
Than was she oon the faireste under  
sonne;

For povrelliche y-fostred up was she,  
No likerous lust was thurgh hir herte  
y-ronne; (158) 214

Wel offer of the welle than of the tonne  
She drank, and for she wolde vertu plesse,  
She knew wel labour, but non ydel ese.

But thogh this mayde tendre were of age,  
Yet in the brest of hir virginitee  
Ther was enclosed rype and sad corage;  
And in greet reverence and charitee 221  
Hir olde povre fader fostred she;  
A fewe sheep spinning on feeld she kepte,  
She wolde noght been ydel til she slepte.

And when she loomward cam, she wolde  
bringe 225

Wortes or othere herbes tymes ofte, (170)  
The whiche she shredde and seeth for hir  
livinge,

And made hir bed ful harde and no-thing  
softe;

And ay she kepte hir fadres lyf on-lofte  
With everich obeisaunce and diligence 230  
That child may doon to fadres reverence.

Up-on Grisilde, this povre creature,  
Ful ofte sythe this markis sette his yð  
As he on hunting rood paraventure; 234  
And when it fil that he mighte hirespye,  
He noght with wantoun loking of folye  
His yén caste on hir, but in sad wyse (181)  
Up-on hir chere he wolde him ofte avyse,

Commending in his herte hir womman-  
hede,

And eek hir vertu, passing any wight 240  
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede.  
For thogh the peple have no greet insight  
In vertu, he considered ful right  
Hir bountee, and disposed that he wolde  
Wedde hir only, if ever he wedde sholde.

The day of wedding cam, but no wight  
can (190) 246

Telle what womman that it sholde be;  
For which mervelle wondred many a man,  
And seyden, when they were in privetee,  
'Wol nat our lord yet leve his vanitee? 250  
Wol he nat wedde? alas, alas the whyle!  
Why wol he thus him-self and us bigyle?'

But natheles this markis hath don make  
Of gemmes, set in gold and in asure,  
Broches and ringes, for Grisildis sake, 255  
And of hir clothing took he the mesure  
By a mayde, lyk to hir stature, (201)  
And eek of othere ornaments alle  
That un-to swich a wedding sholde falle.

The tyme of undern of the same day 260  
Approcheth, that this wedding sholde be;  
And al the paleys put was in array,  
Bothe halle and chambres, ech in his  
degree;

Houses of office stuffed with plentee 264  
Ther maystow seen of deyntevous vitaille,  
That may be founde, as far as last Itaille.

This royal markis, richely arrayed, (211)  
Lordes and ladyes in his companye,  
The whiche unto the feste were y-prayed,  
And of his retenue the bachelrye, 270  
With many a soun of sondry melodye,  
Un-to the village, of the which I tolde,  
In this array the righte wey han holde.

Grisilde of this, god woot, ful innocent,  
That for hir shapen was al this array, 275



To fecchen water at a welle is went, (220)  
And cometh hoom as sone as ever she may.  
For wel she hadde herd seyde, that thilke  
day

The markis sholde wedde, and, if she  
mighte,

She wolde fayn han seyn som of that  
sighte. 280

She thoghte, 'I wol with othere maydens  
stonde,

That been my felawes, in our dore, and see  
The markisesse, and therfor wol I fonde  
To doon at hoom, as sone as it may be,  
The labour which that longeth un-to me;  
And than I may at leyser hir biholde, 286  
If she this wey un-to the castel holde.' (231)

And as she wolde over hir threshfold goon,  
The markis cam and gan hir for to calle;  
And she set down hir water-pot anon 290  
Bisyde the threshfold, in an oxes stalle,  
And down up-on hir knees she gan to falle,  
And with sad contenance kneleth stille  
Til she had herd what was the lordes wille.

This thoughtful markis spak un-to this  
mayde (239) 295

Ful sobrely, and seyde in this manere,  
'Wher is your fader, Grisildis?' he sayde,  
And she with reverence, in humble chere,  
Answerde, 'lord, he is al redy here.'  
And in she gooth with-outen lenger lette,  
And to the markis she hir fader fette. 301

He by the hond than took this olde man,  
And seyde thus, whan he him hadde  
asyde,

'Janicula, I neither may ne can 304  
Lenger the plesance of myn herte hyde.  
If that thou vouche-sauf, what-so bityde,  
Thy doghter wol I take, er that I wende,  
As for my wyf, un-to hir lyves ende. (252)

Thou lovest me, I woot it wel, certeyn,  
And art my feithful lige man y-bore; 310  
And al that lyketh me, I dar wel seyn  
It lyketh thee, and specially therfore  
Tel me that poynt that I have seyde bifore,  
If that thou wolt un-to that purpos drawe,  
To take me as for thy sone-in-lawe?' 315

This sodeyn cas this man astoned so, (260)  
That reed he wex, abayst, and al quaking  
He stood; unnethes seyde he wordes mo,  
But only thus: 'lord,' quod he, 'my wil-  
ling

Is as ye wole, ne ayeines your lyking 320  
I wol no-thing; ye be my lord so dere;  
Right as yow lust governeth this matere.'

'Yet wol I,' quod this markis softlye,  
'That in thy chambre I and thou and she  
Have a collacion, and wostow why? 325  
For I wol axo if it hir wille be (270)  
To be my wyf, and reule hir after me;  
And al this shal be doon in thy presence,  
I wol noght speke out of thyn audience.'

And in the chambre whyl they were  
aboute 330

Hir tretis, which as ye shal after here,  
The peple cam un-to the hous with-oute,  
And wondred hem in how honest manere  
And tentify she kepte hir fader dere. (278)  
But outerly Grisildis wondre mighte, 335  
For never erst ne saugh she swich a sighte.

No wonder is thogh that she were astoned  
To seen so greet a gest come in that place;  
She never was to swiche gestes woned,  
For which she loked with ful pale face.  
But shortly forth this tale for to chace,  
Thise arn the wordes that the markis  
sayde 342  
To this benigne verray feithful mayde.

'Grisilde,' he seyde, 'ye shul wel under-  
stonde

It lyketh to your fader and to me 345  
That I yow wedde, and eek it may so  
stonde, (290)

As I suppose, ye wol that it so be.  
But this demandes axe I first,' quod he,  
'That, sith it shal be doon in hastif wyse,  
Wol ye assente, or elles yow avyse? 350

I seye this, be ye redy with good herte  
To al my lust, and that I frely may,  
As me best thinketh, do yow laughe or  
smerte,

And never ye to grucche it, night ne day?  
And eek whan I sey "ye," ne sey nat  
"nay," 355

Neither by word ne frowning contenance;  
Swer this, and here I swere our alliance.'

Wondring upon this word, quaking for  
dredde, (302)

She seyde, 'lord, undigne and unworthy  
Am I to thilke honour that yome bede; 360  
But as ye wol your-self, right so wol I.  
And heer I swere that never willingly  
In werk ne thoght I nil yow disobeye,  
For to be deed, though me were looth to  
deye.' (308) 364

'This is y-nogh, Grisilde myn!' quod he.  
And forth he gooth with a ful sobre chere  
Out at the dore, and after that cam she,  
And to the peple he seyde in this manere,  
'This is my wyf,' quod he, 'that standeth  
here. 369

Honoureth hir, and loveth hir, I preye,  
Who-so me loveth; ther is na-more to  
seye.'

And for that no-thing of hir olde gere  
She sholde bringe in-to his hous, he bad  
That women sholde dispoilen hir right  
there; (318) 374  
Of which this ladyes were nat right glad  
To handle hirclothes wher-in she was clad.  
But natheles this mayde bright of hewe  
Fro foot to heed they clothed han al newe.

Hir heres han they kembd, that lay un-  
tressed

Ful rudely, and with hir fingres smale 380  
A corone on hir heed they han y-dressed,  
And sette hir ful of nowches grete and  
smale;

Of hir array what sholde I make a tale?  
Unnethe the peple hir knew for hir fair-  
nesse,

Whan she translated was in swich rich-  
esse. 385

This markis hath hir spoused with a ring  
Brought for the same cause, and than hir  
sette (331)

Up-on an hors, snow-whyte and wel am-  
bling,

And to his paleys, er he lenger lette,  
With joyful peple that hir ladde and  
mette, 390

Conveyed hir, and thus the day they  
spende

In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,  
I seye that to this nowe markisesse  
God hath swich favour sent hir of his  
grace, 395

That it ne semed nat by lyklinesse (340)  
That she was born and fed in rudenesse,  
As in a cote or in an oxe-stalle,  
But norished in an emperours halle.

To every wight she woxen is so dere 400  
And worshipful, that folk ther she was  
bore

And from hir birthe knewe hir yeer by  
yere,  
Unnethe trowed they, but dorste han  
swore

That to Janiele, of which I spak bifore,  
She doghter nas, for, as by conjecture, 405  
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For thogh that ever vertuous was she, (351)  
She was encreased in swich excellence  
Of thewes gode, y-set in heigh bountee,  
And so discret and fair of eloquence, 410  
So bonigne and so digne of reverence,  
And coude so the peples herte embrace,  
That ech hir lovede that loked on hir face.

Noght only of Saluces in the toun  
Publicd was the bountee of hir name, 415  
But eek bisyde in many a regioun, (360)  
If oon seyde wel, another seyde the same;  
So spradde of hir heigh bountee the fame,  
That men and women, as wel yonge as  
olde,  
Gon to Saluce, upon hir to biholde. 420

Thus Walter lowly, nay but royally,  
Wedded with fortunat honestete,  
In goddes pees liveth ful esily  
At hoom, and outward grace y-nogh had  
he; (368) 424

And for he saugh that under low degree  
Was ofte vertu hid, the peple him helde  
A prudent man, and that is seyn ful selde.

Nat only this Grisildis thurgh hir wit  
Coude at the feet of wyfly hoomynesse,

But eek, whan that the cas requyred it,  
The commune profit coude she redresse.  
Ther nas discord, rancour, ne hevynesse  
In al that lond, that she ne coude apese,  
And wysly bringe hem alle in reste and  
ese.

Though that hir housbonde absent were  
anoon, 435  
If gentil men, or othere of hir contree  
Were wrothe, she wolde bringen hem  
atoun; (381)  
So wyse and rype wordes hadde she,  
And jugements of so greet equitee,  
That she from heven sent was, as men  
wende, 440  
Peple to save and every wrong t'amende.

Nat longe tyme after that this Grisild  
Was wedded, she a daughter hath y-bore,  
Al had hir lever have born a knave child.  
Glad was this markis and the folk ther-  
fore; 445  
For though a mayde child come al bifore,  
She may unto a knave child atteyne (391)  
By lyklihed, sin she nis nat bareyne.

Explicit secunda pars.

Incipit tercia pars.

Ther fil, as it bifalleth tymes mo,  
Whan that this child had souked but  
a throwe, 450  
This markis in his herte longoth so  
To tempte his wyf, hir sadnesse for to  
knowe,  
That he ne mighte out of his herte throwe  
This merveillous desyr, his wyf t'assaye,  
Needless, god woot, he thoughte hir for  
t'affraye. 455

He hadde assayed hir y-nogh bifore, (400)  
And fond hir ever good; what neded it  
Hir for to tempte and alwey more and  
more?

Though som men preise it for a subtil wit,  
But as for me, I seye that yvel it sit 460  
T'assaye a wyf whan that it is no node,  
And putten her in anguish and in drede.

For which this markis wroghte in this  
manere;  
He cam alone a-night, ther as she lay,

With sterne face and with ful trouble  
chere, 465  
And seyde thus, 'Grisild,' quod he, that  
day (410)  
That I yow took out of your povre array,  
And putte yow in estaat of heigh noblesse,  
Ye have nat that forgeten, as I gesse.

I seye, Grisild, this present dignitee, 470  
In which that I have put yow, as I trowe,  
Maketh yow nat forgetful for to be  
That I yow took in povre estaat ful lowe  
For any wele ye moot your-selven knowe.  
Tak hede of every word that I yow seye,  
Ther is no wight that hereth it but we  
tweye. (420) 476

Ye woot your-self wel, how that ye cam  
here  
In-to this hous, it is nat longe ago,  
And though to me that ye be lief and  
dere,  
Un-to my gentils ye be no-thing so; 480  
They seyn, to hem it is greet shame and  
wo  
For to be subgets and ben in servage  
To thee, that born art of a smal village.

And namely, sith thy doghter was y-bore,  
Thise wordes han they spoken douteles;  
But I desyre, as I have doon bifore, (430)  
To live my lyf with hem in reste and  
pees;  
I may nat in this caas be reccheles.  
I moot don with thy doghter for the  
beste,  
Nat as I wolde, but as my peple leste. 490

And yet, god wot, this is ful looth to me,  
But natheles with-oute your witing  
I wol nat doon, but this wol I, quod he,  
'That ye to me assente as in this thing.  
Shewe now your pacience in your working  
That ye me highte and swore in your  
village (440) 496  
That day that maked was our mariage.'

Whan she had herd al this, she noght  
ameved  
Neither in word, or chere, or counten-  
aunce;  
For, as it semed, she was nat agreed: 500

She seyde, 'lord, al lyth in your ples-  
aunce,

My child and I with hertly obeisaunce  
Ben youres al, and ye mowe save or spilla  
Your owene thing; werketh after your  
wille. 504

Ther may no-thing, god so my soule save,  
Lyken to yow that may displese me; (450)  
Ne I desyre no-thing for to have,  
Ne drede for to lese, save only ye;  
This wil is in myn herte and ay shal be.  
No longthe of tyme or deeth may this  
deface, 510  
Ne chaunge my corage to another place.'

Glad was this markis of hir answering,  
But yet he feyned as he were nat so;  
Al drery was his chere and his loking  
Whan that he sholde out of the chambere  
go. 515  
Sone after this, a furlong wey or two, (460)  
He prively hath told al his entente  
Un-to a man, and to his wyf him sente.

A maner sergeant was this privee man,  
The which that feithful ofte he founden  
hadde 520  
In thinges grote, and eek swich folk wel  
can  
Don execucioun on thinges badde.  
The lord knew wel that he him loved and  
dradde;  
And whan this sergeant wiste his lordes  
wille,  
In-to the chambere he stalked him ful  
stille. 525

'Madame,' he seyde, 'ye mote foryeve it  
me, (470)  
Thogh I do thing to which I am con-  
streyned;  
Ye ben so wys that ful wel knowe ye  
That lordes hestes mowe nat been y-  
feyned;  
They mowe wel been biwailled or com-  
pleyned, 530  
But men mot nede un-to her lust obeye,  
And so wol I; ther is na-more to seye.

This child I am comanded for to take'—  
And spak na-more, but out the child he  
hente

Despitously, and gan a chere make 535  
As though he wolde han slayn it er he  
wente. (480)

Grisildis mot al suffren and consente;  
And as a lamb she sitteth meke and stille,  
And leet this cruel sergeant doon his wille.

Suspecious was the diffame of this man,  
Suspect his face, suspect his word also; 541  
Suspect the tyme in which he this bigan.  
Allas! hir doghtor that she lovede so  
She wende he wolde han slawen it right  
tho. 544  
But natheles she neither weep ne syked,  
Consenting hir to that the markis lyked.

But atte laste speken she bigan, (491)  
And mekely she to the sergeant preyde,  
So as he was a worthy gentil man,  
That she moste kisse hir child er that it  
deyde; 550  
And in her barm this litel child she leyde  
With ful sad face, and gan the child to kisse  
And lulled it, and after gan it blisse.

And thus she seyde in hir benigne voys,  
'Far weel, my child; I shal thee never  
see; 555  
But, sith I thee have marked with the  
croys, (500)  
Of thilke fader blessed mote thou be,  
That for us deyde up-on a croys of tree.  
Thy soule, litel child, I him bitake,  
For this night shaltow dyen for my sake.'

I trowe that to a norice in this cas 561  
It had ben hard this rewthe for to se;  
Wel mighte a mooder than han cryed  
'allas!'

But natheles so sad stedfast was she,  
That she endured all adversitee, 565  
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde, (510)  
'Have heer agayn your litel yonge mayde.

Goth now,' quod she, 'and dooth my  
lordes heste,  
But o thing wol I preye yow of your grace,  
That, but my lord forbad yow, atte laste  
Durieth this litel body in som place 571  
That bestes no no briddes it to-raise.'  
But he no word wol to that purpos seye,  
But took the child and wente upon his  
weye.

This sergeant cam un-to his lord ageyn, 575  
 And of Grisildis wordes and hir chere (520)  
 He tolde him point for point, in short and  
 playn,  
 And him presenteth with his doghter  
 dere.  
 Somwhat this lord hath rewthe in his  
 manere;  
 But nathelees his purpos heeld he stille,  
 As lordes doon, whan they wol han hir  
 wills; 581

And bad his sergeant that he prively  
 sholde this child ful softe winde and  
 wrappe  
 With alle circumstances tendrely,  
 And carie it in a cofre or in a lappe; 585  
 But, up-on payne his heed of for to  
 swappe, (530)  
 That no man sholde knowe of his entente,  
 Ne whenne he cam, ne whider that he  
 wente;

But at Boloigne to his suster dere,  
 That thilke tyme of Panik was countesse,  
 He sholde it take, and shewe hir this  
 matere, 591

Bisekinge hir to don hir bisinesse  
 This child to fostre in alle gentillesse;  
 And whos child that it was he bad hir  
 hyde

From every wight, for oght that may  
 bityde. 595

The sergeaunt gooth, and hath fulfild this  
 thing; (540)

But to this markis now retourne we;  
 For now goth he ful faste imagining  
 If by his wyves chere he mighte see,  
 Or by hir word aperceyve that she 600  
 Were chaunged; but he never hir coude  
 finde

But ever in oon y-lyke sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, as bisy in servyse,  
 And eek in love as she was wont to be,  
 Was she to him in every maner wyse; 605  
 Ne of hir doghter noght a word spak she.  
 Non accident for noon adversitee (551)  
 Was seyn in hir, ne never hir doghter  
 name

Ne nempned she, in earnest nor in game.

Explicit tercia pars.

Sequitur pars quarta.

In this estaat ther passed been foure  
 year

Er she with childe was; but, as god wolde,  
 A knave child she bar by this Walter,  
 Ful gracious and fair for to biholde.  
 And whan that folk it to his fader tolde,  
 Nat only he, but al his contree, merie 615  
 Was for this child, and god they thanke  
 and herie. (560)

Whan it was two year old, and fro the  
 brest

Departed of his norice, on a day  
 This markis caughte yet another lest  
 To tempte his wyf yet ofter, if he may. 620  
 O needles was she tempted in assay!  
 But wedded men ne knowe no mesure,  
 Whan that they finde a pacient creature.

'Wyf,' quod this markis, 'ye han herd er  
 this,

My peple sikly berth our mariage, 625  
 And namely, sith my sone y-boren is, (570)  
 Now is it worse than ever in al our age.

The murmur sleeth myn herte and my  
 corage;

For to myne eres comth the voys so  
 smerte,

That it wel ny destroyed hath myn herte.

Now sey they thus, "whan Walter is  
 agoon, 631

Then shal the blood of Janicle succede  
 And been our lord, for ~~other~~ have we  
 noon;"

Swiche wordes seith my peple, out of  
 drede.

Wel oughte I, of swich murmur taken  
 hede; 635

For certainly I drede swich sentence, (580)  
 Though they nat pleyn speke in myn  
 audience.

I wolde live in pees, if that I mighte;  
 Wherfor I am disposed outerly,  
 As I his suster servede by nighte, 640  
 Right so thanke I to serve him prively;  
 This warne I yow, that ye nat sodeynly  
 Out of your-self for no we sholde outtraye;  
 Beth pacient, and ther-of I yow preye.'

'I have,' quod she, 'seyd thus, and ever  
shal, (589) 645

I wol no thing, ne nil no thing, certayn,  
But as yow list; noght greveth me at al,  
Thogh that my doghter and my sone be  
slayn,

At your comandement, this is to sayn.  
I have noght had no part of children  
tweyne 650  
But first siknesse, and after wo and payne.

Ye been our lord, doth with your owene  
thing

Right as yow list; axeth no reed at me.  
For, as I lefte at hoom al my clothing,  
Whan I first cam to yow, right so,' quod  
she, 655

'Lefte I my wil and al my libertee, (600)  
And took your clothing; wherfor I yow  
preye,  
Doth your plesaunce, I wol your lust  
obeye.

And certes, if I hadde prescience  
Your wil to knowe er ye your lust me  
tolde, 660

I wolde it doon with-outen negligence;  
But now I woot your lust and what ye  
wolde,

Al your plesaunce ferme and stable  
I holde;

For wiste I that my deeth wolde do yow  
ese, 664

Right gladly wolde I dyen, yow to plesse.

Deth may noght make no comparisoun  
Un-to your love;' and, whan this markis  
sey (611)

The constance of his wyf, he caste adoun  
His yen two, and wondreth that she may  
In pacience suffre al this array. 670

And forth he gooth with drery conten-  
aunce,

But to his herte it was ful greet plesaunce.

This ugly sergeant, in the same wyse  
That he hir doghter caughte, right so he,  
Or worse, if men worse can devyse, 675  
Hath hent hir sone, that ful was of  
beantee. (620)

And ever in oon so pacient was she,  
That she no chere made of hevinesse,  
But kiste hir sone, and after gan it blesse;

Save this; she preyed him that, if he  
mighte, 680

Hir litel sone he wolde in erthe grave,  
His tendre limes, delicat to sighte,  
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.  
But she non answer of him mighte have.  
He wente his way, as him no-thing ne  
roghte; 685  
But to Boloigne he tendrely it broghte.

This markis wondreth ever lenger the  
more (631)

Up-on hir pacience, and if that he  
Ne hadde soothly knowen ther-bifore,  
That partly hir children lovede she, 690  
He wolde have wend that of som subtiltee,  
And of malice or for cruel corage,  
That she had suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew that next him-self,  
certayn, 694

She loved hir children best in every wyse.  
But now of women wolde I axen fayn,  
If thise assayes mighte nat suffyse? (641)  
What coude a sturdy housbond more  
devyse

To preve hir wyfthod and hir stedfast-  
nesse, 699

And he continuing ever in sturdynesse?

But ther ben folk of swich condicioun,  
That, whan they have a certain purpos  
take,

They can nat stinte of hir entencioun,  
But, right as they were bounden to  
a stake,

They wol nat of that firste purpos slake.

Right so this markis fulliche hath pur-  
posed (650) 706

To tempte his wyf, as he was first disposed.

He waiteth, if by word or contenance  
That she to him was changed of corage;  
But never coude he finde variance; 710

She was ay oon in herte and in visage;  
And ay the forther that she was in age,  
The more trewe, if that it were possible,  
She was to him in love, and more penible.

For which it semed thus, that of hem two  
Ther nas but o wil; for, as Walter leste,  
The same lust was hir plesaunce also, (661)

And, god be thanked, al fil for the beste.  
She shewed wel, for no worldly unreste  
A wyf, as of hir-self, no-thing ne sholde  
Wille in effect, but as hir lousbond wolde.

The sclaundre of Walter ofte and wyde  
spradde, 722

That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,  
For he a povre womman wedded hadde,  
Hath mordred bothe his children prively.  
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.  
No wonder is, for to the peples ere (671)  
Ther cam no word but that they mordred  
were.

For which, wher-as his peple ther-bifore  
Had loved him wel, the sclaundre of his  
diffame 730  
Made hem that they him hatede therefore;  
To been a mordrer is an hateful name.  
But natheles, for earnest ne for game  
He of his cruel purpos nolde stente; 734  
To tempte his wyf was set al his entente.

Whan that his doghter twelf yeer was of  
age, (680)

He to the court of Rome, in subtil wyse  
Enformed of his wil, sente his message,  
Comaunding hem swiche bulles to devyse  
As to his cruel purpos may suffyse, 740  
How that the pope, as for his peples reste,  
Bad him to wedde another, if him leste.

I seye, he bad they sholde countrefete  
The popes bulles, making menciooun  
That he hath leve his firste wyf to lete, 745  
As by the popes dispensacioun, (690)  
To stinte rancour and dissencioun  
Bitwixe his peple and him; thus seyde  
the bulle,  
The which they han publiced atte fulle.

The rude peple, as it no wonder is, 750  
Wenden ful wel that it had been right so;  
But whan thise tydinges cam to Grisildis,  
I deme that hir herte was ful wo.  
But she, y-lyke sad for evermo,  
Disposed was, this humble creature, 755  
Th'adversitee of fortune al t'endure. (700)

Abyding ever his lust and his plesaunce,  
To whom that she was yeven, herte and al,  
As to hir verray worldly suffisaunce;

But shortly if this storie I tellen shal, 760  
This markis writen hath in special  
A lettre in which he sheweth his entente,  
And secretly he to Boloigne it sente.

To th'erl of Panik, which that hadde tho  
Wedded his suster, preyde he specially 765  
To bringen hoom agayn his children two  
In honourable estaat al openly. (711)  
But o thing he him preyded outerly,  
That he to no wight, though men wolde  
enquere,  
Sholde nat telle, whos children that they  
were, 770

But seye, the mayden sholde y-wedded be  
Un-to the markis of Saluce anon.  
And as this erl was preyed, so dide he:  
For at day set he on his wey is goon  
Toward Saluce, and lordes many oon, 775  
In riche array, this mayden for to gyle,  
Hir yonge brother ryding hir biayde. (721)

Arrayed was toward hir mariage  
This fresshe mayde, ful of gemmes clere,  
Hir brother, which that seven yeer was of  
age, 780

Arrayed eek ful fresh in his manere.  
And thus in greet noblesse and with glad  
chere,  
Toward Saluces shaping hir journey,  
Fro day to day they ryden in hir wey.

#### Explicit quarta pars.

#### Sequitur quinta pars.

Among al this, after his wikke usage, 785  
This markis, yet his wyf to tempte more  
To the uttereste preve of hir corage, (731)  
Fully to han experience and lore  
If that she were as stedfast as bifore,  
He on a day in open audience 790  
Ful boistounly hath seyde hir this sentence

'Certes, Grisilde, I hadde y-nough ples-  
aunce

To han yow to my wyf for your goodnesse.  
As for your trouthe and for your obeis-  
aunce,

Nought for your linage ne for your  
richesse; 795

But now knowe I in verray soothfast-  
nesse (740)

That in gret lordshipe, if I wel avyse,  
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wyse.

I may nat don as every plowman may ;  
My peple me constreyneth for to take 800  
Another wyf, and cryen day by day ;  
And eek the pope, rancour for to slake,  
Consenteth it, that dar I undertake ;  
And troweliche thus muche I wol yow  
seye,

My newe wyf is coming by the weye. 805

Be strong of herte, and voyde anon hir  
place, (750)

And thilke dower that ye broghten me  
Tak it agayn, I graunte it of my grace ;  
Retourneth to your fadres hous, quod he ;  
'No man may alwey han prosperitee ; 810  
With evene herte I rede yow t'endure  
The strook of fortune or of aventure.'

And she answerde agayn in patience,  
'My lord,' quod she, 'I woot, and wiste  
alwey

How that bitwixen your magnificence 815  
And my poverte no wight can ne may (760)  
Maken comparison ; it is no nay.  
I ne heeld me never digne in no manere  
To be your wyf, no, ne your chamberere.

And in this hous, ther ye me lady made—  
The heighe god take I for my witnesse, 821  
And also wisly he my soule glade—  
I never heeld me lady ne maistresse,  
But humble servant to your worthinesse,  
And ever shal, whyl that my lyf may  
dure, 825  
Aboven every worldly creature. (770)

That ye so longe of your benignitee  
Han holden me in honour and nobleye,  
Wher-as I was noght worthy for to be,  
That thouke I god and yow, to whom  
I preye 830  
Foryelde it yow ; there is na-more to seye.  
Un-to my fader gladly wol I wende,  
And with him dwelle un-to my lyes ende.

Ther I was fostred of a child ful smal,  
Til I be deed, my lyf ther wol I lede 835  
A widwe elene, in body, herte, and al. (780)  
For sith I yaf to yow my maydenhede,  
And am your trewe wyf, it is no drede.

God shilde swich a lordes wyf to take  
Another man to housbonde or to make. 840

And of your newe wyf, god of his grace  
So graunte yow wele and prosperitee ;  
For I wol gladly yolden hir my place,  
In which that I was blisful wont to be,  
For sith it lyketh yow, my lord,' quod  
she, 845  
'That whylom weren al myn hertes reste,  
That I shal goon, I wol gon whan yow  
leste. (791)

But ther-as ye me profre swich dowaire  
As I first broghte, it is wel in my minde  
It were my wrecched clothes, no-thing  
faire, 850  
The which to me were haid now for to  
finde.

O gode god ! how gentil and how kinde  
Ye semed by your speche and your visage  
The day that maked was our mariage !

But sooth is seyde, algate I finde it trewe—  
For in effect it preved is on me— (800) 856  
Love is noght old as whan that it is newe.  
But certes, lord, for noon adversitee,  
To dyen in the cas, it shal nat be 859  
That ever in word or werk I shal repente  
That I yow yaf myn herte in hool entente.

My lord, ye woot that, in my fadres place,  
Ye dede me strepe out of my povre wede,  
And richely me cladden, of your grace.  
To yow broghte I noght elles, out of drede,  
But feyth and nakednesse and mayden-  
hede. (810) 866  
And here agayn my clothing I restore,  
And eek my wedding-ring, for evermore

The remenant of your jewels redy be 869  
In-with your chambre, dar I saufully sayn ;  
Naked out of my fadres hous, quod she,  
'I cam, and naked moot I turne agayn.  
Al your plesaunce wol I folwen fayn ;  
But yet I hope it be nat your entente 874  
That I smokles out of your paleys wente.

Ye coude nat doon so dishoneste a thing,  
That thilke wombe in which your children  
leye (821)  
Sholde, biforn the peple, in my walking,



Be seyn al bare; wherfor I yow preye,  
 Lat me nat lyk a worm go by the weye. 880  
 Remembre yow, myn owene lord so dere,  
 I was your wyf, thogh I unworthy were.

Wherfor, in guerdon of my maydenhede,  
 Which that I broghte, and noght agayn  
 I bere, 884

As voucheth sauf to yeve me, to my mede,  
 But swich a smok as I was wont to were,  
 That I therwith may wrye the wombe of  
 here (831)

That was your wyf; and heer take I my  
 leve

Of yow, myn owene lord, lest I yow greve.'

'The smok,' quod he, 'that thou hast on  
 thy bak, 890

Lat it be stille, and ber it forth with thee.'  
 But wel unnethes thilke word he spak,  
 But wente his way for rewthe and for  
 pitee.

Biforn the folk hir-selven strepeth she,  
 And in hir smok, with heed and foot al  
 bare, (839) 895

Toward hir fader hous forth is she fare.

The folk hir folwe wepinge in hir weye,  
 And fortune ay they cursen as they goon;  
 But she fro weping kepte hir yën dreye,  
 Ne in this tyme word ne spak she noon. 900  
 Hir fader, that this tyding herde anon,  
 Curseth the day and tyme that nature  
 Shoop him to been a lyves creature.

For out of doute this olde povre man  
 Was ever in suspect of hir mariage; 905  
 For ever he demed, sith that it bigan, (850)  
 That whan the lord fulfild had his corage,  
 Him wolde thinke it were a disparage  
 To his estaat so lowe for t'alighte,  
 And voyden hir as sone as ever he mighte.

Agayns his doghter hastilich goth he, 911  
 For he by noyse of folk knew hir cominge,  
 And with hir olde cote, as it mighte be,  
 He covered hir, ful sorwefully wepinge;  
 But on hir body mighte he it nat bringe.  
 For rude was the cloth, and more of age  
 By dayes fele than at hir mariage. (861)

Thus with hir fader, for a certeyn space,  
 Dwelleth this flour of wysly pacience,

That neither by hir wordes ne hir face 920  
 Biforn the folk, ne eek in hir absence,  
 Ne shewed she that hir was doon offence;  
 Ne of hir heigh estaat no remembraunce  
 Ne hadde she, as by hir countenance.

No wonder is, for in hir grete estaat 925  
 Hir goost was ever in pleyn humylitee;  
 Notendre mouth, non herte dolicaat, (871)  
 No pompe, no semblant of royaltee,  
 But ful of pacient benignitee,  
 Discreet and prydeles, ay honourable, 930  
 And to hir housbonde ever meke and  
 stable.

Men speke of Job and most for his hum-  
 blesse,

As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endyte,  
 Namely of men, but as in soothfastnesse,  
 Thogh clerkes preyse wommen but a  
 lyte, 935

Ther can no man in humblesse him ac-  
 quyte (880)

As womman can, ne can ben half so trewe  
 As wommen been, but it be falle of-newe.

[*Pars Sexta.*]

Fro Boloigne is this erl of Panik come,  
 Of which the fame up-sprang to more and  
 lesse, 940

And in the peples eros alle and some  
 Was couth eek, that a newe markisesse  
 He with him broghte, in swich pompe and  
 richesse,

That never was ther seyn with mannes y8  
 So noble array in al West Lumbardye. 945

The markis, which that shoop and knew  
 al this, (890)

Erthat this erl was come, sente his message  
 For thilke sely povre Grisildis;

And she with humble herte and glad  
 visage, 949

Nat with no swollen thought in hir corage,  
 Cam at his heste, and on hir knees hir  
 sette,

And reverently and wysly she him grette.

'Grisild,' quod he, 'my wille is outerly,  
 This mayden, that shal wedded been to me,  
 Receyved be to-morwe as royally 955

As it possible is in myn hous to be. (900)  
 And eek that every wight in his degree  
 Have his estant in sitting and servyse  
 And heigh plessaunce, as I can best devyse.

I have no women suffisaunt certayn 960  
 The chambres for varraye in ordinaunce  
 After my lust, and therfor wolde I sayn  
 That thyn were al swich maner govern-  
 aunce,

Thou knowest eek of old al my plessaunce,  
 Though thyn array be badde and yvel  
 biseye, 965  
 Do thou thy devoir at the leeste weye.' (910)

'Nat only, lord, that I am glad,' quod she,  
 'To doon your lust, but I desyre also  
 Yow for to serve and plesse in my degree  
 With-outen feynting, and shal overmo. 970  
 Ne never, for no wele ne no wo,  
 Ne shal the gost with-in myn herte stente  
 To love yow best with al my trewe entente.'

And with that word she gan the hous to  
 dighte,  
 And tables for to sette and beddes make;  
 And peyned hir to doon al that she  
 mighte, (920) 976  
 Prying the chambereres, for goldes sake,  
 To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake;  
 And she, the moste servisable of alle,  
 Hath every chambre arrayed and his hallo.

Abouten undern gan this erl alighte, 981  
 That with him broghte thise noble child-  
 ren tweye,  
 For which the peple ran to seen the sighte  
 Of hir array, so richely biseye;  
 And than at erst amonges hem they seye,  
 That Walter was no fool, thogh that him  
 leste (930) 986  
 To change his wyf, for it was for the beste.

For she is fairer, as they demen alle,  
 Than is Grisild, and more tendre of age,  
 And fairer fruit bitwene hem sholde  
 falle, 990  
 And more plesant, for hir heigh linage;  
 Hir brother eek so fair was of visage,  
 That hem to seen the peple hath caught  
 plessaunce,  
 Commending now the markis govern-  
 aunce.—

Auctor. 'O stormy peple! unsad and ever  
 untrowe! (939) 995

Ay undiscreeet and chaunging as a vane,  
 Delytyng ever in rumbel that is newe,  
 For lyk the mone ay wexe ye and wane;  
 Ay ful of clapping, dere y-nogh a jane;  
 Your doom is fals, your constance yvel  
 preveth, 1000  
 A ful greet fool is he that on yow levethe!'

Thus seyden sadde folk in that citee,  
 Whan that the peple gazed up and down,  
 For they were glad, right for the noveltee,  
 To han a newe lady of hir toun. 1005  
 Na-more of this make I now mencoun;  
 But to Grisilde agayn wol I mo drese, (951)  
 And telle hir constance and hir businesse.—

Ful bisey was Grisilde in every thing  
 That to the feste was apertinent; 1010  
 Right noght was she abayst of hir clothing  
 Though it were rude and somdel eek to-  
 rent,

But with glad chere to the yate is went,  
 With other folk, to grete the markissee,  
 And after that doth forth hir businesse. 1015

With so glad chere his gostess she receyvethe,  
 And comynge, everich in his degree, (961)  
 That no defaute no man aperceyvethe,  
 But ay they wondren what she mighte be  
 That in so povre array was for to see, 1020  
 And coude swich honour and reverence;  
 And worthily they preisen hir prudence.

In al this mene whyle she ne stente  
 This mayde and eek hir brother to com-  
 mende

With al hir horte, in ful benigne entente,  
 So wel, that no man coude hir prys  
 amende. (970) 1026

But atte laste, whan that thise lordes  
 wende

To sitten down to mete, he gan to calle  
 Grisilde, as she was bisey in his hallo.

'Grisilde,' quod he, as it were in his  
 pley, 1030

'How lyketh thee my wyf and hir beautee?'  
 'Right wel,' quod she, 'my lord; for, in  
 good fey,

A fairer say I never noon than she.  
 I prey to god yeve hir prosperitee; 1034

And so hope I that he wol to yow sende  
Plesance y-nogh un-to your lyves ende.

O thing biseke I yow and warne also, (981)  
That ye ne prikke with no tormentinge  
This tendre mayden, as ye han don mo;  
For she is fostred in hir norishinge 1040  
More tendrely, and, to my supposinge,  
She coude nat adversitee endure  
As coude a povre fostred creature.'

And whan this Walter say hir pacience,  
Hir glade chere and no malice at al, 1045  
And he so ofte had doon to hir offence, (990)  
And she ay sad and constant as a wal,  
Continuing ever hir innocence overal,  
This sturly markis gan his herte dresse  
To rewen up-on hir wyflysted fastnesse. 1050

'This is y-nogh, Grisilde myn,' quod he,  
'Be now na-more agast ne yvel apayed;  
I have thy feith and thy benignitee,  
As wel as ever womman was, assayed,  
Ingreetestaat, and povrelliche arrayed 1055  
Now knowe I, dere wyf, thy stedfast-  
nesse,'— (1000)

And hir in armes took and gan hir kesse.

And she for wonder took of it no keep;  
She herde nat what thing he to hir seyde;  
She ferde as she had stert out of a sleep,  
Til she out of hir mascdnesse abreyde. 1061  
'Grisilde,' quod he, 'by god that for us  
deyde,

Thou art my wyf, ne noon other I have,  
Ne never hadde, as god my soule save!

This is thy doghter which thou hast sup-  
posed 1065

To be my wyf; that other feithfully (1010)  
Shal be myn heir, as I have ay purposed;  
Thou bare him in thy body trewely.

At Boloigne have I kept hem prively; 1069  
Tak hem agayn, for now maystow nat  
seye

That thou hast lorn non of thy children  
tweye.

And folk that otherweyes han seyde of me,  
I warne hem wel that I have doon this  
dede

For no malice ne for no crueltee, 1074

But for t'assaye in thees thy wommanhede,  
And nat to sleen my children, god for-  
bede! (1020)

But for to kepe hem prively and stille,  
Til I thy purpos knewe and al thy wille.'

Whan she this herde, aswowne down she  
falleth 1070

For pitous joye, and after hir swowninge  
She bothe hir yonge children un-to hir  
calleth,

And in hir armes, pitously wepinge,  
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissinge  
Ful lyk a mooder, with hir salte teres 1084  
She batheth bothe hir visage and hir heres.

O, which a pitous thing it was to see (1030)  
Hir swowning, and hir humble voys to  
here!

'Grauntmercy, lord, that thanke I yow,'  
quod she,

'That ye han saved me my children dere!  
Now rekke I never to ben deed right  
here; 1090

Sith I stonde in your love and in your grace,  
No fors of deeth, ne whan my spirit pace!

O tendre, o dere, o yonge children myne,  
Your woful mooder wende stedfastly 1094  
That cruel boundes or som foul vermyne  
Hadde eten yow; but god, of his mercy,  
And your benigne fader tendrely (1041)  
Hath doon yow kept; and in that same  
stonde

Al sodeynly she swappte adoun to grounde.

And in her swough so sadly holdeth she  
Hir children two, whan she gan hem  
t'embrace, 1101

That with greet sleighte and greet diffi-  
cultee

The children from hir arm they gonne  
arace, (1047)

O many a teer on many a pitous face 1104  
Down ran of hem that stoden hir bisyde;  
Unnothe abouten hir mighte they abyde.

Walter hir gladeth, and hir sorwe slaketh;  
She ryseth up, abaysed, from hir traunce,  
And every wight hir joye and feste maketh,  
Til she hath caught agayn hir conten-  
aunce. 1110

Walter hir dooth so feithfully plesauce,  
That it was deyntee for to seen the chere  
Bitwixe hem two, now they ben met y-fere.

These ladyes, whan that they hir tymesay,  
Han taken hir, and in-to chambre goon,  
And strepen hir out of hir rude array, (1060)  
And in a cloth of gold that brighte shoon,  
With a coroune of many a riche stoon  
Up-on hir heed, they in-to halle hir  
broughte, 1119  
And ther she was honoured as hir oghte.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisful ende,  
For every man and womman dooth his  
might  
This day in murthe and revel to dispende  
Til on the welkne shoon the sterres light.  
For more solempne in every mannes sight  
This feste was, and gretter of costage, 1126  
Than was the revel of hir mariage. (1071)

Ful many a yeer in heigh prosperitee  
Liven these two in concord and in reste,  
And richly his doghter married he 1130  
Un-to a lord, oon of the worthicste  
Of al Itaille; and than in pees and reste  
His wyves fader in his count he kepeth,  
Til that the soule out of his body crepeth.

His sone succedeth in his heritage 1135  
In reste and pees, after his fader day; (1080)  
And fortunat was eek in mariage,  
Al putte he nat his wyf in greet assay.  
This world is nat so strong, it is no nay,  
As it hath been in olde tymes yore, 1140  
And herkneth what this auctour seith  
therfore.

This storie is seyed, nat for that wyves  
sholde  
Folwen Grisilde as in humilitee,  
For it were importable, though they wolde;  
But for that every wight, in his degree, 1145  
Sholde be constant in adversitee (1090)  
As was Grisilde; therfor Petrark wryteth  
This storie, which with heigh style he  
endyteth.

For, sith a womman was so pacient 1149  
Un-to a mortal man, wel more us oghte  
Receyven al in gree that god us sent;

For greet skile is, he preve that he wroghta,  
But he netempteth no man that he boghte,  
As seith seint Jame, if ye his pistel rede;  
He preveith folk al day, it is no drede, 1155

And suffreth us, as for our excoerise, (1100)  
With sharpe scourges of adversitee  
Ful ofte to be bete in sondry wyse;  
Nat for to knowe our wil, for certes he,  
Er we were born, knew al our freletee; 1160  
And for our beste is al his governaunce;  
Lat us than live in vertuous suffraunce, \*

But o word, lordinges, heikneth er I go.—  
It were ful hard to finde now a dayes (1104)  
In al a toun Grisildes three or two; 1165  
For, if that they were put to swiche assayes,  
The gold of hem hath now so badde alayes  
With bras, that thogh the coyne be fair  
at ye,  
It wolde rather breste a-two than plye.

For which heer, for the wyves love of  
Bathe, 1170  
Whos lyf and al hir sects god mayntene  
In heigh maistrye, and elles wode it scatle,  
I wol with lusty herte fresshe and grene  
Seyn yow a song to glade yow, I wene,  
And lat us stinte of earnestful matere:—  
Herkneth my song, that seith in this  
manere. (1120) 1176

#### Envoy de Chaucer.

Grisilde is deed, and eek hir pacience,  
And bothe atones buried in Itaille;  
For which I crye in open audience,  
No wedded man so hardy be t'assaille 1180  
His wyves pacience, in hope to finde  
Grisildes, for in certein he shall faille!

\* It seems to have been Chaucer's intention,  
in the first instance, to end this Tale here. Hence,  
we find, in MSS. B. Hn. Cn. Dd., the following  
genuine, but rejected stanza, suitable for insertion  
at this point:—

Bihold the merye wordes of the Hoste.  
This worthy Clerk, whan ended was his tale,  
Our hoste seyde, and swoor by goddes bone,  
'Me were lever than a barol ale  
My wyf at hoom had herd this legende ones;  
This is a gentil tale for the nones,  
As to my purpos, wiste ye my wille;  
But thing that wol nat be, lat it be stille.'

Here endeth the Tale of the Clerk  
of Oxenford.

O noble wyves, ful of heigh prudence,  
 Lat noon humilitee your tonge naille, 1184  
 Ne lat no clerk have cause or diligencé  
 To wryte of yow a storie of swich mervaille  
 As of Grisildis pacient and kinde; (1131)  
 Lest Chichevache yow swelwe in hir en-  
 traile!

Folweth Ekko, that holdeth no silence,  
 But evere answereth at the countretaille;  
 Beth nat bidaffed for your innocence, 1191  
 But sharply tak on yow the governaille.  
 Emprintheth wel this lesson in your minde  
 For commune profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archewyves, stondeþ at defence, 1195  
 Sinye be stronge as is a greet camaille, (1140)  
 Nesuffreth nat that men yow doon offence.  
 And sclendre wyves, feble as in bataille.

Beth egre as is a tygre yond in Inde;  
 Ay clappoth as a mille, I yow consaille, 1200

No droed hem nat, do hem no reverence;  
 For though thyn housbonde armed be in  
 maille,

The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence  
 Shal perce his brest, and eek his aventaille;  
 In jalousye I rede eek thou him binde, 1205  
 And thou shalt make him couche as dooth  
 a quaille. (1150)

If thou be fair, ther folk ben in presence  
 Shew thou thy visage and thyn apparaille;  
 If thou be foul, be free of thy dispence, 1209  
 To gete thee freendes ay do thy travaille;  
 Be ay of chere as light as leef on linde,  
 And lat him care, and wepe, and wringe,  
 and waille! (1156)

Here endeth the Clerk of Oxonford his Tale.

## THE MERCHANT'S PROLOGUE.

### The Prologe of the Marchantes Tale.

WEPING and wayling, care, and other  
 sorwe

I know y-nogh, on even and a-morwe,  
 Quod the Marchaunt, 'and so don othere  
 mo 1215

That wedded been, I trowe that it be so.  
 For, wel I woot, it fareth so with me.  
 I have a wyf, the worste that may be;  
 Forthogh the feend to hir y-coupled were,  
 She wolde him overmacche, I dar wel  
 swere. 1220

What sholde I yow rehce in special  
 Hir hye malice? she is a shrewe at al. (10)  
 Ther is a long and large difference  
 Bitwix Grisildis grete pacience  
 And of my wyf the passing crueltee. 1225  
 Wéré I unbounden, al-so moot I thee!  
 I wolde never eft comen in the snare.  
 We wedded men live in sorwe and care;

Assaye who-so wol, and he shal finde  
 I seye sooth, by seint Thomas of Inde, 1230  
 As for the more part, I sey nat alle.

God shilde that it sholde so bifalle! (20)  
 A! good sir hoost! I have y-wedded be  
 Thise monthes two, and more nat, pardee.  
 And yet, I trowe, he that all his lyve 1235  
 Wyfloes hath been, though that men wolde  
 him ryve

Un-to the herte, ne conde in no manere  
 Tellen so muchel sorwe, as I now here  
 Conde tellen of my wyves cursdnesse!

'Now,' quod our hoost, 'Marchannt, so  
 god yow blesse, 1240  
 Sin ye so muchel knowen of that art,  
 Ful hertely I pray yow telle us part.' (30)  
 'Gladly,' quod he, 'but of myn owene  
 sore,

For sory herte, I telle may na-more.' 1244

## THE MARCHANTES TALE.

Here biginneth the Marchantes Tale.

Wherlonther wasdwellinge in Lumbardye  
 A worthy knight, that born was of Payvo,  
 In which he lived in greet prosperitee;  
 And sixty yeer a wyfles man was he,  
 And folwed ay his bodily dolyt  
 On women, ther-as was his appetyt, 1250  
 As doon thise folos that ben seculeer.  
 And whan that he was passed sixty yeer,  
 Were it for holinesse or for dotage,  
 I can natseye, but swich a greet corage, (10)  
 Hadde this knight to been a wedded man,  
 That day and night he dooth al that he can  
 Tespyen where he mighte wedded be;  
 Preyinge our lord to graunte him, that he  
 Mighte ones knowe of thilke blisful lyf  
 That is bitwixe an housbond and his wyf;  
 And for to live under that holy bond 1261  
 With which that first god man and  
 womman bond.

'Non othor lyf,' seyde he, 'is worth a bene;  
 For wedlok is so esy and so cleue, (20)  
 That in this world it is a paradys.' 1265  
 Thus seyde this olde knight, that was so  
 wys.

And certainly, as sooth as god is king,  
 To take a wyf, it is a glorious thing,  
 And namely whan a man is old and hoor;  
 Thanne is a wyf the fruit of his tresor. 1270  
 Than sholde he take a yong wyf and a feir,  
 On which he mighte engendren him an  
 heir,

And lede his lyf in joye and in solas,  
 Wher-as thise bachelers singe 'allas,' (30)  
 Whan that they finden any adversitee 1275  
 In love, which nis but childish vanitee.  
 And trewely it sit wel to be so,  
 That bacheleres have often peyne and wo;  
 On brotel ground they builde, and brotel-  
 nesse 1279

They finde, whan they wene sikernessee.

They live but as a brid or as a beste,  
 In libertee, and under non areste,  
 Ther-as a wedded man in his estat  
 Liveth a lyf blisful and ordinaat, (40)  
 Under the yok of mariage y-bounde; 1285  
 Wel may his herte in joye and blisse  
 habounde.

For who can be so buxom as a wyf?  
 Who is so trewe, and eek so ententyf  
 To kepe him, syk and hool, as is his make?  
 For wele or wo, she wol him nat forsake.  
 She nis nat very him to love and serve,  
 Thogh that he lye bedrede til he starve.  
 And yet somme clerkes seyn, it nis nat so,  
 Of whiche he, Theofraste, is oon of tho. (50)  
 What force though Theofrastelistelye? 1295  
 'Ne take no wyf,' quod he, 'for hous-  
 bondrye,

As for to spare in houshold thy dispence;  
 A trewe servant dooth more diligence,  
 Thy good to kepe, than thyn owene wyf.  
 Forshe wol clayme half partal hir lyf, 1300  
 And if that thou be syk, so god me save,  
 Thy verray frendes or a trewe knave  
 Wol kepe thee bet than she that waiteth ay  
 After thy good, and hath don many a day!  
 And if thou take a wyf un-to thyn  
 hold, (61) [T. om.  
 Ful lightly maystow been a coke-  
 wold. 1306 [T. om.

This sentence, and an hundred thinges  
 worse,  
 Wryteth this man, ther god his boues  
 corse!

But take no kepe of al swich vanitee;  
 Deffye Theofraste and herke me. 1310  
 A wyf is goddes yifte verraily;  
 Alle other maner yiftes hardily,  
 As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,  
 Or moebles, alle ben yiftes of fortune, (70)

That passen as a shadwe upon a wnl. 1315  
But dredelees, if pleylnly speke I shal,  
A wyf wol laste, and in thyn hous endure,  
Wel lenger than thee list, paraventure.

Marriage is a ful grete sacrament;  
He which that hath no wyf, I holde him  
shent; 1320

He liveth helples and al desolat,  
I speke of folk in seculer estaat.  
And herke why, I sey nat this for nocht. (79)  
That womman is for mannes help y-wrought.  
The hyegod, whan he hadde Adam maked,  
And saugh him al allone, bely-naked, 1326  
God of his grete goodnesse seyde than,  
'Lat us now make an help un-to this man  
Lyk to him-self;' and thanne he made  
him Eve. 1329

Heer may ye se, and heer-by may ye preve,  
That wyf is mannes help and his confort,  
His paradys terrestre and his disport  
So buxom and so vertuous is she,  
They moste nedes live in unitee. (90) 1334  
O flesh they been, and o flesh, as I gesse,  
Hath but on herte, in wele and in distresse.

A wyf! a! Sainte Marie, *ben'cite!*  
How mighte a man han any adversitee  
That hath a wyf? certes, I can nat seye. 1339  
The blisse which that is bitwixe hem tweye  
Ther may no tonge telle, or herte thinke.  
If he be povre, she helpeth him to swinke;  
She kepeth his good, and wasteth never  
a deel;

Al that hir housbonde lust, hir lyketh  
weel; (100)  
She seith not ones 'nay,' when he seith  
'ye.' 1345

'Do this,' seith he; 'al rody, sir,' seith she.  
O blisful ordre of wedlok precions,  
Thou art so mery, and eek so vertuous,  
And so commended and apprevd eek,  
That every man that halt him worth a  
leek, 1350

Up-on his bare knees oghte al his lyf  
Thanke his god that him hath sent a  
wyf;

Or elles preye to god him for to sende  
A wyf, to laste un-to his lyves ende. (110)  
For thanne his lyf is set in sikernes; 1355  
He may nat be deceyved, as I gesse,  
So that he werke after his wyves reed;  
Than may he boldly beren up his heed,

They been so trewe and ther-with-al so  
wyse;  
For which, if thou wolt werken as the  
wyse, 1360  
Do alwey so as wommen wol thee rede.

Lo, how that Jacob, as thise clerkes  
rede,

By good conseil of his moder Rebekke,  
Bond the kides skin aboute his nekke; (120)  
Thurgh which his fadres benisoun he wan.

Lo, Judith, as the storie eek telle can,  
By wys conseil she goddes peple kepte,  
And slow him, Olofernus, whyl he slepte.

Lo Abigayl, by good conseil how she 1369  
Saved hir housbond Nabal, whan that he  
Sholde han be slayn; and loke, Ester also  
By good conseil delivered out of wo  
The peple of god, and made him, Mar-  
dochee,

Of Assuere enhauenced for to be. (130)  
Ther nis no-thing in gree seiprati. 1375  
As seith Senek, above an humble wyf.

Suffre thy wyves tonge, as Caton bit:  
She shal comande, and thou shalt suffre n  
it;

And yet she wol obeye of curteisye.  
A wyf is keper of thyn housbondrye; 1380  
Wel may the syke man biwaille and wepe,  
Ther-as ther nis no wyf the hous to kepe.  
I warne thee, if wysly thou wolt wirche  
Love wel thy wyf, as Crist loveth his  
chirche. (140) 1384

If thou lovest thy-self, thou lovest thy wyf,  
No man hateth his flesh, but in his lyf  
He fostreth it, and therefore bidde I thee,  
Cherisse thy wyf, or thou shalt never thee.  
Housbond and wyf, what so men jape or  
pleye,

Of worldly folk holden the siker weye; 1390  
They been so knit, ther may noon harm  
bityde:

And namely, up-on the wyves syde.  
For which this Januarie, of whom I tolde,  
Considered hath, inwith his dayes olde, (150)  
The lusty lyf, the vertuous quiete, 1395  
That is in marriage hony-swete;  
And for his freendes on a day he sente,  
To tellen hem the effect of his entente.

With face sad, his tale he hath hem  
told; 1399  
He seyde, 'freendes, I am hoor and old,

And almost, god wot, on my pittes brinke ;  
 Up-on my soule somewhat moste I thinke.  
 I have my body folly despended ; (159)  
 Blessed be god, that it shal been amended !  
 For I wol be, certeyn, a welded man, 1405  
 And that anon in al the haste I can,  
 Un-to som mayde fair and tendre of age.  
 I prey yow, shapeth for my mariage  
 Al so deyntly, for I wol nat abyde ;  
 And I wol fonde t'espyen, on my syde, 1410  
 To whom I may be wedded hastily.

But for-as-muche as ye ben mo than I,  
 Ye shullen rather swich a thing espyen  
 Than I, and wher me best were to allyen.

But o thing warne I yow, my freendes  
 dere, (171) 1415

I wol non old wyf han in no manere.  
 She shal nat passe twenty yeer, certayn ;  
 Old fish and yong flesh wolde I have ful  
 dayn.

Bet is, quod he, 'a pyk than a pikerel ;  
 And bet than old boef is the tendre veel.  
 I wol no womman thiritty yeer of age, 1421  
 It is but bene-straw and greet forage.

And eek thise olde wilwes, god it woot,  
 They conne so muchel cratt on Wades  
 boot, (180)

So muchel broken harm, whan that hem  
 leste, 1425

That with hem sholde I never live in resto.  
 For sondry scoles maken sotil clerkis ;  
 Womman of manye scoles half a clerk is.  
 But certeynly, a yong thing may men gye,  
 Right as men may warm wex with handes  
 plye. 1430

Wherfore I sey yow pleynly, in a clause,  
 I wol non old wyf han right for this  
 cause, (188)

For if so were, I hadde swich mischaunce,  
 That I in hir ne coude han no plesaunce,  
 Thanne sholde I lede my lyf in avoutrye,  
 And go straight to the devel, whan I dye.  
 Ne children sholde I none up-on hir geten ;  
 Yet were me lever houndes had me eten,  
 Than that myn heritage sholde falle 1439  
 In straunge hand, and this I tell yow alle.  
 I dote nat, I woot the cause why  
 Men sholde wedde, and furthermore wot I,  
 Ther speketh many a man of mariage,  
 That woot na-more of it than woot my  
 page, (200) 1444

For whiche causes man sholde take a wyf.  
 If he ne may nat liven chast his lyf,  
 Take him a wyf with greet devocioun,  
 By-cause of lefeful procreacioun  
 Of children, to th'onour of god above,  
 And nat only for paramour or love ; 1450  
 And for they sholde lecherye eschue,  
 And yelde hir dettes whan that they ben  
 due ;

Or for that ech of hem sholde helpen  
 other (209)

In meschief, as a suster shal the brother ;  
 And live in chastitee ful holly. 1455  
 But sires, by your leve, that am nat I.

For god be thanked, I dar make avaunt,  
 I fel- my limes stark and suffisaunt  
 To do al that a man bilongeth to ;

I woot my-selven best what I may do. 1460  
 Though I be hoor, I fare as dooth a tree  
 That blosmeth er that fruyt y-woxen be.  
 A blosmy tree nis neither drye ne deed.  
 I fele me nowher hoor but on myn heed ;  
 Myn herte and alle my limes been as  
 grene (221) 1465

As laurer thurgh the yeer is for to sene,  
 And sin that ye han herd al myn entente,  
 I prey yow to my wil ye wole assente.'

Diverse men diversely him tolde  
 Of mariage manye ensamples olde. 1470  
 Somme blamed it, somme preysed it,  
 certeyn ;

But atte laste, shortly for to seyn,  
 As al day falleth altercacioun 1473  
 Bitwixen freendes in disputioun, (230)  
 Ther fil a stryf bitwixe his brotheren two,  
 Of whiche that oon was cleped Placebo,  
 Justinus soothly called was that other.

Placebo seyde, 'o Jannarie, brother,  
 Ful litel nede had ye, my lord so dere,  
 Conseil to axe of any that is here ; 1480  
 But that ye been so ful of sapience,  
 That yow no lyketh, for your heighe  
 prudence,

To weyven for the word of Salomon.  
 This word seyde he un-to us everichon :  
 "Wirk alle thing by conseil," thus seyde  
 he, (241) 1485

"And thanne shaltow nat repente thee."  
 But though that Salomon spak swich  
 a word,

Myn owene dere brother and my lord,



So wisly god my soule bringe at reste,  
I hold your owene conseil is the beste. 1490  
For brother myn, of me tak this motyf,  
I have now been a court-man al my lyf.  
And god it woot, though I unworthy be,  
I have stonden in ful greet degree (250)  
Abouten lordes of ful heigh estaat; 1405  
Yet hadde I never with noon of hem  
debaat.

I never hem contraried, trowely;  
I woot wel that my lord can more than I.  
What that he soith, I holde it ferme and  
stable;

I seye the same, or elles thing somblable.  
A ful gret fool is any conseilour, 1501  
That serveth any lord of heigh honour,  
That dar presume, or elles thenken it,  
That his conseil sholde passe his lordes  
wit. (260)

Nay, lordes been no foles, by my fay; 1505  
Ye han your-selven shewed heer to-day  
So heigh sentence, so holily and weel,  
That I consente and conferme every-deel  
Your wordes alle, and your opinioun. 1509  
By god, ther nis no man in al this toun  
N'in al itaille, that coude bet han sayd;  
Crist halt him of this conseil wel apayd.  
And trowely, it is an heigh corage  
Of any man, that stapen is in age, (270)  
To take a yong wyf; by my fador kin,  
Your herte hangeth on a joly pin. 1516  
Doth now in this matere right as yow  
leste,

For finally I holde it for the beste.'

Justinus, that ay stille sat and herde,  
Right in this wyse to Placebo answerde:  
'Now brother myn, be pacient, I preye,  
Sin ye han seyde, and herkneth what I  
seye. 1522

Senek among his othere wordes wyse  
Seith, that a man oghte him right wel  
avyse, (280)  
To whom he yeveth his lond or his  
catel. 1525

And sin I oghte avyse me right wel  
To whom I yeve my good away fro me,  
Wel muchel more I oghte avysed be  
To whom I yeve my body; for alwey  
I warne yow wel, it is no childes play 1530  
To take a wyf with-oute avysement.  
Men moste enquire, this is myn assent,

Wher she be wys, or sobre, or dronke-  
lewe, (289)

Or proud, or elles other-ways a shrewe;  
A chydester, or wastoun of thy good, 1545  
Or riche, or poore, or elles mannish wood.  
Al-be-it so that no man finden shal  
Noon in this world that trotteth hool  
in al,

No man ne beest, swich as men coude  
devyse;

But natheless, it oghte y-nough suffice 1540  
With any wyf, if so were that she hadde  
Mo gode thewes than hir vyces hadde;  
And al this aveth leys-r for t'enquere.

For god it woot, I have wept many a tere  
Ful prively, sin I have had a wyf. (301) 1545  
Preyse who-so wole a wedded mannes lyf,  
Certein, I finde in it but cost and care,  
And observances, of alle blisses bare. 1548  
And yet, god woot, my neighbores aboute,  
And namely of women many a route,  
Seyn that I have the moste stedfast wyf,  
And eek the mekeste oon that bereth lyf.  
But I wot best wher wringeth me my  
sho. (306)

Ye mowe, for me, right as yow lyketh do;  
Avyseth yow, ye been a man of age, 1555  
How that ye entren in-to mariage,  
And namely with a yong wyf and a fair.  
By him that made water, erthe, and air,  
The yongest man that is in al this route  
Is bisy y-nogh to bringen it aboute 1560  
To han his wyf allone, trusteth me.

Ye shul nat pleser hir fully yeres thre,  
This is to seyn, to doon hir ful plesaunce.  
A wyf aveth ful many an observaunce. (320)  
I prey yow that ye be nat yvel apayd.'

'Wel,' quod this Januarie, 'and hastow  
sayd? 1566

Straw for thy Senek, and for thy pro-  
verbes,

I counte nat a panier ful of herbes  
Of scole-termes; wyser men than thou,  
As thou hast herd, assenteden right now  
To my purpos; Placebo, what sey ye?

'I seye, it is a cursed man,' quod he,  
'That letteth matrimoine, sikerly.' (329)  
And with that word they rysen sodeynly,  
And been assented fully, that he sholde  
Be wedded whanne him list and wher he  
wolda. 1576

Heigh fantasye and curious businesse  
 Fro day to day gan in the soule impress  
 Of Januarie aboute his mariage.  
 Many fair shap, and many a fair visage  
 Thor passeth thurgh his herte, night by  
 night. (337) 1581  
 As who-so toke a mirour polished bright,  
 And sette it in a commune market-place,  
 Than sholde he see many a figure pace  
 By his mirour; and, in the same wyse,  
 Of Januarie inwith his thoght devyse  
 Gan maydens, whiche that dwelten him  
 busyde. 1587  
 He wiste nat wher that he mighte abyde.  
 For if that oon have beautee in hir face,  
 Another stant so in the peples grace 1590  
 For hir sadnesse, and hir benignitee,  
 That of the peple grettest voys hath she.  
 And somme were reche, and hadden badde  
 name. (349)  
 But natheles, bitwixe earnest and game,  
 He atte laste apoynted him on oon, 1595  
 And leet alle othere from his herte  
 goon,  
 And chees hir of his owene auctoritee;  
 For love is blind al day, and may nat see.  
 And whan that he was in his bed y-  
 brought,  
 He purtreied, in his herte and in his  
 thoght, 1600  
 Hir iresshe beautee and hir age tendre,  
 Hir myddel smal, hir armes longe and  
 scledre,  
 Hir wyse governaunce, hir gentillesse,  
 Hir wommanly beringe and hir sadnesse.  
 And whan that he on hir was con-  
 descended, (361) 1605  
 Him thoughte his chois inighte nat ben  
 amended.  
 For whan that he him-self concluded  
 hadde,  
 Him thoughte och other mannes wit so  
 badde,  
 That impossible it were to replye  
 Agayn his chois, this was his fantasye. 1610  
 His freendes sente he to at his instaunce,  
 And preyed hem to doon him that ples-  
 aunce,  
 That hastily they wolden to him come;  
 He wolde abregge hir labour, alle and  
 some. (370) 1614

Nedeth na-more for him to go ne ryde,  
 He was apoynted ther he wolde abyde.  
 Placebo cam, and eek his freendes sone,  
 And alderfirst he had hem alle a bone,  
 That noon of hem none argumentes make  
 Agayn the purpos which that he hath  
 take; 1620  
 'Which purpos was plesant to god,' seyde  
 he,  
 'And verray ground of his prosperitee.'  
 He seyde, ther was a mayden in the  
 toun,  
 Which that of beautee hadde greet re-  
 noun, (380)  
 Al were it so she were of smal degree; 1625  
 Suffyseth him hir youthe and hir beautee.  
 Which mayde, he seyde, he wolde han to  
 his wyf,  
 To lede in ese and holmesse his lyf.  
 And thanked god, that he mighte han  
 hire al, 1629  
 That no wight of his blisse parten shal.  
 And preyde hem to labouren in this  
 nede,  
 And shapen that he taille nat to spede;  
 For thanne, he seyde, his spurt was at ese.  
 'Thanne is,' quod he, 'no-thing may me  
 displese, (399) 1634  
 Save o thing priketh in my conscience.  
 The which I wol reherce in your presence.  
 I have,' quod he, 'herd seyde, tul yore  
 ago,  
 Ther may no man han parfite blisses two,  
 This is to seye, in erthe and eek in  
 hevene.  
 For though he kepe him fro the sinnes  
 sevene, 1640  
 And eek from every branche of thilke  
 tree,  
 Yet is ther so parfyt felicitie,  
 And so greet ese and lust in mariage, (399)  
 That ever I am agast, now in myn age,  
 That I shal lede now so mery a lyf, 1645  
 So delicat, with-outen wo and stryf,  
 That I shal have myn hevene in erthe  
 here.  
 For sith that verray hevene is boght so  
 dere,  
 With tribulacioun and greet penaunce,  
 How sholde I thanne, that live in swich  
 plesaunce 1650

As alle wedded men don with hir wyvis,  
Come to the blisse ther Crist eterne on  
lyve is?

This is my drede, and ye, my brotheren  
tweye, (400)

Assoilthe me this questioun, I preye.

Justinus, which that hated his folye, 1655

Answerde anon, right in his japerie;

And for he wolde his longe tale abregge,

He wolde noon anctoritee allegge, 1658

But seyde, 'sire, so ther be noon obstacle

Other than this, god of his hys miracle

And of his mercy may so for yow wirche.

That, er ye have your right of holy  
chirche, (418)

Ye may repente of wedded mannes lyf,

In which ye seyn ther is no wo ne stryf.

And elles, god forbode but he sente 1665

A wedded man him grace to repente

Wel ofte rather than a sengle man!

And therefore, sire, the beste reed I can,

Dispeire yow noght, but have in your  
memorie, 1660

Paraunter she may be your purgatorie!

She may be goddes mene, and goddes  
whippe;

Than shal yow soule up to hevne skippe

Swifter than dooth an arwe out of the  
bowe! (420)

I hope to god, her-after shul ye knowe,

That their nis no so greet felicitee 1675

In mariage, ne never-mo shal be,

That yow shal lette of your savacioun,

So that ye use, as skile is and resoun,

The lustes of your wyf attemprely, 1670

And that ye plesse hir nat to amorously,

And that ye kepe yow eek from other  
sinne.

My tale is doon:—for my wit is thinne,

Beth nat agast her-of, my brother dere.'—

(But lat us waden out of this matere. (440)

The Wyf of Bath, if ye han understonde,

Of mariage, which we have on honde, 1686

Declared hath ful wel in litel space.—

'Fareth now wel, god have yow in his  
grace.'

And with this word this Justin and his  
brother

Han take hir leve, and ech of hem of  
other. 1690

For whan they sawe it moste nedes be,

They wroghten so, by sly and wys trefee,  
That she, this mayden, which that Maius  
highte,

As hastily as ever that she mighte, (450)

Shal wedded be un-to this Januarie. 1695

I trowe it were to longe yow to tarie,

If I yow tolde of every scrit and bond,

By which that she was fessed in his lond;

Or for to herkennen of hir riche array.

But finally y-comen is the day 1700

That to the chirche bothe be they went

For to receyve the holy sacrament.

Forth comth the preest, with stole aboute  
his nekke, (450)

And bad hir be lyk Sarra and Rebekke.

In wisdom and in trouthe of mariage;

And seyde his orisons, as is usage, 1706

And croned hem, and bad god sholde  
hem blesse,

And made al siker y-nogh with holinesse.

Thus been they wedded with solemp-  
nitee.

And at the feste sitteth he and she 1710

With other worthy folk up-on the deys.

Al ful of joye and blisse is the paleys,

And ful of instruments and of vitaille.

The moste deyntevens of al Itaille. (470)

Biforn hem stode swiche instruments of  
soun, 1715

That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphion.

Ne maden never swich a melodye.

At every cours than cam loud minstrel-  
cye,

That never tromped Junib, for to here.

Nor he, Theodomas, yet hali so clere, 1720

At Thebes, whan the citee was in doute.

Bacus the wyn hem skinketh al aboute.

And Venus laugheth up-on every wight.

For Januarie was become hir knight, (480)

And wolde bothe assayen his corage 1725

In libertee, and eek in mariage;

And with hir fyrbrond in hir hand aboute

Dauunceth biforn the bryde and al the  
route.

And certainly, I dar right wel seyn this,  
Ymenus, that god of wedding is, 1730

Saugh never his lyf so mery a wedded  
man.

Hold thou thy pees, thou poete Marcian,

That wrytest us that ilke wedding murie

Of hir, Philologye, and him, Mercurie,

And of the songes that the Muses songe.  
To smal is bothe thy penne, and eek thy  
tonge, (492) 1736

For to descryven of this mariago.

Whan tendre youthe hath wedded stouping age,

Ther is swich mirthle that it may nat be  
written;

Assayeth it your-self, than may ye witen  
If that I lye or noon in this matere. 1741

Maius, that sit with so benigne a chere,  
Hir to biholde it semed fayerye; (499)

Quene Ester loked never with swich an ye  
On Assuer, so meke a look hath she. 1745

I may yow nat devyse al hir beantee;  
But thus mucho of hir beante telle I

may,  
That she was lyk the brighte morwe of

May.

Fulfilde of alle beantee and plesaunce.

This Januarie is ravissed in a trauunce  
At every time he loked on hir face, 1751

But in his herte he gan hir to manace,  
That he that night in armes wolde hir

streyne  
Harder than ever Paris dole Eleyne. (510)

But natheles, yet hadde he greet pitee,  
That thilke night offenden hir moste he;

And thoughte, 'allas! o tendre creature!  
Now wolde god ye mighte wel endure

Al my corage, it is so sharp and kene;  
I am agast ye shul it nat sustene. 1760

But god forbode that I dide al my might!  
Now wolde god that it were woxen night,

And that the night wolde lasten evermo.  
I wolde that al this peple were ago. (520)

And finally, he doth al his labour, 1765

As he best mighte, savinge his honour,  
To haste hem fro the mete in subtil

wyse.  
The tyme cam that reson was to ryse;

And after that, men daunce and drinken  
faste, 1760

And spyces al aboute the hous they caste;  
And ful of joye and blisse is every man;

All but a squyer, highte Damian,  
Which carf bilorn the knig't ful many

a day.  
He was so ravissed on his lady May, (530)

That for the verray peyne he was ny  
wood; 1775

Almost he swelte and swowned ther he  
stood.

So sore hath Venus hurt him with hir  
brond,

As that she bar it daunsinge in hir  
hond.

And to his bed he wente him hastily;  
Na-more of him as at this tyme speke I.

But ther I lete him wepe y-nough and  
pleyne, (537) 1781

Til fresshe May wol rewen on his peyne,  
O perilous fyr, that in the bedstraw

bredeth! **Auctor.**

O famulier foo, that his servyce bedeth!  
O servant traitour, false boomy hewe, 1785

Lyk to the naddre in bosom sly untrew,  
God shilde us alle from your aqueynt-

auunce!  
O Januarie, dronken in plesaunce

Of mariage, see how thy Damian,  
Thyn owene squyer and thy borne man,

Entendeth for to do thee vileinye. 1791

God graunte thee thyn boomy fo t'espye.  
For in this world nis worse pestilence (540)

Than boomy too al day in thy presence.  
Parfourned hath the sonne his ark

diurne, 1795

No lenger may the body of him sojurne  
On th'orizonte, as in that latitude.

Night with his mantel, that is derk and  
rude,

Gan oversprede the hemisperie aboute;  
For which departed is this lusty route

Fro Januarie, with thank on every syde.  
Hom to hir houses lustily they ryde, 1802

Wher-as they doon hir thinges as hem  
leste,

And whan they sye hir tyme, goon to  
reste. (560)

Sone after that, this hastif Januarie 1805

Wolde go to bedde, he wolde no lenger  
tarie.

He drinketh ipocras, clarree, and vernage  
Of spyces hote, t'encreson his corage;

And many a letuarie hadde he ful fyn,  
Swiche as the cursed monk dan Con-

stantyn 1810

Hath writen in his book *de Coitu*; (567)

To eten hem alle, he nas no-thing eschu.

And to his privee freendes thus seyde he:

'For goddes love, as sone as it may be,

Lat voyden al this hous in courteys wyse.  
And they han doon right as he wol  
devyso. 1816

Men drinken, and the travers drawe anon,  
The bryde was broght a-bedde as stille as  
stoon;

And whan the bed was with the preest  
y-blessed,

Out of the chambro hath every wight  
him dressed. 1820

And Januarie hath faste in armes take  
His fresshe May, his paralyt, his make.  
He lulleth hir, he kis-eth hir ful oite  
With thikke bristles of his berd unsofte,  
Lyk to the skin of houndfish, sharp as  
brere, (581) 1825

For he was shawe al newe in his manere.  
He rubbeth hir aboute hir tendre face,  
And seyde thus, 'allas! I moot trespass  
To yow, my spouse, and yow gretly offende,  
Er tyme come that I wil down descende.  
But nathelees, considereth this,' quod he,  
'Ther nis no werkman, what-so-ever he be,  
That may bothe werke wel and hastily;  
This wol be doon at leyser parfitly. (590)  
It is no fors how longe that we pleye; 1835  
In trewe wedlok wedded be we tweye;  
And blessed be the yok that we been  
inne,

For in our actes we mowe do no sinne.

A man may do no sinne with his wyf,  
Ne hurte him-selven with his owene kuyf;  
For we han leve to pleye us by the  
lawe.' 1841

Thus laboureth he til that the day gan  
dawe;

And than he taketh a sop in fyn clarroe,  
And upright in his bed than sitteth he,  
And after that he sang ful loude and  
clere, (601) 1845

And kiste his wyf, and made wantoun  
chere.

He was al coltish, ful of ragerye,  
And ful of jargon as a flekked pye.  
The slakke skin aboute his nekke shaketh,  
Whyl that he sang; so chaunteth he and  
craketh. 1850

But god wot what that May thoughte in  
hir herte,

Whan she him saugh up sittinge in his  
sherte,

In his night-cappe, and with his nekke  
lene;

She preyseth nat his pleying worth a  
bene. (610) 1854

Than seide he thus, 'my reste wol I take;  
Now day is come, I may no lenger wake.'  
And down he leyde his hood, and sleep  
til pryme.

And afterward, whan that he saugh his  
tyme,

Up ryseth Januarie; but fresshe May  
Holdeth hir chambro un-to the fourthe  
day, 1860

As usage is of wyves for the beste.

For every labour som-tyme moot han  
reste,

Or elles longe may he nat endure;

This is to seyn, no lyves creature, (620)

Be it of fish, or brid, or beest, or man. 1865

Auctor.

Now wol I speke of woful Damian,  
That languisheth for love, as ye shul  
here;

Therefore I speke to him in this manere:  
I seye, 'O sely Damian, alas!

Answers to my demaunde, as in this cas,  
How shaltow to thy lady fresshe May 1871  
Telle thy wo? She wol alway seye "nay";  
Eek if thou speke, she wol thy wo bi-  
wrewe, (629)

God be thyn help, I can no better seye.

This sike Damian in Venus fyr 1875

So brenneth, that he dyeth for desyr;

For which he putte his lyf in aventure,

No longer mighte he in this wyse endure;

But prively a penner gan he borwe,

And in a lettre wroot he al his sorwe, 1880

In manere of a compleynt or a lay,

Un-to his faire fresshe lady May.

And in a purs of silk, heng on his sherte,

He hath it put, and leyde it at his  
horte. (640) 1884

The mone that, at noon, was, thilke day  
That Januarie hath wedded fresshe May,  
In two of Taur, was in-to Cancere gliden;  
So longe hath Maius in hir chambro  
biden,

As custume is un-to thise nobles alle.

A bryde shal nat eten in the halle, 1890

Til dayes foure or thre dayes atte leste  
Y-passed been; than lat hir go to feste.

The fourthe day compleet fro noon to noon, (649)

Whan that the hoighe masse was y-doon,

In halle sit this Jannarie, and May 1895

As fresh as is the brighte someres day.

And so bifel, how that this gode man

Remembred him upon this Damian,

Andseyde, 'Seinte Marie! how may this be,

That Damian entendeth nat to me? 1900

Is he ay syk, or how may this bityde?' 1900

His squyeres, whiche that stoden ther bysyde, (658)

Excused him by-cause of his siknesse,

Which letted him to doon his bisnesse;

Noon other cause mighte make him tarie.

'That me forthinketh,' quod this Jannarie, 1906

'He is a gentil squyer, by my trouthe!

If that he deyde, it were harm and rounthe;

He is as wys, discreet, and as secree

As any man I woot of his degree; 1910

And ther-to manly and eek servisable,

And for to been a thrifty man right able.

But after mete, as sone as ever I may,

I wol my-self visyte him and eek May,

To doon him al the confort that I can.'

And for that word him blessed every man,

That, of his bountee and his gentillesse,

He wolde so conforten in siknesse (674)

His squyer, for it was a gentil dede.

'Dame,' quod this Jannarie, 'tak good hede, 1920

At-after mete ye, with your wommen alle,

Whan ye han been in chambre out of this halle,

That alle ye go see this Damian;

Doth him disport, he is a gentil man, (680)

And telleth him that I wol him visyte,

Have I no-thing but rested me a lyte;

And spede yow faste, for I wole abyde

Til that ye slepe faste by my syde.'

And with that word he gan to him to calle

A squyer, that was marchal of his halle,

And tolde him certeyn thinges, what he

wolde. 1931

This fresshe May hath streight hir wey

y-holde,

With alle hir wommen, un-to Damian.

Doun by his beddes syde sit she than, (690)

Comfortinge him as goodly as she may.

This Damian, whan that his tyme he say,

In secree wise his purs, and eek his bille,

In which that he y-written hadde his wille, 1938

Hath put in-to hir hand, with-outen more,

Save that he syketh wonder depe and sore,

And softly to hir right thus seyde he:

'Mercy! and that ye nat discovere me;

For I am deed, if that this thing be kid.'

Thus purs hath she inwith hir bosom hid,

And wente hir wey, ye gete namore of me.

But un-to Jannarie y-comen is she, 1946

That on his beddes syde sit ful softe. (703)

He taketh hir, and kisseth hir ful ofte,

And leyde him down to slepe, and that anon.

She feyned hir as that she moste gon 1950

Thor-as ye woot that every wight mot nele.

And whan she of this bille hath taken

hede,

She rente it al to cloutes atte laste,

And in the privree softly it caste. (710)

Who studieth now but faire fresshe

May? 1955

Adoun by olde Jannarie she lay,

That sleep, til that the coughe hath him

awaked;

Anon he preyde hir stopen hir al naked;

He wolde of hir, he seyde, han som ple-

saunce,

And seyde, hir clothes dide him encom-

braunce, 1960

And she obeyeth, be hir lief or looth.

But lest that precious folk be with me

wrooth,

How that he wroghte, I dar nat to yow

telle,

Or whether hir thoughte it paradys or

helle; (720)

But here I lete hem werken in hir wyse

Til evensong ring, and that they moste

aryse. 1966

Were it by destinee or aventure,

Were it by influence or by nature,

Or constellation, that in swich estat

The hevene stood, that tyme fortunat 1970

Was for to putte a bille of Venus werkes

(For alle thing hath tyme, as seyn thise

clerkes)

To any woman, for to gete hir love,

I can nat seye, but grete god above, (730)

That knoweth that non act is causeless,  
 He deme of al, for I wol holde my pees.  
 But sooth is this, how that this fresshe  
 May 1977  
 Hath take swich impression that day,  
 For pitee of this syke Damian,  
 That from hir herte she ne dryve can 1980  
 The remembraunce for to doon him ese.  
 'Certeyn,' thought she, 'whom that this  
 thing displese,  
 I rekke noght, for here I him assure,  
 To love him best of any creature, (740)  
 Though he na-more hadde than his sherte.'  
 Lo, pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.  
 Heer may ye se how excellent franchyse  
 In women is, whan they hem narwe  
 avyse. 1988  
 Som tyrant is, as ther be many oon,  
 That hath an herte as hard as any stoon,  
 Which wolde han lete him sterven in  
 the place 1991  
 Wel rather than han graunted him hir  
 grace;  
 And hem rejoysen in hir cruel pryde,  
 And rekke nat to been an homicyde. (750)  
 This gentil May, fulfilled of pitee, 1995  
 Right of hir hande a lettre made she,  
 In which she graunteth him hir verray  
 grace;  
 Ther lakketh noght but only day and  
 place,  
 Wher that she mighte un-to his lust  
 suffyse:  
 For it shal be right as he wol devyse. 2000  
 And whan she saugh hir time, up-on a day,  
 To visite this Damian goth May,  
 And sotilly this lettre doun she threste  
 Under his pilwe, rede it if him leste. (760)  
 She taketh him by the hand, and harde  
 him twiste 2005  
 So secretly, that no wight of it wiste,  
 And bad him been al hool, and forth she  
 wente  
 To Januarie, whan that he for hir sente.  
 Up ryseth Damian the nexte morwe,  
 Al passed was his siknesse and his sorwe.  
 He kembeth him, he proyneth him and  
 pyketh, 2011  
 He dooth al that his lady lust and lyketh;  
 And eek to Januarie he gooth as lowe  
 As ever dide a dogge for the bowe. (770)

He is so plesant un-to every man, 2015  
 (For craft is al, who-so that do it can)  
 That every wight is fayn to speke him  
 good;  
 And fully in his lady grace he stood.  
 Thus lete I Damian aboute his nede,  
 And in my tale forth I wol procede. 2020  
 Somme clerkes holden that felicitie  
 Stant in delyt, and therefor certeyn he,  
 This noble Januarie, with al his might,  
 In honest wyse, as longeth to a knight,  
 Shoop him to live ful deliciously. (781) 2025  
 His housinge, his array, as honestly  
 To his degree was makod as a kinges.  
 Amonges othere of his honest thinges,  
 He made a gardin, walled al with stoon;  
 So fair a gardin woot I nowher noon. 2030  
 For out of doute, I verrailly suppose,  
 That he that wroot the Romance of the  
 Rose  
 Ne coude of it the beautee wel devyse:  
 Ne Priapus ne mighte nat suffyse, (790)  
 Though he be god of gardins, for to  
 telle 2035  
 The beautee of the gardin and the welle,  
 That stood under a laurer alwey grene.  
 Ful ofte tyme he, Pluto, and his queene,  
 Proserpina, and al hir fayeryo  
 Disporten hem and maken melodye 2040  
 Aboute that welle, and daunced, as men  
 tolde.  
 This noble knight, this Januarie the olde,  
 Swich deintee hath in it to walke and  
 pleye, (790)  
 That he wol no wight suffren bere the keye  
 Save he him-self; for of the smale wiket  
 He bar alwey of silver a smal ciklet, 2046  
 With which, whan that him leste, he it  
 unshette.  
 And whan he wolde paye his wyf hir dette  
 In somer seson, thider wolde he go,  
 And May his wyf, and no wight but they  
 two; 2050  
 And thinges whiche that were nat doon  
 a-bedde,  
 He in the gardin parfourned hem and  
 spedde.  
 And in this wyse, many a mery day,  
 Lived this Januarie and fresshe May. (810)  
 But worldly joye may nat alwey dure 2055  
 To Januarie, ne to no creature.

Auctor.

O sodeyn hap, o thou fortune instable,  
Lyk to the scorpionn so deceivable,  
That flaterest with thyn heed when thou  
wolt stinge;

Thy tayl is deeth, thurgh thyn enveni-  
minge. 2060

O brotil joye! o swete venim queynte!  
O monstre, that so subtilly canst peynte  
Thy yiftes, under hewe of stedfastnesse,  
That thou deceyvest bothe more and lesse!  
Why hastow Jannarie thus deceyved, (821)  
That haddest him for thy ful frend re-  
ceyved? 2066

And now thou hast hiraft him bothe hise  
yēn,

For sorwe of which desyreth he to dyen.

Allas! this noble Jannarie free,  
Amidde his lust and his prosperitee, 2070  
Is woxen blind, and that al sodeynly.

He wepeth and he wayleth pitously;  
And ther-with-al the fyr of jealousye, (829)  
Lost that his wyf sholde falle in som tolye,  
So brente his herte, that he wolde fayn 2075  
That som man bothe him and hir had  
slayn.

For neither after his deeth, nor in his lyf,  
Ne wolde he that she were love ne wyf,  
But ever live as widwe in clothes blake,  
Soul as the turtle that lost hath hir make.

But atto laste, after a monthe or tweye,  
His sorwe gan aswage, sooth to seye; 2082

For whan he wiste it may noon other be,  
He paciently took his adversitee; (840)

Save, out of doute, he may nat forgoon  
That he nas jalous evermore in oon;

Which jalousye it was so outrageous,  
That neither in halle, n'in noon other hous,

Ne in noon other place, never-the-mo,  
He nolde suffre hir for to ryde or go, 2090

But-if that he had hand on hir alway;  
For which ful ofte wepeth fresshe May,

That loveth Damian so benignely,  
That she mot outhir dyen sodeynly, (850)

Or elles she mot han him as hir leste; 2095  
She wayteth whan hir herte wolde breste.

Up-on that other syde Damian  
Bicomen is the sorwefulleste man

That ever was; for neither night ne day  
Ne mighte he speke a word to fresshe

May, 2100

As to his purpos, of no swich matere,  
But-if that Januarie moste it here,  
That hadde an hand up-on hir evermo,  
But natheless, by wryting to and fro (860)  
And privee signes, wiste he what she  
mente; 2105  
And she knew eek the fyn of his entente.

Auctor.

O Jannarie, what mighte it thee availle,  
Thou mightest see as fer as shippes saille?  
For also good is blind deceyved be,  
As be deceyved whan a man may see. 2110  
Lo, Argus, which that hadde an hondred  
yēn,

For al that ever he coude poure or pryen.  
Yet was he blent; and, god wot, so ben  
mo.

That wenen wisly that it be nat so. (870)  
Passe over is an ese, I sey na-more. 2115

This fresshe May, that I spak of so  
yore,

In warme wex hath emprented the eliket,  
That Jannarie bar of the smale wicket,

By which in-to his gardin ofte he wente.  
And Damian, that knew al hir entente,

The eliket countrefeted prively; 2121  
Ther nis na-more to seye, but hastily

Som wonder by this eliket shal bityde,  
Which ye shul heren, if ye wole abyde.

O noble Ovyde, ful sooth seyston, god  
woot!

Auctor.

What sleighte is it, though it be long and  
hoot, (882) 2126

That he nil finde it out in som manere?  
By Piramus and Tesbee may men lere;

Though they were kept ful longe streite  
overal.

They been accorded, ronninge thurgh a  
wal, 2130

Ther no wight conde han founde ont  
swich a sleighte. (887)

But now to purpos; er that dayes eighte  
Were passed, er the monthe of Juil, bifil

That Jannarie hath caught so greet a wil,  
Thurgh egging of his wyf, him for to pleye

In his gardin, and no wight but theytweye,  
That in a morwe un-to this May seith he:

'Rys up, my wyf, my love, my lady free;  
The turtles vois is herd, my douve swete;

The winter is goon, with alle his reynes  
wete; 2140



Com forth now, with thyn eyen columbyn !  
 How fairer been thy brestes than is wyn !  
 The gardin is enclosed al aboute ;  
 Com forth, my whyte spouse ; out of  
 doute, (900)  
 Thou hast me wounded in myn herte,  
 o wyf ! 2145

No spot of thee no knew I al my lyf.  
 Com forth, and lat us taken our disport ;  
 I chees thee for my wyf and my comfort.'

Swiche oldo lewed wordes used he ;  
 On Damian a signe made she, 2150  
 That he sholde go bitoren with his cliket :  
 This Damian thanne hath opened the  
 wicket,  
 And in he stirte, and that in swich manere,  
 That no wight mighte it see neither  
 y-here ; (910)  
 And stille he sit under a bush anon. 2155  
 This Januarie, as blind as is a stoon,  
 With Maius in his hand, and no wight mo,  
 In-to his fresshe gardin is ago,  
 And clapte to the wicket so deynly.

'Now, wyf,' quod he, 'heer nis but thou  
 and I, 2160  
 That art the creature that I best love.  
 For, by that lord that sit in heven above,  
 Lever ich hadde dyen on a knyf,  
 Than thee offende, trewe dere wyf ! (920)  
 For goddes sake, thouk how I thee chees,  
 Noght for no covetyse, doutelees, 2166  
 But only for the love I had to thee.

And though that I be old, and may nat see,  
 Beth to me trewe, and I shal telle yow why.  
 Three thinges, certes, shul ye winne ther-  
 by ; 2170

First, love of Crist, and to your-self honour,  
 And al myn heritage, toun and tour ;  
 I yeve it yow, maketh chartres as yow  
 leste ; (929)

This shal be doon to-morwe er sonne reste.  
 So wisly god my soule bringe in blisse, 2175  
 I prey yow first, in covenant ye me kisse.  
 And though that I be jealous, wyte me noght.  
 Ye been so depe enprinted in my thought,  
 That, whan that I considere your beautee,  
 And ther-with-al the unlykly elde of me  
 I may nat, certes, thogh I sholde dye,  
 Forbere to been out of your companye  
 For verray love ; this is with-outen doute.  
 Now kis me, wyf, and lat us come aboute.'

This fresshe May, whan she these wordes  
 herde, (941) 2185

Benignely to Januarie answerde,  
 But first and forward she bigan to wepe,  
 'I have,' quod she, 'a soule for to kepe  
 As wel as ye, and also myn honour,  
 And of my wyfthod thilke tendre flour, 2190  
 Which that I have assured in your hond,  
 Whan that the preest to yow my body  
 bond ;

Wherfore I wole answer to this manere  
 By the leve of yow, my lord so dere : (950)  
 I prey to god, that never dawe the day 2195  
 That I ne steive, as foule as womman may,  
 If ever I do un-to my kin that shame,  
 Or elles I empeyre so my name,  
 That I be fals ; and if I do that lakke,  
 Do strepe me and put me in a sakke, 2200  
 And in the nexte river do me drenchen.  
 I am a gentil woman and no wenche.  
 Why speke ye thus ? but men ben ever  
 untrew, (959)

And women have repreve of yoway newe.  
 Ye han non other contenance, I leve, 2205  
 But speke to us of untrust and repreve.'

And with that word she saugh wher  
 Damian

Sat in the bush, and coughen she bigan,  
 And with hir finger signes made she,  
 That Damian sholde climbe up-on a tree,  
 That charged was with fruit, and up he  
 wente ; 2211

For verrailly he knew al hir entente,  
 And every signe that she coude make  
 Wol bet than Januarie, hir owene make.  
 For in a lettre she had told him al 2215  
 Of this matere, how he werchen shal. (972)  
 And thus I lete him sitte up-on the pyrie,  
 And Januarie and May rominge myrie.

Bright was the day, and blew the firma-  
 ment,

Phebus of gold his stremes doun hath  
 sent. 2220

To gladen every flour with his warmnesse.  
 He was that tyme in *Geminis*, as I gesse,  
 But litel fro his declinacioun  
 Of Cancer, Jovis exaltacioun. (980)

And so bifel, that brighte morwe-tyde, 2225  
 That in that gardin, in the fether syde,  
 Pluto, that is the king of fayerye,  
 And many a lady in his companye,

Folwinge his wyf, the quene Proserpyne,  
 Ech after othor, right as any lyne— 2230  
 Why! that she gadered floures in the mede,  
 In Claudian ye may the story rede,  
 How in his grisly carte he hir sette :—  
 This king of fairye thanne adoun him  
 sette (990) 2231

Up-on a bench of turves, fresh and grene,  
 And right anon thus seyde he to his quene.

'My wyf,' quod he, 'ther may no wight  
 sey nay;

Th'experience so preveth every day  
 The treson whiche that women doon to  
 man. 2239

Ten hondred thousand [stories] telle I can  
 Notable of your untrouth and brotilnesse.  
 O Salomon, wys, richest of richesse, 2242  
 Fullfid of sapience and of worldly glorie,  
 Ful worthy been thy wordes to memorie  
 To every wight that wit and reson can.  
 Thus preiseth he yet the bountee of man :  
 "Amonges a thousand men yet fond Ioon,  
 But of wommen alle fond I noon." (1004)

Thus seith the king that knoweth your  
 wikkednesse;

And Jesus *filius Syrak*, as I gesse, 2250  
 Ne speketh of yow but solde reverence.

A wilde fyr and corrupt pestilence  
 So falle up-on your bodies yet to-night!  
 Ne see ye nat this honourable knight, (1010)  
 By-cause, alas! that he is blind and old,  
 His owne man shal make him cokewold;  
 Lo heer he sit, the lechour, in the tree. 2257  
 Now wol I graunten, of my magesstee,  
 Un-to this olde blinde worthy knight  
 That he shal have aycyn his eyen sight, 2260  
 Whan that his wyf wold doon him vileinye;  
 Than shal he knowen al hir harlotrye  
 Both in repreve of hir and othere mo.'

'Ye shal,' quod Proserpyne, 'wol ye so;  
 Now, by my modres sires soule I swere,  
 That I shal yeven hir suffisant answer,  
 And alle women after, for hir sake;  
 That, though they be in any gilt y-take,  
 With face bold they shulle hem-self  
 excuse,

And bere hem doun that wolden hem  
 accuse. 2270

For lakke of answer, noon of hem shal dyen.  
 Al hadde man seyn a thing with bothe his  
 yēn, (1028)

Yit shul we women visage it hardily,  
 And wepe, and swere, and chyd subtilly,  
 So that ye men shul been as lewed as gees.  
 What rekketh me of your auctoritees?

I woot wel that this Jew, this Salomon,  
 Fond of us women foles many oon.

But though that he ne fond no good  
 womman, 2279

Yet hath ther founde many another man  
 Wommen ful trewe, ful gode, and ver-  
 tuons.

Witness on hem that dwelle in Cristes  
 hous,

With martirdom they preved hir con-  
 stance. (1039)

The Romayn gestes maken remembrance  
 Of many a verray trewe wyf also. 2285

But sire, ne be nat wrooth, al-be-it so,  
 Though that he seyde he fond no good  
 womman,

I prey yow take the sentence of the man;  
 He mente thus, that in sovereyn bontee  
 Nis noon but god, that sit in Trinitee. 2290

Ey! for verray god, that nis but oon,  
 What make ye so muche of Salomon?  
 What though he made a temple, goddes  
 hous? (1049)

What though he were riche and glorious?  
 So made he eek a temple of false goddis,  
 How mighte he do a thing that more for-  
 bode is? 2296

Pardee, as faire as ye his name emplastre,  
 He was a lechour and an ydolastre;  
 And in his elde he verray god forsook.  
 And if that god ne hadde, asseith the book,  
 Y-spared him for his fadres sake, he sholde  
 Have lost his regne rather than he wolde.  
 I sette noght of al the vileinye, (1059)  
 That ye of women wryte, a boterflye.

I am a womman, nedes moot I speke, 2305  
 Or elles swelle til myn herte breke.

For sithen he seyde that we ben jan-  
 gleresses,

As ever hool I mote brouke my tresses,  
 I shal nat spare, for no curteisye, 2309  
 Tospeke him harm that wolde us vileinye.'

'Dame,' quod this Pluto, 'be no lenger  
 wrooth;

I yeve it up; but sith I swoor myn ooth  
 That I wolde graunten him his sighte  
 ageyn, (1069)

My word shal stonde, I warne yow, certeyn.  
I am a king, it sit me noght to lye.' 2315

'And I,' quod she, 'a queene of fayerye.  
Hir answer shal she have, I undertake.  
Lat us na-more wordes heer-of make.  
For sothe, I wol no longer yow contrarie.'

Now lat us turne agayn to Januarie, 2320  
That in the gardin with his faire May  
Singeth, ful merier than the papejay.  
'Yow love I best, and shal, and other  
noon.'

So longe aboute the aleyes is he goon. (1080)  
Til he was come agaynes thilke pyrie. 2325  
Wher-as this Damian sitteth ful myrie  
An heigh, among the freshe leves grene.

This fresshe May, that is so bright and  
shene,

Can for to syke, and seyde, 'allas, my  
syde!

Now sir,' quod she, 'for aught that may  
bityde, 2330

I moste han of the peres that I see,  
Or I mot dye, so sore longeth me

To eten of the smale peres grene. (1080)  
Help, for hir love that is of hevene quene!

I telle yow wel, a womman in my  
plyt 2335

May han to fruit so greet an appetyt,  
That she may dyen, but she of it have.'

'Allas!' quod he, 'that I ne had heer  
a knave

That coude clombe; alas! alas!' quod he,  
'That I am blind.' 'Ye, sir, no fors,'

quod she: 2340  
'But wolde ye vouche-sauf, for goddes  
sake,

The pyrie inwith your armes for to take,  
(For wel I woot that ye mistruste me)

Thanne sholde I clombe wel y-nogh,' quod  
she, (1100)

'So I my foot mighte sette upon your bak.'  
'Certes,' quod he, 'ther-on shal be no  
luk, 2346

Mighte I yow helpen with myn herte  
blood.'

Hestoupeh down, and on his bak she stood,  
And caughte hir by a twiste, and up she  
goth.

Ladies, I prey yow that ye be nat wrooth;  
I can nat glose, I am a rude man. 2351

And so deynty anon this Damian

Can pullen up the smok, and in he throng.  
And whan that Pluto sangh this grete  
wrong, (1110)

To Januarie he gaf agayn his sighte, 2355  
And made him see, as wel as ever he  
mighte.

And whan that he hadde caught his  
sighte agayn,

Ne was ther never man of thing so fayn.  
But on his wyf his thoght was evermo;

Up to the tree he caste his eyen two, 2360  
And sangh that Damian his wyf had  
dressed

In swich manere, it may nat ben ex-  
pressed

But if I wolde speke uncurteisly:  
And up he gaf a roring and a cry (1120)

As doth the moder whan the child shal  
dye: 2365

'Out! help! alas! harrow!' hegan to crye,  
'O stronge lady stene, what dostow?'

And she answerde, 'sir, what eyleth  
yow?

Have pacience, and reson in your minde.  
I have yow holpe on bothe your eyen  
blinde. 2370

Up peril of my soule, I shal nat lyen,  
As me was taught, to hele with your yen,

Was no-thing bet to make yow to see  
Than strugle with a man up-on a tree. (1130)

God woot, I dide it in ful good entente.'

'Strugle!' quod he, 'ye, algate in it  
wente! 2376

God yeve yow bothe on shames deeth to  
dyen!

He swyved thee, I saugh it with myne yen,  
And elles be I hanged by the hals!'

'Thanne is,' quod she, 'my medicyne  
al fals: 2381

For certainly, if that ye mighte see,  
Ye wolde nat seyn thise wordes un-to me.

Ye han som glimsing and no parfit sighte'  
'I see,' quod he, 'as wel as ever I  
mighte, (1140)

Thonked be god! with bothe myne eyen  
two, 2385

And by my trouthe, me thoughte he dide  
thee so.'

'Ye mase, mase, gode sire,' quod she,  
'This thank have I for I have maad yow  
see;

Allas!' quod she, 'that ever I was so kinde!'

'Now, dame,' quod he, 'lat al passe out of minde. 2390

Com down, my lief, and if I have missayd, God help me so, as I am yvel apayd.

But, by my fader soule, I wende han seyn, How that this Damian had by thee leyn,

And that thy smok had leyn up-on his brest.' (1151) 2395

'Ye, sire,' quod she, 'ye may wene as yow lest;

But, sire, a man that waketh out of his sleep,

He may nat sodeynly wel taken keep

Up-on a thing, ne seen it parfitly, Til that he be adawed verrailly; 2400

Right so a man, that longe hath blind y-be, Ne may nat sodeynly so wel y-see,

First whan his sighte is newe come ageyn, As he that hath a day or two y-seyn. (1160)

Til that your sighte y-satled be a while, Ther may ful many a sighte yow bigyle.

Beth war, I prey yow; for, by hevене king, 2407

Ful many a man weneth to seen a thing, And it is al another than it semeth.

He that misconceyveth, he misdemeeth.' And with that word she leep down fro the tree. 2411

This Januarie, who is glad but he?

He kisseth hir, and clippeth hir ful ofte, And on hir wombe he stroketh hir ful

softe, (1170)

And to his palays hoom he hath hir lad. Now, gode men, I pray yow to be glad. 2416

Thus endeth heer my tale of Januarie; God blesse us and his moder Seinte Marie!

Here is ended the Marchantes Tale of Januarie.

## EPILOGUE TO THE MARCHANTES TALE.

'Ei! goddes mercy!' seyle our Hoste tho, 'Now swich a wyf I pray god kepe me fro!

Lo, whiche sleighes and subtiltees 2421 In wommen been! for ay as bisy as bees

Ben they, us sely men for to deceyve, And from a sothe ever wol they weyve;

By this Marchauntes Tale it preveth weel. But douteles, as trowe as any steel 2426

I have a wyf, though that she povre be; But of hir tonge a labbing shrewe is she,

And yet she hath an heep of vyces mo; (11) Ther-of no fors, lat alle swiche things go.

But, wite ye what? in conseil be it seyde, Me reweth sore I am un-to hir teyd. 2432

For, and I sholde rekenen every vyce Which that she hath, y-wis, I were to

nyce, And cause why; it sholde reported be 2435

And told to hir of somme of this meynee; Of whom, it nedeth nat for to declare,

Sin wommen connen outen swich chaf-fare; (20)

And eek my wit suffyseth nat ther-to To tellen al; wherfor my tale is do.' 2440

## GROUP F.

## THE SQUIERES TALE.

## The Squire's Prologue.

'SQUIER, com neer, if it your wille be,  
And sey somewhat of love: for, certes, ye  
Connen ther-on as muche as any man.'  
'Nay, sir,' quod he, 'but I wol seye as I can  
With hertly wille; for I wol nat rebelle  
Agayn your lust; a tale wol I telle.  
Have me excused if I speke amis,  
My wil is good; and lo, my tale is this.'

## Here biginneth the Squieres Tale.

At Surray, in the land of Tartarye, (1)  
Ther dwelte a king, that werreyed Russye,  
Thurgh which ther deyde many a doughty  
man. 11  
This noble king was cleped Cambinskan.  
Which in his tyme was of so greet renoun  
That ther nas no-where in no region  
So excellent a lord in alle thing; 15  
Him lakked noght that longeth to a king.  
As of the secte of which that he was born.  
He kepte his lay, to which that he was  
sworn; (10)  
And ther-to he was hardy, wys, and riche,  
And tȝipitous and just, alwey y-liche; 20  
Sooth of his word, benigne and honourable,  
Of his corage as any centre stable;  
Yong, fresh, and strong, in armes desirous  
As any bachelor of al his hous.  
A fair persone he was and fortunat, 25  
And kepte alwey so wel royal estat,  
That ther was nowher swich another man.  
This noble king, this Tarte Cambinskan  
Hadde two sones on Elpheta his wyf, (21)  
Of whiche th'eldeste highte Algarsyf, 30  
That other sone was cleped Cambalo.  
A doghter hadde this worthy king also,  
That yongest was, and highte Canacee.  
But for to telle yow al hir beautee,

It lyth nat in my tonge, n' in my conning;  
I dar nat under'take so heigh a thing. 36  
Myn English eek is insufficient,  
It mooste been a rethor excellent, (30)  
That coude his colours longing for that art,  
If he sholde hir discryven every part. 40  
I am non swich, I moot speke as I can

And so bifel that, whan this Cambinskan  
Hath twenty winter born his diademe,  
As he was wont fro yere to yere, I deme,  
He leet the feste of his nativitee 45  
Don cryen thurghout Surray his citee,  
The last Idus of March, after the year.  
Phebus the sonne ful joly was and cleer:  
For he was neigh his exaltacioun (41)  
In Mares face, and in his mausoun 50  
In Aries, the colerik hote signe.  
Ful lusty was the weder and benigne,  
For which the foules, agayn the sonne  
shene,

What for the seson and the yonge grene.  
Ful loude songen hir affectionous; 55  
Hem semed han geten hem proteccioun.  
Agayn the sword of winter kene and cold.

This Cambinskan, of which I have yow  
told, (50)

In royal vestiment sit on his deys,  
With diademe, ful heighe in his paleys,  
And halt his feste, so solempne and so  
riche 61

That in this world no was ther noon il  
liche.

Of which if I shal tellen al th'array,  
Than wolde it occupye a someres day;  
And eek it nedeth nat for to devyse 65  
At every cours the ordre of hir servyse.  
I wol nat tellen of hir strange sowes, (59)  
Ne of hir swannes, ne of hir heronsewes.  
Eek in that lond, as tellen knightes olde,  
Ther is som mete that is ful deyntee holde,

That in this lond men recche of it but  
smal ; 71

Ther nis no man that may reporten al.  
I wol nat tarien yow, for it is pryne,  
And for it is no fruit but los of tyme ;  
Un-to my firste I wol have my recours. 75

And so bifel that, after the thridde cours,  
Why that this king sit thus in his nobleye,  
Herkynge his minstralles hir thinges  
pleye (70)

Biforn him at the bord deliciously,  
In at the halle-dore al sodeynly 80  
Ther cam a knight up-on a stede of bras,  
And in his hand a brood mirour of glas.  
Upon his thombe he hadde of gold a  
ring,

And by his syde a naked sword hanging ;  
And up he rydeth to the heighe bord. 85  
In al the halle ne was ther spoke a word  
For merveille of this knight ; him to bi-  
holde

Ful busily ther wayten yonge and olde  
This strango knight, that cam thus  
sodeynly, (81)

Al armed save his heed ful richely, 90  
Salueth king and queen, and lordes alle,  
By oordre, as they seten in the halle,  
With so heigh reverence and obeisaunce  
As wel in speche as in contenaunce,  
That Gawain, with his olde curteisye, 95  
Though he were come ageyn out of Fairye,  
Ne coude him nat amende with a word.  
And after this, biforn the heighe bord, (90)  
He with a manly voys seith his message,  
After the forme used in his langage, 100  
With-outen vyce of sillable or of lettre ;  
And, for his tale sholde seme the bettre,  
Accordant to his wordes was his chere,  
As techeth art of speche hem that it  
lere ;

Al-be-it that I can nat sonne his style, 105  
Ne can nat climben over so heigh a style,  
Yet seye I this, as to commune entente,  
Thus muche amounteth al that ever he  
mente, (100)

If it so be that I have it in minde.  
He seyde, 'the king of Arabie and of  
Inde, 110

My lige lord, on this solempne day  
Salueth yow as he best can and may,  
And sendeth yow, in honour of your feste,

By me, that am al redy at your hesto,  
This stede of bras, that esily and wel 115  
Can, in the space of o day naturel,  
This is to seyn, in foure and twenty houres,  
Wher-so yow list, in droghte or elles  
shoures, (110)

Beren your body in-to every place  
To which your herte wilnoth for to pace  
With-outen wem of yow, thurgh foul or  
fair ; 121

Or, if yow list to fleen as hye in the air  
As doth an egle, whan him list to sore,  
This same stede shal bere yow ever-more  
With-outen harm, til ye be ther yow  
leste, 125

Though that ye slepen on his bak or reste ;  
And turne ageyn, with wrything of a pin.  
He that it wroghte conde ful many a gin ;  
He wayted many a constellacioun (121)  
Er he had doon this operacioun ; 130  
And knew ful many a seel and many  
a bond.

This mirour eek, that I have in myn  
hond,  
Hath swich a might, that men may in it  
see

Whan ther shal fallen any adversitee  
Un-to your regne or to your-self also ; 135  
And openly who is your freend or foo.  
And over al this, if any lady bright  
Hath set hir herte on any maner wight,  
If he be fals, she shal his treson see, (131)  
His newe love and al his subtiltee 140  
So openly, that ther shal no-thing hyde.  
Wherfor, ageyn this lusty someres tyde,  
Thus mirour and this ring, that ye may see,  
He hath sent to my lady Canacee,  
Your excellento doghter that is here. 145

The vertu of the ring, if ye wol here,  
Is this ; that, if hir lust it for to were (139)  
Up-on hir thombe, or in hir purs it bere,  
Ther is no foul that fleeth under the  
hevene

That she ne shal wel understonde his  
stevene, 150  
And knowe his mening openly and pleyne,  
And answer him in his langage ageyn.  
And every gras that groweth up-on rote  
She shal eek knowe, and whom it wol do  
bote,

Al be his woundes never so depe and wyde,

This naked swerd, that hangeth by my  
syde, 156  
Swich vertu hath, that what man so ye  
smyte,  
Thurgh-out his armure it wol kerve and  
byte, (150)

Were it as thikke as is a branched ook;  
And what man that is wounded with the  
strook 160

Shal never be hool til that yow list, of  
grace,  
To stroke him with the platte in thilke  
place

Ther he is hurt: this is as muche to seyn  
Ye mote with the platte swerd ageyn  
Stroke him in the wounde, and it wol  
close; 165

This is a verray sooth, with-outen glose,  
It failleth nat whyl it is in your hold.'

And whan this knight hath thus his  
tale told, (160)

He rydeth out of halle, and doun helichte.  
His stede, which that shoon as sonne  
bryghte, 170

Stant in the court, as stille as any stoon.  
This knight is to his chambre lad anon,  
And is unarmed and to mete y-set.

The presents been ful royally y-fet,  
This is to seyn, the swerd and the mirour,  
And born anon in-to the heighe tour 176  
With certene officers ordeyned therfore;  
And un-to Canacee this ring was bore (170)  
Solempnely, ther she sit at the table.

But sikerly, with-outen any fable, 180  
The hors of bras, that may nat be renewed,  
It stant as it were to the ground y-glewed.  
Ther may no man out of the place it dryve  
For noon engyn of windas or polyve; 184  
And cause why, for they can nat the craft.  
And therefore in the place they han it  
laft

Til that the knight hath taught hem the  
manere

To voyden him, as ye shal after here. (180)

Greet was the prees, that swarmeth to  
and fro, 189

To gauren on this hors that stondeh so;  
For it so heigh was, and so brood and long,  
So wel proporcioned for to ben strong,  
Right as it were a stede of Lumbardye;  
Ther-with so horsly, and so quik of y8

As it a gentil Poileys courser were. 195

For certes, fro his tayl un-to his ere,  
Nature ne art ne coude him nat amende  
In no degree, as al the peple wende. (190)  
But evermore hir moste wonder was,  
How that it coude goon, and was of  
bras; 200

It was of Fairye, as the peple semed.  
Diverse folk diversely they demed;  
As many hedes, as many wittes ther been.  
They murmureden as dooth a swarm of  
been,

And inaden skiles after hir fantasies, 205  
Rehersinge of thise olde poetryes,  
And seyden, it was lyk the Pegasee,  
The hors that hadde winges for to flece; (200)  
Or elles it was the Grekes hors Synon,  
That broghte Troye to destruccion, 210  
As men may in thise olde gestes rede.

'Myn herte,' quod oon, 'is evermore in  
drede;

I trowe som men of armes been ther-inne,  
That shapen hem this citee for to winne.  
It were right good that al swich thing  
were knowe.' 215

Another rownded to his felawe lowe,  
And seyde, 'he lyeth, it is rather lyk  
An apparence y-maad by som magyk, (210)  
As jogelours pleyen at thise festes grete.'  
Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and  
trote, 220

As lewed peple demeth comunly  
Of thinges that ben maad more subtilly  
Than they can in her lewednes compre-  
hende;

They demen gladly to the badder ende.  
And somme of hem wondred on the  
mirour, 225

That born was up in-to the maister-tour.  
How men mighte in it swiche thinges see.  
Another answerde, and seyde it mighte  
wel be (220)

Naturally, by composicionns  
Of angles and of slye reflexiouns, 230  
And seyden, that in Rome was swich oon.  
They spoken of Alocen and Vitulon,  
And Aristotle, that writen in hir lyves  
Of queynte mirours and of prospectyves,  
As knowen they that han hir bokes herd.

And othere folk hanwondred on the  
swerd 236

That wolde percen thurgh-out every-thing;  
And fille in speche of Thelophus the king,  
And of Achilles with his queynte spere,  
For he coude with it bothe hele and dere,  
Right in swich wyse as men may with the  
sward (233) 241

Of which right now ye han your-selven  
herd.

They spoken of sondry harding of metal,  
And speke of medicynes ther-with-al,  
And how, and whanne, it sholde y-harded  
be; 245

Which is unknowe algates unto me.

The speke they of Canace's ring,  
And seyden alle, that swich a wonder  
thing (240)

Of craft of ringes herde they never non,  
Save that he, Moyses, and king Salomon  
Hadde a name of kounning in swich art. 251  
Thus seyn the peple, and drawn hem  
apart.

But natheles, somme seyden that it was  
Wonder to maken of fern-asshen glas,  
And yet nis glas nat lyk asshen of fern;  
But for they han y-knownen it so fern. 256  
Thertore cesseth her jangling and her  
wonder.

As sore wondren somme on cause of  
thonder, (250)  
On chile, on flood, on gossomer, and on  
mist. 250

And alle thing, til that the cause is wist.  
Thus jangle they and demen and devyse,  
Til that the king gan fro the bord aryse.

Phebus hath left the angle meridional,  
And yet ascending was the beest royal,  
The gentil Leon, with his Aldiran, 265  
Whan that this Tautre king, this Cam-  
binskan, (258)

Roos fro his bord, ther that he sat ful hye.  
To for him gooth the loude minstralcye,  
Til he cam to his chambre of parements,  
Ther as they sownen diverse instruments,  
That it is lyk an heven for to here. 271  
Now dauncen lusty Venus children dore,  
For in the Fish hir lady sat ful hye,  
And loketh on hem with a freendly y8.

This noble king is set up in his trone. 275  
This strange knight is fet to him ful sone,  
And on the daunce he gooth with Canacee.  
Heer is the revel and the jolitee (270)

That is nat able a dul man to devyse. 279  
He moste han knowen love and his servyse,  
And been a festlich man as fresh as  
May,

That sholde yow devysen swich array.

Who coude telle yow the forme of  
daunces,

So uncounte and so fresshe contenaunces,  
Swich subtil loking and dissimulinges 285  
For drede of jalouse mennes aperceyvinges?  
No man but Launcelot, and he is deed.

Therefor I passe of al this lustiheed; (280)  
I seye na-more, but in this jolynesse  
I lete hem, til men to the soper dresse. 290

The styward bit the spyces for to hye,  
And eek the wyn, in al this melodye.

The usshers and the squyers ben y-gooun;  
The spyces and the wyn is come anon.  
They ete and drinke; and whan this hadde  
an ende, 295

Un-to the temple, as reson was, they  
wende.

The service doon, they soupen al by day.  
What nedeth yow rehernen hir array? (290)  
Ech man wot wel, that at a kinges feeste  
Hath plentee, to the moste and to the  
leeste, 300

And deyntees mo than been in my  
knowing.

At-after soper gooth this noble king  
To seen this hors of bras, with al the ronte  
Of lordes and of ladyes him aboute.

Swich wondring was ther on this hors  
of bras 305

That, sin the grete sege of Troye was,  
Ther-as men wondreden on an hors also,  
No was ther swich a wondring as was tho.  
But fynally the king axeth this knight (300)  
The vertu of this courser and the might,  
And preyde him to telle his governaunce.

This hors anon bigan to trippe and  
danee, 312

Whan that this knight leyde hand up-on  
his reyne,

And seyde, 'sir, ther is na-more to seyne,  
But, whan yow list to ryden any-where, 315  
Ye moten trille a pin, stant in his ere,  
Which I shall telle yow bitwix vs two. (309)  
Ye mote nempne him to what place also  
Or to what contree that yow list to ryde, 319  
And whan ye come ther as yow list abyde,



Bidde him descende, and trille another pin,  
 For ther-in lyth the effect of al the gin,  
 And he wol down descende and doon your  
   wille;  
 And in that place he wol abyde stille,  
 Though al the world the contrarie hadde  
   y-swore; 325  
 He shal nat thennes ben y-drawe n y-  
   bore.

Or, if yow liste bidde him thennes goon,  
 Trille this pin, and he wol vanishe anon  
 Out of the sighte of every maner wight, (321)  
 And come agayn, be it by day or night, 330  
 When that yow list to clepen him ageyn  
 In swich a gyse as I shal to yow seyn  
 Bitwixe yow and me, and that ful sone.  
 Ryde whan yow list, ther is na-more to  
   done.'

Enformed whan the king was of that  
   knight, 335  
 And hath conceived in his wit aright  
 The maner and the forme of al this thing,  
 Thus glad and blythe, this noble doughty  
   king (330)

Repeireth to his revel as biforn.  
 The brydel is un-to the tour y-born, 340  
 And kept among his jewels leve and  
   dere.  
 The hors vanished, I noot in what manere,  
 Out of hir sighte; ye gete na-more of me.  
 But thus I lete in lust and lolitee  
 This Cambynskan his lordes festeyinge, 345  
 Til wel ny the day bigan to springe.

#### Explicit prima pars.

#### Sequitur pars secunda.

The norice of digestioun, the slepe,  
 Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken  
   kepe, (340)  
 That muchel drink and labour wolde han  
   reste;  
 And with a galping mouth hem alle he  
   keste, 350  
 And seyde, 'it was tyme to lye adoun,  
 For blood was in his dominacioun;  
 Cherisseth blood, natures freend,' quod  
   he.  
 They thanken him galpinge, by two, by  
   three,  
 And every wight gan drawe him to his  
   reste, 355

As slepe hem bad; they toke it for the  
   beste.

Hir dremes shul nat been y-told for me;  
 Ful were hir hedes of fumositee, (350)  
 That causeth drem, of which ther nis no  
   charge. 359

They slepen til that it was pryme large,  
 The moste part, but it were Canacee;  
 She was ful mesurable, as women be.  
 For of hir fader hadde she take leve  
 To gon to reste, sone after it was eve;  
 Hir liste nat appalled for to be, 365  
 Nor on the morwe untestlich for to see;  
 And slepte hir firste sleep, and thanne  
   awook. (359)

For swich a joye she in hir herte took  
 Both of hir queynte ring and hir mirour,  
 That twenty tyme she changed hir colour;  
 And in hir slepe, right for impressioun 371  
 Of hir mirour, she hadde a visioun.

Wherefore, er that the sonne gan up glyde,  
 She cleped on hir maistresse hir bisyde,  
 And seyde, that hir liste for to ryse. 375  
 These olde women that been gladly  
   wyse,

As is hir maistresse, answerde hir anon,  
 And seyde, 'madame, whider wil yo  
   goon (370)  
 Thus erly? for the folk ben alle on reste.'  
 'I wol,' quod she, 'aryse, for me leste 380  
 No leuger for to slepe, and walke aboute.'

Hir maistresse clepeth wommen a gret  
   route,

And up they ryson, wel a ten or twelve;  
 Up ryseth fresshe Canacee hir-selfe,  
 As rody and bright as dooth the yonge  
   sonne, 385

That in the Ram is four degrees up-ronne;  
 Noon hyer was he, whan she redy was;  
 And forth she walketh esily a pas, (380)  
 Arrayed after the lusty seson sote 389  
 Lightly, for to pleye and walke on fote;  
 Nat but with fyve or six of hir meynee;  
 And in a trench, forth in the park, goth  
   she.

The vapour, which that fro the erthe glood,  
 Made the sonne to seme rody and brood;  
 But natheless, it was so fair a sighte 395  
 That it made alle hir hertes for to lighte,  
 What for the seson and the morweninge,  
 And for the foules that she herde singe:

For right anon she wiste what they mente  
Right by hir song, and knewal hir entente.

The knotte, why that every tale is told,  
If it be taried til that lust be cold  
Of hem that han it after herkedn yore,  
The savour passeth ever lenger the more,  
For fulsomnesse of his prolixitee. 405  
And by the same reson thinketh me,  
I sholde to the knotte condescende,  
And maken of hir walking sone an  
cnde. (400)

Amidde a tree forhye, as whyt as chalk,  
As Canacee was playing in hir walk, 410  
Ther sat a faucon over hir heed ful hye,  
That with a pitous voys so gan to crye  
That all the wode resounded of hir cry.  
Y-beten hath she hir-self so pitously 414  
With bothe hir winges, til the rede blood  
Ran endelong the tree ther-as she stood.  
And ever in oon she cryde alwey and  
shrighte,

And with hir beek hir-selven so she  
prighte, (410)  
That ther nis tygre, ne noon so cruel  
beste,

That dwelleth either in wode or in foreste  
That nolde han wept, if that he wepe  
coude, 421  
For sorwe of hir, she shrighte alwey so  
loude.

For ther nas never yet no man on lyve—  
If that I coude a faucon wel diseryve—  
That herde of swich another of fairnesse,  
As wel of plumage as of gentillesse 426  
Of shap, and al that mighte y-rekened be.  
A faucon peregryn than semed she (420)  
Of fromde land; and evermore, as she  
stood,

She swowneth now and now for lakke of  
blood, 430

Til wel neigh is she fallen fro the tree.

This faire kinges doghter, Canacee,  
That on hir finger bar the queynte ring,  
Thurgh which she understood wel every  
thing

That any foul may in his ledene seyn, 435  
And coude answer him in his ledene  
ageyn,

Hath understonde what this faucon seyde,  
And wel neigh for the rewthe almost she  
deyde. (430)

And to the tree she gooth ful hastily,  
And on this faucon loketh pitously, 440  
And heeld hir lappe abroad, for wel she  
wiste

The faucon moste fallen fro the twiste,  
When that it swowned next, for lakke of  
blood.

A longe while to wayten hir she stood  
Till atte laste she spak in this manere 445  
Un-to the hauk, as ye shul after here.

'What is the cause, if it be for to telle,  
That ye be in this furial pyne of helle?'  
Quod Canacee un-to this hauk above. (441)  
'Is this for sorwe of deeth or los of love?  
For, as I trowe, thise ben causes two 451  
That causen moost a gentil herte wo;  
Of other harm it nedeth nat to speke.  
For ye your-self upon your-self yow wreke,  
Which proveth wel, that either love or  
drede 455

Mot been encheson of yowr cruel dede,  
Sin that I see non other wight yow chace.  
For love of god, as dooth your-selven grace  
Or what may ben your help; for west nor  
cest (451)

No sey I never er now no brid ne beest  
That ferde with him-self so pitously. 461  
Ye slee me with your sorwe, verraily;  
I have of yow so gret compassioun.  
For goddes love, com fro the tree adoun;  
And, as I am a kinges doghter trewe, 465  
If that I verraily the cause knewe  
Of your disece, if it lay in my might,  
I wolde amende it, er that it were night,  
As wisly helpe me gret god of kinde! (461)  
And herbes shal I right y-nowe y-finde  
To hele with your hurtes hastily.' 471

The shrighte this faucon more pitously  
Than ever she dide, and fil to grounde  
anoon,

And lyth aswowne, deed, and lyk a stoon,  
Til Canacee hath in hir lappe hir take 475  
Un-to the tyme she gan of swough awake.  
And, after that she of hir swongh gan  
breyde,

Right in hir haukes ledene thus she  
seyde:— (470)

'That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte,  
Feling his similitude in peynessmorte, 480  
Is preved al-day, as men may it see,  
As wel by werk as by auctoritee;

For gentil herte kytheth gentillesse.  
 I see wel, that ye han of my distresse  
 Compassioun, my faire Canacee, 485  
 Of verray womanly benignitee  
 That nature in your principles hath set.  
 But for non hope for to fare the bet. (480)  
 But for to obeie un-to your herte free,  
 And for to maken othir be war by me,  
 As by the whelp chasted is the leoun, 491  
 Right for that cause and that conclusioun,  
 Why! that I have a leyser and a space,  
 Myn harm I wol confessen, er I puco.  
 And ever, why! that oon hir sorwe tolde,  
 That othir weep, as she to water wolde,  
 Til that the faucon had hir to be stille;  
 And, with a syk, right thus she seyde hir  
 wille. (490) 498  
 'Ther I was bred (allas! that harde  
 day!)

And fostred in a roche of marbul gray  
 So tendrely, that nothing cyled me, 501  
 I niste nat what was adversitee,  
 Til I coude flee ful hye under the sky.  
 Tho dwelte a tercelet me faste by,  
 That semed welles of alle gentillesse; 505  
 Al were he ful of treson and falsnesse,  
 It was so wrapped under humble chere,  
 And under hewe of trouthe in swich  
 manere, (500)  
 Under plesance, and under bisy payne,  
 That no wight coude han wend he coude  
 feyne, 510  
 So depe in greyn he dyed his colouris.  
 Right as a serpent hit him under floures  
 Til he may seen his tyme for to byte,  
 Right so this god of love, this ypcorte,  
 Doth so his cerimonies and obeisaunces,  
 And kepeth in semblant alle his obser-  
 vances 516  
 That sowneth in-to gentillesse of love.  
 As in a tounbe is al the faire above, (510)  
 And under is the corps, swich as ye woot,  
 Swich was this ypcorte, bothe cold and  
 hoot, 520  
 And in this wyse he served his entente,  
 That (save the feend) non wiste what he  
 mente.  
 Til he so longe had wopen and com-  
 playned,  
 And many a yeer his service to me feyned,  
 Til that myn herte, to pitous and to nyce,

Al innocent of his crowned malice, 526  
 For-fered of his deeth, as thoughte me,  
 Upon his othes and his seuretee, (520)  
 Graunted him love, on this condicioun,  
 That evermore myn honour and renoun  
 Were saved, bothe privee and apert; 531  
 This is to seyn, that, after his desert,  
 I yaf him al myn herte and al my  
 thought—  
 God woot and he, that otherwyse noght —  
 And took his herte in chaunge for myn  
 for ay. 535  
 But sooth is seyde, gon sithen many a day,  
 "A trew wight and a theef thenken nat  
 oon."  
 And, whan he saugh the thing so fer  
 y-gooun, (539)  
 That I had graunted him fully my love,  
 In swich a gyse as I have seyde above, 540  
 And yeven him my trewe herte, as free  
 As he swoor he his herte yaf to me;  
 Anon this tygre, ful of doublenesse,  
 Fil on his knees with so devout hum-  
 blesse,  
 With so heigh reverence, and, as by his  
 clere, 545  
 So lyk a gentil lovers of manere,  
 So ravished, as it semed, for the joye.  
 That never Jason, ne Parys of Troye, (540)  
 Jason? certes, no non other man,  
 Sin Lameth was, that alderfirst bigan 550  
 To loven two, as writen folk biforn,  
 Ne never, sin the firste man was born,  
 Ne coude man, by twenty thousand part,  
 Countrefete the sophimes of his art;  
 Ne were worthy unbokele his galoche, 555  
 Ther doublenesse or feynyn sholde ap-  
 proche,  
 Ne so coude thanke a wight as he did me!  
 His maner was an leven for to see (550)  
 Til any woman, were she never so  
 wys;  
 So peynted he and kembde at point-devys  
 As wel his wordes as his contenaunce. 561  
 And I so lovede him for his obeisaunce,  
 And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,  
 That, if so were that any thing him  
 smerte,  
 Al were it never so lyte, and I it wiste, 565  
 Me thoughte, I felte deeth myn herte  
 twist.

And shortly, so ferforth this thing is  
went, (559)

That my wil was his willes instrument;  
This is to seyn, my wil obeyed his wil  
In alle thing, as fer as reson fil, 570  
Keping the boundes of my worship ever.  
Ne never hadde I thing so leef, ne lever,  
As him, god woot! ne never shal na-mo.

This lasteth longer than a yeer or two,  
That I supposed of him noght but good.  
But fynally, thus atte laste it stood, 576  
That fortune wolde that he moste twinne  
Out of that place which that I was inne.  
Wher me was wo, that is no questionn;  
I can nat make of it discripcioun; 580  
For o thing dar I tellen boldly, (573)  
I knowe what is the peyne of deth ther-by:  
Swich harm I felte for he ne mighte  
byleve.

So on a day of me he took his leve,  
So sorwefully eek, that I wende verraily  
That he had felt as muche harm as I, 586  
Whan that I herde him speke, and saugh  
his hewe. (579)

But natheless, I thoughte he was so trewe,  
And eek that he repara sholde ageyn  
With-inne a litel whyle, sooth to seyn: 590  
And reson wolde eek that he moste go  
For his honour, as ofte it happeth so,  
That I made vertu of necessitee,  
And took it wel, sin that it moste be.

As I best mighte, I hidde fro him my  
sorwe, 595

And took him by the hond, seint John to  
borwe,

And seyde him thus: "lo, I am youre al;  
Beth swich as I to yow have been, and  
shal." (590)

What he answerde, it nedre<sup>h</sup> noght re-  
herce,

Who can sey bet than he, who can do  
werse? 600

Whan he hath al wel seyde, thanne hath  
he doon.

"Therfor bihoveth him a ful long spoon  
That shal ete with a feend," thus herde  
I seye.

So atte laste he moste forth his weye,  
And forth he fleeth, til he cam ther him  
leste, 605

Whan it cam him to purpos for to reste,

I trowe he hadde thilke text in minde,  
That "alle thing, reperiing to his kinde,  
Gladeth him-self"; thus seyn men, as I  
gesse; (601)

Men loven of propre kinde newfangel-  
nesse, 610

As briddes doon that men in cages fede.  
For though thou night and day take of  
hem hede,

And strawe hir cage faire and softe as  
silk,

And yeve hem sugre, hony, breed and  
milk,

Yet right anon, as that his dore is uppe,  
He with his feet wol spurne adoun his  
cuppe, 616

And to the wode he wol and wormes ete;  
So newfangel been they of hir mete. (610)

And loven novelryes of propre kinde;  
No gentillesse of blood [ne] may hem  
binde. 620

So ferde this tercelet, allas the day!  
Though he were gentil born, and fresh  
and gay,

And goodly for to seen, and humble and  
free,

He saugh up-on a tyme a kyte flee.  
And sodeynly he loved this kyte so, 625

That al his love is clene fro me ago,  
And hath his trouthe falsed in this wyse;

Thus hath the kyte my love in hir ser-  
vyse, (620)

And I am lorn with-outen remedye!  
And with that word this faucon gan to  
crye, 630

And swowned eft in Canacees barme.  
Greet was the sorwe, for the haukes  
harme,

That Canacee and alle hir women made;  
They niste how they mighte the faucon  
glade, 634

But Canacee hom bereth hir in hir lappe,  
And softly in plastres gan hir wrappe,

Ther as she with hir beek had hurt hir-  
selve. (629)

Now can nat Canacee but herbes delve  
Out of the grounde, and make salves  
newe

Of herbes precious, and fyne of hewe, 640  
To helen with this hawk; fro day to night  
She dooth hir businesse and al hir might,

And by hir beddes heed she made a mewe,  
And covered it with veluëtes blowe,  
In signe of trouthe that is in wommen  
sene. 645

And al with-oute, the mewe is peynted  
grene,  
In which were peynted alle thise false  
foules, (639)

As beth thise tidifs, tercelets, and oules,  
Right for despyt were peynted hem bisyde,  
And pyes, on hem for to crye and chyd.

Thus lote I Canacee hir hauk keping;  
I wol na-more as now speke of hir ring,  
Til it come eft to purpos for to seyn  
How that this faucon gat hir love ageyn  
Repentant, as the storie telleth us, 655  
By mediacioun of Cambalus,  
The kinges sone, of whiche I yow tolde.  
But hennes-forth I wol my proces holde  
To speke of adventures and of batailles,  
That never yet was herd so grete mer-  
vailles. (652) 660

First wol I telle yow of Cambuskan,  
That in his tyme many a citee wan;  
And after wol I speke of Algarsyf,  
How that he wan Theodora to his wyf,  
For whom ful ofte in greet peril he was,  
Ne hadde he ben holpen by the stede of  
bras; 666

And after wol I speke of Cambalo,  
That faught in listes with the bretheren  
two (660)

For Canacee, er that he mighte hir winne.  
And ther I lefte I wol ageyn biginne. 670

Explicit secunda pars.

Incipit pars tercia.

Appollo whirleth up his char so hye,  
[T. om.  
Til that the god Mercurius hous the  
slye— [T. om.

(Unfinished)

Here folwen the wordes of the Frankelin  
to the Squier, and the wordes of the  
Host to the Frankelin.

'In feith, Squier, thou hast thee wel  
y-quit,

And gentilly I preise wel thy wit,'  
Quod the Frankeleyn, 'considering thy  
youth, 675

So feelingly thou spekest, sir, I allow  
the!

As to my doom, there is non that is  
here

Of eloquence that shal be thy pere,  
If that thou live; god yeve thee good  
chaunce, 679

And in vertu sende thee continuance!  
For of thy speche I have greet deyntee.

I have a sone, and, by the Trinite, (10)  
I hadde lever than twenty pound worth  
lond,

Though it right now were fallen in myn  
hond,

He were a man of swich discrecioun 685  
As that ye been! fy on possessioun  
But-if a man be vertuous with-al.

I have my sone snubbed, and yet shal,  
For he to vertu listeth nat entende;  
But for to pleye at dees, and to despende,  
And lese al that he hath, is his usage. 691  
And he hath lever talken with a page (20)  
Than to commune with any gentil wight.  
Ther he mighte lerne gentillesse aright.'

'Straw for your gentillesse,' quod our  
host; 695

'What, frankeleyn? pardee, sir, wel thou  
wost

That eche of yow mot tellen atte leste  
A tale or two, or breken his biheste.'

'That knowe I wel, sir,' quod the  
frankeleyn;

'I pray yow, haveth me nat in desdeyn  
Though to this man I speke a word or  
two.' 701

'Telle on, thy tale with-uten wordes  
mo.' (20)

'Gladly, sir host,' quod he, 'I wol obeye  
Un-to your wil; now herkneth what  
I seye.

I wol yow nat contrarien in no wyse 705  
As fer as that my wittes wol suffyse;

I prey to god that it may plesen yow,  
Than woot I wel that it is good y-now.'

## THE FRANKLIN'S PROLOGUE.

## The Prologe of the Frankeleyns Tale

Thus olde gentil Britons in hir dayes	I lerned never rethoryk certeyn ;
Of diverse aventures maden layes, 710	Thing that I speke, it moot be bare and
Rymeyed in hir firste Briton tonge ;	pleyn. 720
Which layes with hir instruments they	I sleep never on the mount of Pernaso,
songe, (40)	Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cithero. (50)
Or elles redden hem for hir plesaunce,	Colours ne knowe I none, with-oute
And oon of hem have I in remembraunce,	drede,
Which I shal seyn with good wil as I	But swiche colours as growen in the mode,
can, 715	Or elles swiche as men dye or peynte, 725
But, sires, by-cause I am a burel man,	Colours of rethoryk ben me to queynte ;
At my biginning first I yow biseche	My spirit feleth noght of swich matere.
Have me excused of my rude speche .	But if yow list, my tale shul ye here.

## THE FRANKELEYNS TALE.

## Here biginneth the Frankeleyns Tale.

In Armorik, that called is Britayne,	That prively she fil of his accord
Ther was a knight that loved and dide	To take him for hir housbonde and hir
his payne 730	lord,
To serve a lady in his beste wyse ;	Of swich lordshipe as men han over hir
And many a labour, many a greet emprise	wyves ;
He for his lady wroughte, er she were	And for to lede the more in blisse hir
wonne.	lyves, 744
For she was oon, the faireste under sonne,	Of his free wil he swoor hir as a knight,
And eek thereto come of so heigh kinrede,	That never in al his lyf he, day ne
That wel unnethes dorste this knight, for	night,
drede, 736	Ne sholde up-on him take no maistrye
Telle hir his wo, his peyne, and his	Agayn hir wil, ne kythe hir jalousye, (20)
distresse.	But hir obeye, and folwe hir wil in al
But atto laste, she, for his worthinesse, (10)	As any lover to his lady shal ; 750
And namely for his meke obeysunce,	Save that the name of soveraynetee,
Hath swich a pitee caught of his pen-	That wolde he have for shame of his
unce, 740	degree.

She thanked him, and with ful greet humblesse  
 She seyde, 'sire, sith of your gentillesse  
 Ye profe me to have so large a reyne, 755  
 Ne wolde never god bitwixe us tweyne,  
 As in my gilt, were outhere werre or stryf.  
 Sir, I wol be your humble trewe wyf, (30)  
 Have heer my trouthe, til that myn herte  
 breste'

Thus been they bothe in quiete and in reste. 760

For o thing, sires, sauſſy dar I seye,  
 That frendes everich other moot obeye,  
 If they wol longe holden companye.  
 Love wol nat ben constreyned by maist-  
 trye;

Whan maistrie comth, the god of love anon 765

Beteth hise winges, and farewell! he is gon!

Love is a thing as any spirit free;  
 Women of kinde desiren libertee, (40)

And nat to ben constreyned as a thral;  
 And so don men, if I soth seyen shal. 770  
 Loke who that is most pacient in love,  
 He is at his advantage al above.

Pacience is an heigh vertu certeyn;  
 For it venquisseth, as thise clerkes seyn,  
 Thinges that rigour sholde never atteyne.  
 For every word men may nat chydre or  
 playne. 776

Lerneth to suffre, or elles, so moot I goon,  
 Ye shul it lerne, wher-so ye wole or noon.  
 For in this world, certein, ther no wight  
 is, (51)

That he ne dooth or seith som-tyme amis.  
 Ire, siknesse, or constellacioun, 781

Wyn, wo, or chaunginge of complexioun  
 Causeth ful ofte to doon amis or spoken.

On every wrong a man may nat be wroken;  
 After the tyme, moste be temperaunce 785  
 To every wight that can on governaunce.  
 And therefore hath this wyse worthy  
 knight,

To live in ese, suffraunce hir bihight, (60)  
 And she to him ful wisly gan to swere  
 That never sholde ther be defeaute in here.

Heer may men seen an humble wys  
 accord; 791

Thus hath she take hir servant and hir  
 lord,

Servant in love, and lord in mariage;  
 Than was he bothe in lordship and  
 servage;

Servage? nay, but in lordshipe above, 795  
 Sith he hath bothe his lady and his love;  
 His lady, certes, and his wyf also,  
 The which that lawe of love acordeth to.  
 And whan he was in this prosperitee, (71)  
 Hoom with his wyf he gooth to his  
 contree, 800

Nat fer fro Penmark, ther his dwelling  
 was,

Wher-as he liveth in blisse and in solas.  
 Who conde telle, but he had wedded be,  
 The joye, the ese, and the prosperitee

That is bitwixe an housbonde and his wyf?  
 A yeer and more lasted this blisful lyf, 800  
 Til that the knight of which I speke of  
 thus,

That of Kayrrud was cleped Arveragus, (80)  
 Shoop him to goon, and dwelle a yeer or  
 tweyne

In Engelond, that cleped was eek Britayne,  
 To seke in armes worship and honour; 811  
 For al his lust he sette in swich labour.  
 And dwelled ther two yeer, the book seith  
 thus.

Now wol I stinte of this Arveragus,  
 And spoken I wole of Dorigene his wyf, 815  
 That loveth hir housbonde as hir hertes  
 lyf.

For his absence wepeth she and syketh,  
 As doon thise noble wyves whan hem  
 lyketh. (81)

She moorneth, waketh, wayleth, fasteth,  
 playneth; 819

Desyr of his presence hir so distreyneth,  
 That al this wyde world she sette at noght.  
 Hir frendes, whiche that knewe hir hevvy  
 thoght,

Conforten hir in al that ever they may.  
 They prechen hir, they telle hir night  
 and day,

That causeles she sleeth hir-self, alas! 825  
 And every confort possible in this cas  
 They doon to hir with al hir bisinesse,  
 Al for to make hir leve hir hevynesse. (100)

By proces, as ye known everichoon,  
 Men may so longe graven in a stoon, 830  
 Til som figure ther-inne emprented be.  
 So longe han they comforted hir, til she

Receyved hath, by hope and by resoun,  
Th'emprenting of hir consolacioun, 834  
Thurgh which hir grete sorwe gan aswage;  
She may nat alwey duren in swich rage.

And eek Arveragus, in al this care,  
Hath sent hir lettres hoom of his welfare,  
And that he wol come hastily agayn; (111)  
Or elles hadde this sorwe hir herte slayn.

Hir freendes sawe hir sorwe gan to  
slake, 841  
And preyede hir on knees, for goddes  
sake,

To come and romen hir in companye,  
Away to dryve hir derke fantasye.  
And finally, she graunted that requeste;  
For wel she saugh that it was for the  
beste. (118) 846

Now stood hir castel faste by the see,  
And often with hir freendes walketh she  
Hir to disporte up-on the bank an heigh,  
Wher-as she many a ship and barge seigh  
Sellinge hir cours, wher-as hem liste go;  
But than was that a parcel of hir wo.

For to hir-self ful ofte 'allas!' seith she,  
'Is ther no ship, of so manye as I see,  
Wol bringen hom my lord? than were  
myn herte 855

Al warisshe of his bittre peynes smerte.'  
Another tyme ther wolde she sitte and  
thinke,

And caste hir eyen downward fro the  
brinke. (130)

But whan she saugh the grisly rokkes  
blake,

For verray fere so wolde hir herte quake,  
That on hir feet she mighte hir noght  
sustene. 861

Than wolde she sitte adoun upon the  
grene,

And pitously in-to the see biholde,  
And seyn right thus, with sorweful sykkes  
colde:

'Eterne god, that thurgh thy purvey-  
aunce 865

Ledest the world by certain governaunce,  
In ydel, as men seyn, ye no-thing make;  
But, lord, thise grisly feendly rokkes  
blake, (140)

That semen rather a foul confusioun  
Of werk than any fair creaacioun 870  
Of swich a parfit wys god and a stable,

Why han ye wrought this werk unreson-  
able?

For by this werk, south, north, ne west,  
ne eest,

Ther nis y-fostred man, ne brid, ne beest;  
It dooth no good, to my wit, but anoyeth.  
See ye nat, lord, how mankinde it  
destroyeth? 876

An hundred thousand bodies of mankinde  
Han rokkes slayn, al be they nat in minde,  
Which mankinde is so fair part of thy  
werk (151)

That thou it madest lyk to thyn owene  
merk. 880

Than semed it ye hadde a greet chiertee  
Toward mankinde; but how than may  
it be

That ye swiche menes make it to de-  
stroyen,

Whiche menes do no good, but ever  
anoyen?

I woot wel clerkes wol seyn, as hem  
leste, 885

By arguments, that al is for the beste,  
Though I ne can the causes nat y-knowe.  
But tilke god, that made wind to blowe,  
As kepe my lord! this my conclusioun;  
To clerkes lete I al disputacioun. (162) 890  
But wolde god that alle thise rokkes blake  
Were sonken in-to helle for his sake!

Thise rokkes sleen myn herte for the fere.'  
Thus wolde she seyn, with many a pitous  
tere.

Hir freendes sawe that it was no disport  
To romen by the see, but discomfort; 896

And shopen for to playen somwher elles.  
They leden hir by riveres and by welles,  
And eek in othere places delitables; (171)  
They dauncean, and they playen at ches  
and tables. 900

So on a day, right in the morwe-tyde,  
Un-to a gardin that was ther biyde,  
In which that they had maad hir ordin-  
aunce

Of vitaille and of other purveyaunce,  
They goon and pleye hem al the longe  
day. 905

And this was on the sixte morwe of May,  
Which May had peynted with his softe  
shoures

This gardin ful of leves and of floures; (180)



And craft of mannes hand so curiously  
 Arrayed hadde this gardin, trewely, 910  
 That never was ther gardin of such prys,  
 But-if it were the veray paradys.

Th' odour of floures and the freshe sighte  
 Wolde han maad any horte for to lighte  
 That ever was born, but-if to gret sik-  
 nesse, 915

Or to gret sorwe helde it in distresse;  
 So ful it was of beautee with plesaunce.  
 At-after diner gonne they to daunce, (190)  
 And singe also, save Dorigen allone,  
 Which made alwey hir compleint and hir  
 mone; 920

For she ne saugh him on the daunce go,  
 That was hir housbonde and hir love also.  
 But natheles she moste a tyme abyde,  
 And with good hope lote hir sorwe slyde.

Up-on this daunce, amonges othere men,  
 Daunced a squyer biforen Dorigen, 926  
 That fresher was and jolyer of array,  
 As to my doom, than is the monthe of  
 May. (200)

He singeth, daunceth, passinge any man  
 That is, or was, sith that the world bigan.  
 Ther-with he was, if men sholde him  
 discryve, 931

Oon of the beste faringe man on-lyve,  
 Yong, strong, right vertuons, and riche  
 and wys,

And wel biloved, and holden in gret prys.  
 And shortly, if the sothe I tellen shal, 935  
 Unwiting of this Dorigen at al,

This lusty squyer, servant to Venus,  
 Which that y-cleped was Aurelius, (210)  
 Had loved hir best of any creature

Two yeer and more, as was his aventure,  
 But never dorste he telle hir his gre-  
 vance; 941

With-outen coppe he drank al his pen-  
 aunce.

He was despeyred, no-thing dorste he seye,  
 Save in his songes somewhat wolde he wroye  
 His wo, as in a general compleyning; 945  
 He seyde he lovede, and was biloved no-  
 thing. (218)

Of swich matere made he manye layes,  
 Songes, compleintes, roundels, vielayes,  
 How that he dorste nat his sorwe telle,  
 But languisheth, as a furie dooth in helle;  
 And dye he moste, he seyde, as dide Ekko

For Narcissus, that dorste nat telle hir wo.  
 In other manere than ye here me seye,  
 Ne dorste he nat to hir his wo biwreye;  
 Save that, paraventure, som-tyme at  
 daunces, 955

Ther yonge folk kepen hir observaunces,  
 It may wel be he loked on hir face

In swich a wyse, as man that asketh grace;  
 But no-thing wiste she of his entente. (231)

Nathelees, it happel, er they theunnes  
 wente, 960

By-cause that he was hir neighelour,  
 And was a man of worship and honour,  
 And hadde y-knownen him of tyme yore.  
 They fille in speche; and forth more and  
 more

Un-to his purpos drough Aurelius, 965  
 And whan he saugh his tyme, he seyde  
 thus:

'Madame,' quod he, 'by god that this  
 world made,

So that I wiste it mighte your herte  
 glade, (240)

I wolde, that day that your Arveragus  
 Went over the see, that I, Aurelius, 970  
 Had went ther never I sholde have come  
 agayn;

For wel I woot my service is in vayne.  
 My guerdon is but bresting of myn herte;  
 Madame, reweth upon my peynes smerte;  
 For with a word ye may me sleen or save,  
 Heer at your feet god wolde that I were  
 grave! 976

I ne have as now no leyser more to  
 seye;

Have mercy, swete, or ye wol do me deye!  
 She gan to loken up-on Aurelius: (251)

'Is this your wil,' quod she, 'and sey ye  
 thus?', 981

Never erst,' quod she, 'ne wiste I what  
 ye mente.

But now, Aurelie, I knowe your entente,  
 By thilke god that yaf me soule and lyf,  
 Ne shal I never been untrewed wyf 984

In word ne werk, as for as I have wit:  
 I wol ben his to whom that I am knit;

Tak this for fynal answer as of me.  
 But after that in pley thus seyde she: (260)

'Aurelie,' quod she, 'by heighe god  
 above, 989

Yet wolde I graunte yow to been your love,

Sin I yow see so pitously complayne;  
 Like what day that, ondelong Britayne,  
 Yermooove alle the rokkes, stoon bystoon,  
 That they ne lette ship ne boot to goon —  
 I seye, whan ye han maad the coost so  
 elene 995

of rokkes, that ther nis no stoon y-sene,  
 Than wol I love yow best of any man;  
 Have heer my trouthe in al that ever I  
 can.' (270)

'Is ther non other grace in yow?' quod he.  
 'No, by that lord,' quod she, 'that maked  
 me! 1000

For wel I woot that it shal never bityde.  
 Lat swiche folies out of your herte slyde.  
 What deyntee sholde a man han in his lyf  
 For to go love another mannes wyf,  
 That hath hir body whan so that him  
 lyketh?' 1005

Aurelius ful ofte sore syketh;  
 Wo was Aurelie, whan that he this herde,  
 And with a sorweful herte he thus an-  
 swerde: (280)

'Madame,' quod he, 'this were an im-  
 possible! 1009

Than moot I dye of sodein deth horrible.'  
 And with that word he turned him anon.  
 The come hir othere freendes many oon,  
 And in the aleyes rounded up and down,  
 And no-thing wiste of this conclusioun,  
 But sodeinly bigonne revel newe 1015  
 Til that the brighte sonne loste his hewe;  
 For th'orizonte hath rett the sonne his  
 light; (289)

This is as muche to seye as it was night.  
 And hoon they goon in joye and in solas,  
 Save only wrecche Aurelius, alas! 1020  
 Heto his hous is goon with sorweful herte;  
 He seeth he may nat fro his deeth asterte.  
 Him semed that he felte his herte colde;  
 Up to the hevене his handes he gan holde,  
 And on his knowes bare hesette him down,  
 And in his raving seyde his orisoun. 1026  
 For verray wo out of his wit he breyde.  
 He niste what he spak, but thus he seyde;  
 With pitous herte his pleynt hath he  
 bigonne (301)

Un-to the goddes, and first un-to the  
 sonne: 1030

He seyde, 'Appollo, god and governour  
 Of every plaunte, herbe, tree and flour,

That yevest, after thy declinacioun,  
 To ech of hem his tyme and his sesoun,  
 As thyn herberwe chaungeth lowe or hye,  
 Lord Phebus, cast thy merciable y<sup>e</sup>s 1036  
 On wrecche Aurelie, which that am bo hir  
 lorn. (309)

Lo, lord! my lady hath my deeth y-sworn  
 With-oute gilt, but thy benignitee 1039  
 Upon my dedly herte have som pitee!  
 For wel I woot, lord Phebus, if yow lest,  
 Ye may me helpen, save my lady, best.  
 Now voucheth sauf that I may yow devyse  
 How that I may been holpe and in what  
 wyse. 1044

Your blisful suster, Lucina the shene,  
 That of the see is chief goddesse and quene,  
 Though Neptunus have deitee in the see,  
 Yet emperesse aboven him is she: (320)  
 Ye knownen wol, lord, that right as hir  
 desyr 1049

Is to be quiked and lightned of your fyr,  
 For which she solweth yow ful bisily,  
 Right so the see desyrteth naturelly  
 To tolven hir, as she that is goddesse  
 Bothe in the see and riveres more and  
 lesse.

Wherefore, lord Phebus, this is my re-  
 queste— 1055

Do this miracle, or do myn herte breste—  
 That now, next at this opposicioun, (329)  
 Which in the signe shal be of the Leoun,  
 As preyeth hir so greet a flood to bringe,  
 That fyvefadme at the leeste it overspringe  
 The hyeste rokke in Armorik Briteyne;  
 And lat this flood endure yeres tweyne;  
 Than certes to my lady may I seye:  
 "Holdeth your heste, the rokkes been  
 awaye." 1064

Lord Phebus, dooth this miracle for me;  
 Preye hir she go no faster cours than ye;  
 I seye, preyeth your suster that she go  
 No faster cours than ye thise yeres two.  
 Than shal she been evene atte fülle alway.  
 And spring-flood laste bothe night and  
 day. (342) 1070

And, but she vouche-saufen swiche manere  
 To graunte me my sovereyn lady dera,  
 Prey hir to sinken every rok adoun  
 In-to hir owene derke regioun  
 Under the ground, ther Pluto dwalleth  
 inne, 1075

Or never-mo shal I my lady winne.  
 Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot seke;  
 Lord Phoebus, see the teres on my cheke,  
 And of my payne have som compassioun.  
 And with that word in swowne he fil  
 adoun, (352) 1080  
 And longe tyme he lay forth in a traunce.  
 His brother, which that knew of his  
 penaunce,  
 Up caughte him and to bedde he hath  
 him broght.  
 Dispeyred in this torment and this thoght  
 Lete I this woful creature lye; 1085  
 Chese he, for me, whether he wol live or  
 dye.  
 Arveragus, with hele and greet honour,  
 As he that was of chivalrye the flour, (360)  
 Is comen hoom, and othere worthy men.  
 O blisful artow now, thou Dorigen, 1090  
 That hast thy lusty housbonde in thyne  
 armes,  
 The fresshe knight, the worthy man of  
 armes,  
 That loveth thee, as his owene hertes lyf.  
 No-thing list him to been imaginatyf  
 If any wight had spoke, whyl he was  
 oute, 1095  
 To hire of love; he hadde of it no doute.  
 He noght entendeth to no swich matere,  
 But daunceth, justeth, maketh hir good  
 chere; (370)  
 And thus in joye and blisse I lete hem  
 dwelle,  
 And of the syke Aurelius wol I telle. 1100  
 In langour and in torment furious  
 Two year and more lay wrecche Aurelius,  
 Er any foot he mighte on erthe goon;  
 Ne confort in this tyme hadde he noon,  
 Save of his brother, which that was a clerk;  
 He knew of al this wo and al this werk.  
 For to non other creature certeyn 1107  
 Of this matere he dorste no word seyn.  
 Under his brest he bar it more secree (381)  
 Than ever dide Pamphilus for Galathee.  
 His brest was hool, with-oute for to sene,  
 But in his herte ay was the arwe kene.  
 And wel ye knowe that of a sursanure  
 In surgerye is perilous the cure,  
 But men mighte touche the arwe, or come  
 therby. 1115  
 His brother weep and wayled prively,

Til atte laste him fil in remembraunce,  
 That whyl he was at Orlens in Fraunce,  
 As yonge clerkes, that been likerous, (391)  
 To reden artes that been curious, 1120  
 Seken in every halke and every herne  
 Particular sciences for to lerne,  
 He him remembred that, upon a day,  
 At Orlens in studie a book he saw  
 Of magik naturel, which his felawe, 1125  
 That was that tyme a bachelor of lawe,  
 Al were he ther to lerne another craft.  
 Had prively upon his desk y-laft; (400)  
 Which book spak muchel of the opera-  
 ciouns,  
 Touchinge the eighte and twenty man-  
 sions 1130  
 That longen to the mone, and swich tolye,  
 As in our dayes is nat worth a flye;  
 For holy chirches feith in our bileve  
 Ne suffreth noon illusion us to greve.  
 And whan this book was in his remem-  
 braunce. 1135  
 Anon for joye his herte gan to daunce,  
 And to him-self he seyde prively:  
 'My brother shal be warissshed hastily;  
 For I am siker that ther be sciences, (411)  
 By whiche men make diverse apperences  
 Swiche as thise subtil tregetours pleye.  
 For ofte at festes have I wel herd seye,  
 That tregetours, with-inne an halle large,  
 Have maad come in a water and a barge,  
 And in the halle rowen up and down. 1145  
 Somtyme hath semed come a grim leoun,  
 And somtyme flouresprynge as in a mede,  
 Somtyme a vyne, and grapes whyte and  
 rede; (420)  
 Somtyme a castel, al of lym and stoon;  
 And whan hem lyked, voydyed it anon.  
 Thus semed it to every mannes sighte.  
 Now than conclude I thus, that if I  
 mighte 1152  
 At Orlens som old felawe y-finde,  
 That hadde this mones mansions in minde,  
 Or other magik naturel above, 1155  
 He sholde wel make my brother han his  
 love.  
 For with an apparence a clerk may  
 make  
 To mannes sighte, that alle the rokkes  
 blake (430)  
 Of Britaigne weren y-voiyed everichon,

And shippes by the brinke comen and  
gon, 1160

And in swich forme endure a day or two;  
Than were my brother warissled of his  
wo.

Than moste she nedes holden hir bileste,  
Or elles he shal shame hir atte leste.'

What sholde I make a lenger tale of  
this? 1165

Un-to his brotheres bed he comen is,  
And swich confort he yaf him for to gon  
To Orlens, that he up sturte anon, (440)  
And on his wey forthward thanne is ho  
fare,

In hope for to ben lissed of his care. 1170

Whan they were come almost to that  
citee,

But-if it were a two furlong or three,  
A yong clerk rominge by him-self they  
mette,

Which that in Latin thrittily hem grette,  
And after that he seyde a wonder thing:  
'I knowe,' quod he, 'the cause of your  
coming'; 1176

And er they ferther any fote wente, (449)  
He tolde hem al that was in hir entente.

This Briton clerk him asked of felawes  
The whiche that he had knowe in olde  
dawes; 1180

And he answerde him that they dede were,  
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

Doun of his hors Aurelius lighte anon,  
And forth with this magicien is he gon  
Hoom to his hous, and made hem wel at  
ese. 1185

Hem lakked no vitaille that mighte hem  
plese;

So wel arrayed hous as ther was oon  
Aurelius in his lyf saugh never noon. (460)

He shewed him, er he wente to sopeer,  
Forestes, parkes ful of wilde deer; 1190  
Ther saugh he hertes with hir hornes  
hye,

The gretteste that ever were seyn with yð.  
He saugh of hem an hondred slayn with  
houndes,

And somme with arwes blede of bitter  
woundes.

He saugh, whan voided were thise wilde  
deer, 1195

Thise fauconers upon a fair river,

That with hir haukes han the heron  
slayn.

Tho saugh he knyghtes justing in a playn;  
And after this, he dide him swich ple-  
saunce, (471)

That he him shewed his lady on a daunce  
On which him-self he daunced, as him  
thoughte. 1201

And whan this maister, that this magik  
wroughte,

Saugh it was tyme, he clapte his handes  
two,

And farowel! al our revel was ago.

And yet remoeved they never out of the  
hous, 1205

Why! they saugh al this sighte mervellous,  
But in his studie, ther-as his bookes be,  
They seten stille, and no wight but they  
three. (480)

To him this maister called his squyer,  
And seyde him thus: 'is redy our soper?  
Almost an houre it is, I undertake, 1211

Sith I yow bad our soper for to make,  
Whan that thise worthy men wenten  
with me

In-to my studie, ther-as my bookes be.'

'Sire,' quod this squyer, 'whan it lyketh  
yow, 1215

It is al redy, though ye wol right now.'

'Go we than soupe,' quod he, 'as for the  
beste;

This amorous folk som-tyme mote han  
reste.' (490)

At-after soper fille they in trettee,

What somme sholde this maistres guer-  
don be, 1220

To remoeven alle the rokkes of Britayne,  
And eek from Gerounde to the mouth of  
Sayne.

He made it straunge, and swoor, so god  
him save,

Lasse than a thousand pound he wolde  
nat have,

Ne gladly for that somme he wolde nat  
goon. 1225

Aurelius, with blisful herte anon,  
Answerde thus, 'fy on a thousand pound!  
This wyde world, which that men seye is  
round, (500)

I wolde it yeve, if I were lord of it. 1229  
This bargayn is ful drive, for we ben knit.

Ye shal be payed trewely, by my trouthe!  
But loketh now, for no necligence or  
slouthe,

Ye tarie us heer no longer than to-morwe.  
'Nay,' quod this clerk, 'have heer my  
feith to borwe.'

To bedde is goon Aurelius when him  
leste, 1235  
And wel my al that night he hadde his  
reste; (508)

What for his labour and his hope of blisse,  
His woful herte of penaunce hadde a lisse.

Upon the morwe, when that it was day,  
To Britaigne toke they the right way, 1240  
Aurelius, and this magicien bysyde,  
And been descended ther they wolde  
abyde;

And this was, as the bokes me remembre,  
The colde frosty seson of Decembre.

Phebus wex old, and hewed lyk latoun,  
That in his hote declinacioun 1246  
Shoon as the burned gold with stremes  
brighte; (519)

But now in Capricorn adoun he lighte,  
Wher-as he shoon ful pale, I dar wel seyn.  
The bittre frostes, with the sleet and reyn,  
Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd.  
Janus sit by the fyr, with double berd,  
And drinketh of his bugle-horn the wyn.  
Biforn him stant braun of the tusked  
swyn, 1254

And 'Nowel' cryeth every lusty man.

Aurelius, in al that ever he can,  
Doth to his maister chere and reverence,  
And preyeth him to doon his diligence  
To bringen him out of his peynes smerte,  
Or with a swerd that he wolde slitte his  
herte. (532) 1260

This subtil clerk swich routho had of  
this man,  
That night and day he spedde him that  
he can,

To wayte a tyme of his conclusioun;  
This is to seye, to make illusioun,  
By swich an apparence or jogelrye, 1265  
I ne can no termes of astrologye,  
That she and every wight sholde wene  
and seye, (539)

That of Britaigne the rokkes were aweye,  
Or elles they were sonken under grounde.  
So atte laste he hath his tyme y-founde

To maken his japes and his wrecched-  
nesso 1271

Of swich a supersticious cursednesse.  
His tables Toletanes forth he broght,  
Ful wel corrected, ne ther lakked noght,  
Neither his collect ne his expans yerres,  
Ne his rotes ne his othere geres, 1276  
As been his centres and his argument, 4,  
And his proporcionels convenients (550)

For his equacions in every thing.  
And, by his eghte spere in his wiking,  
He knew ful wel how for Alnath was  
shove 1281

Fro the heed of thilke fixe Aries above  
That in the ninthe speere considered is,  
Ful subtilly he calculed al this.

Whan he had founde his firste man-  
sioun, 1285

He knew the remenant by proporcoun.  
And knew the arysing of his mone  
weel,

And in whos face, and terme, and every-  
deed; (560)

And knew ful weel the mones mansioun  
Acordaunt to his operacioun, 1290  
And knew also his othere observaunces  
For swiche illusiouns and swiche mes-  
chaunces

As hethen folk used in thilke dayes;  
For which no longer maketh he delayes.

But thurgh his magik, for a wyke or  
tweye, 1295

It semed that alle the rokkes were aweye.

Aurelius, which that yet despaired is  
Wher he shal han his love or fare amys,  
Awateth night and day on this miracle;  
And whan he knew that ther was noon  
obstacle, (572) 1300

That voided were thise rokkes everichon,  
Down to his maistres feet he fil anon,  
And seyde, 'I woful wreccho, Aurelius,  
Thanke yow, lord, and lady myn Venus,  
That me han holpen fro my cares colde.'  
And to the temple his wey forth hath he  
holde, 1306

Wher-as he knew he sholde his lady see.  
And whan he saugh his tyme, anon-right  
he, (580)

With dredful herte and with ful humble  
chere,  
Salewed hath his sovereyn lady dere: 1310

'My righte lady,' quod this woful man,  
'Whom I most drede and love as I best  
can,

And lothest were of al this world displese,  
Nere it that I for yow have swich disece,  
That I moste dyen heer at your foot  
anon, 1315

Noght wolde I telle how me is wo bigon;  
But certes outhur moste I dye or pleyne,  
Ye slee me gilteles for verray payne. (590)  
But of my deeth, thogh that ye have no  
routhe,

Avyseth yow, or that ye breke your  
trouthe. 1320

Repenteth yow, for thulke god above,  
Er ye me sleen by-cause that I yow love.  
For, madame, wel ye woot what ye han  
light;

Nat that I chalange any thing of right  
Of yow my sovereyn lady, but your grace;  
But in a gardin yond, at swich a place,  
Ye woot right wel what ye bihighten me;  
And in myn hand your tronthe plighen  
ye (600)

To love me best, god woot, ye seyde so,  
Al be that I unworthy be therto. 1330  
Madame, I speke it for the honour of yow,  
More than to save myn hertes lyf right  
now;

I have do so as ye comanded me;  
And if ye vonche-sauf, ye may go see.  
Doth as yow list, have your biheste in  
minde, 1335

For quik or deed, right ther ye shul me  
finde;

In yow lyth al, to do me live or deye,—  
But wel I woot the rokkes been awaye!  
He taketh his love, and she astoned  
stood, (611)

In al hir face nas a droppe of blood; 1340  
She woude never lhan come in swich a  
trappe;

'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever this sholdo  
happe!

For woude I never, by possibilitee,  
That swich a monstre or merveille mighto  
be!

It is agayns the proces of nature:' 1345  
And hoom she gooth a sorweful creature.  
For verray fere unnethe may she go,  
She wepeth, wailleth, al a day or two, (620)

And swowneth, that it routhe was to see;  
But why it was, to no wight tolde she; 1350  
For out of tounne was goon Arveragus.

But to hir-self she spak, and seyde thus,  
With face pale and with ful sorweful  
chere,

In hir compleynt, as ye shul after here:

'Allas,' quod she, 'on thee, Fortune,  
I pleyne, 1355

That unwar wrapped hast me in thy  
cheyne;

For which, t'escape, woot I no socour  
Save only deeth or elles dishonour; (630)  
Oon of these two bihoveth me to chese.

But natheles, yet have I lever lese 1360  
My lyf than of my body have a shame,  
Or knowe my-selven fals, or lese my name,  
And with my deth I may be quit, y-wis.

Hath ther nat many a noble wyf, er  
this, 1364

And many a mayde y-slayn hir-self, *allas!*  
Rather than with hir body doon trespas?

Yis, certes, lo, these stories beren wit-  
nesse;

Whan thretty tyraunts, ful of cursed-  
nesse, (640)

Had slayn Phidoun in Athenes, atte feste,  
They comanded his doghtres for t'reste,  
And bringen hem biforn hem in despyt

Al naked, to fulfille hir foul delyt, 1372  
And in hir fadres blood they made hem  
daunce

Upon the pavement, god yove hem mis-  
chaunce!

For which thise woful maydens, ful of  
drede, 1375

Rather than they wolde lese hir mayden-  
hede,

They prively ben stirt in-to a welle,  
And dreynte hem-selven, as the bokes  
telle. (650)

They of Messene lete enquere and seke  
Of Lacedonie fifty maydens eke, 1380  
On whiche they wolden doon hir lecherie;  
But was ther noon of al that companye  
That she nas slayn, and with a good  
entente

Chees rather for to dye than assente  
To been oppressed of hir maydenhede. 1385  
Why sholdo I thanne to dye been in  
drede?

Lo, eek, the tiraunt Aristocledes (659)  
That loved a mayden, heet Stimphalides,  
Whan that hir fader slayn was on a night,  
Un-to Diances temple goth she right, 1390  
And hente the image in hir handes two,  
Fro which image wolde she never go.  
No wight ne mighte hir handes of it arace,  
Til she was slayn right in the selve place.  
Now sith that maydens hadden swich  
despyt 1395

To been defouled with mannes foul delyt,  
Wel oghte a wyf rather hir-selven slee  
Than be defouled, as it thinketh me. (670)

What shal I seyn of Hasdrubales wyf,  
That at Cartage birafte hir-self hir lyf?  
For whan she saugh that Romayns wan  
the toun, 1401  
She took hir children alle, and skippte  
adoun

In-to the fyr, and chees rather to dye  
Than any Romayn dide hir vileinye.

Hath nat Lucesse y-slayn hir-self,  
allas! 1405

At Rome, whanne she oppressed was  
Of Tarquin, for hir thoughte it was  
a shame

To liven whan she hadde lost hir name?

The sevene maydens of Milesie also (681)  
Han slayn hem-self, for verray drede and  
wo, 1410

Rather than folk of Gaule hem sholde  
opprese.

Mo than a thousand stories, as I gesse,  
Coude I now telle as touching this  
matere.

Whan Habradate was slayn, his wyf so  
dere

Hirselven slow, and leet hir blood to  
glyde 1415

In Habradates woundes depe and wyde,  
And seyde, "my body, at the leeste way,  
Ther shal no wight defoulen, if I may."

What sholde I mo ensamples heer-of  
sayn, (691) 1419

Sith that so manye han hem-selven slayn  
Wel rather than they wolde defouled be?

I wol conclude, that it is bet for me  
To sleen my-self, than been defouled thus.

I wol be trewe un-to Arveragus,  
Or rather sleen my-self in som manere,  
As dide Demociones doghter dere, 1426

By-cause that she wolde nat defouled be.  
O Cedasus! it is ful greet pitee, (700)  
To reden how thy doghtren deyde, alas!  
That slowe hem-selven for swich maner  
cas. 1430

As greet a pitee was it, or wel more,  
The Theban mayden, that for Nichanore  
Hir-selven slow, right for swich maner  
wo.

Another Theban mayden dide right so;  
For oon of Macedoine hadde hir oppressed,  
She with hir deeth hir maydenhede re-  
dressed. 1436

What shal I seye of Nicerates wyf,  
That for swich cas birafte hir-self hir lyf?

How trewe eek was to Alcebiades (711)  
His love, that rather for to dyen chees 1440  
Than for to suffre his body unburied be!  
Lo which a wyf was Alcesta, quod she.

'What seith Omer of gode Penalopee?

Al Grece knoweth of hir chastitee.

Pardee, of Laodomya is writen thus, 1445  
That whan at Troye was slayn Protho-  
selaus,

No longer wolde she live after his day.

The same of noble Porcia telle I may;  
With-oute Brutus coude she nat live, (721)  
To whom she hadde al hool hir herte  
give. 1450

The parfit wyfhood of Arthemese  
Honoured is thurgh al the Barbarye.

O Tenta, queen! thy wyfliche chastitee  
To alle wyves may a mirour be. 1454

The same thing I seye of Bilis, [T. om.  
Of Rodogone, and eek Valeria.] [T. om.]

Thus pleyned Dorigene a day or tweye,  
Purposinge ever that she wolde deye. (730)

But natheless, upon the thridde night,  
Hom cam Arveragus, this worthy knight,  
And asked hir, why that she weep so  
sore? 1461

And she gan wepen ever longer the more.  
'Allas!' quod she, 'that ever was  
I born!

Thus have I seyde,' quod she, 'thus have  
I sworn'—

And told him al as ye han herd bifore; 1465  
It nedeth nat reheree it yow na-more.

This housbond with glad chere, in  
frendly wyse,

Answerde and seyde as I shal yow devyse:

'Is ther oght elles, Dorigen, but this?' (741)

'Nay, nay,' quod she, 'god help me so,  
as wis; 1470

This is to mucche, and it were goddes willa.'

'Ye, wyf,' quod he, 'lat slopen that is  
stille;

It may be wel, paraventure, yet to-day.

Ye shul your trouthe holden, by my fay!

For god so wisly have mercy on me, 1475

I hadde wel lever y-stiked for to be,

For verray love which that I to yow have,

But-if ye sholde your trouthe kepe and  
save. (750)

Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man  
may kepe:—

But with that word he brast anon to  
wepe, 1480

And seyde, 'I yow forbode, up peyne of  
deeth,

That never, whyl thee lasteth lyf ne  
breeth,

To no wight tel thou of this aventure.

As I may best, I wol my vo endure,

Ne make no contenance of hevynesse, 1485

That folk of yow may demen harm or  
gesse.'

And forth he cleped a squyer and  
a mayde:

'Goth forth anon with Dorigen,' he  
sayde, (760)

'And bringeth hir to swich a place  
anon.'

They take hir leve, and on hir wey they  
gon; 1490

But they ne wiste why she thider wente.

He nolde no wight tellen his entente. (764)

Paraventure an heap of yow, y-wis,

[T. om.]

Wol holden him a lewed man in this,

[T. om.]

That he wol putte his wyf in jupartye;

[T. om.]

Herkneth the tale, er ye up-on hir crye.

[T. om.]

She may have bettre fortune than yow  
semeth; [T. om.]

And whan that ye han herd the tale,  
demeth. [T. om.]

This squyer, which that highte Aurelius,  
On Dorigen that was so amorous, (772) 1500  
Of aventure happed hir to mete

Amidde the toun, right in the quikkest  
strete,

As she was bound to goon the wey forth-  
right

Toward the gardin ther-as she had hight.

And he was to the gardinward also; 1505

For wel he spyed, whan she wolde go

Out of hir hous to any maner place.

But thus they mette, of aventure or  
grace; (780)

And he sawleth hir with glad entente,

And asked of hir whiderward she wente?

And she answerde, half as she were mad,

'Un-to the gardin, as myn housbond had.

My trouthe for to holde, allas! allas!'

Aurelius gan wondren on this cas,

And in his herte had greet compassioun

Of hir and of hir lamentacioun, 1510

And of Arveragus, the worthy knight,

That bad hir holden al that she had  
hight, (790)

So looth him was his wyf sholde breke  
hir trouthe;

And in his herte he caughte of this greet  
routhe, 1520

Consideringe the beste on every syde,

That fro his lust yet were him lever abyde  
Than doon so heigh a cherlish wrecched-  
nesse

Agayns franchyse and alle gentillesse;

For which in fewe wordes seyde he thus:

'Madame, seyth to your lord Arveragus,

That sith I see his grete gentillesse (800)

To yow, and eek I see wel your distresse,

That him were lever han shame (and that  
were routhe)

Than ye to me sholde breke thus your  
trouthe, 1530

I have wel lever over to suffre wo

Than I departe the love bitwix yow two.

I yow releasse, madame, in-to your hond

Quit every surement and every bond, 1534

That ye han maad to me as heer-bifrom,

Sith thilke tyme which that ye were born.

My trouthe I plighte, I shal yow never

repreve

Of no biheste, and here I take my leve,

As of the treweste and the beste wyf (811)

That ever yet I knew in al my lyf. 1540

But every wyf be-war of hir biheste,

On Dorigene remembreth atte leste.



Thus can a squyer doon a gentil dede,  
As well as can a knight, with-outen drede.'

She thonketh him up-on hir knees al  
bare, 1545

And hoom un-to hir housbond is she fare,  
And tolde him al as ye han herd me sayd;  
And be ye siker, he was so weel apayd, (820)  
That it were impossible me to wryte;

What sholde I lenger of this cas andyto?

Arveragus and Dorigene his wyf 1551  
In sovereyn blisse leden forth hir lyf.

Never eft ne was ther angre hem bitwene;  
He cherisseth hir as though she were  
a quene; 1554

And she was to him trewe for evermore.  
Of thise two folk ye gete of me na-more.

Aurelius, that his cost hath al forlorn,  
Curseth the tyme that ever he was born:  
'Allas,' quod he, 'allas! that I bihighte  
Of pure gold a thousand pound of  
wighte (832) 1560

Un-to this philosopre! how shal I do?  
I see na-more, but that I am fordo.

Myn heritage moot I nedes selle,  
And been a begger; heer may I nat  
dwelle,

And shamen al my kinrede in this place,  
But I of him may gete bettre grace. 1566

But natheless, I wol of him assaye, (839)  
At certeyn dayes, yeer by yeer, to paye,

And thanke him of his grete curteisye;  
My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol nat lye.' 1570

With herte soor he gooth un-to his cofre,  
And broghte gold un-to this philosopre,  
The value of fyve hundred pound, I gesse,  
And him bisecheth, of his gentillesse,  
To graunte him dayes of the romenaunt,  
And seyde, 'maister, I dar wel make  
avant, 1576

I failed never of my trouthe as yit;  
For sikerly my dette shal be quit (850)

Towards yow, how-ever that I fare  
To goon a-begged in my kirtle bare. 1580

But wolde ye vouches-saunf, up-on seurttee,  
Two yeer or three for to respyten me,

Than were I wel; for elles moot I selle  
Myn heritage; ther is na-more to telle.'

This philosopre sobely answerde, 1585

And seyde thus, whan he thise wordes  
herde: (858)

'Have I nat holden covenant un-to thee?'

'Yes, certes, wel and trewely,' quod he.

'Hastow nat had thy lady as thee lyketh?'

'No, no,' quod he, and sorwefully he  
syketh. 1590

'What was the cause? tel me if thou can.'

Aurelius his tale anon bigan,

And tolde him al, as ye han herd bifore;  
It nedeth nat to yow reherte it more.

He soide, 'Arveragus, of gentillesse, 1595  
Had lever dye in sorow and in distresse

Than that his wyf were of hir trouthe  
fals.' (860)

The sorwe of Dorigene he tolde him al,  
How looth hir was to been a wikked wyf,

And that she lever had lost that day hir  
lyf, 1600

And that hir trouthe she swoor, thurgh  
innocence:

'She never erst herde speke of apparence;  
That made me han of hir so greet pitee.

And right as frely as he sente hir me,  
As frely sente I hir to him ageyn. 1605

This al and som, ther is na-more to seyn.'

This philosopre answerde, 'leve  
brother,

Everich of yow dide gentilly til other. (880)  
Thou art a squyer, and he is a knight;

But god forbode, for his blisful might, 1610  
But-if a clerk coude doon a gentil dede

As well as any of yow, it is no drede!

Sire, I relese thee thy thousand pound,  
As thou right now were copen out of the  
ground, 1614

No never er now ne haddest known me.  
For sire, I wol nat take a peny of thee

For al my craft, ne noght for my travaille.  
Thou hast y-payd wel for my vitaillo; (890)

It is y-nogh, and farewel, have good day!'  
And took his hors, and forth he gooth  
his way. 1620

Lordinges, this question wolde I aske  
now,

Which was the moste free, as thynketh yow?  
Now telleth me, er that ye further wende.

I can na-more, my tale is at an ende. (896)

Here is ended the Frankeleyns Tale.

\* \* The six lines, numbered 11929-34 in Tyrwhitt's text, are spurious; for his  
ll. 11935-1202, see pp. 551-564; for ll. 12903-15468, see pp. 492-551

## GROUP G.

## THE SECONDE NONNES TALE.

## The Prologe of the Seconde Nonnes Tale.

THE minstre and the noyce un-to vyces,  
Which that men clepe in English ydel-  
nesse,

That porter of the gate is of delycees,  
Teschue, and by hir contrarie hir op-  
presse,

That is to seyn, by leueful bisnesse, 5  
Wel oughten we to doon al our entente,  
Lest that the feend thurgh ydelnesse us  
hente,

For he, that with his thousand cordes slye  
Continuclly us waiteth to bielappe,  
Whan he may man in ydelnesse espye, to  
He can so lightly cacche him in his trappe,  
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe,  
He nis nat war the feend hath him in  
honde;

Wel oughte us werche, and ydelnes with-  
stoude.

And though men draalden never for to dye,  
Yet seen men wel by reson douteless, 16  
That ydelnesse is roten slogardyng,  
Of which ther never comth no good  
encrees;

And seen, that slouthe hir holdeth in  
a leas

Only to slepe, and for to ete and drinke,  
And to deuouren al that othere swinke. 21

And for to putte us fro swich ydelnesse,  
That cause is of so greet confusioun,  
I haue heer doon my feithful bisnesse,  
After the legende, in translacioun 25  
Right of thy glorious lyf and passioun,  
Thou with thy gerland wrought of rose  
and lillie;

Thee mene I, mayde and martir, seint  
Cecillie!

*Inuocacio ad Mariam.*

AND thou that flour of virgines art alle,  
Of whom that Bernard list so wel to  
wryte, 30

To thee at my beginning first I calle;  
Thou comfort of us wrecches, do me  
endyte

Thy maydens deeth, than wan thurgh hir  
meryte

The eternal lyf, and of the feend victorie,  
As man may after reden in hir storie. 35

Thou mayde and mooder, doghter of thy  
sone,

Thou welde of mercy, sinful soules cure,  
In whom that god, for bountee, chees to  
wone,

Thou humble, and leigh over every  
creature,

Thou nobledest so ferforth our nature, 40  
That no desdeyn the maker hadde of  
kinde,

His sone in blode and flesh to clothe and  
winde.

Withinne the cloistre blisful of thy aydes  
Took mannes shap the eternal love and  
pees,

That of the tryne compas lord and gyde  
is, 45

Whom erthe and see and heven, ont of  
roless,

Ay herien; and thou, virgin wemmelees,  
Bar of thy body, and dweltest mayden  
puro,

The creatour of every creature.

Assembled is in thee magnificence 50

With mercy, goodnesse, and with swich  
pitee

That thou, that art the sonne of excellence,  
 Nat only helpest hem that preyen thee,  
 But ofte tyme, of thy benignitee, 54  
 Ful frely, er that men thyn help biseche,  
 Thou goost biforn, and art hir lyves leche.

Now help, thou meke and blisful fayre mayde,  
 Me, flemed wrecche, in this dosert of gulle;  
 Think on the womman Canacee, that sayde  
 That whelpes eten somme of the crommes alle 60  
 That from hir lordes table been y-falle;  
 And though that I, unworthy sone of Eve,  
 Be sinful, yet accepte my bileve.

And, for that feith is deed with-outen werkes,  
 So for to werken yif me wit and space, 65  
 That I be quit fro thennes that most derk is!  
 O thou, that art so fayr and ful of grace,  
 Be myn advocat in that heighe place  
 Ther-as withouten ende is songe 'Osanne,'  
 Thou Cristes mooder, doghter dere of Anne! 70

And of thy light my soule in prison lighte,  
 That troubled is by the contagioun  
 Of my body, and also by the wighte  
 Of erthly luste and fals affeccioun;  
 O haven of refut, o salvacioun 75  
 Of hem that been in sorwe and in distresse,  
 Now help, for to my werk I wol me dresse.

Yet preye I yow that reden that I wryte,  
 Foryeve me, that I do no diligence  
 This ilke storie subtilly to endyte; 80  
 For both have I the wordes and sentence  
 Of him that at the seintes reverence  
 The storie wroot, and folwe hir legende,  
 And prey yow, that ye wol my werk amende.

*Interpretacio nominis Cecilie, quam ponit  
 frater Iacobus Ianuensis in Legenda Aurea.*

Furst wolde I yow the name of seint Cecilie 85  
 Expounre, as men may in hir storie see,

It is to seye in English 'hevenes lillie,'  
 For pure chastnesse of virginitee;  
 Or, for she whytnesse hadde of honostee,  
 And grene of conscience, and of good fame 90  
 The sote savour, 'lillie' was hir name.

Or Cecile is to seye 'the way to blinde,'  
 For she ensample was by good techinge;  
 Or elles Cecile, as I writen finde,  
 Is joyned by a maner conjoininge 95  
 Of 'hevene' and 'Lia'; and hoer, in figuringe,  
 The 'heven' is set for thought of holinesse,  
 And 'Lia' for hir lasting bisinesse.

Cecile may eek be seyed in this manere,  
 'Wanting of blindnesse,' for hir grote light 100  
 Of sapience, and for hir thewes clere;  
 Or elles, lo! this maydens name bright  
 Of 'hevene' and 'leos' comth, for which by right  
 Men mighte hir wel 'the heven of peple' calle, 104  
 Ensamplre of gode and wyse werkes alle.

For 'leos' 'peple' in English is to seye,  
 And right as men may in the hevene see  
 The sonne and mone and sterres every weye,  
 Right so men gostly, in this mayden free,  
 Seyen of feith the magnanimitie, 110  
 And eek the cleernesse hool of sapience,  
 And sondry werkes, brighte of excellence.

And right so as thise philosophres wryte  
 That heven is swift and round and eek brenninge,  
 Right so was fayre Cecilie the whyte 115  
 Ful swift and bisy ever in good workinge.  
 And round and hool in good perseveringe,  
 And brenning ever in charitee ful brighte,  
 Now have I yow declared what she highte.

*Explicit.*

Here biginneth the Seconde Nonnes Tale, of the lyf of Seinte Cecile.

This mayden bright Cecilie, as hir lyf seith, 120  
 Was comen of Romayns, and of noble kinde,

And from hir cradel up fostred in the  
feith

Of Crist, and bar his gospel in hir minde;  
She never cessed, as I writen finde,  
Of hir prayere, and god to love and drede,  
Biseking him to kepe hir maydenhede. 126

And when this mayden sholde unto a man  
Y-wedded be, that was ful yong of age,  
Which that y-cleped was Valerian,  
And day was comen of hir mariage, 130  
She, ful devout and humble in hir corage,  
Under hir robe of gold, that sat ful fayre,  
Had next hir flesh y-clad hir in an heyre.

And whyl the organs maden melodye,  
To god alone in herte thus sang she; 135  
'O lord, my soule and eek my body gye  
Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be.'  
And, for his love that deyde upon a tree,  
Every seconde or thridde day she faste,  
Ay biddinge in hir orisons ful faste. 140

The night cam, and to bedde moste she  
gon

With hir housbonde, as ofte is the manere,  
And prively to him she seyde anon,  
'O swete and wel biloved spouse dere,  
Ther is a conseil, and ye wolde it here,  
Which that right fain I wolde unto yow  
seye, 146  
So that ye swore ye shul me nat biwreye.'

Valerian gan faste unto hir swere,  
That for no eas, ne thing that mighte be,  
He sholde never-mo biwreyn here; 150  
And thanne at erst to him thus seyde she,  
'I have an angel which that loveth me,  
That with greet love, wher-so I wake or  
slepe,  
Is redy ay my body for to kepe. 154

And if that he may felen, out of drede,  
That ye me touche or love in vileinye,  
He right anon wol slee yow with the dede,  
And in your yowthe thus ye shulden dye;  
And if that ye in clene love me gye,  
He wol yow loven as me, for your clen-  
nesse, 160  
And shewen yow his joye and his bright-  
nesse.'

Valerian, corrected as god wolde,  
Answerde agayn, 'if I shal trusten thee,  
Lat me that angel see, and him biholde;  
And if that it a verray angel be, 165  
Than wol I doon as thou hast preyed me;  
And if thou love another man, for sothe  
Right with this swerd than wol I slee yow  
botlie.'

Cecile answerde anon right in this wyse,  
'If that yow list, the angel shul ye see, 170  
So that ye trowe on Crist and yow bap-  
tyse.

Goth forth to Via Apia,' quod she,  
'That fro this toun ne stant but myles  
three,

And, to the povre folkes that ther dwelle,  
Sey hem right thus, as that I shal yow  
telle. 175

Telle hem that I, Cecile, yow to hem sente,  
To shewen yow the gode Urban the olde,  
For secree nodes and for good entente.

And whan that ye seint Urban han bi-  
holde,

Telle him the wordes whiche I to yow  
tolde; 180

And whan that he hath purged yow fro  
sinne,  
Thanne shul ye see that angel, er ye  
twinne.'

Valerian is to the place y-gon,  
And right as him was taught by his  
lerninge,

He fond this holy olde Urban anon 185  
Among the seintes buriels lotinge.

And he anon, with-uten taryinge,  
Dide his message; and whan that he it  
tolde,

Urban for joye his hondes gan up holde.

The teres from his yȝn leet he falle— 190  
'Almighty lord, O Jesu Crist,' quod he,  
'Sower of chast conseil, herde of us alle,  
The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee  
That thou hast sowe in Cecile, tak to thee!  
Lo, lyk a bisy bee, with-uten gyle, 195  
Thee serveth ay thyn owene thral Cecile!

For thilke spouse, that she took but now  
Ful lyk a fiers leoun, she sendeth here,

As meke as ever was any lamb, to yow !'  
 And with that worde, anon ther gan  
 appere 200  
 An old man, clad in whyte clothes clere,  
 That hadde a book with lettre of golde in  
 honde,  
 And gan biforn Valerian to stonde.

Valerian as deed fil down for drede  
 Whan he him saugh, and he up hente  
 him tho, 205  
 And on his book right thus he gan to  
 rede—

'Oo Lord, oo feith, oo god with-outen mo,  
 Oo Cristendom, and fader of alle also,  
 Aboven alle and over al everywhere'—  
 Thise wordes al with gold y-written were.

Whan this was rad, than seyde this olde  
 man, 211  
 'Levestow this thing or no? sey ye or  
 nay.'

'I leve al this thing,' quod Valerian,  
 'For sother thing than this, I dar wel say,  
 Under the hevene no wight thinke may.'  
 The vanished th'olde man, he niste  
 where, 216  
 And pope Urban him cristened right  
 there.

Valerian goth hoom, and fint Cecilie  
 With-inne his chambre with an angel  
 stonde;  
 This angel hadde of roses and of lillie 220  
 Corones two, the which he bar in honde;  
 And first to Cecile, as I understonde,  
 He yaf that oon, and after gan he take  
 That other to Valerian, hir make.

'With body clene and with unwemmed  
 thoght 225  
 Kepeth ay wel thise corones,' quod he;  
 'Fro Paradys to yow have I hem broght,  
 Ne never-mo ne shal they roten be,  
 Ne less her sote savour, trusteth me;  
 Ne never wight shal seen hem with his yē,  
 But he be chaast and hate vileinyē. 231

And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone  
 Assentedost to good conseil also,  
 Sey what thee list, and thou shalt han  
 thy bone.'

'I have a brother,' quod Valerian tho, 235  
 'That in this world I love no man so.  
 I pray yow that my brother may han  
 grace  
 To knowe the trouthe, as I do in this  
 place.'

The angel seyde, 'god lyketh thy requeste,  
 And bothe, with the palm of martirdom,  
 Ye shullen come unto his blisful feste.'  
 And with that word Tiburce his brother  
 com.  
 And whan that he the savour undernom  
 Which that the roses and the lilies casto,  
 With-inne his herte he gan to wondre  
 faste, 245

And seyde, 'I wondre, this tyme of the  
 yeer,  
 Whennes that sote savour cometh so  
 Of rose and lilies that I smelle heer.  
 For though I hadde hem in myn hondes  
 two, 249  
 The savour mighte in me no depper go.  
 The sote smel that in myn herte I finde  
 Hath chaunged me al in another kinde.'

Valerian seyde, 'two corones han we,  
 Snow-whyte and rose-red, that shynen  
 clere,  
 Whiche that thyn yēn han no might to  
 see; 255  
 And as thou smellest hem thurgh my  
 preyere,  
 So shaltow seen hem, leve brother dere,  
 If it so be thou wolt, withouten slouthē,  
 Bileve aright and knowen verray trouthe.'

Tiburce answerde, 'seistow this to me 260  
 In soothnesse, or in dreem I herkne this?'  
 'In dremes,' quod Valerian, 'han we be  
 Unto this tyme, brother myn, y-wis.  
 But now at erst in trouthe our dwelling is.'  
 'How woostow this,' quod Tiburce, 'in  
 what wyse?' 265  
 Quod Valerian, 'that shal I thee devyse.

The angel of god hath me the trouthe  
 y-taught  
 Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wolt  
 reneye

The ydoles and be clene, and elles  
naught.— 269

And of the miracle of these coronestweye  
Seint Ambrose in his preface list to seye,  
Solempnely this noble doctour dere  
Commendeth it, and seith in this manere:

The palm of martirdom for to receyve,  
Seinte Cecile, fulfild of goddes yifte, 275  
The world and eek hir chambro gan she  
weyve;

Witnes Tyburece and Valerians shritte,  
To whiche god of his bountee wolde  
shifte

Corones two of floures wel smellinge,  
And made his angel hem the corones  
hinge: 280

The mayde hath broght these men to  
blisse above;

The world hath wist what it is worth,  
certeyn,

Devocioun of chastitee to love.—

Thou shewed him Cecile al open and pleyn  
That alle ydoles nis but a thing in veyn;  
For they been dombe, and therto they  
been deye, 286

And charged him his ydoles for to leve.

'Who so that troweth nat this, a beste  
he is,'

Quod the Tiburce, 'if that I shal nat lye.'  
And she gan kisse his brest, that heide  
this, 290

And was ful glad he coude trouthe espye.

'This day I take thee for myn allye,'  
Seide this blisful fayre mayde dere;  
And after that she seide as ye may here:

'Lo, right so as the love of Crist,' quod  
she, 295

'Made me thy brotheres wyf, right in  
that wyse

Anon for myn allye heer take I thee,  
Sin that thou wolt thyn ydoles despyse.  
Go with thy brother now, and thee bap-  
tyse,

And make thee clene; so that thou mowe  
biholde 300

The angels face of which thy brother  
tolde.'

Tiburce answerde and seyde, 'brother  
dere,

First tel me whider I shal, and to what  
man?'

'To whom?' quod he, 'com ferth with  
right good chere,

I wol thee lede unto the pope Urban.' 305  
'Til Urban? brother myn Valerian,'

Quod the Tiburce, 'woltow me thider lede?  
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne menestow nat Urban,' quod he tho,  
'That is so ofte dampned to be deed, 310

And woneth in hales alwey to and fro,  
And dar nat ones putte forth his heed?

Men sholde him brennen in a fyr so reed  
If he were founde, or that men mighte him  
spyre;

And we also, to bere him companye— 315

And whyl we seken thilke divinitee

That is y-hid in hevене prively,  
Algate y-brend in this world shal we be.'

To whom Cecile answerde boldly, 319  
'Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully

This lyf to lese, myn owene dere brother,  
If this were livinge only and non other.

But ther is better lyf in other place,  
That never shal be lost, ne drede thee  
noght,

Which goddes sone us tolde thurgh his  
grace; 325

That fadres sone hath alle thinges wrought;  
And al that wrought is with a skilful thoght,  
The goost, that fro the fader gan procede,  
Hath sowled hem, withouten any drede.

By word and by miracle goddes sone, 330  
Whan he was in this world, declared here  
That ther was other lyf ther men may  
wone.'

To whom answerde Tiburce, 'O suster dere,  
Ne seydestow right now in this manere,  
Ther nis but o god, lord in soothfastnesse;  
And now of thre how maystow bere  
witnesse?' 336

'That shal I telle,' quod she, 'er I go.  
Right as a man hath sapienes three,  
Memorie, engyn, and intellect also,  
So, in o being of divinitee, 340

Three persones may ther right wel be,  
 Tho gan she him ful bisily to preche  
 Of Cristes come and of his paynes teche,

And many pointes of his passioun ;  
 How goddes sone in this world was with-  
 holde, 345  
 To doon mankinde pleyn remissioun,  
 That was y-bounde in sinne and cares  
 colde :

Al this thing she unto Tiburce tolde.  
 And after this Tiburce, in good entente,  
 With Valerian to pope Urban he wente,

That thanked god ; and with glad herte  
 and light 351

He cristned him, and made him in that  
 place

Parfit in his lerninge, goddes knight.  
 And after this Tiburce gat swich grace,  
 That every day he saugh, in tyme and  
 space, 355  
 The angel of god ; and every maner bone  
 That he god axed, it was sped ful sone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to seyn  
 How many wondres Jesus for hem  
 wroughte ;

But atte laste, to tellen short and pleyn,  
 The sergeants of the toun of Rome hem  
 soghte, 361

And hem biforn Almachie the prefect  
 broghte,

Which hem apposed, and knew al hir  
 entente,

And to the image of Jupiter hem sente,

And seyde, ' who so wol nat sacrificye, 365  
 Swap of his heed, this is my sentence  
 here.'

Anon thise martirs that I yow devyse,  
 Oon Maximus, that was an offiere  
 Of the prefectes and his corniculere,  
 Hem hente ; and whan he forth the  
 seintes ladde, 370  
 Him-self he weep, for pitee that he hadde.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore,  
 He gat him of the tormentours leve,  
 And ladde hem to his hous withoute  
 more ; 374

And with hir preching, er that it were eve,

They gonnen fro the tormentours to reve,  
 And fro Maxime, and fro his folk echone  
 The false feith, to trowe in god allone.

Cecilie cam, whan it was woxen night,  
 With preestes that hem cristned alle  
 y-fere ; 380

And afterward, whan day was woxen  
 light,

Cecile hem seyde with a ful sobre chere,  
 ' Now, Cristes owene knightes leve and  
 dere,

Caste alle away the werkis of derknesse.  
 And armeth yow in armure of bright-  
 nesse. 385

Ye han for sothe y-doon a greet bataille.  
 Your cours is doon, your feith han ye  
 conserved,

Goth to the corone of lyf that may nat  
 faille ;

The rightful juge, which that ye han  
 served, 390

Shall yeve it yow, as ye han it deserved.'  
 And whan this thing was seyed as I devyse,  
 Men ladde hem forth to doon the sacrificye.

But whan they weren to the place broght,  
 To tellen shortly the conclusioun,

They nolde encense ne sacrifice right  
 noght, 395

But on hir knees they setten hem adoun  
 With humble herte and sad devocioun.

And losten bothe hir hedes in the place.  
 Hir soules wenten to the king of grace.

This Maximus, that saugh this thing  
 bityde, 400

With pitous teres tolde it anon-right,  
 That he hir soules saugh to heven glyde

With angels ful of cleernesse and of light.  
 And with his word converted many a  
 wight ;

For which Almachius dide him so to-bete  
 With whippe of leed, til he his lyf gan  
 lete. 405

Cecile him took and buried him anon  
 By Tiburce and Valerian softly,  
 Withinne hir buryng-place, under the  
 stoon.

And after this Almachius hastily 410

Bad his ministres fecchen openly  
Cecile, so that she mighte in his presence  
Doon sacrifice, and Jupiter encense.

But they, converted at hir wyse lore,  
Wepten ful sore, and yaven ful credence  
Unto hir word, and cryden more and  
more, 416  
'Crist, goddes sone withouten difference,  
Is verray god, this is al our sentence,  
That hath so good a servant him to serve;  
This with o voys we trowen, thogh we  
sterve!' 420

Almachius, that herde of this doinge,  
Bad fecchen Cecile, that he might hir see,  
And alderfirst, lo! this was his axinge,  
'What maner womman artow?' the quod  
he. 424  
'I am a gentil womman born,' quod she.  
'I axe thee,' quod he, 'thogh it thee greve,  
Of thy religioun and of thy bileve.'

'Ye han bigonne your question folily,'  
Quod she, 'that wolden two answeres  
conclude  
In oo demande; ye axed lewedly.' 430  
Almache answerde unto that similitude,  
'Of whennes comth thyn answering so  
rude?'  
'Of whennes?' quod she, whan that she  
was freyned,  
'Of conscience and of good feith un-  
feyned.' 434

Almachius seyde, 'ne takestow non hede  
Of my power?' and she answerde him  
this—  
'Your might,' quod she, 'ful litel is to  
drede;

For every mortal mannes power nis  
But lyk a bladdre, ful of wind, y-wis. 439  
For with a needles poynt, whan it is blowe,  
May al the boost of it be leyd ful lowe.'

'Ful wrongfully bigonne thou,' quod he,  
'And yet in wrong is thy perseveraunce;  
Wostow nat how our mighty princes free  
Han thus comanded and maad ordin-  
aunce, 445  
That every Cristen wight shal han pen-  
aunce

But-if that he his Cristendom withseye,  
And goon al quit, if he wol it reneye?'

'Your princes erren, as your nobley dooth,'  
Quod the Cecile, 'and with a wood  
sentence 450

Ye make us gilty, and it is nat sooth;  
For ye, that knowen wel our innocence,  
For as muche as we doon a reverence  
To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,  
Ye putte on us a cryme, and eek a blame.

But we that knowen thilke name so 460  
For vertuons, we may it nat withseye.'  
Almache answerde, 'chees oon of thise  
two,

Do sacrifice, or Cristendom reneye,  
That thou mowe now escapen by that  
weye.' 460  
At which the holy blisful fayre mayde  
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge scyde,

'O juge, confus in thy nyctee,  
Woltow that I reneye innocence, 464  
To make me a wikked wight?' quod she;  
'Lo! he dissimuleth here in audience,  
Hestareth and woodeth in his advertence!'  
To whom Almachius, 'unsely wrecche,  
Ne wostow nat how far my might may  
strecche?

Han noght our mighty princes to me  
yeven, 470

Ye, bothe power and auctoritee  
To maken folk to dyen or to liven?  
Why spekestow so proudly than to me?'  
'I speke noght but stedfastly,' quod she,  
'Nat proudly, for I seye, as for my syde,  
We haten deedly thilke vyce of pryde.

And if thou drede nat a sooth to here,  
Than wol I shewe al openly, by right,  
That thou hast maad a ful gret lesing here.  
Thou seyst, thy princes han thee yeven  
might 480

Bothe for to sleen and for to quiken a  
wight;

Thou, that ne mayst but only lyf bireve,  
Thou hast non other power ne no leve!

But thou mayst seyn, thy princes han  
thee maked 484  
Ministre of deeth; for if thou speke of mo,



Thou lyest, for thy power is ful naked.  
'Do wey thy boldnes,' seyde Almachius  
tho,

'And sacrifyce to our goddes, er thou go;  
I recche nat what wrong that thou me  
profre,

For I can suffre it as a philosopre: 490

But thilke wronges may I nat endure  
That thou spekest of our goddes here,  
quod he.

Cecile answered, 'O nyce creature,  
Thou seydest no word sin thou spak to me  
That I ne knew therwith thy nycetee; 405  
And that thou were, in every maner  
wyse,

A lewed officer and a veyn justyse.

Ther lakketh no-thing to thyn utter yen  
That thou nart blind, for thing that we  
seen alle 499

That it is stoon, that men may wel espyen,  
That ilke stoon a god thou wolt it calle.  
I rede thee, lat thyn hand upon it falle,  
And taste it wel, and stoon thou shalt it  
finde,

Sin that thou seest nat with thyn yen  
blinde.

It is a shame that the peple shal 505  
So scorne thee, and laughe at thy folye;  
For comunly men woot it wel overal,  
That mighty god is in his hevenes lye,  
And thise images, wel thou mayst espye,  
To thee ne to hem-self mowe nought  
profyte, 510  
For in effect they been nat worth a myte.'

Thise wordes and swiche othere seydes he,  
And he weex wroth, and bad men sholde  
hir lede

Hom til hir hous, 'and in hir hous,' quod  
he,  
'Brenne hir right in a bath of flambes  
rede.' 515

And as he bad, right so was doon in dede;  
For in a bath they gonne hir faste shetten,  
And night and day greet fyr they under  
betten.

The longe night and eek a day also,  
For al the fyr and eek the bathes hete,  
She sat al cold, and felede no wo, 521  
It made hir nat a drope for to swete.  
But in that bath hir lyf she mooste lote;  
For he, Almachius, with ful wikke entente  
To sleen hir in the bath his sonde sente.

Three strokes in the nekke he smoot hir  
tho, 526  
The tormentour, but for no maner chaunce  
He mighte noght smyte al hir nekke  
a-two.

And for ther was that tyne an ordin-  
aunce,

That no man sholde doon man swich  
penaunce 530

The ferthe strook to smyten, softe or sore,  
This tormentour ne dorste do na-more.

But half-deed, with hir nekke y-corven  
there,

He lefte hir lye, and on his wey is went.  
The Cristen folk, which that aboute hir  
were, 535

With shetes han the blood ful faire y-beat.  
Three dayes lived she in this torment,  
And never ceased hem the feith to teche;  
That she hadde fostred, hem she gan to  
preche,

And hem she yaf hir moebles and hir  
thing, 540

And to the pope Urban bitook hem tho,  
And seyde, 'I axed this at hevene king,

To han respyt three dayes and na-mo,  
To recomende to yow, er that I go,

Thise soules, lo! and that I mighte do  
werche 545

Here of myn hous perpetuelly a cherche.'

Seint Urban, with his deknys, prively  
The body fette, and buried it by nighte  
Among his othere seintes honestly.

Hir hous the chirche of seint Cecile  
highte; 550

Seint Urban halwed it, as he wel mighte;  
In which, into this day, in noble wyse,  
Men doon to Crist and to his seint servyst.

## THE CANON'S YEOMAN'S PROLOGUE.

## The prologe of the Chanons Yemannes Tale.

Whan ended was the lyf of seint Cecyle,  
 Er we had riden fully fyve myle, 555  
 At Boghton under Blee us gan atake  
 A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,  
 And undernothe he hadde a whyt surplys.  
 His lakoney, that was al pomely gys,  
 So swatte, that it wonder was to see; 560  
 It semed he had priked nyles three.  
 The hors cek that his yeman rood upon  
 So swatte, that unnothe mighte it gon 565  
 Aboute the peytrel stood the soom ful hye.  
 He was of fome al flekked as a pye. 565  
 A male tweyfold on his croper lay,  
 It semed that he caried lyte array.  
 Al light for somer rood this worthy man,  
 And in myn herte wondren I bigan  
 What that he was, til that I understood  
 How that his cloke was sowod to his  
 hood; 571  
 For which, when I had longe avysed me,  
 I demed him som chanon for to be. 575  
 His hat heng at his bak down by a laas,  
 For he had riden more than trot or paas;  
 He had ay priked lyk as he were wood.  
 A clote-leef he hadde under his hood 577  
 For swoot, and for to kepe his heed from  
 hete.  
 But it was joye for to seen him swete!  
 His forheed dropped as a stillatorie, 580  
 Were ful of plantain and of paritorie.  
 And whan that he was come, he gan to  
 crye,  
 'God save,' quod he, 'this joly companye!  
 Faste have I priked,' quod he, 'for your  
 sake, 585  
 By-cause that I wolde yow atake,  
 To ryden in this mery companye.'  
 His yeman cek was ful of curteisye,  
 And seyde, 'sires, now in the morwe-tyde  
 Out of your hostelrye I saugh you ryde,  
 And warned heer my lord and my  
 soverayn, 590  
 Which that to ryden with yow is ful fayn,  
 For his desport; he loveth daliaunce.'  
 'Freend, for thy warning god yeve thee  
 good chaunce,' 595  
 Than seyde our host, 'for certes, it wolde  
 seme  
 Thy lord were wys, and so I may wel  
 deme, 595  
 He is ful jocund also, dar I leye.  
 Can he oght telle a mery tale or tweye,  
 With which he glade may this companye?'  
 'Who, sire? my lord? ye, ye, withouten  
 lye.  
 He can of murther, and eek of jolitee 600  
 Nat but ynough; also sir, trusteth me,  
 And ye him knowe as wel as do I,  
 Ye wolde wondre how wel and craftily 605  
 He coude werke, and that in sondry wyse.  
 He hath take on him many a greet  
 emprise, 605  
 Which were ful hard for any that is  
 here  
 To bringe aboute, but they of him it lere.  
 As homely as he rit amonges yow,  
 If ye him knewe, it wolde be for your  
 prow; 609  
 Ye wolde nat forgoon his aqueyn taunce  
 For mochel good, I dar leye in balaunce  
 Al that I have in my possessioun.  
 He is a man of heigh discrecioun, 610  
 I warne you wel, he is a passing man.'  
 'Wel,' quod our host, 'I pray thee, tel  
 me than, 615  
 Is he a clerk, or noon? tel what he is.'  
 'Nay, he is gretter than a clerk, y-wis,'  
 Seyle this yeman, 'and in wordes fewe,  
 Host, of his craft som-what I wol yow  
 shewe. 619

I seȝ, my lord can swich subtilitee—  
(But al his craft ye may nat wite at me;  
And som-what helpe I yet to his werking)—  
That al this ground on which we been  
ryding, (70)

Til that we come to Caunterbury toun,  
He coude al clene turne it up-so-down, 625  
And pave it al of silver and of gold.'

And whan this yeman hadde thus y-told  
Unto our host, he seyde, '*ben'cite!*  
This thing is wonder merveillous to me,  
Sin that thy lord is of so heigh prudence,  
By-cause of which men sholde him rever-  
ence, 631

That of his worship rekketh he so lyte;  
His oversloppe nis nat worth a myte, (80)  
As in effect, to him, so mote I go!

It is al bawdy and to-tore also. 635  
Why is thy lord so sluttish, I thee preye,  
And is of power better cloth to beye,  
If that his dede accorde with thy speche?  
Telle me that, and that I thee biseche.'

'Why?' quod this yeman, 'wherto axe  
ye me? 640

God help me so, for he shal never thee!  
(But I wol nat avowe that I seye,  
And therfor kepe it secree, I yow preye).  
He is to wys, in feith, as I bileve; (91)  
That that is overdoon, it wol nat preve 645  
Aright, as clerkes seyn, it is a vyce.  
Wherfor in that I holde him lewed and  
nyce.

For whan a man hath over-greet a wit,  
Ful oft him happeth to misusen it;  
So dooth my lord, and that me greveth  
sore. 650

God it amende, I can sey yow na-more.'

'Ther-of no fors, good yeman,' quod our  
host;

'Sin of the conning of thy lord thou  
wost, (100)

Tel how he dooth, I pray thee hertely,  
Sin that he is so crafty and so sly. 655  
Wher dwellen ye, if it to telle be?'

'In the suburbs of a toun,' quod he,  
'Lurkinge in hernes and in lanes blinde,  
Wher-as thise robbours and thise thieves  
by kinde

Holden hir privies fereful residence, 660  
As they that dar nat shewen hir presence;  
So faren we, if I shal seye the sothe.'

'Now,' quod our host, 'yt lat me talke  
to the; (110)

Why artow so discoloured of thy face?'

'Peter!' quod he, 'god yewe it hardle  
grace, 605

I am so used in the fyr to blowe,  
That it hath chaunged my colour, I trowe.  
I am nat wont in no mirour to pryde,  
But swinke sore and lerne multiplye.

We blondren ever and pouren in the fyr,  
And for al that we fayle of our desyr, 671

For ever we lakken our conclusioun.  
To mochel folk we doon illusioun, (120)

And borwe gold, be it a pound or two,  
Or ten, or twelve, or many sommes mo. 675

And make hem wenen, at the leeste weye,  
That of a pound we coude make tweye!

Yet is it fals, but ay we han good hope  
It for to doon, and after it we grope.

But that science is so fer us biforn, 680  
We mowen nat, al-though we hadde it  
sworn,

It overtake, it slit away so faste;  
It wol us maken beggers attow laste.' (130)

Why! this yeman was thus in his  
talking,

This chanoun drough him neer, and herde  
al thing 685

Which this yeman spak, for suspicioun  
Of mennes speche ever hadde this cha-  
noun.

For Catoun seith, that he that gilty is  
Demeth al thing he spoke of him, y-wis.

That was the cause he gan so ny him drawe  
To his yeman, to herkenen al his sawe. 691

And thus he seyde un-to his yeman the,  
'Hold thou thy pees, and speke no wordes  
mo, (140)

For if thou do, thou shalt it dere abyde;  
Thou sclaunderest me heer in this com-  
panye, 695

And eek discoverest that thou sholdest  
hyde.'

'Ye,' quod our host, 'telle on, what so  
bityde;

Of al his threting rekke nat a myte!'  
'In feith,' quod he, 'namore I do but lyte.'

And whan this chanon saugh it wolde  
nat be, 700

But his yeman wolde telle his privetee,  
He fledde away for verray sorwe and shame.

'A!' quod the yeman, 'heer shal aryse  
game, (150)  
Al that I can anon now wol I telle. 704  
Sin he is goon, the foule feend him quelle!  
For never her-after wol I with him mete  
For peny ne for pound, I yow bihete!  
He that me broghte first unto that game,  
Er that he dye, sorwe have he and shame!  
For it is earnest to me, by my feith; 710  
That fele I wel, what so any man seith.

And yet, for al my smerte and al my  
grief,  
For al my sorwe, labour, and meschief,  
I coude never leve it in no wyse. (161)  
Now wolde god my wit mighte suffyse 715  
To tellen al that longeth to that art!  
But natheles yow wol I tellen part;  
Sin that my lord is gon, I wol nat spare;  
Swich thing as that I knowe, I wol de-  
clare.'— 719

Here endeth the Prologe of the Chanouns Yemannes Tale.

## THE CHANOUNS YEMANNES TALE.

Here biginneth the Chanouns Yeman his Tale.

[*Prima Pars*]

With this chanoun I dwelt have seven  
year, 720  
And of his science am I never the neer.  
Al that I hadde, I have y-lost ther-by;  
And god wot, so hath many mo than I. (170)  
Ther I was wont to be right fresh and gay  
Of clothing and of other good array, 725  
Now may I were an hose upon myn heed;  
And wher my colour was bothe fresh and  
reed,

Now is it wan and of a leden hewe;  
Who-so it useth, sore shal he rewe.  
And of my swink yet blered is myn y<sup>e</sup>, 730  
Lo! which advantage is to multiplie!  
That slyding science hath me maad so bare,  
That I have no good, wher that ever I fare;  
And yet I am endetted so ther-by (181)  
Of gold that I have borwed, trewely, 735  
That whyl I live, I shal it quyte never.  
Lat every man be war by me for ever!  
What maner man that casteth him ther-to,  
If he continue, I holde his thrift y-do.  
So helpe me god, ther-by shal he nat winne,  
But empte his purs, and make his wittes  
thinne, (188) 741  
And whan he, thurgh his madnes and folye,

Hath lost his owene good thurgh jupartye,  
Thanne he excyeth other folk ther-to,  
To lese hir good as he him-self hath do. 745  
For unto shrewes joye it is and ese  
To have hir felawes in peyne and disese;  
Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk.  
Of that no charge, I wol speke of our werk.  
Whan we been ther as we shul exercyse  
Our elvish craft, we semen wonder wyse,  
Our termes been so clerghal and so  
queynte, (199) 752  
I blowe the fyr til that myn herte feynte.

What sholde I tellen ech proporcioun  
Of thinges whiche that we werche upon,  
As on fyve or sixe ounces, may wel be, 756  
Of silver or som other quantitee,  
And bisie me to telle yow the names  
Of orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,  
That into poudre grounden been ful smal?  
And in an erthen potte how put is al, 761  
And salt y-put in, and also papeer, (209)  
Biforn thise poudres that I speke of heer,  
And wel y-covered with a lampe of glas,  
And mochel other thing which that ther  
was? 765  
And of the pot and glasses enluting,  
That of the eyre mighte passe out no-thing?

And of the eay fyr and smart also,  
Which that was maad, and of the care  
and wo 769

That we hadde in our matires sublyming,  
And in amalgameing and calceneing  
Of quik-silver, y-clept Mercurie crude?  
For alle our sleighes we can nat con-  
clude. (120)

Our orpiment and sublymed Mercurie,  
Our grounden litarge eek on the porphurie,  
Of eek of thise of ounces a certeyn 776  
Nought helpeth us, our labour is in veyn.  
Ne eek our spirites ascencion,  
Ne our materes that lyen al fixe adoun,  
Mowe in our werking no-thing us avayle.  
For lost is al our labour and travayle, 781  
And al the cost, a twenty devel weye,  
Is lost also, which we upon it leve. (230)

Ther is also ful many another thing  
That is unto our craft aperteneing; 785  
Though I by ordre hem nat reherce can,  
By-cause that I am a lewed man,  
Yet wol I telle hem as they come to minde,  
Though I ne can nat sette hem in hir  
kinde;

As bole armoniak, verdegrees, boras, 790  
And sondry vessels maad of erthe and glas,  
Our urinales and our descensories,  
Violes, croslets, and sublymatories, (240)  
Cucurbites, and alemykes eek,  
And othere swiche, dere y-nough a leek.  
Nat nedeth it for to reherce hem alle, 796  
Watres rubifying and boles galle,  
Arsenik, sal armoniak, and brimstoon;  
And herbes coude I telle eek many oon,  
As egreinoine, valerian, and lunarie, 800  
And othere swiche, if that me liste tarie.  
Our lampes brenning bothe night and day,  
To bringe aboute our craft, if that we  
may. (250)

Our fourneys eek of calcinacioun,  
And of watres albificacioun, 805  
Unsekked lym, chnalk, and gleyre of an ey,  
Poudres diverse, assches, dong, pisse, and  
clei,

Cered pokets, sal peter, vitriole;  
And divers fyres maad of wode and cole;  
Sal tartre, alkaly, and sal preparat, 810  
And combust materes and coagulat,  
Cley maad with hors or mannes heer, and  
oile

Of tartre, alum, glas, berm, wort, and  
argoile, (260)

Resalgar, and our materes enbibing;  
And eek of our materes encorporing, 815  
And of our silver citrinacioun,  
Our cementing and formentacioun,  
Our ingottes, testes, and many mo.

I wol yow telle, as was me taught also,  
The foure spirites and the bodies sevene,  
By ordre, as ofte I herde my lord hem  
nevene. 821

The firste spirit quik-silver called is, (260)  
The second orpiment, the thridde, y-wis,  
Sal armoniak, and the ferthe brimstoon.  
The bodies sevene eek, lo! hem heer anon  
Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe, 826  
Mars yren, Mercurie quik-silver we clepe,  
Saturnus leed, and Jupiter is tin,  
And Venus coper, by my fader kin! 829

This cursed craft who-so wol exerceye,  
He shal no good han that him may suffyse;  
For al the good he spendeth ther-about,  
He lese shal, ther-of have I no doute. (280)  
Who-so that listeth outhen his folye, 834  
Lat him come forth, and lerne multiplie;  
And every man that oght hath in his cofre,  
Lat him appere, and wexe a filosofre.  
Asaunce that craft is so light to lere?  
Nay, nay, god woot, al be he monk or  
frere,

Preest or chanoun, or any other wight, 840  
Though he sitte at his book bothe day and  
night,

In lernyng of this elvish nyces lore,  
Al is in veyn, and parde, mochel more!  
To lerne a lewed man this subtiltee, (291)  
Fy! spek nat ther-of, for it wol nat be; 845  
Al conne he letterure, or conne he noon,  
As in effect, he shal finde it al oon.

For bothe two, by my savacioun,  
Concluden, in multiplicacioun,  
Y-lyke wel, whan they han al y-do; 850  
This is to seyn, they faylen bothe two.

Yet forgat I to maken rehersaille  
Of watres corosif and of limaille, (300)  
And of bodies mollificacioun,  
And also of hir induracioun, 855  
Oiles, ablucions, and metal fusible,  
To tellen al wolde passen any bible  
That o-wher is; wherfor, as for the beste,  
Of alle thise names now wol I me resta.

For, as I trowe, I have yow told y-nowe 860  
To reyse a feend, al loke he never so rowe.

A! nay! lat be; the philosophres stoon,  
Elixir clept, we sechen faste echoon; (310)  
For hadde we him, than were we siker  
y-now.

But, unto god of heven I make avow, 865  
For al our craft, whan we han al y-do,  
And al our sleighte, he wol nat come us to,  
He hath y-maad us spenden mochel gool,  
For sorwe of which almost we wexen wood,  
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,  
Supposinge ever, though we sore smerte,  
To be releved by him afterward; 872  
Swich supposing and hope is sharp and  
hard; (320)

I warne yow wel, it is to seken ever;  
That futur temps hath maad men to dis-  
sever, 875  
In trust ther-of, from al that ever they  
hadde.

Yet of that art they can nat wexen sadde,  
For unto hem it is a bitter swete;  
So semeth it; for nadde they but a shete  
Which that they mighte wrappe hem inne  
a-night, 880

And a bak to walken inne by day-light,  
They wolde hem selle and spenden on this  
craft; (329)

They can nat stinte til no-thing be laft.  
And evermore, wher that ever they goon,  
Men may hem knowe by smel of brim-  
ston; 885

For al the world, they stinken as a goot;  
Her savour is so rammish and so hoot,  
That, though a man from hem a myle be,  
The savour wol infecte him, trusteth me;  
Lo, thus by smelling and threedbare array,  
If that men liste, this folk they knowe may.

And if a man wol aske hem prively, 892  
Why they been clothed so unthrifty, (340)  
They right anon wol rownen in his ere,  
And seyn, that if that they espyed were,  
Men wolde hem slee, by-cause of hir  
science; 896

Lo, thus this folk bitrayen innocence!  
Passe over this; I go my tale un-to.  
Er than the pot be on the fyr y-do,  
Of metals with a certain quantitee, 900  
My lord hem tempreth, and no man but  
he—

Now he is goon, I dar seyn boldly—  
For, as men seyn, he can don craftily; (350)  
Algate I woot wel he hath swich a name,  
And yet ful ofte he renneth in a blame; 905  
And wite ye how? ful ofte it happeth so,  
The pot to-breketh, and farewel! al is go!  
These metals been of so greet violence,  
Our walles mowe nat make hem resistance,  
But if they weren wrought of lym and stoon;  
They percen so, and thurgh the wal they  
goon, 911

And somme of hem sinken in-to the  
ground— (359)

Thus han we lost by tymes many a pound—  
And somme are scattered al the floor aboute,  
Somme lepe in-to the roof; with-uten  
doute, 915

Though that the feend noght in our sighte  
him shewe,

I trowe he with us be, that ilke shrewe!  
In helle wher that he is lord and sire,  
Nis ther more wo, ne more rancour ne ire.  
Whan that our pot is broke, as I have  
sayd, 920

Every man chit, and halt him yvel apayd.  
Som seyde, it was long on the fyr-  
making, (369)

Som seyde, nay! it was on the blowing;  
(Than was I fered, for that was myn office);  
'Straw!' quod the thriddle, 'ye been lewed  
and nyce, 925

It was nat tempred as it oghte be.'  
'Nay!' quod the ferthe, 'stint, and herkne  
me;

By-cause our fyr ne was nat maad of beech,  
That is the cause, and other noon, so  
theech!'

I can nat telle wher-on it was long, 930  
But wel I wot greet stryf is us among.

'What!' quod my lord, 'ther is na-more  
to done,

Of this perils I wol be war eft-sone; (380)  
I am right siker that the pot was crased.  
Be as be may, be ye no-thing amased; 935  
As usage is, lat swepe the floor as swythe,  
Plukke up your hertes, and beth gladdre  
and blythe.'

The mullok on an hepe y-sweped was,  
And on the floor y-cast a canevas,  
And al this mullok in a sive y-throwe, 940  
And sifted, and y-piked many a throwe.

'Pardee,' quod oon, 'somwhat of our metal  
Yet is ther heer, though that we han nat al.  
Al-though this thing mishapped have as  
now, (391)  
Another tyme it may be wel y-now, 945  
Us moste putte our good in aventure ;  
A marchant, parde ! may nat ay endure  
Trusteth me wel, in his prosperitee ;  
Somytyme his good is drenched in the see,  
And somtym comth it sauf un-to the  
londe.' 950  
'Pees!' quod my lord, 'the next tyme  
I wol fonde (398)  
To bringe our craft al in another plyte ;  
And but I do, sirs, lat me han the wyte ;  
Ther was defeaute in som-what, wel I woot.'  
Another seyde, the fyr was over hoot :—  
But, be it hoot or cold, I dar seye this, 950  
That we concluden evermore amis.  
We fayle of that which that we wolden  
have,  
And in our madnesse evermore we rave.  
And whan we been togidres everichoon,  
Every man semeth a Salomon. 961  
But al thing which that shyneth as the  
gold (409)  
Nis nat gold, as that I have herd it told ;  
Ne every appel that is fair at y<sup>e</sup>  
Ne is nat good, what-so men clappe or  
crye. 965  
Right so, lo ! fareth it amonges us ;  
He that semeth the wysest, by Jesus !  
Is most fool, whan it cometh to the preef ;  
And he that semeth trewest is a thief ;  
That shul ye knowe, er that I fro yow  
wende, 970  
By that I of my tale have maad an ende.

*Explicit prima pars.**Et sequitur pars secunda.*

Ther is a chanoun of religioun  
Amonges us, wolde infecte al a toun, (420)  
Though it as greet were as was Ninivee,  
Rome, Alisaundre, Troye, and othere three.  
His sleightes and his infinit falsnesse 976  
Ther coude no man wryten, as I gesse,  
Thogh that he mighte liven a thousand  
yeer.  
In al this world of falshede nis his peer ;  
For in his termes so he wolde him winde,

And speke his wordes in so sly a kinde, 981  
Whan he commune shal with any wight,  
That he wol make him doted anon right,  
But it a feend be, as him-selven is. (431)  
Ful many a man hath he bigyled er this,  
And wol, if that he live may a while ; 986  
And yet men ryde and goon ful many a  
myle  
Him for to seke and have his aqueynt-  
aunce,  
Noght knowinge of his false governaunce.  
And if yow list to yeve me audience, 990  
I wol it tellen heer in your presence.  
But worshipful chanouns religious,  
Ne demeth nat that I sclaundre your lions,  
Al-though my tale of a chanoun be. (441)  
Of every ordre som shrewe is, parde, 995  
And god forbode that al a companye  
Sholde rewe a singular mannes folye.  
To sclaundre yow is no-thing myn entente,  
But to correcten that is mis I mente.  
This tale was nat only told for yow, 1000  
But eek for othere mo ; ye woot wel how  
That, among Cristes apostelles twelve,  
Ther nas no traytour but Judas him-selve.  
Than why sholde al the remenant have  
blame (451)  
That giltles were ? by yow I seye the same.  
Save only this, if ye wol herkne me, 1006  
If any Judas in your covert be,  
Remeveth him bitymes, I yow rede,  
If shame or los may causen any drede. 1009  
And beth no-thing displeased, I yow preye,  
But in this cas herkneth what I shal seye.

In London was a preest, an annueleer,  
That therin dwelled hadde many a yeer,  
Which was so plesaunt and so servisable  
Unto the wyf, wher-as he was at table, (462)  
That she wolde suffre him no-thing for to  
paye 1016  
For bord ne clothing, wente he never so  
gaye ;  
And spending-silver hadde he right y-now.  
Therof no fors ; I wol procede as now, 1019  
And telle forth my tale of the chanoun,  
That broghte this preest to confusioun.  
This false chanoun cam up-on a day  
Unto this preestes chambre, wher he lay,  
Biseching him to lene him a certeyn (471)  
Of gold, and he wolde quyte it him ageyn.

'Iene me a mark,' quod he, 'but dayes  
three, 1026

And at my day I wol it quyten thee.  
And if so be that thou me findo fals,  
Another day do hange me by the hals !'

This preest him took a mark, and that  
us swythe, 1030

And this chanoun him thanked ofte sythe,  
And took his leve, and wente forth his  
weye, (479)

And at the thridde day broughe his moneye,  
And to the preest he took his gold agayn,  
Wherof this preest was wonder glad and  
fayn, 1035

' Certes,' quod he, 'no-thing anyeth me  
To lene a man a noble, or two or three,  
Or what thing were in my possessioun,  
Whan he so trewe is of condicioun,  
That in no wyse he breke wol his day ; 1040  
To swich a man I can never seye nay.'

' What !' quod this chanoun, ' sholde I  
be untrewed ? (489)

Nay, that were thing y-fallen al of-newe.  
Trouthe is a thing that I wol ever kepe  
Un-to that day in which that I shal criepe  
In-to my grave, and elles god forbede ; 1046  
Bileveth this as siker as is your crede.

God thanke I, and in good tyme be it sayd,  
That ther was never man yet yvel apayd  
For gold ne silver that he to me lente, 1050  
Ne never falshede in myn herte I mente.

And sir,' quod he, ' now of my privetee,  
Sin ye so goodlich han been un-to me, (500)

And kythed to me so greet gentillesse, 1054  
Somwhat to quyte with your kindenesse,

I wol yow shewe, and, if yow list to lere,  
I wol yow teche pleynly the manere,

How I can werken in philosophye.  
Taketh good heed, ye shul wel seen at y<sup>e</sup>,  
That I wol doon a maistrie er I go.' 1060

' Ye,' quod the preest, ' ye, sir, and wol  
ye so ?

Marie ! ther-of I pray yow hertely !' (509)  
' At your comandement, sir, trewely,'

Quod the chanoun, ' and elles god forbede !'  
Lo, how this thief coude his servyse  
bede ! 1065

Ful sooth it is, that swich profred servyse  
Stynketh, as witnessen thise olde wyse ;

And that ful sone I wol it verifye  
In this chanoun, rote of al trecherye, 1069

That ever-more delyt hath and gladnesse—  
Swich feendly thoughtes in his herte im-  
presse—

How Cristes peple he may to meschief  
bringe ; (519)

God kepe us from his fals dissimulinge !  
Noght wiste this preest with whom that  
he delte,

Ne of his harm cominge he no-thing felte.  
O sely preest ! O sely innocent ! 1076

With coveityse anon thou shalt be blent !  
O gracelees, ful blind is thy conceit.

No-thing ne artow war of the deceit  
Which that this fox y-shapen hath to thee :

His wyly wrenches thou ne mayst nat flee.  
Wherfor, to go to the conclusioun, 1082

That refereth to thy confusioun, (530)  
Unhappy man ! anon I wol me hye

To tellen thyn unwit and thy folye, 1085  
And eek the falsnesse of that other  
wrecche.

As ferforth as that my conning may  
strecche.

This chanoun was my lord, ye wolden  
wene ?

Sir host, in feith, and by the hevenes  
quene,

It was another chanoun, and nat he, 1090  
That can an hundred fold more subtiltee !

He hath bitrayed folkes many tyme ;  
Of his falshede it dulleth me to ryme, (540)

Ever whan that I speke of his falshede,  
For shame of him my chekes wexen rede ;

Algates, they biginnen for to glowe, 1096  
For reednesse have I noon, right wel I  
knowe,

In my visage ; for fumes dyverse  
Of metals, which ye han herd me reherce,

Consumed and wasted han my reednesse.  
Now tak heed of this chanouns cursed-  
nesse ! 1101

' Sir,' quod he to the preest, ' lat your  
man gon (549)

For quik-silver, that we it hadde anon ;  
And lat him bringen ounces two or three ;

And whan he comth, as faste shul ye see  
A wonder thing, which ye saugh never er  
this.' 1106

' Sir,' quod the preest, ' it shal be doon,  
y-wis.'

He bad his servant fecchen him this thing,



And he al redy was at his bidding,  
And wente him forth, and cam anon  
agayn 1110

With this quik-silver, soothly for to sayn,  
And took thise ounces three to the chanoun;  
(559)

And he hem leyde fayre and wel adoun,  
And bad the servant coles for to bringe,  
That he anon mighte go to his werkinge.

The coles right anon weren y-fet, 1116  
And this chanoun took out a crosselet  
Of his bosom, and shewed it the preest.  
'This instrument,' quod he, 'which that  
thou seest,

Tak in thy hand, and put thy-self ther-  
inne 1120

Of this quik-silver an ounce, and heer bi-  
ginne,

In the name of Crist, to wexe a filosofre.  
Ther been ful fewe, whiche that I wolde  
profre (570)

To shewen hem thus muche of my science,  
For ye shul seen heer, by experience, 1125

That this quik-silver wol I mortuife  
Right in your sighte anon, withouten lye,  
And make it as good silver and as fyn

As ther is any in your purs or myn,  
Or elleswher, and make it malliable; 1130

And elles, holdeth mo fals and unable  
Amonges folk for ever to appere! (579)

I have a poudre heer, that coste me dore,  
Shal make al good, for it is cause of al  
My conning, which that I yow shewen  
shal. 1135

Voydeth your man, and lat him be ther-  
oute,

And shet the dore, whyls we been aboute  
Our privetee, that no man us espye

Whyls that we werke in this philosophye.  
Al as he had, fulfilled was in dede, 1140

This ilke servant anon-right out yede,  
And his maister shette the dore anon,  
And to hir labour speedily they gon. (590)

This preest, at this cursed chanouns  
bidding,

Up-on the fyr anon sette this thing, 1145  
And blew the fyr, and bisied him ful faste;

And this chanoun in-to the croslet caste  
A poudre, noot I wher-of that it was

Y-maad, other of chalk, other of glas,  
Or som-what elles, was nat worth a flye

To blynde with the preest; and bad him  
hye 1151

The coles for to couchen al above (599)  
The croslet; 'for, in tokening I thee  
love,'

Quod this chanoun, 'thyn owene hondes  
two

Shul werche al thing which that shal heer  
be do.' 1155

'Graunt mercy,' quod the preest, and  
was ful glad,

And couched coles as the chanoun bad.  
And whyle he busy was, this feendly  
wrecche,

This fals chanoun, the foule feend him  
fecche!

Out of his bosom took a bechen cole, 1160  
In which ful subtilly was maad an hole,

And ther-in put was of silver lymaille  
An ounce, and stopped was, with-outen  
fayle, (610)

The hole with wax, to kepe the lymail in.  
And understandeth, that this false gin  
Was nat maad ther, but it was maad  
bifore; 1166

And othere thinges I shal telle more  
Herafterward, which that he with him  
broughte;

Er he cam ther, him to bigyle he thoghte,  
And so he dide, er that they wente  
a-twinne; 1170

Til he had terved him, coude he not blinne.  
It dulleth me whan that I of him speke,

On his falsshede fayn wolde I me wreke,  
If I wiste how; but he is heer and ther:

He is so variaunt, he abit no-wher, 1175  
But taketh heed now, sirs, for goddes  
love!

(623)

He took his cole of which I spak above,  
And in his hond he baar it prively.

And whyls the preest couchede busily  
The coles, as I tolde yow er this, 1180

This chanoun seyde, 'freend, ye doon amis;  
This is nat couched as it oghte be;

But sone I shal amenden it,' quod he. (630)  
'Now lat me modde therwith but a whyle,

For of yow have I pitee, by seint Gyle! 1185  
Ye been right hoot, I see wel how ye swete,

Have heer a cloth, and wype away the  
wete.'

And whyles that the preest wynded his faec,

This chanoun took his cole with harde  
grace, 1189

And leyde it above, up-on the middeward  
Of the croslet, and blew wel afterward,  
Til that the coles gonno fasto brenne.

'Now yeve us drinke,' quod the chanoun  
thenne, (640)

'As swythe al shal be wel, I undertake;  
Sitte we doun, and lat us mery make.' 1195  
And whan that this chanounes bechen  
cole

Was brent, al the lymaille, out of the hole,  
Into the croslet fil anon adoun;  
And so it moste nedes, by reson.

Sum it so even aboven couched was; 1200  
But ther-of wiste the preest no-thing, alas!  
He demed alle the coles y-liche good,  
For of the sleighte he no-thing under-  
stood, (650)

And whan this alkamistre saugh his tyme,  
'Rys up,' quod he, 'sir preest, and stondeth  
by me; 1205

And for I woot wel ingot have ye noon,  
Goth, walketh forth, and bring us a chalk-  
ston;

For I wol make oon of the same shap  
That is an ingot, if I may han hap.

And bringeth eek with yow a bolle or  
a panne, 1210

Ful of water, and ye shul see wel thanne  
How that our bisinesso shal thryve and  
preve.

And yet, for ye shul han no misbelieve (660)

Ne wroght conceit of me in your absence,  
I ne wol nat been out of your presence. 1215  
But go with yow, and come with yow  
ageyn.'

The chambre-dore, shortly for to seyn,  
They opened and shette, and wento hir  
weye.

And forth with hem they carieden the  
keye, 1219

And come agayn with-outen any delay.  
What sholdo I tarien al the longe day?

He took the chalk, and shoop it in the  
wyse

Of an ingot, as I shal yow devyse. (670)

I seye, he took out of his owene sleve  
A tyme of silver (yvele mote he cheve!)  
Which that he was nat but an ounce of  
weighte; 1226

And taketh heed now of his cursed  
sleighte!

He shoop his ingot, in lengthe and eek  
in brede,

Of this teyne, with-onten any drede,  
So slyly, that the preest it nat espyde; 1230

And in his sleve agayn he gan it hyde;  
And fro the fyr he took up his matere,

And in th'ingot putte it with mery chere,  
And in the water-vessel he it caste (681)

Whan that him luste, and bad the preest  
as fasto, 1235

'Look what ther is, put in thyn hand and  
gripe,

Thow finde shalt ther silver, as I hope;  
What, devel of helle! sholdo it elles be?

Shaving of silver silver is, pardes!' 1240  
He putte his hond in, and took up a tyme  
Of silver fyn, and glad in every veyne 1241

Was this preest, whan he saugh that it  
was so.

'Goddes blessing, and his modres also, (690)  
And alle halwes have ye, sir chanoun,'

Seyde this preest, 'and I hir malisoun, 1245  
But, and ye vouches-sauf to techen me

This noble craft and this subtiltee,  
I wol be youre, in al that ever I may!'

Quod the chanoun, 'yet wol I make assay  
The second tyme, that ye may taken hede

And been expert of this, and in your nede  
Another day assaye in myn absence 1252

This disciplyne and this crafty science.  
Lat take another ounce,' quod he tho, (701)

'Of quik-silver, with-outen wordes mo, 1255  
And do ther-with as ye han doon er this

With that other, which that now silver is.'

This preest him bisieth in al that he can  
To doon as this chanoun, this cursed man,

Comanded him, and faste he blew the fyr,  
For to come to th'effect of his desyr. 1261

And this chanoun, right in the mene  
whyle,

Al redy was, the preest eft to bigyle, (710)  
And, for a countenance, in his hande he bar

An holwe stikke (tak keep and be war!)  
In the ende of which an ounce, and

na-more, 1266

Of silver lymail put was, as bifore  
Was in his cole, and stopped with wax

weel  
For to kepe in his lymail every deel.

And whyl this preest was in his bisnesse,  
This chanoun with his stikke gan him  
dresse 1271

To him anon, and his poudre caste in (719)  
As he did er; (the devel out of his skin  
Him terve, I pray to god, for his falschede;  
For he was ever fals in thoght and dede);  
And with this stikke, above the croslet,  
That was ordeyned with that false get,  
He stired the coles, til relente gan  
The wex agayn the fyr, as every man,  
But it a fool be, woot wel it mot nede, 1280  
And al that in the stikke was out yede,  
And in the croslet hastily it fel. (729)  
Now gode sirs, what wol ye bet than wel?  
Whan that this preest thus was bigyled  
ageyn, 1284

Supposing noght but trouthe, soth to seyn,  
He was so glad, that I can nat expresse  
In no manere his mirth and his glad-  
nesse;

And to the chanoun he profred eftsone  
Body and good; 'ye,' quod the chanoun  
sone,

'Though povre I be, crafty thou shalt me  
finde; 1290

I warne thee, yet is ther more bihinde,  
Is ther any copere her-inne?' seyde he.

'Ye,' quod the preest, 'sir, I trowe wel  
ther be.' 1290

'Elles go bye us som, and that as swythe,  
Now, gode sir, go forth thy way and  
hy the.'

He wente his wey, and with the copere  
cam, 1296

And this chanoun it in his handes nam,  
And of that copere weyed out but an ounce.  
Al to simple is my tonge to pronounce,  
As ministre of my wit, the doublenesse  
Of this chanoun, rote of al cursednesse. 1301  
He semed frendly to hem that knewe  
him noght,

But he was feendly bothe in herte and  
thoght. 1300

It werieth me to telle of his falsnesse,  
And natheles yet wol I it expresse, 1305  
To th'entente that men may be war therby,  
And for noon other cause, trewely.

He craute his ounce of copere in the  
croslet,

And on the fyr as swythe he hath it set,

And caste in poudre, and made the preest  
to blowe, 1310

And in his werkung for to stoupe lowe,  
As he dide er, and al nas but a jape;  
Right as him liste, the preest he made  
his ape; 1300

And afterward in th'ingot he it caste,  
And in the panne putte it at the laste 1315  
Of water, and in he putte his owene hond.  
And in his sleve (as ye biforn-hond  
Herde me telle) he hadde a silver teyne.

He slyly took it out, this cursed heyne--  
Unwiting this preest of his false craft--

And in the pannes botme he hath it laft;  
And in the water rombled to and fro,

And wonder prively took up also 1320  
The copere teyne, noght knowing this  
preest,

And hidde it, and him hente by the breest,  
And to him spak, and thus seyde in his  
game, 1320

'Stoupesthi adoun, by god, ye be to blame,  
Helpeth me now, as I dide yow whyl-er,  
Putte in your hand, and loketh what is  
ther.' 1320

This preest took up this silver teyne anon,  
And thanne seyde the chanoun, 'lat us  
gon

With thise three teynes, which that we  
han wrought,

To som goldsmith, and wite if they been  
oght. 1320

For, by my feith, I nolde, for myn hood,  
But-if that they were silver, fyn and  
good, 1335

And that as swythe proved shal it be.'

Un-to the goldsmith with thise teynes  
three

They wente, and puttethise teynes in assay  
To fyr and hamer; inighte no man sey nay,  
But that they weren as hem oghte be.

This sotted preest, who was gladder  
than he? 1341

Was never brid gladder agayn the day,  
Ne nightingale, in the sesoun of May, 1300

Nas never noon that luste bet to singe;  
Ne lady lustier in carolinge 1345

Or for to speke of love and wommanhede,  
Ne knight in armes to doon an hardy dede

To stonde in grace of his lady dere,  
Than had this preest this sory craft to lere;

And to the chanoun thus he spak and  
seyde, 1350

'For love of god, that for us alle deyde,  
And as I may deserve it un-to yow,  
What shal this receit coste? telleth now!'

'By our lady,' quod this chanoun, 'it is  
dere, (801)

I warne yow wel; for, save I and a frere,  
In Engelond ther can no man it make.'

'No fors,' quod he, 'now, sir, for goddes  
sake, 1357

What shal I paye? telleth me, I preye.'

'Y-wis,' quod he, 'it is ful dere, I seye;  
Sir, at o word, if that thee list it have,  
Ye shul paye fourty pound, so god me  
save! 1361

And, nere the freendship that ye dide er  
this

To me, ye sholde paye more, y-wis.' (810)  
This preest the somme of fourty pound  
anon

Of nobles fette, and took hem everichon  
To this chanoun, for this ilke receit; 1366  
Al his werking nas but fraude and deceit.

'Sir preest,' he seyde, 'I kepe han no loos  
Of my craft, for I wolde it kept were cloos;  
And as ye love me, kepeth it secree; 1370  
For, and men knewe al my subtilitee,  
By god, they wolden han so greet envye  
To me, by-cause of my philosophye, (820)  
I sholde be deed, ther were non other  
weye.'

'God it forbede!' quod the preest,  
'what sey ye?' 1375

Yet hadde I lever spenden al the good  
Which that I have (and elles were I wood!)  
Than that ye sholden falle in swich mes-  
cheef.'

'For your good wil, sir, have ye right  
good preef.'

Quod the chanoun, 'and far-wel, grant  
mercy!' 1380

He wente his wey and never the preest  
him sy

After that day; and whan that this preest  
sholde (849)

Maken assay, at swich tyme as he wolde,  
Of this receit, far-wel! it wolde nat be!

Lo, thus byjaped and bigyled was he! 1385  
Thus maketh he his introduccioun  
To bringe folk to hir destruccioun.—

Considereth, sirs, how that, in eol  
estaat,

Bitwixe men and gold ther is debaat  
So ferforth, that unnethes is ther noon.  
This multiplyng blent so many oon, 1391  
That in good feith I trowe that it be  
The cause grettest of swich scarsetee. (840)  
Philosophres speken so mistily  
In this craft, that men can nat come  
therby, 1395

For any wit that men han now a-dayes.  
They mowe wel chiteren, as doon thise  
jayes,

And in her termesette hir lust and peyne,  
But to hir purpos shul they never atteyne.  
A man may lightly lerne, if he have aught,  
To multiplye, and bringe his good to  
naught! (848) 1401

Lo! swich a luere is in this lusty game,  
A mannes mirthe it wol torne un-to grame,  
And empten also grete and hevy purses,  
And maken folk for to purchasen curses  
Of hem, that han hir good therto y-lent.  
O! fy! for shame! they that han been  
brent, 1407

Allas! can they nat flee the fyres hete?  
Ye that it use, I rede ye it lete,  
Lest ye lese al; for bet than never is  
late. 1410

Never to thyrve were to long a date.  
Though ye prolle ay, ye shul it never  
finde; (859)

Ye been as bolde as is Bayard the blinde,  
That blundreth forth, and peril casteth  
noon;

He is as bold to renne agayn a stoon 1415  
As for to goon besydes in the weye.  
So faren ye that multiplye, I seye.

If that your yēn can nat seen aright,  
Loke that your minde lakke nought his  
sight. (866)

For, though ye loke never so brode, and  
stare, 1420

Ye shul nat winnea myte on that chaffare,  
But wasten al that ye may rape and renne.  
Withdrawe the fyr, lest it to faste brenne;  
Medleth na-more with that art, I mene,  
For, if ye doon, your thrift is goon ful  
clene. 1425

And right as swythe I wol yow tellen here,  
What philosophres seyn in this matere.

Lo, thus seith Arnold of the Newe Toun,  
As his Rosarie maketh mencion;  
He seith right thus, with-outen any lye,  
'Ther may no man Mercurie mortifye, 1431  
But it be with his brother knowleching.  
How that he, which that first seyde this  
thing, (880)

Of philosophres fader was, Hermes;  
Heseith, how that the dragoun, doutelees,  
Nede yeth nat, but-if that he be slayn 1436  
With his brother; and that is for to sayn,  
By the dragoun, Mercurie and noon other  
He understood; and brimston by his  
brother,

That out of *sol* and *luna* were y-drawe.  
And therfor,' seyde he, 'tak heed to my  
sawe, 1441

Let no man bisy him this art for to seche,  
But-if that he th'entencioun and speche  
Of philosophres understonde can; (891)  
And if he do, he is a lewed man. 1445  
For this science and this conning,' quod he,  
'Is of the secree of secrees, parde.'

Also ther was a disciple of Plato,  
That on a tyme seyde his maister to,  
As his book Senior wol bere witness, 1450  
And this was his demande in soothfast-  
nesse:

'Tel me the name of the privy stoon?'

And Plato answerde unto him anon,

'Tak the stoon that Titanos men name.'

'Which is that?' quod he. 'Magnesia  
is the same,' (902) 1455

Seyde Plato. 'Ye, sir, and is it thus?

This is *ignotum per ignotius*.

What is Magnesia, good sir, I yow preye?'

'It is a water that is maad, I seye,  
Of elementes foure,' quod Plato. 1460

'Tel me the rote, good sir,' quod he tho,  
'Of that water, if that it be your wille?'

'Nay, nay,' quod Plato, 'certain, that  
I nille. (910)

The philosophres sworn were everichoon,  
That they sholden discovere it un-to  
noon, 1465

Ne in no book it wryte in no manere;

For un-to Crist it is so leef and dere

That he wol nat that it discovered be,

But wher it lyketh to his deitee

Man for t'enspyre, and eek for to defende

Whom that him lyketh; lo, this is the  
ende.' 1471

Thanne conclude I thus; sith god of  
hevene

Ne wol nat that the philosophres nevene

How that a man shal come un-to this  
ston, (921)

I rede, as for the beste, lete it goon. 1475

For who-so maketh god his adversarie,

As for to werken any thing in contrarie

Of his wil, certes, never shal he thryve,

Thogh that he multiplie terme of his  
lyve.

And ther a poynt; for ended is my tale;

God sende every trewe man bote of his  
bale!—Amen. (928) 1481

Here is ended the Chanouns Yemannes Tale.

## GROUP H.

## THE MANCIPLE'S PROLOGUE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Maunciples Tale.

Wite ye nat wher ther stant a litel toun  
Which that y-cleped is Bob-up-and-down,  
Under the Blee, in Caunterbury weye?  
Ther gan our hoste for to jape and pleye,  
And seyde, 'sirs, what! Dun is in the  
myre! 5

Is ther no man, for preyere ne for hyre,  
That wol awake our felawe heer bihinde?  
A theef mighte him ful lightly robbe and  
binde.

See how he nappeth! see, for cokkes bones,  
As he wol falle from his hors at ones. 10  
Is that a cook of Londoun, with mes-  
chaunce?

Do him come forth, he knoweth his pen-  
aunce,

For he shal telle a tale, by my tey!  
Al-though it be nat worth a hotel ley.  
Awake, thou cook,' quod he, 'god yeve  
thee sorwe, 15

What eyleth thee to slepe by the morwe?  
Hastow had fleen al night, or artow  
dronke,

Or hastow with som quene al night y-  
swonke,

So that thou mayst nat holden up thy  
heed?'

This cook, that was ful pale and no-  
thing reed, 20

Seyde to our host, 'so god my soule blesse,  
As ther is falle on me swich hevynesse,  
Noot I nat why, that me were lever slepe  
Than the beste galoun wyn in Chepe.'

Wel,' quod the maunciple, 'if it may  
doon ese 25

To thee, sir cook, and to no wight displese  
Which that heer rydeth in this companye,  
And that our host wol, of his curteisye,  
I wol as now excuse thee of thy tale;  
For, in good feith, thy visage is ful pale,

Thyn yen daswen eek, as that me  
thinketh, 31

And wel I woot, thy breeth ful soure  
stinketh,

That sheweth wel thou art not wel dis-  
posed;

Of me, certein, thou shalt nat been  
y-glosed.

So how he ganeth, lo, this drunken wight,  
As though he wolde us swolwe anon-right.  
Hold cloos thy mouth, man, by thy fader  
kin! 37

The devel of helle sette his foot ther-in!  
Thy cursed breeth infecte wol us alle;

Fy, stinking swyn, fy! foule moot thee  
falle! 40

A! taketh heed, sirs, of this lusty man.

Now, swete sir, wol ye justen atte fan?

Ther-to me thinkoth ye been wely-shape!  
I trowe that ye drunken han wyu ape,

And that is whan men pleyen with a  
straw.' 45

And with this speche the cook wex wrooth  
and wraw,

And on the maunciple he gan nodde faste  
For lakke of speche, and down the hors  
him caste,

Wher as he lay, til that men up him took;  
This was a fayr chivachee of a cook! 50

Allas! he naddo holde him by his ladel!

And, er that he agayn were in his sadel,

Ther was greet showving bothe to and fro,

To lifte him up, and muchel care and wo,

So unwelwy was this sory palled gost. 55

And to the maunciple thanne spak our  
host,

'By-cause drink hath dominacioun

Upon this man, by my savacioun

I trowe he lewedly wolde telle his tale.

For, were it wyn, or old or moysty ale, 60

That he hath dronke, he speketh in his  
nose,  
And fneseth faste, and eek he hath th.  
pose.

He hath also to do more than y-nough  
To kepe him and his capel out of slough ;  
And, if he falle from his capel eft-sone, 65  
Than shul we alle have y-nough to done,  
In lifting up his hevy dronken cors.  
Telle on thy tale, of him make I no fors.

But yet, maunciple, in feith thou art to  
nyce,

Thus openly repreve him of his vyce. 70  
Another day he wol, peraventure,  
Reclayme thee, and bringe thee to lure ;  
I mene, he speke wol of smale thinges,  
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,  
That wer not honeste, if it cam to preef.

'No,' quod the maunciple, 'that were  
a greet mescheef! 76

So mighte he lightly bringe me in the  
snare.

Yet hadde I lever payen for the mare  
Which he rit on, than he sholde with me  
stryve ; 79

I wol nat wratthe him, al-so mote I thryve!  
That that I spak, I seyde it in my bourde ;  
And wite ye what? I have heer, in  
a gourde,

A draught of wyn, ye, of a rype grape,  
And right anon ye shul seen a good jape.  
This cook shal drinke ther-of, if I may ; 85  
Uppeyne of deeth, he wol natseye me nay!

And certainly, to tellen as it was,  
Of this vessel the cook drank faste, alas!  
What neded him? he drank y-nough  
biforn.

And whan he hadde pouped in this horn,  
To the maunciple he took the gourde  
agayn ; 91

And of that drinke the cook was wonder  
fayn,

And thanked him in swich wyse as he  
coude.

Than gan our host to laughen wonder  
loude,

And seyde, 'I see wel, it is necessarie, 95  
Wher that we goon, good drink we with  
us cario ;

For that wol turne rancour and disece  
T'acord and love, and many a wrong apese.

O thou Bachus, y-blessed be thy name,  
That so canst turnen earnest in-to game!  
Worship and thank be to thy deitee! 101  
Of that matere ye gete us-more of me.

Tel on thy tale, maunciple, I thee preye.'  
'Wel, sir,' quod he, 'now herkneth  
what I seye.'

Thus endeth the Prologe of the Manciple.

## THE MAUNCIPLES' TALE.

Here biginneth the Maunciples Tale of the Crowe.

Whan Phebus dwelled here in this erthe  
adoun, 105

As olde bokes maken mencionn,  
He was the moste lusty bachiler  
In al this world, and eek the beste archer ;  
He slow Phitoun, the serpent, as he lay  
siepinge agayn the sonne upon a day ; 110

And many another noble worthy dede  
He with his bowe wroughte, as men may  
rede.

Playen he coude on every minstrelaye,  
And singen, that it was a melodye, (10)  
To heren of his clere vois the soun. 115  
Certes the king of Thebes, Amphionn,

That with his singing walled that citee,  
 Coude never singen half so wel as he.  
 Therto he was the semelieste man 119  
 That is or was, sith that the world bigan.  
 What nedeth it his fetures to discryve?  
 For in this world was noon so fair on lyve.  
 He was ther-with fulfild of gentillesse,  
 Of honour, and of parfit worthinesse. (20)

This Phebus, that was flour of bachelrye,  
 As wel in fredom as in chivalrye, 126  
 For his desport, in signe cek of victorie  
 Of Phitoun, so as tolloth us the storie,  
 Was wont to beren in his hand a bowe.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,  
 Which in a cage he fostred many a day,  
 And taughte it speken, as men teche a jay.  
 Whyt was this crowe, as is a snow-whyte  
 swan, (20)

And countrefete the speche of every man  
 He coude, whan he sholde telle a tale. 135  
 Ther-with in al this world no nightingale  
 Ne coude, by an hondred thousand deel,  
 Singen so wonder merily and weel.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a wyf,  
 Which that he lovede more than his lyf,  
 And night and day diide ever his diligence  
 Hir for to plesse, and doon hir reverence,  
 Save only, if the sothe that I shal sayn,  
 Jalous he was, and wolde have kept hir  
 fayn; (40)

For him were looth by-japed for to be. 145  
 And so is every wight in swich degree;  
 But al in ydel, for it availleth noght.  
 A good wyf, that is cleue of werk and  
 thoght,

Sholde nat been kept in noon await,  
 certayn;

And trewely, the labour is in vayn 150  
 To kepe a shrewe, for it wol nat be.  
 This holde I for a verray nyctee,  
 To spille labour, for to kepe wyves;  
 Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lyves. (50)

But now to purpos, as I first bigan: 155  
 This worthy Phebus dooth all that he can  
 To plesen hir, weninge by swich plesaunce,  
 And for his manhede and his governaunce,  
 That no man sholde han put him from  
 hir grace.

But god it woot, ther may no man embrace  
 As to destreyne a thing, which that nature  
 Hath naturely set in a creature. 162

Tak any brid, and put it in a cage,  
 And do al thyn entente and thy corage (60)  
 To fostre it tendrely with mete and  
 drinke, 165

Of alle deyntees that thou canst bithinke,  
 And keep it al-so clemly as thou may,  
 Al-though his cage of gold be never so gay,  
 Yet hath this brid, by twenty thousand  
 fold,

Lever in a forest, that is rude and cold, 170  
 Gon ete wormes and swich wrecchednesse.  
 For ever this brid wol doon his bisinesse  
 To escape out of his cage, if he may;  
 His libertee this brid desireth ay. (70)

Lat take a cat, and fostre him wel with  
 milk, 175  
 And tendre flesh, and make his couche  
 of silk,

And lat him seen a mous go by the wal;  
 Anon he weyveth milk, and flesh, and al,  
 And every deyntee that is in that hous,  
 Swich appetyt hath he to ete a mous. 180  
 Lo, here hath lust his dominacioun,  
 And appetyt flemeth discrecioun.

A she-wolf hath also a vileins kinde;  
 The lewedeeste wolf that she may finde, (80)  
 Or leest of reputacion wol she take, 185  
 In tyme whan hir lust to han a make.

Alle thise ensamples speke I by thise  
 men

That been untrewes, and no-thing by wom-  
 men.

For men han ever a likerous appetyt  
 On lower thing to parfournen hir delyt 190  
 Than on hir wyves, be they never so faire,  
 Ne never so trewe, ne so debonaire.  
 Flesh is so newefangel, with meschaunce,  
 That we ne conne in no-thing han plea-  
 saunce (90)

That souneth in-to vertu any whyle. 195  
 This Phebus, which that thoghte upon  
 no gyle,

Deceyved was, for al his jolitee;  
 For under him another hadde she,  
 A man of litel reputacioun, 199  
 Noght worth to Phebus in comparisoun.  
 The more harm is; it happeth ofte so,  
 Of which ther cometh muchel harm and  
 wo.

And so bifel, whan Phebus was absent,  
 His wyf anon hath for hir lemman sent;



Hir lemman? certes, this is a knavish  
speche! (101) 205

Foryoveth it me, and that I yow biseche.

The wyse Plato seith, as ye may reke,  
The word mot nede accorde with the  
dede.

If men shal telle proprely a thing,  
The word mot cosin be to the werking. 210

I am a boistous man, right thus seye I,  
Ther nis no difference, trewely,

Bitwixe a wyf that is of heigh degree,  
If of hir body dishonest she be, (110)

And a povre wenche, other than this—  
If it so be, they werke bothe amis— 216

But that the gentile, in estaat above,  
She shal be cleped his lady, as in love;

And for that other is a povre woman,  
She shal be cleped his wenche, or his  
lemman. 220

And, god it woot, myn owene dere brother,  
Men leyh that oon as lowe as lyth that  
other.

Right so, bitwixe a titlelees tiraunt  
And an outlawe, or a theef erraunt, (120)

The same I seye, ther is no difference. 225  
To Alisaundre told was this sentence;

That, for the tyrant is of gretter might,  
By force of meynnee for to sleen down-right,

And brennen hous and hoom, and make  
al plain,

Lo! therfor is he cleped a capitain; 230  
And, for the outlawe hath but smal meyn-

nee,

And may nat doon so greet an harm as he,  
Ne bringe a contree to so greet mescheef,

Men clepen him an outlawe or a theef.  
But, for I am a man noght textuel, 235

I wol noght telle of textes never a del;  
I wol go to my tale, as I bigan. (133)

Whan Phebus wyf had sent for hir lem-  
man,

Anon they wroghten al hir lust volage.

The whyte crowe, that heng ay in the  
cage, 240

Biheld hir werk, and seyde never a word.  
And whan that hoom was come Phebus,

the lord,

This crowe sang 'cokkow! cokkow!  
cokkow!'

'What, brid?' quod Phebus, 'what  
song singestow? (140)

Ne were thow wont so merily to singe 245  
That to myn herte it was a rejoisinge

To here thy vois? allas! what song is this?'

'By god,' quod he, 'I singe nat amis;  
Phebus,' quod he, 'for al thy worthinosse,

For al thy beautee and thy gentillesse, 250  
For al thy song and al thy minstrelaye,

For al thy waiting, blered is thyn ye  
With oon of lital reputacioun, (149)

Noght worth to thee, as in comparisoun,  
The mountance of agnat; so mote I thryve!

Foron thy bed thy wyf I saugh him awyve.'

What wol ye more? the crowe anon  
him tolde, 257

By sadde tokenes and by wordes holde,  
How that his wyt had doon hir lecherye,

Him to gret shame and to gret vileinye;  
And tolde him ofte, he saugh it with his  
yen. 261

This Phebus gan awayward for to wryen,  
Him thoughte his sorweful herte brast  
a-two;

His bowe he hente, and sette ther-inne  
a flo, (160)

And in his ire his wyf thanne hath he  
slayn. 265

Thus is th'effect, ther is na-more to sayn;  
For sorwe of which he brak his min-

stralaye,

Bothe harpe, and lute, and giterne, and  
sautrye;

And eek he brak his arwes and his  
howe.

And after that, thus spak he to the crowe:  
'Traitour,' quod he, 'with tonge of  
scorpioun, 271

Thou hast me broght to my confusioun!  
Allas! that I was wroght! why nere I  
deed?

O dere wyf, O gemme of lustiheed, (170)

That were to me so sad and eek so trewe.  
Now lystow deed, with face pale of hewe,

Ful giltelees, that dorste I swere, y-wis!  
O rakel hand, to doon so foule amis!

O trouble wit, O ire reccholees,  
That unnavysed smyttest giltelees! 280

O wantrust, ful of fals suspocioun,  
Where was thy wit and thy discrecioun?

O every man, be-war of rakelnesse,  
Ne trowe no-thing with-outen strong wit

nesse; (180)

Smyt nat to sone, er that ye witon why,  
 And beeth avysed wel and sobroly 286  
 Er ye doon any execucioun,  
 Up-on your ire, for suscepcioun.  
 Allas! a thousand folk hath rakel ire 289  
 Fully fordoon, and brought hem in the mire.  
 Allas! for sorwe I wol my-selven slee!

And to the crowe, 'O false theef!'  
 seyde he, (188)

'I wol thee quyte anon thy false tale!  
 Thou songe whylom lyk a nightingale;  
 Now shaltow, false theef, thy song forgon,  
 And eek thy whyte fetheres everichon,  
 Ne never in al thy lyf ne shaltow speke.  
 Thus shal men on a traitour been awreke;  
 Thou and thyn of-spring ever shul be blake,  
 Ne never swete noise shul ye make, 300  
 But ever crye agayn tempest and rayn,  
 In tokeninge that thurgh thee my wyf is  
 slayn.'

And to the crowe he sturte, and that anon,  
 And pulled his whyte fetheres everichon,  
 And made him blak, and reite him al his  
 song, (201) 305  
 And eek his speche, and out at dore him  
 slong

Un-to the devel, which I him bitake  
 And for this caas ben alle crows blake —  
 Lordings, by this ensample I yow preye,  
 Beth war, and taketh kepe what I seye:  
 Ne telleth never no man in your lyt 311  
 How that another man hath dight his wyf,  
 He wol yow haten mortally, certeyn.  
 Daun Salomon, as wyse clerkes seyn, (210)  
 'Teetheth a man to kepe his tonge wel; 315  
 But as I seyde, I am noght textuel,  
 But nathelees, thus taughte me my dame:  
 'My sone, think on the crowe, a goddes  
 name;

My sone, keep wel thy tonge and keep  
 thy frend.

A wikked tonge is worse than a feend. 320  
 My sone, from a feend men may hem  
 blesse;

My sone, god of his endelees goodnesse  
 Walled a tonge with teeth and lippes eke,  
 For man sholde him avyse what he speke.  
 My sone, ful ofte, for to mucho speche,

Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes  
 teche; (222) 326

But for a litel speche avysely  
 Is no men shent, to speke generally.  
 My sone, thy tonge sholdestow restreyn  
 At alle tyme, but whan thou doost thy  
 peyne 330

To speke of god, in honour and preyere.  
 Tho firste vertu, sone, if thou wolt lere,  
 Is to restreyn and kepe wel thy tonge.—  
 Thus lerne children whan that they ben  
 yonge.— (230) 334

My sone, of muchel speking yvel-avyse,  
 Ther lasse speking hadde y-nough suffysed,  
 Comth muchel harm, thus was me told  
 and taught.

In muchel speche sinne wanteth naught.  
 Wostow wher-of a rakel tonge serveth?  
 Right as a swerd forecutteth and forkerveth  
 An arm a-two, my dere sone, right so 341  
 A tonge cutteth frendship al a-two.

A jangler is to god abhominable; (239)  
 Reed Salomon, so wys and honourable;  
 Reed David in his psalmes, reed Senekka.  
 My sone, speke nat, but with thyn heed  
 thou bekke. 346

Dissimule as thou were deaf, if that thou  
 here

A jangler speke of perilous matere.  
 The Fleming seith, and lerne it, if thee  
 leste, 349

That litel jangling causeth muchel reste.  
 My sone, if thou no wikked word hast seyde,  
 Thee thar nat drede for to be biwreyd;  
 But he that hath misseyde, I dar wel sayn,  
 He may by no wey clepe his word agayn.  
 Thing that is seyde, is seyde; and forth it  
 gooth, (251) 355

Though him repente, or be him leef or  
 looth.

He is his thral to whom that he hath sayd  
 A tale, of which he is now yvel apayd.

My sone, be war, and be non auctour newe  
 Of tydings, whether they ben false or  
 trewe. 360

Wher-so thou come, amonges hye or lowe,  
 Kepe wel thy tonge, and think up-on the  
 crowe.'

Here is ended the Maunciples Tale of the Crowe.

## GROUP I.

## THE PARSON'S PROLOGUE.

Here folweth the Prologe of the Persones Tale.

By that the maunciple hadde his tale ended,

The sonne fro the south lyne was descended

So lowe, that he nas nat, to my sighte,  
Degreës nyne and twenty as in highte. 4  
Foure of the clokke it was tho, as I gesse:

For eleven foot, or litel more or lesse,  
My shadwe was at thilke tyme, as there,  
Of swich feet as my lengthe parted were  
In six feet equal of proporcioun.

Ther-with the mones exaltacioun, 10

I mene Libra, alwey gan ascende,  
As we were entringe at a thropes ende;

For which our host, as he was wont to gye,  
As in this caas, our joly companye,

Seyde in this wyse, 'lordings everichoon,  
Now lakketh us no tales mo than oon. 16

Fulfuld is my sentence and my decree;  
I trowe that we han herd of ech degree.

Almost fulfuld is al myn ordinaunce;

I prey to god, so yeve him right good  
chaunce, 20

That telleth this tale to us lustily.

Sir preest,' quod he, 'artow a vicary?

Or art a person? sey sooth, by thy fey!

Be what thou be, ne breke thou nat our  
pley;

For every man, save thou, hath told his  
tale, 25

Unbokel, and shewe us what is in thy male;

For trewely, me thinketh, by thy chere,  
Thou sholdest knitte up wel a greet matere.

Tel us a tale anon, for cokkes bones!'

This Personne him answerde, al at ones,  
'Thou getest fable noon y-told for me; 31

For Paul, that wryteth unto Timothee,  
Repreveþ hem that weyven soothfast-

nesse,  
And tellen fables and swich wrecched-

nesse. 34

Why sholde I sowen draf out of my fest,  
Whan I may sowen whete, if that me lest?

For which I seye, if that yow list to here  
Moralitee and vertuous matere,

And thanne that ye wol yeve me audience,  
I wol ful fayn, at Cristes reverence, 40

Do yow plesaunce leefful, as I can.

But trusteth wel, I am a Southren man.

I can nat geste—rum, ram, ruf—by lettre,

Ne, god wot, rym holde I but litel bettre.

And therfor, if yow list, I wol nat glose.

I wol yow telle a mery tale in prose 46

To knitte up al this feeste, and make an  
ende.

And Jesu, for his grace, wit me sende  
To shewe yow the wey, in this viage,

Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage 50  
That highte Jerusalem celestial.

And, if ye vouche-sauf, anon I shal  
Biginne upon my tale, for which I preye

Telle your avys, I can no bettre seye.

But natheless, this meditacioun 55

I putte it ay under correccioun

Of clerkes, for I am nat textuel;

I take but the sentens, trusteth wel.

Therfor I make protestacioun

That I wol stonde to correccioun.' 60

Up-on this word we han assented sone,

For, as us semed, it was for to done,

To enden in som vertuous sentence,

And for to yeve him space and audience;

And bede our host he sholde to him  
seye, 65

That alle we to telle his tale him preye

Our host hadde the wordes for us alle:—

'Sir preest,' quod he, 'now fayre yow  
bifalle!

Sey what yow list, and we wol gladly  
here'—

And with that word he seyde in this  
manere— 70

'Telleth,' quod he, 'your meditacioun

But hasteth yow, the sonne wol adonn;

Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,

And to do wel god sende yow his grace!'

Explicit prohemium.

## THE PERSONES TALE.

Here biginneth the Persones Tale.

*Jer. 6<sup>o</sup>. State super vias et videte et interrogate de viis antiquis, quæ sit via bona; et ambulate in ea, et inuenietis refrigerium animabus vestris, &c.*

§ 1. Our swete lord god of hevene, that no man wol perisse, but wole that we comen alle to the knoweleche of him, and to the blisful lyf that is perdurable, / amonesteth us by the prophete Jeremie, that seith in this wyse: / 'stondeth upon the weyes, and seeth and axeth of olde pathes (that is to seyn, of olde sentences) which is the goode wey; / and walketh in that wey, and ye shul finde refreshynge for your soules,' &c. / Manyo been the weyes espirituels that leden folk to oure Lord Jesu Crist, and to the regne of glorie. / Of whicho weyes, ther is a ful noble wey and a ful covenable, which may nat faile to man ne to womman, that thurgh sinne hath misgoon fro the 80 righte wey of Jerusalem celestial; / and this wey is cleped Penitence, of which man sholde gladly herknen and enquere with al his herte; / to witen what is Penitence, and whennes it is cleped Penitence, and in how manyo maneres been the accions or workinges of Penitence, / and how manye spyes ther been of Penitence, and whiche thinges apertenen and bihoven to Penitence, and whiche thinges destourben Penitence. /

§ 2. Seint Ambrose seith, that 'Penitence is the pleyninge of man for the gilt that he hath doon, and na-more to do any thing for which him oghte to 100 pleyne.' / And som doctour seith: 'Penitence is the waymentinge of man, that sorweth for his sinne and pyneth himself for he hath misdoon.' / Penitence, with certeyne circumstances, is verray repentance of a man that halt him-self

in sorwe and other peyne for hise giltes. / And for he shal be verray penitent, he shal first biwailen the sinnes that he hath doon, and stidefastly purposen in his herte to have shrift of monthes, and to doon satisfaccioun, / and never to doon thing for which him oghte more tobiwayle or to compleyne, and to continue in goode werkes: or elles his repentance may nat 90 availle. / For as seith seint Isidre: 'he is a japer and a gabber, and no verray repentant, that eftsoone dooth thing, for which him oghte repente.' / Wepinge, and nat for to stinte to doon sinne, may nat avaylle. / 90 But natheles, men shal hope that every tyme that man falleth, be it never so ofte, that he may arise thurgh Penitence, if he have grace: but certainly it is greet doute. / For as seith Seint Gregorie: 'unnethe aryseth he out of sinne, that is charged with the charge of yvel usage.' / And therfore repentant folk, that stinte for to sinne, and forlete sinne er that sinne forlete hem, holy chirche holdeth hem siker of hir savacioun. / And he that sinneth, and verrailly repenteth him in his laste ende, holy chirche yet hopeth his savacioun, by the grete mercy of oure lord Jesu Crist, for his repentaunce; but tak the siker wey. / 100

§ 3. And now, sith I have declared yow what thing is Penitence, now shul ye understonde that ther been three accions of Penitence. / The firste accion 95 of Penitence is, that a man be baptized after that he hath sinned. / Seint Augustin seith: 'but he be penitent for his olde sinful lyf, he may nat biginne the newe clene lif.' / For certes, if he be baptized withouten penitence of his olde gilt, he receiveth the mark of baptisme, but nat the grace ne the remission of his sinnes, til he have repentance verray. /

she hir beantee in the stinkinge ordure of sinne. /

§ 10. The thridde cause that oghte movee a man to Contricion, is drede of the day of dome, and of the horrible peynes of helle. / For as seint Jerome seith: 'at every tyme that me remembreth of the day of dome, I quake; / for whan I ete or drinke, or what-so that I do, evere semeth me that the trompe  
160 sowneth in myn ere: / riseth up, ye that been dede, and cometh to the jugement.' / O gode god, muchel oghte a man to drede swich a jugement, 'ther-as we shullen been alle,' as seint Poul seith, 'biforn the sete of oure lord Jesu Crist'; / wher-as he shal make a general congregacion, wher-as no man may been absent. / For certes, there availleth noon essoynne ne  
(90) excusacion. / And nat only that oure defautes shullen be juged, but eek that  
165 alle oure werkes shullen openly be knowe. / And as seith Seint Bernard: 'ther ne shal no pledinges availle, ne no sleighte; we shullen yeven rekeninge of everich ydel word.' / Ther shul we han a juge that may nat been deceived ne corrupt. And why? For, certes, alle our thoghtes been discovered as to him; ne for preyere ne for mede he shal nat been corrupt. / And therfore seith Salomon: 'the wraithe of god ne wol nat spare no wight, for preyere ne for yifte'; and therfore, at the day of doom, ther nis noon hope to escape. / Wherfore, as seith Seint Anselm: 'ful greet angwissh shul the sinful folk have at that tyme; / ther shal the sterne and wrothe juge sitte above, and under him the horrible put of helle open to destroyen him that moot biknowen hise sinnes, whiche sinnes  
170 openly been shewed biforn god and biforn every creature. / And on the left syde, no develes than herte may bithinke, for to harie and drawe the sinful soules to the pyne of helle. / And with-inne the hertes of folk shal be the bytinge conscience, and with-oute-forth shal be the world al brenninge. / Whider shal thanne the wretched sinful man flee to hyden him? Certes, he may nat hyden

him; he mooste come forth and shewen him.' / For certes, as seith seint Jerome: 'the erthe shal casten him out of him, and the see also; and the eyr also, that shal be ful of thonder-clappes and lightnings.' / Now sothly, who-so wel remembreth him of these things, I gesse that his sinne shal nat turne him in-to delyt, but to greet sorwe, for drede of the peyne of helle. / And therfore seith Job 175 to god: 'suffre, lord, that I may a while biwaille and wepe, er I go with-oute returning to the derke lond, covered with the derknesse of deeth; / to the lond of misese and of derknesse, where-as is the shadwe of deeth; where-as ther is noon ordre or ordinance, but grisly drede that evere shal laste.' / Lo, here may ye seen that Job preyde respyt a while, to biwepe and waille his trespas; for soothly on day of respyt is bettre than al the tresor of the world. / And for-as-muche as a man may acquiten him-self biforn god by penitence in this world, and nat by tresor, therfore sholde he preyte to god to yeve him respyt a while, to biwepe and biwailen his trespas. / For certes, al the sorwe that a man mighte make fro the beginning of the world, nis but a litel thing at regard of the sorwe of helle. / The cause why that Job clepeth  
180 helle 'the lond of derknesse'; / understondeth that he clepeth it 'londe' or erthe, for it is stable, and nevere shal faille; 'derk,' for he that is in helle hath defaute of light material. / For certes, the derke light, that shal come out of the fyr that evere shal brenne, shal turne him al to peyne that is in helle; for it sheweth him to the horrible develes that him tormenten. / 'Covered with the derknesse of deeth': that is to seyn, that he that is in helle shal have defaute of the sighte of god; for certes, the sighte of god is the lyf perdurable. / 'The  
(110) derknesse of deeth' been the sinnes that the wretched man hath doon, whiche that destourben him to see the face of god; right as doth a derk cloude bitwixe us and the sonne. / 'Lond of misese': / 185 by-cause that ther been three maneres

of defautes, agayn three thinges that folk of this world han in this present lyf, that is to seyn, honours, delcyces, and riches. / Agayns honour, have they in helle shame and confusion. / For wel ye woot that men clepen 'honour' the reverence that man doth to man; but in helle is noon honour ne reverence. For certes, na-more reverence shal be doon there to a king than to a knave. / For which god seith by the prophete Jeremye: 'thilke folk that me despyren shul been in despyt.' / 'Honour' is eek cleped greet lordshipe; ther shal no man serven other but of harm and torment. 'Honour' is eek cleped greet dignitee and heighnesse; but in helle shul they been al  
 190 fortroden of devels. / And god seith: 'the horrible devels shullo goon and comen up-on the hevendes of the dampned folk.' And this is for-as-muche as, the hyer that they were in this present lyf, the more shulle they been abated and defouled in helle. / Agayns the riches of this world, shul they han misese of poverté; and this poverté shal been in foure thinges: / in defaute of tresor, of which that David seith; 'the riche folk, that embraceden and oneden al hir herte to tresor of this world, shul slepe in the slepinge of deeth; and no-thing ne shul they finden in hir handes of al hir tresor.' / And more-over, the miseise of helle shal been in defaute of mete and  
 200 drinke. / For god seith thus by Moyses: 'they shul been wasted with hunger, and the briddes of helle shul devouren hem with bitter deeth, and the galle of the dragon shal been hir drinke, and the  
 205 venom of the dragon hir morsels.' / And further-over, hir miseise shal been in defaute of clothing: for they shulle be naked in body as of clothing, save the fyr in which they brenne and others filthes; / and naked shul they been of soule, of alle manere vertues, which that is the clothing of the soule. Where been thanne the gaye robes and the softe shetes and the smale shertes? / Lo, what seith god of hem by the prophete Isaye: 'that under hem shul been strawed motthes, and hir

covertures shulle been of wormes of helle.' / And further-over, hir miseise shal been in defaute of freendes; for he nis nat povre that hath goode freendes, but there is no freend; / for neither god ne no creature shal been freend to hem, and everich of hem shal haten other with deadly hate. / 'The sones and the  
 200 doghtren shullen rebellen agayns fader and mooder, and kinrede agayns kinrede, and chyden and despyren everich of hem other,' bothe day and night, as god seith by the prophete Michias. / And the lovinge children, that whylom loveden so fleshly everich other, wolden everich of hem eten other if they mighte. / For how sholden they love hem togidre in the peyne of helle, whan they hated ech of hem other in the prosperitee of this lyf? / For truste wel, hir fleshly love was deadly hate; as seith the prophete David: 'who-so that loveth wikkednesse he hateth his soule.' / And who-so hateth his owne  
 210 soule, certes, he may love noon other wight in no manere. / And therefore, 205 in helle is no solas ne no frendshipe, but evere the more fleshly kinredes that been in helle, the more cursinges, the more chydinges, and the more deadly hate ther is among hem. / And further-over, they shul have defaute of alle manere delcyces; for certes, delcyces been after the appetites of the fyve wittes, as sighte, heringe, smellinge, savoringe, and touchinge. / But in helle hir sighte shal be ful of derknesse and of smoke, and therefore ful of teres; and hir heringe, ful of waymentinge and of gruntinge of teeth, as  
 215 seith Jesu Crist; / hir nosethirles shullen be ful of stinkinge stink. And as seith Isaye the prophete: 'hir savoringe shal be ful of bitter galle.' / And touchinge of al hir body, y-covered with 'fyr that nevere shal quenche, and with wormes that nevere shul dyen,' as god seith by the mouth of Isaye. / And for-as-muche  
 220 as they shul nat wene that they may dyen for peyne, and by hir deeth flee fro peyne, that may they understonden by the word of Job, that seith: 'ther-as is the shadwe of deeth.' / Certes, a

shadwe hath the lyknesse of the thing of which it is shadwe, but shadwe is nat the same thing of which it is shadwe. / Right so fareth the peyne of helle; it is lyk deeth for the horrible anguiss, and why? For it peyneth hem evere, as though they sholde dye anon; but certes they shal nat dye. / For as seith Seint Gregorio: 'to wrecche caytives shal be deeth with-outen deeth, and ende with-outen ende, and defaute with-outen fail-

(140) inge. / For hir deeth shal alwey liven, and hir ende shal everemo biginne, and

215 hir defaute shal nat faille.' / And therefore seith Seint John the Evangelist: 'they shullen folwe deeth, and they shul nat finde him; and they shul desyren to dye, and deeth shal flee fro hem.' / And eek Job seith: that 'in helle is noon orde of rule.' / And al-be-it so that god hath creat alle thinges in right orde, and no-thing with-outen orde, but alle thinges been ordeyned and nombred; yet natheles they that been dampned been no-thing in orde, ne holden noon orde. / For the erthe ne shal bere hem no fruit. / For, as the prophete David seith: 'god shal destroye the fruit of the erthe as fro hem'; ne water ne shal yeve hem no moisture; ne

220 the eyr no refresshing, ne fyr no light. / For as seith seint Basile: 'the brenninge of the fyr of this world shal god yeven in helle to hem that been dampned; / but the light and the cleynesse shal be yeven in hevenc to hise children'; right as the gode man yeveth flesh to hise children, and bones to his houndes. / And for they shullen have noon hope to escape, seith seint Job atte laste: that 'ther shal horroure and grisly drede dwellen with-outen ende.' / Horroure is alwey drede of harm that is to come, and this drede shal evere dwelle in the hertes of hem that been dampned. And therefore

(150) causes. / First, for god that is hir juge shal be with-outen mercy to hem; ne they may nat plesse him, no noon of hise halwes; ne they ne may yeve no-thing

225 for hir raunson; / ne they have no vois

to speke to him; ne they may nat flee fro peyne; ne they have no goodnesse in hem, that they mowe shewe to delivere hem fro peyne. / And therefore seith Salomon: 'the wikked man dyeth; and whan he is deed, he shal have noon hope to escape fro peyne.' / Who-so thanne wolde wel understande these peynes, and biþinke him wel that he hath deserved thilke peynes for his sinnes, certes, he sholde have more talent to syken and to wepe than for to singen and to pleye. / For as that seith Salomon: 'who-so that hadde the science to knowe the peynes that been establissed and ordeyned for sinne, he wolde make sorwe.' / 'Thilke science,' as seith seint Augustin, 'maketh

230 a man to waymenten in his herte.'

§ 11. The fourthe point, that oghte maken a man to have contricion, is the sorweful remembrance of the good that he hath left to doon here in erthe: and eek the good that he hath lorn. / Soothly, the gode werkes that he hath left, outhur they been the gode werkes that he wroghte er he fel in-to deedly sinne, or elles the gode werkes that he wroghte while he lay in sinne. / Soothly, the gode werkes, that he dide bifore that he fil in sinne, been al mortified and astoned and dilled by the ote sinning. / The othere gode werkes, that he wroghte whyl he lay in deedly sinne, they been outroly dede as to the lyf perdurable in hevenc. / Thanne thilke gode werkes (160) that been mortified by ote sinning, whiche gode werkes he dide whyl he was in charitee, no mowe nevere quiken agayn with-outen verray penitence. / And therefore of seith god, by the mouth of Ezechiel: that, 'if the rightful man returne agayn from his rightwisenesse and werke wikkednesse, shal he live?' / Nay; for alle the gode werkes that he hath wrought no shul nevere been in remembrance; for he shal dyen in his sinne. / And up-on thilke chapitre seith seint Gregorie thus: 'that we shulle understonde this principally; / that whan we doon deedly sinne, it is for noght thanne to rehernen or drawen in-to memorie the gode werkes that we

han wrought biforn.' / For certes, in the werkinge of the deedly sinne, ther is no trust to no good werk that we han doon biforn; that is to seyn, as for to have  
 240 therby the lyf perdurable in hevenc. / But natheles, the gode werkes quiken agayn, and comen agayn, and helpen, and availlen to have the lyf perdurable in hevenc, whan we han contricion. / But soothly, the gode werkes that men doon whyl they been in deedly sinne, for-as-muche as they were doon in deedly sinne, they may nevere quiken agayn. / For certes, thing that nevere hadde lyf may nevere quikene; and natheles, albe-it that they ne availlo nought to han the lyf perdurable, yet availlen they to abregge of the peyne of helle, or elles to geten temporal richesse, / or elles that god wole the rather enlumine and lightne the herte of the sinful man to have  
 (170) repentance; / and eek they availlen for to usen a man to doon gode werkes, that the feend have the lasse power of his  
 245 soule. / And thus the curteis lord Jesu Crist wole that no good werk be lost; for in somewhat it shal availle. / But for-as-muche as the gode werkes that men doon whyl they been in good lyf, been al mortified by sinne folwinge; and eek, sith that alle the gode werkes that men doon whyl they been in deedly synne, been ontrelly dede as for to have the lyf perdurable; / wel may that man, that no good werke ne dooth, singe thulke newe Frenshe song: '*Jay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour.*' / For certes, sinne birevoth a man bothe goodnesse of nature and eek the goodnesse of grace. / For soothly, the grace of the holy goost fareth lyk fyr, that may nat been ydel; for fyr failleth anon as it forleteth his wirkinge, and right so grace fayleth  
 250 anon as it forleteth his werkinge. / Than leseth the sinful man the goodnesse of glorie, that only is bihight to gode men that labouren and werken. / Wel may he be sory thanne, that oweth al his lif to god as long as he hath lived, and eek as long as he shal live, that no goodnesse ne hath to paye with his dette

to god, to whom he oweth al his lyf. / For trust wel, 'he shal yeven accounts,' as seith seint Bernard, 'of alle the godes that han be yeven him in this present lyf, and how he hath hem despended; / in so muche that ther shal nat perisse an heer of his heed, ne a moment of an houre ne shal nat perisse of his tyme, that he ne shal yeve of it a rekening.' / (180)

§ 12. The fifthe thing that oghte movee a man to contricion, is remembrance of the passion that oure lord Jesu Crist suffred for oure sinnes. / For, as seith 255 seint Bernard: 'whyl that I live, I shal have remembrance of the travailles that oure lord Crist suffred in preching; / his werinesse in travailling, hise temptacions whan he tasted, hise longe wakinges whan he preyde, hise teres whan that he weep for pitee of good peple; / the wo and the shame and the filthe that men seyden to him; of the foule spitting that men spitte in his face, of the buffettes that men yaven him, of the foule mowes, and of the repreves that men to him seyden; / of the nayles with whiche he was nailed to the croys, and of al the remenant of his passion that he suffred for my sinnes, and no-thing for his gilt.' / And ye shul understonde, that in mannes sinne is every manere of ordre or ordinance turned up-so-doun. / 260 For it is sooth, that god, and reson, and sensualitee, and the body of man been so ordeyned, that everich of these foure thinges sholde have lordshipe over that other; / as thus: god sholde have lordshipe over reson, and reson over sensualitee, and sensualitee over the body of man. / But sothly, whan man sinneth, al this ordre or ordinance is turned up-so-doun. / And therefore thanne, for-as-muche as the reson of man ne wol nat be subget ne obeisant to god, that is his lord by right, therefore leseth it the lordshipe that it sholde have over sensualitee, and eek over the body of man. / And (190) why? For sensualitee rebelloth thanne agayns reson; and by that way leseth reson the lordshipe over sensualitee and over the body. / For right as reson is 265



rebel to god, right so is bothe sensualitee  
 rebel to reson and the body also. / And  
 certes, this disordinaunce and this re-  
 bellion oure lord Jesu Crist aboghte  
 up-on his precious body ful dere, and  
 herkneth in which wyse. / For-as-muche  
 thanne as reson is rebel to god, therefore  
 is man worthy to have sorwe and to be  
 deed. / This suffred oure lord Jesu Crist  
 for man, after that he hadde be bitrayed  
 of his disciple, and distreyned and  
 bounde, 'so that his blood brast out at  
 every nail of hise handes,' as seith seint  
 Augustin. / And forther-over, for-as-  
 muchel as reson of man ne wol nat  
 daunte sensualitee when it may, therefore  
 is man worthy to have shame; and this  
 suffred oure lord Jesu Crist for man,  
 270 when they spetten in his visage. / And  
 forther-over, for-as-muchel thanne as the  
 catif body of man is rebel bothe to reson  
 and to sensualitee, therefore is it worthy  
 the deeth. / And this suffred oure lord  
 Jesu Crist for man up-on the croys,  
 where-as ther was no part of his body  
 free, with-outen greet payne and bitter  
 passion. / And al this suffred Jesu  
 Crist, that nevere forfeget. And therefore  
 resonably may be seyde of Jesu in this  
 manere: 'to muchel am I payned for  
 the thynges that I nevere deserved, and  
 to muche defouled for shendshipe that  
 man is worthy to have.' / And therefore  
 may the sinful man wel seye, as seith  
 seint Bernard: 'acursed be the bitter-  
 nesse of my sinne, for which ther moste  
 280 be suffred so muchel bitterness.' / For  
 certes, after the diverse discordances of  
 oure wikkednesses, was the passion of  
 275 Jesu Crist ordeyned in diverse thynges,  
 / as thus. Certes, sinful mannes soule  
 is bitrayed of the devel by covetise of  
 temporel prosperitee, and scorned by  
 deceite when he cheseth fleshly delyces;  
 and yet is it tormented by impaciencie of  
 adversitee, and bispot by servage and  
 subjeccion of sinne; and atte laste it is  
 slayn fynally. / For this disordinaunce  
 of sinful man was Jesu Crist first bi-  
 trayed, and after that was he bounde,  
 that cam for to unbynden us of sinne

and payne. / Thanne was he bicorned,  
 that only sholde han been honoured in  
 alle thynges and of alle thynges. / Thanne  
 was his visage, that oghte be desired  
 to be seyn of al man-kinde, in which  
 visage aungels desyren to looke, vileynly  
 bispot. / Thanne was he scourged that  
 no-thing hadde agilt; and fynally, thanne  
 was he crucified and slayn. / Thanne 280  
 was acomplished the word of Isaye: 'he  
 was wounded for onre misdedes, and  
 defouled for oure felonies.' / Now sith  
 that Jesu Crist took up-on him-self the  
 payne of alle oure wikkednesses, muchel  
 oghte sinful man wepen and biwayle,  
 that for hise sinnes goddes sone of  
 hevene sholde al this payne endure. /

§ 13. The sixte thyng that oghte moeve  
 a man to contricion, is the hope of three  
 thynges; that is to seyn, foryiffnesse of  
 sinne, and the yifte of grace wol for to  
 do, and the glorie of hevene, with which  
 god shal guerdone a man for hise gode  
 dedes. / And for-as-muche as Jesu Crist  
 yeveth us thise yiftes of his largesse and  
 of his sovereyn bountee, therefore is he  
 cleped *Jesu Nazareus rex Judeorum*. / (210)  
 Jesus is to seyn 'saveour' or 'salvacion',  
 on whom men shul hope to have foryif-  
 nesse of sinnes, which that is proprely  
 salvacion of sinnes. / And therefore seyde 285  
 the aungel to Joseph: 'thou shalt clepen  
 his name Jesus, that shal saven his peple  
 of hir sinnes.' / And heer-of seith seint  
 Peter: 'ther is noon other name under  
 hevene that is yeve to any man, by which  
 a man may be saved, but only Jesus.' /  
*Nazareus* is as muche for to seye as  
 'florisslinge' in which a man shal hope,  
 that he that yeveth him remission of  
 sinnes shal yeve him eek grace wel for to  
 do. For in the flour is hope of fruit in  
 tyme cominge; and in foryiffnesse of  
 sinnes hope of grace wel for to do. /  
 'I was atte dore of thyn herte,' seith  
 Jesus, 'and cleped for to entre; he that  
 openeth to me shal have foryiffnesse of  
 sinne. / I wol entre in-to him by my  
 grace, and soupe with him,' by the goode  
 werkes that he shal doon; whiche werkes  
 been the fooode of god; 'and he shal

soupe with me,' by the grete joye that  
 190 I shal yeven him. / Thus shal man hope,  
 for hise werkes of penance, that god  
 shall yeven him his regne; as he bihoteth  
 him in the gospel. /

§ 14. Now shal a man understonde, in  
 which manere shal been his contricion.  
 I seye, that it shal been universal and  
 total; this is to seyn, a man shal be  
 verray repentant for alle hise sinnes that  
 he hath doon in delyt of his thoght; for  
 delyt is ful perilous. / For ther been  
 two manere of consentinges; that oon of  
 hom is cleped consentinge of affeeccion,  
 whan a man is mooved to do sinne, and  
 delyteth him longe for to thinke on that  
 sinne; / and his reson aperceyvethe it  
 wel, that it is sinne agayns the lawe of  
 god, and yet his reson refreyneth nat his  
 foul delyt or talent, though he see wel  
 apertly that it is agayns the reverence of  
 god; al-though his reson ne consente  
 220 nocht to doon that sinne in dede, / yet  
 seyn somme doctours that swich delyt  
 that dwelleth longe, it is ful perilous,  
 225 al be it nevere so lite. / And also a man  
 sholde sorwe, namely, for al that evere  
 he hath desired agayn the lawe of god  
 with perfitt consentinge of his reson; for  
 ther-of is no doute, that it is deedly sinne  
 in consentinge. / For certes, ther is no  
 deedly sinne, that it nas first in mannes  
 thought, and after that in his delyt; and  
 so forth in-to consentinge and in-to dede. /  
 Wherefore I seye, that many men ne re-  
 penten hem nevere of swiche thoghtes  
 and delytes, ne nevere shryven hem of it,  
 but only of the dede of grete sinnes  
 outward. / Wherefore I seye, that swiche  
 wikked delytes and wikked thoghtes been  
 subtil bigylers of hem that shullen be  
 dampned. / More-over, man oghte to  
 sorwe for hise wikkede wordes as wel as  
 for hise wikkede dedes; for certes, the  
 repentance of a singular sinne, and nat  
 repente of alle hise othere sinnes, or elles  
 repenten him of alle hise othere sinnes,  
 and nat of a singular sinne, may nat  
 300 availle. / For certes, god almighty is al  
 good; and ther-fore he foryeveth al, or  
 elles right nocht. / And heer-of seith

seint Augustin: 'I woot certainly / that  
 god is enemy to everich sinnere'; and  
 how thanne? He that observeth o sinne,  
 shal he have foryiffnesse of the reme-  
 nant of hise othere sinnes? Nay. /  
 And forther-over, contricion sholde be  
 wonder sorweful and anguissous, and  
 therfore yeveth him god pleylny his  
 mercy; and therefore, whan my soule  
 was anguissous with-inne me, I hadde  
 remembrance of god that my preyere  
 mighte come to him. / Forther-over, (230)  
 contricion moste be continual, and that  
 man have stedfast purpos to shryven  
 him, and for to amenden him of his lyf. / 305  
 For soothly, whyl contricion lasteth, man  
 may evere have hope of foryiffnesse; and  
 of this comth hate of sinne, that destroy-  
 eth sinne bothe in himself, and eek in  
 other folk, at his power. / For which  
 soith David: 'ye that loveden god hateth  
 wikkednesse.' For trusteth wel, to love  
 god is for to love that he loveth, and  
 hate that he hateth. /

§ 15. The laste thing that man shal  
 understonde in contricion is this; wher-  
 of awayleth contricion. I seye, that som  
 tyme contricion delivereth a man fro  
 sinne; / of which that David seith:  
 'I seye,' quod David, that is to seyn,  
 'I purposed fermely to shryve me; and  
 thow, Lord, relosedest my sinne.' / And  
 right so as contricion availleth nocht,  
 with-uten sad purpos of shryfte, if man  
 have oportunitie, right so litel worth is  
 shryfte or satisfaccion with-uten con-  
 tricion. / And more-over, contricion 310  
 destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh  
 wayk and feble alle the strengthes of the  
 develes, and restoreth the yiftes of the  
 holy goost and of alle gode vertues; / and  
 it clenseth the soule of sinne, and  
 delivereth the soule fro the payne of  
 helle, and fro the compagne of the devel,  
 and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth  
 it to alle godes espiituels, and to the  
 compagne and communion of holy  
 chirche. / And forther-over, it maketh  
 him that whylom was sone of ire to be  
 sone of grace; and alle thise thinges been  
 preved by holy writ. / And therefore, he

that wolde sette his entente to thise  
things, he were ful wys; for soothly, he  
ne sholde nat thanne in al his lyf have  
corage to sinne, but yeven his body and  
al his herte to the service of Jesu Crist,  
(240) and ther-of doon him hommage. / For  
soothly, oure swete lord Jesu Crist hath  
spared us so debonairly in our folies, that  
if he ne hadde pitee of mannes soule,  
315 a sory song we mighten alle singe. /

Explicit prima pars Penitentie; et  
sequitur secunda pars eiusdem.

§ 16. The seconde partie of Penitence is  
Confession, that is signe of contricion. /  
Now shul ye understonde what is Con-  
fession, and whether it oghte nedes be  
doon or noon, and whiche thinges been  
covenable to verray Confession. /

§ 17. First shaltow understonde that  
Confession is verray shewings of sinnes  
to the preest; / this is to seyn 'verray,'  
for he moste confessen him of alle the  
condiciouns that bilongen to his sinne, as  
ferforth as he can. / Al moot be seyde,  
and no thing excused ne hid ne for-  
wrapped, and noght avaunte him of his  
320 gode werkes. / And forther over, it is  
necessarie to understonde whennes that  
sinnes springen, and how they encreasen,  
and whiche they been. /

§ 18. Of the springinge of sinnes seith  
seint Paul in this wise: that 'right as by  
a man sinne entred first in-to this world,  
and thurgh that sinne deeth, right so  
thilke deeth entred in-to alle men that  
sinneden.' / And this man was Adam,  
by whom sinne entred in-to this world  
whan he brak the comaundement of  
god. / And therefore, he that first was so  
mighty that he sholde not have dyed,  
bicom swich oon that he moste nedes dye,  
whether he wolde or noon; and all his  
progenie in this world that in thilke man  
(250) sinneden. / Loke that in th'estaat of  
innocence, when Adam and Eve naked  
weren in paradys, and no-thing ne hadden  
325 shame of hir nakednesse, / how that the  
serpent, that was most wyly of alle othere  
beestes that god hadde makid, seyde to

the womman: 'why comaunded god to  
yow, ye sholde nat eten of every tree in  
paradys?' / The womman answerde:  
'of the fruit,' quod she, 'of the trees in  
paradys we feden us; but soothly, of the  
fruit of the tree that is in the middel of  
paradys, god forbad us for to ete, ne nat  
touchen it, lest per-aventure we should  
dye.' / The serpent seyde to the wom-  
man: 'nay, nay, ye shul nat dye of  
deeth; for sothe, god woot, that what day  
that ye eten ther-of, youre eyen shul  
opene, and ye shul been as goddes,  
knowinge good and harm.' / The wom-  
man thanne saugh that the tree was good  
to feding, and fair to the eyen, and  
delytable to the sighte; she tok of the  
fruit of the tree, and eet it, and yaf to hir  
housbonde, and he eet; and anon the  
eyen of hem bothe opened. / And  
whan that they knewe that they were  
naked, they sowed of fige-leves a manere  
of breches to hiden hir membres. / There 330  
may ye seen that deedly sinne hath first  
suggestion of the feend, as sheweth here  
by the naddre; and afterward, the delyt  
of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve; and  
after that, the consentinge of resoun, as  
sheweth here by Adam. / For trust wel,  
thogh so were that the feend tempted Eve,  
that is to seyn the flesh, and the flesh hadde  
delyt in the beante of the fruit defended,  
yet certes, til that resoun, that is to seyn,  
Adam, consented to the etinge of the  
fruit, yet stood he in th'estaat of inno-  
cence. / Of thilke Adam toke we thilke  
sinne original; for of him fleshly de-  
scended be we alle, and engendred of vile  
and corrupt 'matere. / And whan the  
soule is put in our body, right anon is  
contract original sinne; and that, that  
was erst but only payne of concupiscence,  
is afterward bothe payne and sinne. / (260)  
And therefore be we alle born sonnes of  
wrathe and of dampnacion perdurable, if  
it nere baptesme that we receyven, which  
binimeth us the culpe; but for sothe, the  
payne dwelleth with us, as to tempta-  
cion, which payne lighte concupiscence. / 335  
Whan it is wrongfully disposed or or-  
deyned in man, it maketh him covete,

by coveitise of flesh, fleshly sinne, by sighte of hise eyen as to ertely thinges, and coveitise of hynesse by pryde of herte. /

§ 19. Now as for to speken of the firste coveitise, that is, concupiscence after the lawe of oure membres, that weren lawefullliche y-maked and by rightful judgement of god; / I seye, for-as-muche as man is nat obeisaunt to god, that is his lord, therefore is the flesh to him disobeisaunt thurgh concupiscence, which yet is cleped norissinge of sinne and occasion of sinne. / Therefore, al the whyle that a man hath in him the peyne of concupiscence, it is impossible but he be tempted somtyme, and mooved in his flesh to sinne. / And this thing may nat faille as longe as he liveth; it may wel wefe feble and faille, by vertu of baptesme and by the grace of god thurgh penitence; / but fully ne shal it nevere quenche, that he ne shal som tyme be mooved in him-self, but-if he were al refreyded by siknesse, or by malefice of sorcerie or colde drinks. / For lo, what seith seint Paul: 'the flesh coveiteth agayn the spirit, and the spirit agayn the flesh; they been so contrario and so stryven, that a man may nat alwey doon as he wolde.' / The same seint Paul. after his grete penaunce in water and in lond (in water by night and by day, in greet peril and in greet peyne, in lond, in famine, in thirst, in cold and clothlees, and ones stoned almost to the deeth) / yet seyde he: 'allas! I, caytif man, who shal deliver me fro the (270) prisoun of my caytif body?' / And seint Jerome, whan he longe tyme hadde woned in desert, where-as he hadde no companye but of wilde bestes, where-as he ne hadde no mete but herbes and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erthe, for which his flesh was blak as an Ethiopen for hete and ny destroyed for cold, / yet seyde he: that 'the brenninge of lecherie boiled in al his body.' / Wherefore I woot wel sikarly, that they been deceyved that seyn, that they ne be nat tempted in hir body. / Witnesse on

Seint Jame the Apostel, that seith: that 'every wight is tempted in his owen concupiscence;' that is to seyn, that everich of us hath matere and occasion to be tempted of the norissinge of sinne that is in his body. / And therefore seith Seint John the Evaungelist: 'if that we seyn that we beth with-oute sinne, we deceyve us-elve, and trouthe is nat in us.' /

§ 20. Now shal ye understonde in what manere that sinne wexeth or encreseth in man. The firste thing is thilke norissinge of sinne, of which I spak bifore, thilke fleshly concupiscence. / And after 350 that comth the subjection of the devel, this is to seyn, the develes bely, with which he bloweth in man the fyr of fleshly concupiscence. / And after that, a man bithinketh him whether he wol doon, or no, thilke thing to which he is tempted. / And thanne, if that a man withstonde and weyve the firste entysinge of his flesh and of the feend, thanne is it no sinne; and if it so be that he do nat so, thanne feleth he anon a flambe of delyt. / And thanne is it god to be war, and kepen him wel, or elles he wol falle anon in-to consentinge of sinne; and thanne wol he do it, if he may have tyme and place. / And of this matere (280) seith Moyses by the devel in this manere: 'the feend seith, I wole chace and pursue the man by wikked suggestion, and I wole hente him by moevynge or stiringe of sinne. I wol departe my pryse or my praye by deliberacion, and my lust shal been accomplied in delyt; I wol drawe my sward in consentinge:' / for certes, 355 right as a sward departeth a thing in two peces, right so consentinge departeth god fro man: 'and thanne wol I sleen him with myn hand in dede of sinne'; thus seith the feend. / For certes, thanne is a man al deed in soule. And thus is sinne accomplied by temptacion, by delyt, and by consentinge; and thanne is the sin cleped actual. /

§ 21. For sothe, sinne is in two maneres; outhere it is venial, or deedly sinne. Soothly, whan man loveth any

creature more than Jesu Crist oure creatour, thanne is it deedly sinne. And venial synne is it, if man love Jesu Crist lasse than him oghte. / For sothe, the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous; for it amenuseth the love that men sholde han to god more and more. / And therefore, if a man charge him-self with manye swiche venial sinnes, certes, but-if so be that he som tyme discharge him of hem by shrifte, they mowe ful lightly amenuse in him al the love that he hath  
 360 to Jesu Crist; / and in this wise skippeth venial in-to deedly sinne. For certes, the more that a man chargeth his soule with venial sinnes, the more is he enclined to fallen in-to deedly sinne. / And therefore, lat us nat be negligent to deschargen us of venial sinnes. For the proverbe seith: that manye smale maken a greet. / And herkne this ensample. A greet wawe of the see comth som-tyme with so greet a violence that it drencheth the ship. And the same harm doth som-tyme the smale dropses of water, that entren thurgh a litel crevace in-to the thurrok, and in-to the botme of the ship, if men be so negligent that they ne discharge hem nat by tyme. / And therefore, al-though ther be a difference bitwixe these two causes of drenchinge, algates the  
 (290) ship is dreynt. / Right so fareth it som-tyme of deedly sinne, and of anyouse veniale sinnes, whan they multiplie in a man so greetly, that thilke worldly thinges that he loveth, thurgh whiche he sinneth venially, is as greet in his herte  
 365 as the love of god, or more. / And therefore, the love of every thing, that is nat biset in god ne doon principally for goddes sake, al-though that a man love it lasse than god, yet is it venial sinne; / and deedly sinne, whan the love of any thing weyeth in the herte of man as muchel as the love of god, or more. / 'Deedly sinne,' as seith seint Augustin, 'is, whan a man turneth his herte fro god, which that is verray sovereyn bountee, that may nat chaunge, and yeveth his herte to thing that may chaunge and fitte'; / and certes, that is

every thing, save god of hevene. For sooth is, that if a man yeve his love, the which that he oweth al to god with al his herte, un-to a creature, certes, as muche of his love as he yeveth to thilke creature, so muche he bireveth fro god; / and therefore doth he sinne. For he, that is dettoure to god, ne yeldeth nat to god al his dette, that is to seyn, al the love of his herte. /

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§ 22. Now sith man understandeth generally, which is venial sinne, thanne is it covenable to tellen specially of sinnes whiche that many a man per-aventure ne demeth hem nat sinnes, and ne shryveth him nat of the same thinges; and yet nathelees they been sinnes. / Soothly, as thise clorkes wryten, this is to seyn, that at every tyme that a man eteth or drinketh more than suffyseth to the sustenance of his body, in certain he dooth sinne. / And eek whan he speketh more than nedeth, it is sinne. Eke whan he herkneth nat benignely the compleint of the povre. / Eke whan he is in helpe of body and wol nat faste, whan othere folk faste, with-oute cause resonable. Eke whan he slepeth more than nedeth, or whan he comth by thilke enchesoun to late to chirche, or to othere werkis of charite. / Eke whan he useth his wyf, (300) with-oute sovereyn desyr of engendrure, to the honour of god, or for the entente to yelde to his wyf the dette of his body. / 375 Eke whan he wol nat visite the sike and the prisoner, if he may. Eke if he love wyf or child, or other worldly thing, more than rescoun requyreth. Eke if he flatere or blandishe more than him oghte for any necessitee. / Eke if he amenuse or withdrawe the almesse of the povre. Eke if he apparailleth his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete it to hastily by likerousnesse. / Eke if he tale vanitees at chirche or at goddes service, or that he be a talker of ydel wordes of folye or of vilainye; for he shal yelden accountes of it at the day of dome. / Eke whan he biheteth or assureth to do thinges that he may nat perfourne. Eke whan that he, by lightnesse or folie, misseyeth

or scorneth his neighebores. / Eke whan  
 he hath any wikked suspencion of thing,  
 380 ther he ne woot of it no soothfastnesse. /  
 Thise thinges and mo with-oute nombre  
 been synnes, as seith seint Augustin. /

Now shal men understonde, that al-be-  
 it so that noon erthely man may eschue  
 alle venial synnes, yet may he refreyne  
 him by the brenninge love that he hath  
 to oure lord Jesu Crist, and by preyeres  
 and confession and othere gode werkes,  
 so that it shal but litel greve. / For, as  
 seith seint Augustin: 'if a man love god  
 in swiche manere, that al that evere he  
 doth is in the love of god, and for the love  
 of god verrailly, for he brenneth in the  
 love of god: / loke, how muche that  
 a drope of water that falleth in a fourneys  
 ful of fyr anyeth or greveth, so muche  
 390 anyeth a venial synne un-to a man that  
 is parfit in the love of Jesu Crist.' / Men  
 may also refreyne venial synne by re-  
 ceyvinge worthily of the precious body  
 385 of Jesu Crist; / by receyvinge oek of holy  
 water; by almesdede; by general con-  
 fession of *Confiteor* at masse and at  
 complin; and by blessinge of bisshopes  
 and of preestes, and by othere gode  
 werkes. /

**Explicit secunda pars Penitentie.**

**Sequitur de Septem Peccatis Mortalibus  
 et eorum dependenciis circumstantiis  
 et speciebus.**

§ 23. Now is it bihovely thing to telle  
 whiche been the dedly synnes, this is to  
 seyn, chieftaines of synnes; alle they  
 renne in o lees, but in diverse maneres.  
 Now been they cleped chieftaines for-as-  
 muche as they been chief, and springers  
 of alle othere synnes. / Of the roote of  
 thise sevene synnes thanne is Pryde, the  
 general rote of alle harmes; for of this  
 rote springen certain branches, as Ire,  
 Envy, Accidie or Slewth, Avarice or  
 Coveitise (to commune understandinge),  
 Glotony, and Lecherye. / And everich  
 of thise chief synnes hath hise branches  
 and hise twigges, as shal be declared in  
 hir chapitres folwinge. /

**De Superbia.**

§ 24. And thogh so be that no man  
 can outrely telle the nombre of the  
 twigges and of the harmes that cometh  
 of Pryde, yet wol I shewe a partie of  
 hem, as ye shul understonde. / Ther 390  
 is Inobedience, Avauntinge, Ipoecrisie,  
 Despyt, Arrogance, Impudence, Swellinge  
 of herte, Insolence, Elacion, Impacience,  
 Strif, Contumacie, Presumpcion, Irrever-  
 erence, Pertinacie, Veyne Glorio; and  
 many another twig that I can nat  
 declare. / Inobedient, is he that dis-  
 obeyeth for despyt to the comandements  
 of god and to hise sovereyns, and to his  
 goostly fader. / Avauntour, is he that  
 bosteth of the harm or of the bountee  
 that he hath doon. / Ipoecrite, is he that  
 hydeth to shewe him swiche as he is, and  
 sheweth him swiche as he noght is. / 395  
 Despitous, is he that hath desdeyn of his  
 neighebores, that is to seyn, of his evene-  
 cristene, or hath despyt to doon that him  
 oghte to do. / Arrogant, is he that 395  
 thinketh that he hath thilke bountees in  
 him that he hath noght, or weneth that  
 he sholde have hem by hise desertes; or  
 elles he demeth that he be that he nis  
 nat. / Impudent, is he that for his pride  
 hath no shame of hise synnes. / Swellinge  
 of herte, is whan a man rejoyseth him of  
 harm that he hath doon. / Insolent, is  
 he that despyseth in his jugement alle  
 othere folk as to regard of his value, and  
 of his conning, and of his speking, and of  
 his boring. / Elacion, is whan he ne may  
 neither suffro to have maister ne felawe. / 400  
 Impacient, is he that wol nat been y-  
 taught ne undernome of his vyce, and by  
 stryf werreyeth trouthe wittingly, and  
 deffendeth his folye. / Contumax, is he  
 that thurgh his indignacion is agayns  
 everich auctoritee or power of hom that  
 been hise sovereyns. / Presumpcion, is  
 whan a man undertaketh an emprise  
 that him oghte nat do, or elles that he  
 may nat do; and that is called Surqui-  
 drie. Irreverence, is whan men do nat  
 honour thereas hem oghte to doon, and  
 waiten to be revered. / Pertinacia

is whan man deffendeth his folye, and  
 (336) trusteth to muchel in his owene wit. /  
 Veyne glorie, is for to have pompe and  
 delyt in his temporel hynesse, and  
 405 glorifie him in this worldly estaat. /  
 Jangling, is whan men speken to muche  
 biforn folk, and clappen as a mille, and  
 taken no kepe what they seye. /

§ 25. And yet is ther a privee spece of  
 Pryde, that waiteth first to be sawed er  
 he wole sawe, al be he lasse worth than  
 that other is, per-aventure; and eek he  
 waiteth or desyreth to sitte, or elles to  
 goon above him in the wey, or kisse pax,  
 or been encensed, or goon to offering biforn  
 his neighebores, / and swiche semblable  
 thinges; agayns his ductee, per-aventure,  
 but that he hath his herte and his  
 entente in swich a proud desyr to be  
 magnifyd and honoured biforn the  
 peple. /

§ 26. Now been ther two maneres of  
 Pryde; that oon of hem is with-inne the  
 herte of man, and that other is with-  
 oute. / Of whiche soothly thise forseyde  
 thinges, and mo than I have seyde, aper-  
 tenen to pryde that is in the herte of  
 man; and that othere spes of pryde  
 410 been with-oute. / But natheles that oon  
 of thise spes of pryde is signe of that  
 other, right as the gaye leefsel atte taverne  
 is signe of the wyn that is in the celer. /  
 And this is in manye thinges: as in speche  
 and contenance, and in outrageous array  
 of clothing; / for certes, if ther ne hadde  
 be no sinne in clothing, Crist wolde nat  
 have noted and spoken of the clothing of  
 thilke riche man in the gospel. / And, as  
 seith Seint Gregorie, that precious clothing  
 is coupable for the derthe of it, and for  
 his softenesse, and for his strangenesse  
 and degysinesse, and for the superfluitee,  
 (340) or for the inordinat scantnesse of it. /  
 Allas! may men nat seen, as in oure  
 dayes, the sinful costlewe array of cloth-  
 inge, and namely in to muche superfluitee,  
 415 or elles in to desordinat scantnesse? /

§ 27. As to the firste sinne, that is in  
 superfluitee of clothinge, which that  
 maketh it so dere, to harm of the peple; /  
 nat only the cost of embroudinge, the

degysie endentinge or barringe, oundinge,  
 palinge, windinge, or bendinge, and  
 semblable wast of clooth in vanitee; /  
 but ther is also costlewe furringe in hir  
 gounes, so muche pounsoninge of chisels  
 to maken holes, so muche dagginge of  
 sheres; / forth-with the superfluitee in  
 lengthe of the forseyde gounes, trailinge  
 in the dong and in the myre, on horse  
 and eek on fote, as wel of man as of  
 womman, that al thilke trailing is verraily  
 as in effect wasted, consumed, thredbare,  
 and roten with donge, rather than it is  
 even to the povre; to greet damage of  
 the forseyde povre folk. / And that in  
 sondry wyse: this is to seyn, that the  
 more that clooth is wasted, the more it  
 costeth to the peple for the scantnesse; / 420  
 and further-over, if so be that they wold  
 yeven swich pounsoned and dagged cloth-  
 ing to the povre folk, it is nat convenient  
 to were for hir estaat, ne suffisant to hete  
 hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the dis-  
 temperance of the firmament. / Upon  
 that other syde, to speken of the horrible  
 disordinat scantnesse of clothing, as been  
 thise cutted sloppes or hainselins, that  
 thurgh hir shortnesse ne covere nat the  
 shameful membres of man, to wikked  
 entente. / Allas! somme of hem shewen  
 the boce of hir shap, and the horrible  
 swollen membres, that semeth lyk the  
 maladie of hirma, in the wrappinge of hir  
 hoses; / and eek the buttokes of hem  
 furen as it were the hindre part of a she-  
 ape in the fulle of the mone. / And (350)  
 more-over, the wreeched swollen mem-  
 bres that they shewe thurgh the degy-  
 singe, in depattinge of hir hoses in whyt  
 and reed, semeth that half hir shameful  
 privee membres weren flayn. / And if 425  
 so be that they departen hire hoses in  
 othere colours, as is whyt and blak, or  
 whyt and blew, or blak and reed, and so  
 forth; / thanne semeth it, as by variance  
 of colour, that half the partie of hir  
 privee membres were corrupt by the fyr  
 of saint Antony, or by canere, or by othere  
 swich meschaunce. / Of the hindre part  
 of hir buttokes, it is ful horrible for to  
 see. For certes, in that partie of hir

body ther-as they purgen hir stinkinge ordure, / that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudly in despyt of honestete, the which honestete that Jesu Crist and hise freendes observede to shewen in hir lyve. / Now as of the ontrageous array of wommen, god woot, that though the visages of somme of hem some ful chaast and debonaire, yet notifie they in hir array of atyr likerousnesse and  
 430 pryde. / I sey nat that honestete in clothinge of man or womman is uncovenable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinat scantiepe of clothinge is reprevable. / Also the sinne of aornement or of apparaille is in thinges that apertenen to rydinge, as in to manye delicat horses that been holden for delyt, that been so faire, fatte, and costlewe; / and also to many a vicious knave that is sustened by cause of hem; in to curious harneys, as in sadelos, in crouperos, peytrels, and brylles covered with precious clothing and riche, barres and plates of gold and of silver. / For which god seith by Zakario the prophete, 'I wol confounde  
 (360) the ryderes of swiche horses.' / This folk taken litel reward of the rydinge of goudes sone of hevene, and of his harneys whan he rood up-on the asse, and ne hadde noon other harneys but the povre clothes of hise disciples; ne we ne rede  
 435 nat that evere he rood on other beest. / I speke this for the sinne of superfluitee, and nat for reasonable honestete, whan reson it requyeth. / And forther, certes pryde is greetly notified in holdinge of greet meinee, whan they be of litel profit or of right no profit. / And namely, whan that meinee is felonous and damageous to the peple, by hardinesse of heigh lordshipe or by wey of offices. / For certes, swiche lordes sellen thanne hir lordshipe to the devel of helle, whanne they sustenen the wikkednesse of hir meinee. / Or elles whan this folk of lowe degree, as thilke that holden hostleries, sustenen the theft of hir hostilers,  
 440 and that is in many manere of deceites. / Thilke manere of folk been the flyes that folwen the hony, or elles the houndes

that folwen the careyne. Swiche forseyde folk stranglen spiritually hir lordshipes; / for which thus seith David the prophete, 'wikked deeth mote come up-on thilke lordshipes, and god yeve that they mote descenden in-to helle al down; for in hir houses been iniquitees and shrewednesses,' and nat god of hevenc. / And certes, but-if they doon amendement, right as god yaf his bonison to J<sup>h</sup> Laban by the service of Jacob, and to J<sup>h</sup> Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so god wol yeve his malison to swiche lordshipes as sustenen the wikkednesse of hir servants, but-if they come to amendement. / Pryde of the table appereth eek ful ofte; for certes, riche men been cleped to festes, and povre folk been put away and rebuked. / Also in excesse of diverse (370) metes and dringes; and namely, swiche manere bake metes and dish-metes, brenninge of wilde fyr, and peynted and castelled with papir, and semblable wast; so that it is abusion for to think. / And 445 eek in to greet preciousnesse of vessel and curiositee of ministralcie, by whiche a man is stired the more to delycles of luxurie, / if so be that he sette his herte the lasse up-on oure lord Jesu Crist, certain it is a sinne; and certainly the delycles mighte been so grete in this caas, that man mighte lightly falle by hem in-to deedly sinne. / The especes that sourden of Pryde, soothly whan they sourden of malice ymagined, avysed, and forncast, or elles of usage, been deedly synnes, it is no doute. / And whan they sourden by freletee unavysed sodeinly, and sodeinly withdrawn ayein, al been they grevous synnes, I gesse that they ne been nat deedly. / Now mighte men axo wher-of that Pryde sourdeth and springeth, and I seyo: somtyme it springeth of the goodes of nature, and som-tyme of the goodes of fortune, and som-tyme of the goodes of grace. / Certes, 450 the goodes of nature stonden outhen in goodes of body or in goodes of soule. / Certes, goodes of body been hele of body, as strengthe, delivernesse, beautee, gentrye, franchise. / Goodes of nature of the soule been good wit, sharp under-



stondynge, subtil engin, vertu naturel,  
 good memorie. / Goodes of fortune been  
 richesses, highe degrees of lordshipes,  
 (380) preisinges of the peple. / Goodes of grace  
 been science, power to suffre spiritual  
 travaille, benigneitee, vertuous contem-  
 placion, withstandinge of temptacion,  
 435 and semblable thinges. / Of whiche for-  
 seyde goodes, certes it is a ful greet folye  
 a man to pryden him in any of hem  
 alle. / Now as for to speken of goodes of  
 nature, god woot that som-tyme we han  
 hem in nature as muche to oure damage  
 as to oure profit. / As, for to speken  
 of hele of body; certes it passeth ful  
 lightly, and eek it is ful ofte encheson  
 of the siknesse of oure soule; for god woot,  
 the flesh is a ful greet enemy to the  
 soule: and therefore, the more that the  
 body is hool, the more be we in peril to  
 falle. / Eke for to pryde him in his  
 strengthe of body, it is an heigh folye;  
 for certes, the flesh coveiteth agayn the  
 spirit, and ay the more strong that the  
 flesh is, the sorer may the soule be: /  
 and, over al this, strengthe of body and  
 worldly hardnesse causeth ful ofte many  
 460 a man to peril and meschaunce. / Eek  
 for to pryde him of his gentrye is ful  
 greet folye; for ofte tyme the gentrye of  
 the body binimeth the gentrye of the  
 soule; and eek we ben alle of o fader and  
 of o moder; and alle we been of o nature  
 roten and corrupt, both riche and povre. /  
 For sothe, oo manere gentrye is for to  
 preise, that apparilleth mannes corage  
 with vertues and moralitees, and maketh  
 him Cristes child. / For truste wel, that  
 over what man sinne hath maistrie, he is  
 a verray cherl to sinne. /

§ 28. Now been ther generale signes of  
 gentillesse; as eschewing of vyce and  
 ribaudye and servage of sinne, in word,  
 (390) in werk, and contenance; / and usinge  
 vertu, curteisye, and clennesse, and to be  
 liberal, that is to seyn, large by mesure;  
 for thilke that passeth mesure is folye  
 465 and sinne. / Another is, to remembre  
 him of bountee that he of other folk hath  
 receyved. / Another is, to be benigne to  
 hise goode subgetis; wherfore, as seith

Senek, 'ther is no-thing more covenable  
 to a man of heigh estaat than debonairetee  
 and pitee. / And therefore thise flyes that  
 men clepeth bees, when they maken hir  
 king, they chesen oon that hath no prikke  
 wherwith he may stinge.' / Another is,  
 a man to have a noble herte and a dili-  
 gent, to attayne to heighe vertuose  
 thinges. / Now certes, a man to pryde  
 him in the goodes of grace is eek an out-  
 rageous folye; for thilke yiftes of grace  
 that sholde have turned him to goodnesse  
 and to medicine, turneth him to venom  
 and to confusion, as seith seint Gregorie. / 470  
 Certes also, who-so prydeh him in the  
 goodes of fortune, he is a ful greet fool;  
 for som-tyme is a man a greet lord by the  
 morwe, that is a caitif and a wreche or  
 it be night: / and somtyme the richesse  
 of a man is cause of his deeth; somtyme  
 the delyces of a man is cause of the  
 grevous maladye thurgh which he dyeth. /  
 Certes, the commendacion of the peple is  
 somtyme ful fals and ful brotel for to  
 tristo; this day they preysse, tomorwe  
 they blame. / God woot, desyr to have  
 commendacion of the peple hath caused  
 deeth to many a bigy man. (4.)

#### Remedium contra peccatum Superbie

§ 29. Now sith that so is, that ye han  
 understonde what is pryde, and whiche  
 been the spes of it, and whennes pride  
 sourdeth and springeth; / now shul ye 475  
 understonde which is the remedie agayn  
 the sinne of pryde, and that is, humilitee  
 or mokenesse. / That is a vertu, thurgh  
 which a man hath verray knoweloch of  
 him-self, and holdeth of him-self no prys  
 ne deyntee as in regard of hise desertes.  
 consideringe evere his freletee. / Now  
 been ther three maneres of humilitee; as  
 humilitee in herte, and another humilitee  
 in his mouth; the thridde in hise werkes. /  
 The humilitee in herte is in foure maneres:  
 that oon is, when a man holdeth him-self  
 as noght worth biforn god of hevene.  
 Another is, when he ne despysseth noon  
 other man. / The thridde is, when he  
 rekketh nat thogh men holde him noght  
 worth. The ferthe is, when he nis nat

480 sory of his humiliacion. / Also, the humilitee of mouth is in foure thinges: in attempree speche, and in humblesse of speche, and when he biknoweth with his owene mouth that he is swich as him thinketh that he is in his herte. Another is, when he preiseth the bountee of another man, and nothing ther-of amenable. / Humilitee eek in werkes is in foure maneres: the firste is, when he putteth othere men bifrom him. The seconde is, to chese the loweste place over-al. The thridde is, gladly to assente to good conseil. / The ferthe is, to stonde gladly to the award of hiso sovereyns, or of him that is in hyer degree; certain, this is a greet werk of humilitee. /

#### Sequitur de Inuidia.

§ 30. After Pryde wol I speken of the foule sinne of Envy, which is, as by the word of the philosophe, sorwe of other mannes prosperitee; and after the word of seint Augustin, it is sorwe of other mannes welo, and joye of othere mennes  
410 harm. / This foule sinne is platly agayns the holy goost. Al-be-it so that every sinne is agayns the holy goost, yet natheles, for as muche as bountee apertenech proprely to the holy goost, and Envy comth proprely of malice, therefore it is proprely agayn the bountee of the holy  
485 goost. / Now hath malice two spes, that is to seyn, hardnesse of herte in wikkednesse, or elles the flesh of man is so blind, that he considereth nat that he is in sinne, or reketh nat that he is in sinne; which is the hardnesse of the devel. / That other spece of malice is, when a man werreyeth trouthe, when he woot that it is trouthe. And eek, when he werreyeth the grace that god hath yve to his neighbere; and al this is by Envy. / Certes, thanne is Envy the worst sinne that is. For soothly, alle othere sinnes been som-tyme only agayns o special vertu; / but certes, Envy is agayns alle vertues and agayns alle goodnesse; for it is sory of alle the bountees of his neighbere; and in this manere it is divers from alle othere sinnes. / For

wel unnethe is ther any sinne that it ne hath som delyt in itself, save only Envy, that evere hath in itself anguish and sorwe. / The spes of Envy been thise: 490 ther is first, sorwe of other mannes goodnesse and of his prosperitee; and prosperitee is kindly matere of joye; thanne is Envy a sinne agayns kinde. / The seconde spece of Envy is joye of other mannes harm; and that is proprely lyk to the devel, that evere rejoyseth him of mannes harm. / Of thise two spes comth bakbyting; and this sinne of bakbyting or detraccion hath certein spes, as thus. Som man preiseth his neighbere by a wikke entente; / for he maketh alwey a wikked knotte atte laste ende. Alwey he maketh a 'but' atte laste ende, that is digne of more blame, than worth is al the preisinge. / The seconde spece (420) is, that if a man be good and douth or seith a thing to good entente, the bakhyter wol turne all thilke goodnesse up-so-doun to his shrewed entente. / The thridde 4,5 is, to amensse the bountee of his neighbere. / The fourthe spece of bakbyting is this; that if men speke goodnesse of a man, thanne wol the bakhyter seyn, 'parfey, swich a man is yet bet than he'; in dispreisinge of him that men preise. / The fite spece is this; for to consente gladly and herkne gladly to the harm that men speke of other folk. This sinne is ful greet, and ay encroseth after the wikked entente of the bakhyter. / After bakbyting cometh grueching or murmuracion; and somtyme it springeth of inpacience agayns god, and somtyme agayns man. / Agayns god it is, when a man grueceth agayn the peynes of helle, or agayns poverte, or los of catel, or agayn reyn or tempest; or elles grueceth that shrewes han prosperitee, or elles for that goode men han adversitee. / 500 And alle thise thinges sholdo men suffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful jugement and ordinance of god. / Somtyme comth grueching of avarice; as Judas grueched agayns the Magdalayne, when she enoynte the heved of oure lord Jesu Crist with hir precious

oynement. / This maner murmure is swich as whan man grucceheth of goodnesse that him-self dooth, or that other folk doon of hir owene catel. / Somtyme comth murmure of Pryde; as whan Simon the Pharisee gruced agayn the Magdalcayne, whan she approached to Jesu Crist, and weep at his feet for hir sinnes. / And somtyme grucching sourdeth of Envy; whan men discovereth a mannes harm that was prived, or bereth him on  
 505 hond thing that is fals. / Murmure eek is ofte amonges servaunts, that grucchen whan hir sovereigns bidden hem doon lewful thinges; / and, for-as-mucho as they dar nat openly withseye the comaundements of hir sovereigns, yet wol they seyn harm, and grucche, and murmure prively for verray despyt; / whiche wordes men clepen the develes *Pater-noster*, though so be that the devel ne hadde nevere *Pater-noster*, but that lewed folk yeven it swich a name. / Somtyme grucching comth of ire or prive hate, that noriseth rancour in herte, as afterward I shal declare. / Thanne cometh eek bitterness of herte; thurgh which bitterness every good dede of his neighbor semeth to him bitter and unsavory. /  
 510 Thanne comth discord, that unbindeth alle manere of friendship. Thanne comth scornunge, as whan a man seketh occasion to anoyen his neighbor, al do he never so weel. / Thanne comth accusinge, as whan man seketh occasion to anoyen his neighbor, which that is lyk to the craft of the devel, that waiteth bothe night and day to accusen us alle. / Thanne comth malignitee, thurgh which a man anoyeth his neighbor prively if he may; / and if he noght may, algate his wikked wil ne shal nat wante, as for to brennen his hous prively, or empoysone or sleen hise bestes, and semblable  
 1440 thinges. /

Remedium contra peccatum Invidie.

§ 31. Now wol I speke of the remedie agayns this foule sinne of Envy. First, is the love of god principal, and loving of his neighbor as him-self; for soothly,

that oon ne may nat been withoute that other. / And truste wel, that in the 515 name of thy neighbor thou shalt understonde the name of thy brother; for certes alle we have o fader fleshy, and o moder, that is to seyn, Adam and Eve; and eek o fader espirituel, and that is god of hevenc. / Thy neighbor artow holden for to love, and wilne him alle goodnesse; and therfore seith god, 'love thy neighbor as thyself,' that is to seyn, to salvacion bothe of lyf and of soule. / And more-over, thou shalt love him in word, and in benigne amonestinge, and chastysinge; and conforten him in hise anoyes, and preye for him with al thyn herte. / And in dede thou shalt love him in swich wyse, that thou shalt doon to him in charitee as thou woldest that it were doon to thyn owene persone. / And therfore, thou ne shalt doon him no damage in wikked word, ne harm in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule, by entysing of wikked ensample. / Thou 520 shalt nat desyren his wyf, ne none of hise thinges. Understand eek, that in the name of neighbor is comprehended his enemy. / Certes man shal loven his enemy by the comandement of god; and soothly thy frend shaltow love in God. / I seye, thyn enemy shaltow love for goddes sake, by his comandement. For if it were reson that a man sholde haten his enemy, for sothe the god nolde nat receive us to his love that been hise enemys. / Agayns three manere of wronges that his enemy dooth to hym, he shal doon three thinges, as thus. / Agayns hate (450) and rancour of herte, he shal love him in herte. Agayns chydng and wikkede wordes, he shal preye for his enemy. And agayn the wikked dede of his enemy, he shal doon him bountee. / For Crist 525 seith, 'loveth youre enemys, and preyeth for hem that speke yow harm; and eek for hem that yow chacen and pursen, and doth bountee to hem that yow haten.' Lo, thus comaundeth us oure lord Jesu Crist, to do to oure enemys. / For soothly, naturo dryveth us to loven oure frendes, and parrey, oure enemys han more nede

to love than our freendes; and they that more nede have, certes, to hem shal men doon goodnesse; / and certes, in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist, that deyde for hise enemyes. / And in-as-muche as thilke love is the more grevous to perfourne, in-so-muche is the more gretter the merite; and therefore the lovinge of oure enemy hath confounded the venom of the devel. / For right as the devel is disconfited by humilitee, right so is he wounded to the deeth  
 530 by love of oure enemy. / Certes, thanne is love the medicine that casteth out the venom of Envyre for mannes herte. / The species of this pas shullen be more largely in hir chapitres folwinge declared. /

#### Sequitur de Ira.

§ 32. After Envyre wol I discryven the sinne of Ire. For soothly, who-so hath envyre upon his neighbor, anon he wole comunly finde him a matere of wratthe, in word or in dede, agayns him to whom he hath envyre. / And as wel comth Ire of Pryde, as of Envyre; for soothly, he that is proude or envious is lightly  
 (160) wrooth. /

§ 33. This sinne of Ire, after the discryving of saint Augustin, is wikked wil  
 535 to be avenged by word or by dede. / Ire, after the philosophe, is the fervent blood of man y-quiked in his herte, thurgh which he wole harm to him that he hateth. / For certes the herte of man, by eschaufinge and moevinge of his blood, woxeth so trouble, that he is out of alle jugement of resoun. / But ye shal understonde that Ire is in two maneres; that oon of hem is good, and that other is wikked. / The gode Ire is by jalousye of goodnesse, thurgh which a man is wrooth with wikkednesse and agayns wikkednesse; and therefore seith a wys man, that 'Ire is bet than play.' / This Ire is with debonairetee, and it is wrooth withouten bitterness; nat wrooth agayns the man, but wrooth with the misdeed of the man; as seith the prophete David, *Iracimini et nolite pec-*  
 540 *cara.* / Now understondeth, that wikked Ire is in two maneres, that is to seyn,

sodeyn Ire or hastif Ire, withouten avise-ment and consentinge of resoun. / The mening and the sens of this is, that the resoun of man ne consente nat to thilke sodeyn Ire; and thanne it is venial. / Another Ire is ful wikked, that comth of felonye of herte avysed and cast biforn; with wikked wil to do vengeance, and therto his resoun consenteth; and soothly this is deedly sinne. / This Ire is so displeasing to god, that it troubleth his hous and chaceh the holy goost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth the lyknesse of god, that is to seyn, the vertu that is in mannes soule; / and put in (470) him the lyknesse of the devel, and binimeth the man fro god that is his rightful lord. / This Ire is a ful greet  
 545 plesance to the devel; for it is the develes fourneys, that is eschaufed with the fyr of helle. / For certes, right so as fyr is more mighty to destroyen earthely thinges than any other element, right so Ire is mighty to destroyen alle spirituel thinges. / Loke how that fyr of smale gledes, that been almost dede under asshen, wollen quiko agayn when they been touched with brimston, right so Ire wol everemo quiken agayn, when it is touched by the pryde that is covered in mannes herte. / For certes fyr ne may nat comen out of no-thing, but-if it were first in the same thing naturally; as fyr is drawn out of flintes with steel. / And right so as pryde is ofte tyme matere of Ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of Ire. / Ther is a maner tree, as seith  
 550 saint Isidre, that when men maken fyr of thilke tree, and covere the coles of it with asshen, soothly the fyr of it wol lasten al a yeer or more. / And right so faroth it of rancour; when it is ones conceyved in the hertes of som men, certein, it wol lasten poraventure from oon Estre-day unto another Estre-day, and more. / But certes, thilke man is ful fer fro the mercy of god al thilke while. /

§ 34. In this forseyde develes fourneys ther forgen three shrewes: Pryde, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fyr by chyd-inge and wikked wordes. / Thanne stant (480)

Envy, and holdeth the hote iren upon  
 the herte of man with a peire of longe  
 555 tonges of long rancour. / And thanne  
 stant the sinne of contumelie or stry and  
 cheeste, and batereth and forgeth by  
 vileyns reprevings. / Certes, this cursed  
 sinne anyoeth bothe to the man him-self  
 and eek to his neighbor. For soothly,  
 almost al the harm that any man dooth  
 to his neighbore comth of wratthe. /  
 For certes, outrageous wratthe doth al  
 that evere the devel him comaundeth;  
 for he ne spareth neither Crist, ne his  
 swete mooder. / And in his outrageous  
 anger and Ire, allas! allas! ful many oon  
 at that tyme feleth in his herte ful wik-  
 kedly, bothe of Crist and of alle hise  
 halwes. / Is nat this a cursed vice? Yis,  
 certes. Allas! it binimeth from man his  
 wit and his resoun, and al his debonaire  
 560 lyf espirituel that sholde kepen his soule. /  
 Certes, it binimeth eek goddes due lord-  
 shipe, and that is mannes soule, and the  
 love of hise neighebores. It stryveth eek  
 alday agayn trouthe. It reveth him the  
 quiete of his herte, and subverteth his  
 soule. /

§ 35. Of Ire comen this stinkinge  
 engendrures: first hate, that is old  
 wratthe; discord, thurgh which a man  
 forsaketh his olde freend that he hath  
 loved ful longe. / And thanne cometh  
 werre, and every manere of wrong that  
 man dooth to his neighebores, in body or  
 in catel. / Of this cursed sinne of Ire  
 cometh eek manslaughter. And under-  
 stonde wel, that homicyde, that is man-  
 slaughter, is in dyverse wyse. Som manere  
 (490) of homicyde is espirituel, and som is bodily. /  
 Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges.  
 First, by hate; as seint John seith, 'he  
 565 that hateth his brother is homicyde.' /  
 Homicyde is eek by bakbytinge; of whiche  
 bakbyteres seith Salomon, that 'they han  
 two swerdes with whiche they sleen hir  
 neighebores.' For soothly, as wikke is to  
 binime his good name as his lyf. / Homi-  
 cyde is eek, in yevinge of wikked conseil  
 by fraude; as for to yeven conseil to  
 areyssen wrongful custumes and taillages. /  
 Of whiche seith Salomon, 'Leon rorynge

and bere hongry been lyke to the cruel  
 lordshipes, in withholdinge or abrogginge  
 of the shepe (or the hyre), or of the wages  
 of servaunts, or elles in usure or in with-  
 drawinge of the almesse of povre folk. /  
 For which the wyse man seith, 'fedeth  
 him that almost dyeth for hunger'; for  
 soothly, but-if thou fede him, thou sleest  
 him; and alle thise been deedly sinnes. /  
 Bodily manslaughter is, whan thou sleest  
 him with thy tonge in other manere; as  
 whan thou comandest to sleen a man, or  
 elles yevest him conseil to sleen a man. / 570  
 Manslaughtre in dede is in foure maneres.  
 That oon is by lawe; right as a justice  
 dampneth him that is couppable to the  
 deeth. But lat the justice be war that he  
 do it rightfully, and that he do it nat for  
 delyt to spille blood, but for kepinge of  
 rightwisenesse. / Another homicyde is,  
 that is doon for necessitee, as whan a man  
 sleeth another in his defendaunt, and  
 that he ne may noon otherwise escape  
 from his owene deeth. / But certainly,  
 if he may escape withouten manslaughter  
 of his adversarie, and sleeth him, he doth  
 sinne, and he shal bere penance as for  
 deedly sinne. / Eek if a man, by caas or  
 aventure, shete an arwe or caste a stoun  
 with which he sleeth a man, he is homi-  
 cyde. / Eek if a woman by negligence (575)  
 overlyeth hir child in hir sleping, it is  
 homicyde and deedly sinne. / Eek whan 575  
 man destourbeth conception of a child,  
 and maketh a woman outher bareyne  
 by drinkinge venemouse herbes, thurgh  
 which she may nat conceyve, or sleeth  
 a child by drinke wilfully, or elles put-  
 teth certeine material thinges in hir  
 secree places to slee the child; / or elles  
 doth unkindely sinne, by which man or  
 woman shedeth hir nature in manere  
 or in place ther-as a child may nat be  
 conceived; or elles, if a woman have  
 conceyved and hurt hir-self, and sleeth  
 the child, yet is it homicyde. / What  
 seye we eek of women that morden hir  
 children for drede of worldly shame?  
 Certes, an horrible homicyde. / Homi-  
 cyde is eek if a man approacheth to a  
 womman by desir of lecherye, thurgh

which the child is perished, or elles smyteth a womman wittingly, thurgh which she leseth hir child. Alle these been homicydes and horrible deedly synnes. / Yet comen ther of Ire manye mo synnes, as wel in word as in thocht and in dede; as he that arretteth upon god, or blameth god, of thing of which he is him-self gilty; or despyseth god and alle hise halwes, as doon these cursede 580 hasardours in diverso contrees. / This cursed sinne doon they, when they felon in hir hertes ful wikkedly of god and of hise halwes. / Also, when they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so greet, that unnothe may it been relesed, but that the mercy of god passeth alle hise werkes; it is so greet and he so benigne. / Thanne comth of Ire attray angr; or when a man is sharply auonested in his shrifte to forleten his sinne, / than wole he be angry and answeren hokerly and angrily, and defenden or excusen his sinne by unstedfastnesse of his flesh; or elles he dide it for to holde companye with hise felawes, or  
(510) elles, he seith, the fend entyced him; / or elles he dide it for his yonthle, or elles his complexioun is so courageous, that he may nat forbere; or elles it is his destinee, as he seith, unto a certain age; or elles, he seith, it cometh him of gentillesse of  
585 hise auncestres; and semblable thinges. / Alle this manere of folk so wrappen hem in hir synnes, that they ne wol nat delivere hem-self. For soothly, no wight that excuseth him wilfully of his sinne may nat been delivered of his sinne, til that he mekely biknoweth his sinne. / After this, thanne cometh swering, that is expres agayn the comandement of god; and this bifalleth ofte of anger and of Ire. / God seith: 'thou shalt nat take the name of thy lord god in veyn or in ydel.' Also oure lord Jesu Crist seith by the word of saint Mathew: '*Nolite iurare omnino*:' / ne wol ye nat swere in alle manere; neither by hevene, for it is goddes trone; ne by erthe, for it is the bench of his feet; ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a greet king; ne by thyn

heed, for thou mayst nat make an heer whyt ne blak. / But seyeth by youre word, "ye, ye," and "nay, nay"; and what that is more, it is of yvel,' seith Crist. / For Cristes sake, ne swereth nat 590 so sinfully, in dismembringe of Crist by soule, herte, bones, and body. For certes, it semeth that ye thinke that the cursede Jewes ne dismembred nat y-nough the precious persone of Crist, but ye disembre him more. / And if so be that the lawe compelle yow to swere, thanne rule yow after the lawe of god in youre swering, as seith Jeremye *quarto capitulo*, '*Iurabis in veritate, in iudicio et in iusticia*:' thou shalt kepe three condicions; thou shalt swere in trouthe, in doom, and in rightwisnesse. / This is to seyn, thou shalt swere sooth; for every lesinge is agayns Crist. For Crist is verray trouthe. And think wel this, that every greet swerere, nat compelled lawefully to swere, the wounde shal nat departe from his hous whyl he useth swich unleveful sweiing. / Thou shalt sweren eek in doom, when thou art constreyned by thy domesman to witnessen the trouthe. / (520) Eek thou shalt nat swere for envye ne for favour, ne for mede, but for rightwisnesse; for declaracioun of it to the worship of god and helping of thyne evenecristene. / And therefore, every man that 595 taketh goddes name in ydel, or falsly swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to be called a Cristene man, and liveth agayns Cristes livinge and his techinge, alle they taken goddes name in ydel. / Loke eek what saint Peter seith, *Actuum quarto capitulo*, '*Non est aliud nomen sub celo*,' &c. 'Ther nis noon other name,' seith saint Peter, 'under hevene, yeven to men, in which they mowe be saved;' that is to seyn, but the name of Jesu Crist. / Take kepe eek how that the precious name of Crist, as seith saint Paul *ad Philippenses secundo*, '*In nomine Jesu*,' &c.: that in the name of Jesu every knee of havenely creatures, or erthely, or of halle sholden bowe; for it is so heigh and so worshipful, that the cursede feend in helle sholde tremblen to

heren it y-nempned. / Thanne semeth it, that man that sweren so horribly by his blessed name, that they despyse him more boldely than dide the cursede Jewes, or elles the devel, that trembloth whan he hereth his name. /

§ 36. Now certes, sith that swering, but-if it be lawefully doon, is so heighly deffended, muche worse is forswering  
600 falsly, and yet neddeles. /

§ 37. What seye we eek of hem that delyten hem in swering, and holden it a gentrie or a manly dede to swere grete othes? And what of hem that, of verray usage, ne cosse nat to swere grete othes, al be the cause nat worth a straw? Certes, this is horrible sinne. / Sweringe sodeynly with-oute avysement is eek a sinne. / But lat us go now to thiike horrible swering of adjuracioun and conjuracioun, as doon thise false enchauntours or nigromanciens in bacins ful of water, or in a bright swerd, in a cercle, or in a fyr, or in a shulder-boon of a sheep. / I can nat seye but that they doon cursedly and damnable, agayns  
(530) Crist and al the feith of holy chirche. /

§ 38. What seye we of hem that biloven in divynalles, as by flight or by noyse of briddes, or of bestes, or by sort, by geomaneie, by dremes, by chirkinge of dores, or crakkinge of houses, by gnawynge of  
605 rattes, and swich manere wrecchednesse? / Certes, al this thing is deffended by god and by al holy chirche. For which they been acursed, til they come to amende-ment, that on swich filthe setten hir bileve. / Charmes for woundes or maladye of men, or of bestes, if they taken any effect, it may be peraventure that god suffreth it, for folk sholden yve the more feith and reverence to his name. /

§ 39. Now wol I speken of lesinges, which generally is fals significacioun of word, in entente to deceyven his evone-cristene. / Som lesinge is of which ther comth noon advantage to no wight: and som lesinge turneth to the ese or profit of o man, and to disese and damage of another man. / Another lesinge is for to saven his lyf or his catel. Another

lesinge comth of delyt for to lye, in which delyt they wol forge a long tale, and peynten it with alle circumstaunces, where al the ground of the tale is fals. / 610 Som lesinge comth, for he wole sustene his word; and som lesinge comth of recchelesnesse, with-oute avysement; and semblable thinges. /

§ 40. Lat us now touche the vyce of flateringe, which ne comth nat gladly but for drede or for covetise. / Flaterye is generally wrongful preisinge. Flatereres been the develes norices, that norissen hise children with milk of losengerie. / For sothe, Salomon seith, that 'flaterie is wors than detraccioun.' For som-tyme detraccion maketh an hauntein man be the more humble, for he dredeth detraccion; but certes flaterye, that maketh a man to enhanceen his herte and his contenance. / Flatereres been the de-  
1540 veles enchauntours; for they make a man to wene of him-self be lyk that he nis nat lyk. / 'They been lyk to Judas 615 that bitraysed [gol; and thise flatereres bitraysen] a man to sellen him to his enemy, that is, to the devel. / Flatereres been the develes chapelleyens, that singen evere *Placibo*. / I rekene flaterye in the vyces of Ire; for ofte tyme, if o man be wrooth with another, thanne wol he flatero som wight to sustene him in his querle. /

§ 41. Speke we now of swich cursinge as comth of irous herte. Malisoun generally may be seyd every maner power of harm. Swich cursinge bireveth man fro the regne of god, as seith saint Paul. / And ofte tyme swich cursinge wrongfully retorneth agayn to him that curseth, as a brid that retorneth agayn to his owene nest. / And over alle thing men oghten 620 eschewe to cursen hir children, and yeven to the devel hir engendrure, as forforth as in hem is; certes, it is greet peril and greet sinne. /

§ 42. Lat us thanne speken of chydyinge and reproche, which be ful grete woundes in mannes herte; for they unsowen the somes of frendshipe in mannes herte. / For certes, unnethes may a man

pleynly been accorded with him that hath him openly revyled and reprieved in disclaundre. This is a ful grisly sinne, as Crist seith in the gospel. / And tak kepe now, that he that repreveþ his neighebor, onther he repreveþ him by som harm of peyne that he hath on his body, as 'mesel,' 'croked harlot,' or by  
 (550) som sinne that he dooth. / Now if he repreve him by harm of peyne, thanne turneth the repreve to Jesu Crist; for peyne is sent by the rightwys sonde of god, and by his suffraunce, be it meselrie,  
 625 or maheym, or maladye. / And if he repreve him uncharitably of sinne, as, 'thou holour,' 'thou dronkelewe harlot,' and so forth; thanne aperteneth that to the rejoyssinge of the devel, that evero hath joye that men doon sinne. / And certes, chydinge may nat come but out of a vileyns herte. For after the habundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful ofte. / And ye shul understonde that loke, by any way, whan any man shal chastyse another, that he be war from chydinge or reprevinge. For trowely, but he be war, he may ful lightly quiken the fyr of angre and of wratthe, which that he sholde quenche, and per-aventure sleeth him which that he mighte chastyse with benigneite. / For as seith Salomon, 'the amiable tonge is the tree of lyf,' that is to seyn, of lyf espirituel: and sothly, a deslavage tonge sleeth the spirites of him that repreveþ, and eek of him that is reprieved. / Lo, what soith seint Augustin: 'ther is no-thing so lyk the develes child as he that ofte chydeth.' Seint Paul  
 630 seith eek: 'I, servant of god, bihove nat to chyde.' / And how that chydinge be a vileyns thing bitwixe alle manere folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable bitwixe a man and his wyf; for there is nevere reste. And therefore seith Salomon, 'an hous that is uncovered and droppinge, and a chydinge wyf, been lyke.' / A man that is in a droppinge hous in many places, though he eschewe the droppinge in o place, it droppeth on him in another place; so fareth it by a chydinge wyf. But she chyde him in o place, she wol

chyde him in another. / And therefore, 'bette is a morsel of breed with joye than an lions ful of delyces, with chydinge,' seith Salomon. / Seint Paul seith: 'O ye wommen, be ye subgetes to youre housbondes as bihoveth in god; and ye men, loveth youre wyves.' *Ad Colossenses,*  
*tertio.* / (560)

§ 43. Afterward speke we of scorninge, which is a wikked sinne; and namely, whan he scorneth a man for hise gode werkes. / For certes, swiche scorneres  
 635 faren lyk the foule tode, that may nat endure to smelle the sote savour of the vyne whanne it florisssheth. / These scorneres been parting felawes with the devel, for they han joye whan the devel winneth, and sorwe whan he leseth. / They been adversaries of Jesu Crist; for they haten that he loveth, that is to seyn, salvacion of soule. /

§ 44. Speke we now of wikked conseil; for he that wikked conseil yeveth is a traytour. For he deceyveth him that trusteth in him, *ut Achtzifil ad Absolonem*. But natheless, yet is his wikked conseil first agayn him-self. / For, as seith the wyse man, every fals livinge hath this propertee in him-self, that he that wole anove another man, he anoyeth first him-self. / And men shul understonde,  
 640 that man shal nat taken his conseil of fals folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially to muchel hir owene profit, ne to muche worldly folk, namely, in conseilinge of soules. /

§ 45. Now comth the sinne of hem that sowen and maken discord amonges folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth outrely; and no wonder is. For he deyde for to make concord. / And more shame do they to Crist, than dide they that him crucifyede; for god loveth bettre, that frendshiþe be amonges folk, than he dide his owene body, the which that he yaf for unitee. Therefore been they lykned to the devel, that evere been aboute to maken discord. /

§ 46. Now comth the sinne of double tonge; swiche as speken faire biforn folk,



and wikkedly bihinde; or elles they maken semblant as though they speke of good entencioun, or elles in game and play, and yet they speke of wikked [570] entente. /

§ 47. Now comth biwreying of conseil, thurgh which a man is defamed; certes, 643 unnethes may he restore the damage. /

Now comth manace, that is an open folye; for he that ofte manaceth, he threteth more than he may perfourne ful ofte tyme. /

Now cometh ydel wordes, that is withouten profit of him that speketh the wordes, and eek of him that herkneth the wordes. Or elles ydel wordes been tho that been nedelees, or withouten entente of naturel profit. / And al-be-it that ydel wordes been som tyme venial sinne, yet sholde men doute hem; for we shul yeve rekeninge of hem biforn god. /

Now comth jangling, that may nat been withoute sinne. And, as seith Salomon, 'it is a sinne of apert folye.' / And therefore a philosophre seyde, whan men axed him how that men sholde plesse the peple; and he answerde, 'do many 630 gode werkis, and spek fewe jangles.' /

After this comth the sinne of japeres, that been the develes apes; for they maken folk to laughe at hir japerie, as folk doon at the gaudes of an ape. Swiche japeres deffendeth seint Paul. / Loke how that vertuouse wordes and holy conforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist; right so conforten the vileyns wordes and knakkes of japeris hem that travaillen in the service of the devel. / Thisse been the sinnes that comen of the tonge, that comen of Ire and of othere sinnes mo. /

#### Sequitur remedium contra peccatum Ire.

§ 48. The remedye agayns Ire is a vertu that men clepen Mansuetude, that is Debonairetee; and seek another vertu, [530] that men callen Pacience or Suffrance. /

§ 49. Debonairetee withdraweth and refreyneth the stiringes and the moevynges of mannes corage in his herte, in

swich manere that they ne skippe nat out by angre ne by Ire. / Suffrance suffreth swetely alle the annoyances and the wronges that men doon to man outward. / Seint Jerome seith thus of debonairetee, that 'it doth noon harm to no wight, ne seith; ne for noon harm that men doon or seyn, he ne eschaufeth nat agayns his resoun.' / This vertu som-tyme comth of nature; for, as seith the philosophre, 'a man is a quik thing, by nature debonaire and trefable to goodnesse; but whan debonairetee is enforced of grace, thanne is it the more worth.' /

§ 50. Pacience, that is another remedye agayns Ire, is a vertu that suffreth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is nat wrooth for noon harm that is doon to him. / The philosophre seith, that 'pacience is thilke vertu that suffreth debonairely alle the outrages of adversitee and every wikked word.' / This 635 vertu maketh a man lyk to god, and maketh him goddes owene dere child, as seith Crist. This vertu disconfiteth thyn enemy. And therefore seith the wyse man, 'if thou wolt venquisse thyn enemy, lerne to suffre.' / And thou shalt understonde, that man suffreth foure manere of grevances in outward thinges, agayns the whiche foure he moot have foure manere of paciences. /

§ 51. The firste grevance is of wikkede wordes; thilke suffrede Jesu Crist withouten grucching, ful paciently, whan the Jewes despysed and reprovod him ful ofte. / Suffre thou therefore paciently; for the wyseman seith: 'if thou stryve with a fool, though the fool be wrooth or though he laughe, algate thou shalt have no reste.' / That other grevance outward is to have damage of thy catel. Ther-agayns suffred Crist ful paciently, whan he was despoiled of al that he hadde in this lyf, and that nas but hisse clothes. / The thirde grevance is a man to have harm in his body. That suffred Crist ful paciently in al his passioun. / The fourthe grevance is in outrageous labour in werkis. Wherefore I seye, that folk

that maken hir servants to travaillen to grevously, or out of tyme, as on halydayes, soothly they do greet sinne. / Heer-agayns suffred Crist ful paciently, and taughte us pacience, whan he bar up-on his blissed shulder the croys, up-on which he sholde suffren despitous deeth. / Heer may men lerne to be pacient; for certes, noght only Cristen men been pacient for love of Jesu Crist, and for guerdoun of the blisful lyf that is perdurable; but certes, the olde payens, that nevere were Cristene, commendeden and useden the vertu of pacience. /

§ 52. A philosopre up-on a tyme, that wolde have beten his disciple for his grete trespas, for which he was greetly amoeved, and broghte a yerde to scourge the child; / and whan this child saugh the yerde, he seyde to his maister, 'what thenke ye to do?' 'I wol bete thee,' quod the maister, 'for thy correccion.' / 'For sothe,' quod the child, 'ye oghten first correcte youre-self, that han lost al youre pacience for the gilt of a child.' / 'For sothe,' quod the maister al wepinge, 'thou seyst sooth; have thou the yerde, my dere sone, and correcte me for myn inpacience.' / Of Pacience comth Obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist and to alle hem to whiche he oghte to been obedient in Crist. / And understond wel that obedience is perfit, whan that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good herte entirely, al that he sholde do. / Obedience generally, is to perfourne the doctrine of god and of his sovereyns, to whiche him oghte to ben obeisaunt in alle rightwysnesse. /

#### Sequitur de Accidia.

§ 53. After the sinnes of Envie and of Ire, now wol I speken of the sinne of Accidia. For Envye blindeth the herte of a man, and Ire troubleth a man; and Accidia maketh him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. / Envye and Ire maken bitterness in herte; which bitterness is moder of Accidia, and binimeth him the love of alle goodnesse. Thanne is Accidia the anguissch of a trouble herte; and seint

Augustin seith: 'it is anyoy of goodnesse and joye of harm.' / Certes, this is a dampnable sinne; for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, in-as-muche as it binimeth the service that men oghte doon to Crist with alle diligence, as seith Salomon. / But Accidia dooth no swich diligence; he dooth alle thing with anyoy, and with wrawnesse, slaknesse, and excusacioun, and with ydelnesse and unlust, for which the book seith: 'accursed be he that doth the service of god negligently.' / Thanne 680 is Accidia enemy to everich estaat of man; for certes, the estaat of man is in three maneres. / Outher it is th'estaat of innocence, as was th'estaat of Adam bifore that he fil into sinne; in which estaat he was holden to wirche, as in herynge and adouringe of god. / Another estaat is the estaat of sinful men, in which estaat men been holden to labour in preyinge to god for amendement of hir sinnes, and that he wol graunte hem to ariysen out of hir sinnes. / Another estaat is th'estaat of grace, in which estaat he is holden to werkes of penitence; and certes, to alle thise thinges is Accidia enemy and contrarie. For he loveth no businesse at al. / Now certes, this foule 610 sinne Accidia is eek a ful greet enemy to the lyfode of the body; for it ne hath no purveaunce agayn temporel necessitee, for it forsloweth and forsluggeth, and destroyeth alle goodes temporeles by recchelesnesse. / 615

§ 54. The fourthe thinge is, that Accidia is lyk to hem that been in the payne of helle, by-cause of hir slouthes and of hir heviness; for they that been dampned been so bounde, that they ne may neither wel do ne wel thinke. / Of Accidia comth first, that a man is anyoyed and encombred for to doon any goodnesse, and maketh that god hath abhominacion of swich Accidia, as seith seint Johan. /

§ 55. Now comth Slouthes, that wol nat suffre noon hardnesse ne no penaunce. For soothly, Slouthes is so tendre, and so delicat, as seith Salomon, that he wol nat suffre noon hardnesse ne penaunce, and therefore he shendeth al that he

dooth. / Agayns this reten-herted sinne of Accidie and Slouth sholde men exercise hem-self to doon gode werkes, and manly and vertuously cacchen corage wel to doon; thinkinge that oure lord Jesu Crist quytesth every good dede, be it never so lyte. / Usago of labour is a greet thing; for it maketh, as seith seint Bernard, the laborer to have stronge armes and harde sinwes; and Slouth maketh  
690 hem feble and tendre. / Thanne comth drede to biginne to werke any gode werkes; for certes, he that is enclyned to sinne, him thinketh it is so greet an emprise for to undertake to doon werkes of goodnesse, / and casteth in his herte that the circumstaunces of goodnesse been so grevous and so chargeaunt for to suffre, that he dar nat undertake to do werkes of goodnesse, as seith seint Gregorie. /

§ 56. Now comth wanhope, that is despair of the mercy of god, that comth somtyme of to muche outrageous sorwe, and somtyme of to muche drede: imagininge that he hath doon so muche sinne, that it wol nat availen him, though he wolde repenten him and forsake sinne: / thurgh which despair or drede he abaundoneth al his herte to every maner sinne,  
(620) as seith seint Augustin. / Which dampnable sinne, if that it continue un-to his  
695 ende, it is cleped sinning in the holy gost. / This horrible sinne is so perilous, that he that is despeired, ther nis no felonye ne no sinne that he doubteth for to do; as showed wel by Judas. / Certes, aboven alle sinnes thanne is this sinne most displesant to Crist, and most adversarie. / Sootly, he that despeireth him is lyk the coward champioun recreant, that seith creant withoute nede. Allas! allas! nedeles is he recreant and nedeles despeired. / Certes, the mercy of god is evere redy to every penitent, and is aboven alle hise werkes. / Allas! can nat a man bithinke him on the gospel of seint Luk, 15, where-as Crist seith that 'as wel shal ther be joye in hevene upon a sinful man that doth penitence, as up-on nynty and nyne rightful men

that neden no penitence?' / Loke farther, 700 in the same gospel, the joye and the feste of the gode man that hadde lost his sone, whan his sone with repentaunce was retourned to his fader. / Can they nat remembren hem ook, that, as seith seint Luk xxiii<sup>o</sup> *capitulo*, how that the theef that was hanged bisyde Jesu Crist, seyde: 'Lord, remembre of me, whan thou comest in-to thy regne?' / 'For sothe,' seyde Crist, 'I seye to thee, to-day shaltow been with me in Paradys.' / Certes, ther is noon so horrible sinne of man, that it ne may, in his lyf, be destroyed by penitence, thurgh vertu of the passion and of the deeth of Crist. / (64) Allas! what nedeth man thanne to been despeired, sith that his mercy so redy is and large? Axx and have. / Thanne cometh 705 Sompnolence, that is, sluggy slombringe, which maketh a man be hevvy and dul, in body and in soule; and this sinne comth of Slouth. / And certes, the tyme that, by wey of resoun, men sholdo nat slope, that is by the morwe; but-if ther were cause resonable. / For soothly, the morwetyde is most covenable, a man to seye his preyeres, and for to thinken on god, and for to honour god, and to yeven almesse to the povre, that first cometh in the name of Crist. / Lo! what seith Salomon: 'who-so wolde by the morwo awaken and seke me, he shal finde.' / Thanne cometh  
Necligence, or recchelesnesse, that reketh of no-thing. And how that ignorance be moder of alle harm, certes, Necligence is the norice. / Necligence 710 ne doth no fors, whan he shal doon a thing, whether he do it weel or baddely. /

§ 57. Of the remedie of thise two sinnes, as seith the wyse man, that 'he that dredeth god, he spareth nat to doon that him oghte doon.' / And he that loveth god, he wol doon diligence to pleso god by his werkes, and abaundone him-self, with al his might, wel for to doon. / Thanne comth ydelnesse, that is the yate of alle harmes. An ydel man is lyk to a place that hath no walles; the devels may entre on every syde and sheten at him at discovert, by temptacion on every

(640) syde. / This ydelnesse is the thurrok of  
 alle wikked and vileyns thoghtes, and of  
 715 alle jangles, trufles, and of alle ordure. /  
 Certes, the hevene is yeven to hem that  
 wol labourén, and nat to ydel folk. Eek  
 David seith: that 'they ne been nat in  
 the labour of men, ne they shul nat been  
 whipped with men,' that is to seyn, in  
 purgatorie. / Certes, thanne semeth it,  
 they shul be tormented with the devel  
 in helle, but-if they doon penitence. /

§ 58. Thanne comth the sinne that  
 men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is  
 to latrede or taryinge, er he wole turne  
 to god, and certes, that is a greet folye.  
 He is lyk to lum that falleth in the ditch,  
 and wol nat aryse. / And this vyce  
 comth of a fals hope, that he thinketh  
 that he shal live longe; but that hope  
 faileth ful ofte. /

§ 59. Thanne comth Lachesse; that is  
 he, that whan he beginneth any good  
 werk, anon he shal forleten it and stinten;  
 as doon they that han any wight to  
 governe, and ne taken of him na-more  
 kepe, anon as they finden any contrarie  
 720 or any annoy. / This becn the newe  
 shepherdes, that leten hir sheep witingly  
 go renne to the wolf that is in the breres,  
 or do no fous of hir owene governaunce. /  
 Of this comth poverté and destruccioun,  
 bothe of spirituel and temporel thinges.  
 Thanne comth a manere coldnesse, that  
 freseth al the herte of man. / Thanne  
 comth undevoicioun, thurgh which a man  
 is so blent, as seith seint Bernard, and  
 hath swiche langour in soule, that he  
 may neither rede ne singe in holy chirche,  
 ne here ne thinke of no devocioun, ne  
 travaille with hise handes in no good  
 werk, that it nis him unsavory and al  
 appalled. / Thanne wexeth he slow and  
 slombry, and sone wol be wrooth, and  
 (651) sone is enclened to hate and to envye. /  
 Thanne comth the sinne of worldly sorwe,  
 swich as is cleped *tristicia*, that sleeth  
 725 man, as seint Paul seith. / For certes,  
 swich sorwe werketh to the deeth of  
 the soule and of the body also; for ther-  
 of comth, that a man is annoyed of his  
 owene lyf. / Wherefore swich sorwe short-

eth ful ofte the lyf of a man, er that his  
 tyme be come by wey of kinde. /

#### Remedium contra peccatum Accidie.

§ 60. Agayns this horrible sinne of  
 Accidie, and the branches of the same.  
 ther is a vertu that is called *Fortitudo*  
 or Strengthe; that is, an affeccioun  
 thurgh which a man despyseth anoyous  
 thinges. / This vertu is so mighty and  
 so vigorous, that it dar withstonde  
 mightily and wysely kepen him-self fro  
 perils that been wikked, and wrastle  
 agayn the assautes of the devel. / For it  
 enhaunceth and enforceth the soule, right  
 as Accidie abateth it and maketh it  
 feble. For this *Fortitudo* may enduro by  
 long suffraunce the travaillles that been  
 covenable. /

730

§ 61. This vertu hath manye spesces;  
 and the firste is cleped Magnanimitee,  
 that is to seyn, greet corage. For certes,  
 ther bihoveth greet corage agais Accidie,  
 lest that it ne swolwe the soule by the  
 sinne of sorwe, or destroye it by wan-  
 hope. / This vertu maketh folk to under-  
 take harde thinges and grevous thinges,  
 by hir owene wil, wysely and resonably. /  
 And for as muchel as the devel fighteth  
 agayns a man more by queyntise and by  
 sleighte than by strengthe, therfore men  
 shal withstonden him by wit and by  
 resoun and by discrecioun. / Thanne arn  
 ther the vertues of feith, and hope in god  
 and in hise sointes, to acheve and  
 accomple the gode werkes in the whiche  
 he purposeth fermely to continue. / (660)  
 Thanne comth seuretee or sikernes; and  
 that is, whan a man ne douteth no  
 travaille in tyme cominge of the gode  
 werkes that a man hath bigonne. / 735  
 Thanne comth Magnificence, that is to  
 seyn, whan a man dooth and perfourneth  
 grete werkes of goodness that he hath  
 bigonne; and that is the ende why that  
 men sholde do gode werkes; for in the  
 accomplissinge of grete goode werkes lyth  
 the grete guerdoun. / Thanne is ther  
 Constaunce, that is, stablonesse of corage;  
 and this sholde been in herte by stedefast  
 feith, and in mouth, and in beringe, and

in chere and in dede. / Eke ther been  
no speciale remedies agains Accidie, in  
diverse werkes, and in consideracioun of  
the paynes of helle, and of the joyes of  
hevene, and in trust of the grace of the  
holy goost, that wole yve him might to  
perfourne his gode entente. /

#### Sequitur de Avaricia.

§ 62. After Accidie wol I speke of  
Avarice and of Coveitise, of which sinne  
seith seint Paule, that 'the roto of alle  
harmes is Coveitise': *Ad Timotheum, sexto*  
*capitulo*. / For soothly, whan the herte  
of a man is confounded in it-self and  
troubled, and that the soule hath lost the  
confort of god, thanne seketh he an ydel  
740 solas of worldly thinges. /

§ 63. Avarice, after the descripcioun of  
seint Augustin, is likerousnesse in herte  
to have erthely thinges. / Som other  
folk seyn, that Avarice is, for to pur-  
chacen manye erthely thinges, and no-  
thing yve to hem that han nede. / And  
understonde, that Avarice no stant nat  
only in lond ne catel, but somtyme in  
science and in glorie, and in every manere  
of outrageous thing is Avarice and  
Coveitise. / And the difference bitwixe  
Avarice and Coveitise is this. Coveitise  
is for to coveite swiche thinges as thou  
hast nat; and Avarice is for to withholde  
and kepe swiche thinges as thou hast,  
(670) with-oute rightful nede. / Soothly, this  
Avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable;  
for al holy writ curseth it, and speketh  
agayns that vyce; for it dooth wrong to  
745 Jesu Crist. / For it bireveth him the  
love that men to him owen, and turneth  
it bakward agayns alle resoun; / and  
maketh that the avaricious man hath  
more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist,  
and dooth more observance in kepinge of  
his tresor than he dooth to service of  
Jesu Crist. / And therefore seith seint  
Paul *ad Ephesios, quinto*, that 'an  
avaricious man is in the thralldom of  
ydolatrie.' /

§ 64. What difference is bitwixe an  
ydolastre and an avaricious man, but  
that an ydolastre, per aventure, ne hath

but o mawmet or two, and the avaricious  
man hath manye? For certes, every  
florin in his cofre is his mawmet. / And  
certes, the sinne of Mawmetrye is the  
firste thing that God deffended in the ten  
comandments, as bereth witness *Exodi,*  
*capitulo xx<sup>o</sup>*: / 'Thou shalt have no false 750  
goddess bifore me, ne thou shalt make  
to thee no grave thing.' Thus is an  
avaricious man, that loveth his tresor  
bifore god, an ydolastre, / thurgh this  
cursed sinne of Avarice. Of Coveitise  
comen these harde lordshipes, thurgh  
whiche men been distreyned by tailages,  
customs, and cariages, more than hir  
dueteo or resoun is. And eek they taken  
of hir bonde-men amerciments, whiche  
mighten more resonably ben cleped  
extorcions than amerciments. / Of whiche  
amerciments and ranssoninge of bonde-  
men, somme lordes stywardes seyn, that  
it is rightful; for-as-muche as a cherl  
hath no temporel thing that it ne is his  
lordes, as they seyn. / But certes, these  
lordshipes doon wrong, that bireven hir  
bonde-folk thinges that they nevere yave  
hem: *Augustinus de Civitate, libro nono*. / (680)  
Sooth is, that the condicioun of thralldom  
and the firste cause of thralldom is for  
sinne; *Genesis, quinto*. /

§ 65. Thus may ye seen that the gilt  
disserveth thralldom, but nat nature. /  
Wherfore these lordes no sholde nat  
muche glorifyen hem in hir lordshipes,  
sith that by naturel condicion they been  
nat lordes of thralles; but for that  
thralldom comth first by the desert of  
sinne. / And further-over, ther-as the  
lawe seith, that temporel godes of bonde-  
folk been the godes of hir lordshipes, ye,  
that is for to understonde, the godes of  
the emperour, to defenden hem in hir  
right, but nat for to robben hem ne reven  
hem. / And therefore seith Seneca: 'thy  
prudence sholde live benignely with thy  
thralles.' / Tilke that thou clepest thy  
thralles been goddes peple; for humble  
folk been Cristes freendes; they been  
contubernial with the lord. / 760

§ 66. Think eek, that of swich seed as  
cherles springeth, of swich seed springen

lordes. As wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. / The same deeth that taketh the cherl, swich deeth taketh the lord. Wherefore I rede, do right so with thy cherl, as thou woldest that thy lord dide with thee, if thou were in his plyt. / Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, certes, that thou, lord, werke in swiche wyse with thy cherles, that they rather love thee than drede. / I woot wel ther is degree above degree, as reson is; and skile it is, that men do hir devoir ther-as it is due; but certes, extorcions and despit of youre underlinges is damp-  
(690) nable. /

§ 67. And forther-over understand wel, that thise conquerours or tiraunts maken ful ofte thralles of hem, that been born of as royal blood as been they that hem  
765 conqueren. / This name of thraldom was nevere erst couth, til that Noe seyde, that his sone Canaan sholde be thral to hise bretheren for his sinne. / What seyde we thanne of hem that pilen and doon extorcions to holy chirche? Cortes, the sward, that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed, signifyeth that he sholde defenden holy chirche, and nat robben it ne pilen it; and who so dooth, is traitour to Crist. / And, as seith seint Angustin, 'they been the develes wolves, that stranglen the sheep of Jesu Crist'; and doon worse than wolves. / For soothly, whan the wolf hath ful his wombe, he stinteth to strangle sheep. But soothly, the pilours and destroyours of goddes holy chirche ne do nat so; for they ne stinte nevere to pile. / Now, as I have seyde, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldom, thanne is it thus; that thilke tyme that  
770 al this world was in sinne, thanne was al this world in thraldom and suljeccioun. / But certes, sith the tyme of grace cam, god ordeyned that som folk sholde be more heigh in estaat and in degree, and som folk more lowe, and that overich sholde be served in his estaat and in his degree. / And therefore, in somme contrees ther they byen thralles, whan they han turned hem to the feith, they maken

hir thralles free out of thraldom. And therefore, certes, the lord oweth to his man that the man oweth to his lord. / The Pope calleth him-self servant of the servants of god; but for-as-muche as the estaat of holy chirche ne mighte nat han be, ne the commune profit mighte nat han be kept, ne pees and reste in erthe, but-if god hadde ordeyned that som men hadde hyer degree and som men lower: / therfore was sovereyntee ordeyned to kepe and mayntene and defenden hir underlinges or hir subgets in resoun, as ferforth as it lyth in hir power; and nat to destroyen hem ne confounde. / Wherefore I seye, that thilke  
(700) lordes that been lyk wolves, that devouren the possessiouns or the catel of povre folk wrongfully, with-outen mercy or mesure, / 775 they shul receyven by the same mesure that they han mesured to povre folk the mercy of Jesu Crist, but-if it be amended. / Now comth deceite bitwixe marchant and marchant. And thou shalt understande, that marchandysse is in two maneres: that oon is bodily, and that other is goostly. That oon is honeste and lefevel, and that other is deshoneste and unleveful. / Of thilke bodily marchandysse, that is lefevel and honeste, is this; that, there-as god hath ordeyned that a regne or a contree is suffisaunt to him-self, thanne is it honeste and lefevel, that of habundance of this contree, that men helpe another contree that is more nedy. / And therefore, ther mote been marchants to bringen fro that o contree to that other hire marchandyses. / That other marchandise, that men haunten with fraude and trecherie and deceite, with lesinges and false othes, is cursed and dampnable. / 780 Espirituel marchandysse is properly Symonye, that is, ententif desyr to byen thing espirituel, that is, thing that aperteneth to the seintuarie of god and to cure of the soule. / This desyr, if so be that a man do his diligence to parfournen it, al-be-it that his desyr ne take noon effect, yet is it to him a deedly sinne; and if he be ordred, he is irregular. / Certes, Symonye is cleped of Symon

Magus, that wolde han boght, for tem-  
porel catel, the yifte that god hadde  
yeven, by the holy goost, to seint Peter  
and to the apostles. / And therefore  
understond, that bothe he that selleth  
and he that byeth thinges espiritnels,  
been cleped Symonials; be it by catel, be  
it by procuringe, or by fleshly preyere  
(710) espirituel freendes. / Fleshly, in two  
maneres; as by kinrede or othere freendes.  
Soothly, if they prayo for him that is nat  
worthy and able, it is Symonye if he take  
the benefice; and if he be worthy and  
785 able, ther nis noon. / That other manere  
is, whan a man or womman preyon for  
folk to avauncen hem, only for wikked  
fleshly affeccoun that they have un-to  
the persone; and that is foul Symonye. /  
But certes, in service, for which men  
yeven thinges espirituels un-to hir  
servants, it moot been understonde that  
the service moot been honeste, and elles  
nat; and eek that it be with-outen bar-  
gaininge, and that the persone be able. /  
For, as seith seint Damasie, 'alle the  
synnes of the world, at regard of this  
sinne, arn as thing of noght'; for it is  
the gretteste sinne that may be, after the  
sinne of Lucifer and Antecrist. / For,  
by this sinne, god forleseth the chirche,  
and the soule that he boghte with his  
precious blood, by hem that yeven  
chirches to hem that been nat digne. /  
For they putten in theves, that stelen the  
soules of Jesu Christ and destroyen his  
790 patrimoine. / By swiche undigne preestes  
and curates han lewed men the lasse  
reverence of the sacraments of holy  
chirche; and swiche yeveres of chirches  
putten out the children of Crist, and  
putten in-to the chirche the develes owene  
sone. / They sellen the soules that  
lambes sholde kepen to the wolf that  
strangleth hem. And therefore shul they  
nevere han part of the pasture of lambes,  
that is, the blisse of hevене. / Now  
comth hasardrye with his apurtenaunces,  
as tables and rafles; of which comth  
deceite, false othes, chydinges, and alle  
ravines, blaspheminge and reneyinge of

god, and hate of hiso neighebores, wast of  
godes, misspendingo of tyme, and som-  
tyme manslaughter. / Certes, hasardours  
ne mowe nat been with-outen greet sinne  
whyles they haunte that craft. / Of (720)  
avarice comen eek losinges, thefto, fals  
witnessse, and false othes. And ye shul  
understonde that thise been gretto synnes,  
and expres agayn the comandements of  
god, as I have seyd. / Fals witnessse is in  
word and eek in dede. In word, as for to  
lireve thy neighebores goode name by  
thy fals witnessing, or bireven him his  
catel or his heritage by thy fals witness-  
ing; whan thou, for ire or for mede, or  
for envye, berest fals witnessse, or accusost  
him or excusest him by thy fals witnessse,  
or elles excusest thy-self falsly. / Ware  
yow, questmongeres and notaries! Certes,  
for fals witnessing was Susanna in ful  
gret sorwe and peyne, and many another  
mo. / The sinne of thefto is eek expres  
agayns goddes heste, and that in two  
maneres, corporel and espirituel. / Cor-  
porel, as for to take thy neighebores catel  
agayn his wil, be it by force or by sleighte,  
be it by met or by measure. / By steling  
eek of false enditements upon him, and  
in borwinge of thy neighebores catel, in  
entente nevere to payen it agayn, and  
semblable thinges. / Espirituel thefto is  
800 Sacrilege, that is to seyn, hurtingo of holy  
thinges, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in  
two maneres; by reson of the holy place,  
as chirches or chirche-hawes, / for which  
every vileyns sinne that men doon in  
swiche places may be cleped sacrilege, or  
every violence in the semblable places.  
Also, they that withdrawen falsly the  
rightes that longen to holy chirche. /  
And pleynly and generally, sacrilege is to  
reven holy thing fro holy place, or un-  
holy thing out of holy place, or holy thing  
out of unholy place. /

#### Relevacio contra peccatum Avaricie.

§ 68. Now shul ye understonde, that  
the relevinge of Avarice is misericorde,  
and piteo largely taken. And men  
mighten axe, why that misericorde and  
pitee is relevinge of Avarice? / Certes, (730)

the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man, for he dolyteth him in the keepinge of his tresor, and nat in the rescowinge ne relevinge of his evencristene. And therfore speke

805 I first of misericorde. / Thanne is misericorde, as seith the philosophre, a vertu, by which the corage of man is stired by the misse of him that is misised, / Up-on which misericorde folweth pitee, in parfournings of charitable werkes of misericorde. / And certes, these thinges moeven a man to misericorde of Jesu Crist, that he gaf him-self for oure gilt, and sufired deeth for miserie, and forgaf us oure originale sinnes; / and therby relested us fro the paynes of helle, and ameneded the paynes of purgatorie by penitence, and yeveth grace wel to do, and ette laste the blisse of hevencristene. / The speces of misericorde been, as for to lene and for to yeve and to foryeven and relesse, and for to han pitee in herte, and compassioun of the meschif of his evencristene, and eek to chastyse there as

810 nede is. / Another manere of remedie agayns Avarice is resonable largesse; but soothly, here bihoveth the consideracioun of the grace of Jesu Crist, and of hise temporel goodes, and eek of the godes perdurables that Crist gaf to us, / and to han remembrance of the deeth that he shal recyve, he noot whanne, where, ne how; and eek that he shal forgon al that he hath, save only that he hath despended in gode werkes. /

§ 69. But for-as-muche as som folk been unmesurable, men oghten eschue foollargesse, that men clepon wast. / Certes, he that is fool-large ne yeveth nat his catel, but he leseth his catel. Soothly, what thing that he yeveth for veyne glorie, as to minstrels and to folk, for to beren his renoun in the world, he hath

740 sinne ther-of and noon almesso. / Certes, he loseth foule his good, that ne seketh with the yifte of his good no-thing but

815 sinne. / He is lyk to an hors that seketh rather to drinken drovy or trouble water than for to drinken water of the clere welle. / And for-as-muchel as they yeven

ther as they sholde nat yeven, to hem aperteneth thulke malisoun that Crist shal yeven at the day of dome to hem that shullen been dampned. /

### Sequitur de Gula.

§ 70. After Avarice comth Glotonye, which is expres eek agayn the comendement of god. Glotonye is unmesurable appetyt to ete or to drinke, or elles to doon y-nogh to the unmesurable appetyt and desordeynce coveityse to eten or to drinke. / This sinne corrupted al this world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke eek, what seith seint Paul of Glotonye. / 'Manye,' seith seint Paul, 'goon, of whiche I have ofte seyd to yow, and now I seye it wepinge, that they been the enemyes of the croys of Crist; of whiche the ende is deeth, and of whiche hir wombe is hir god, and hir glorie in confusioun of hem that so savenen ertely thinges.' / He that is

820 usant to this sinne of Glotonye, he ne may no sinne withstonde. He moot been in servage of alle vyces, for it is the develes hord ther he hydeth him and resteth. / This sinne hath manye speces. The firste is dronkenesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes reson; and therfore, whan a man is drunken, he hath lost his reson; and this is deedly sinne. / But soothly, whan that a man is nat wont to strong drinke, and peraventure no knowth nat the strengthe of the drinke, or hath feblesse in his heed, or hath travailed, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he sodeynly caught with drinke, it is no deedly sinne, but venial. / The seconde spece of Glotonye is, that the spirit of a man wexeth al trouble; for dronkenesse bireveth him the discrecioun of his wit. / The thridde spece of

(750) Glotonye is, whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath no rightful manere of etinge. / The fourthe is whan, thurgh

825 the grete habundaunce of his mete, the humours in his body been destempered. / The fifthe is, forgettellesse by to muchel drinkinge; for which somtyme a man



forgeteth er the morwe what he dide at even or on the night biforn. /

§ 71. In other manere been distinct the spes of Glotonye, after seint Gregoria. The firste is, for to ete biforn tyme to ete. The seconde is, whan a man get him to delicat mete or drinke. / The thridde is, whan men taken to muche over mesure. The fourthe is curiositee, with greet entente to maken and apparailen his mete. The fifthe is, for to eten to greedily. / Thise been the fyve fingres of the develes hand, by whiche he draweth 850 folk to sinne. /

#### Remedium contra peccatum Gule.

§ 72. Agayns Glotonye is the remedie Abstinence, as seith Galien; but that holde I nat meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Augustin wole, that Abstinence be doon for vertu and with pacience. / Abstinence, he seith, is lifel worth, but-if a man have good wil ther-to, and but it be enforced by pacience and by charitee, and that men doon it for godes sake, and in hope to have the blisse of hevene. /

§ 73. The felawes of Abstinence been Attemperance, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges: eek Shame, that esclueth alle deshonestee; Suffisance, that seketh no riche metes ne drinks, ne dooth no fors of to outrageous apparailinge of mete. / Mesure also, that restreyneth by resoun the deslavede appetyt of etinge: Sobrenesse also, that restreyneth the 760 outrage of drinke: / Sparinge also, that restreyneth the delicat ese to sitte longe at his mete and softly; wherfore som folk stonden of hir owene wil, to eten at 835 the lasse leyser. /

#### Sequitur de Luxuria.

§ 74. After Glotonye, thanne comth Lecherie; for thise two sinnes been so ny oosins, that ofte tyme they wol nat departe. / God woot, this sinne is ful displeaunt thing to god; for he seyde himself, 'do no lecherie.' And therefore he putte grete paynes agayns this sinne in the olde laws. / If womman thral were

taken in this sinne, she sholde be beten with staves to the deeth. And if she were a gentil woman, she sholde be slayn with stones. And if she were a bisshoppes doghter, she sholde been brent, by goddes comandement. / Forther over, by the sinne of Lecherie, god dreynthe al the world at the diluge. And after that, he brente fyve citees with thonder-leyt, and sank hem in-to helle. /

§ 75. Now lat us speke thanne of thilke stinkinge sinne of Lecherie that men clepe Avoutrie of wedded folk, that is to seyn, if that oon of hem be wedded, or elles bothe. / Seint John seith, that 840 avoutiers shullen been in helle in a stank brennings of fyr and of brimston; in fyr, for the lecherie; in brimston, for the stink of hir ordure. / Certes, the brekinge of this sacrament is an horrible thing; it was makid of god him-self in paralyse, and confirmed by Jesu Crist, as witnesseth seint Mathew in the gospel: 'A man shal lete fader and moder, and taken him to his wyf, and they shullen be two in o flesh.' / This sacrament bitokneth the knittinge togidre of Crist and of holy chirche. / And nat only that god forbad avoutrie in dede, but eek he comanded that thou sholdest nat coveite thy neighbores wyf. / In this 770 heeste, seith seint Augustin, is forboden alle manere coveitise to doon lecherie. Lo what seith seint Mathew in the gospel: that 'who-so seeth a womman to coveitise of his lust, he hath doon lecherie with hir in his herte.' / Here may ye seen that 845 nat only the dede of this sinne is forboden, but eek the desyr to doon that sinne. / This cursed sinne anyeth grevousliche hem that it haunten. And first, to hir soule; for he oblygeth it to sinne and to peyne of deeth that is perdurable. / Un-to the body anyeth it grevously also, for it dreyneth him, and wasteth, and shent him, and of his blood he maketh sacrificy to the feend of helle; it wasteth his catel and his substaunce. / And certes, if it be a foul thing, a man to waste his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing whan that, for swich ordure,

wommen dispenden up-on men hir catel and substance. / This sinne, as seith the prophete, bireveth man and womman hir gode fame, and al hir honour; and it is ful pleasaunt to the devel; for ther-by winneth he the moste partie of this  
850 world. / And right as a marchant delyteth him most in chaffare that he hath most advantage of, right so delyteth the feend in this ordure. /

§ 76. This is that other hand of the devel, with fyve fyngres, to cacche the peple to his vileinye. / The firste finger is the fool lookinge of the fool womman and of the fool man, that sleeth, right as the basilicok sleeth folk by the venom of his sighte; for the covetise of eyen folweth the covetise of the herte. / The secunde finger is the vileyns touchinge in wikkede manere; and therfore seith Salomon, that who-so toucheth and hand-  
leth a womman, he fareth lyk him that handleth the scorpion that stingeth and soodeynly sleeth thurgh his envenyminge; as who-so toucheth warm pich, it shent  
(780) his fyngres. / The thridde, is foule wordes, that fareth lyk fyr, that right anon bren-  
855 neth the herte. / The fourthe finger is the kysinge; and trewely he were a greet fool that wolde kisse the mouth of a brenninge ovene or of a fourneys. / And more fooles been they that kysen in vileinye; for that mouth is the mouth of helle: and namely, thise olde dotardes holours, yet wol they kisse, though they may nat do, and smatre hom. / Certes, they been lyk to houndes; for an hound, when he comth by the roser or by othere þussles, though he may nat pisse, yet wole he heve up his leg and make a contenance to pisse. / And for that many man weneth that he may nat sinne, for no likerousnesse that he doth with his wyf; certes, that opinion is fals. God woot, a man may slean him-self with his owene knyfe, and make him-selve drunken of his owene tonne. / Certes, be it wyf, be it chuld, or any worldly thing that he loveth biforn god, it is his maumet, and  
860 he is an ydolastre. / Man sholdo loven his wyf by discrecioun, paciently and

atemprely; and thanne is she as though it were his suster. / The fifthe finger of the develes hand is the stynkinge dede of Lecherie. / Certes, the fyve fyngres of Glotonie the feend put in the wombe of a man, and with hise fyve fyngres of Lecherie he gripeth him by the reynes, for to throwen him in-to the fourneys of helle; / ther-as they shul han the fyr and the wormes that evere shul lasten, and wepinge and wailinge, sharp hunger and thirst, and grimnesse of develes that shullen al to-trede hem, with-outen respite and with-outen ende. / Of Lecherie, as (790) I seyde, sourden diverse spes; as fornicacioun, that is bitwix man and womman that been nat maried; and this is deedly sinne and agayns nature. / Al that is 865 enemy and destruccioun to nature is agayns nature. / Parfay, the resoun of a man telleth eek him wel that it is deedly sinne, for-as-muche as god forbad Lecherie. And seint Paul yeveth hem the regne, that nis dewe to no wight but to hem that doon deedly sinne. / Another sinne of Lecherie is to bireve a mayden of hir maydenhede; for he that so dooth, certes, he casteth a mayden out of the hyeste degree that is in this present lyf, / and bireveth hir thilke precious fruit that the book clepeth 'the hundred fruit.' I ne can seye it noon other weyes in English, but in Latin it highte *Centesimus fructus*. Certes, he that so dooth is cause of manye damages and vileinyes, mo than any man can rekene; right as he somtyme is cause of alle damages that bestes don in the feeld, that breketh the hegge or the closure; thurgh which he destroyeth that may nat been restored. / 870 For certes, na-more may maydenhede be restored than an arm that is smiten from the body may retourne agayn to wexe. / She may have mercy, this woot I wel, if she do penitence; but nevere shal it be that she nas corrupt. / And al-be-it so that I have spoken somewhat of Avoutrie, it is good to shewen mo perils that longen to Avoutrie, for to eschue that foule sinne. / Avoutrie in Latin is for to seyn, approchinge of other mannes bed, thurgh

which tho that whylom weren o flesch  
 (800) abandone hir bodyes to othere persones. /  
 Of this sinne, as seith the wyse man,  
 folwen manye harmes. First, brekinge  
 of feith; and certes, in feith is the keye  
 875 of Cristendom. / And whan that feith is  
 bruken and lorn, soothly Cristendom stant  
 veyn and with-outen fruit. / 'This sinne  
 is eek a thefte; for thefte generally is for  
 to reve a wight his thing agayns his  
 wille. / Certes, this is the fouleste thefte  
 that may be, whan a woman steloth hir  
 body from hir housbonde and yeveth it  
 to hire holour to defoulen hir, and steleth  
 hir soule fro Crist, and yeveth it to the  
 devel. / 'This is a fouler thefte, than for  
 to breke a chirche and stelo the chalice;  
 for thise avoutiers breken the temple of  
 god spiritually, and stelen the vessel of  
 grace, that is, the body and the soule, for  
 which Crist shal destroyeden hem, as seith  
 saint Paul. / Soothly of this thefte  
 doubted gretly Joseph, whan that his  
 lordes wyf preyed him of vilounye, whan  
 he seyde, 'lo, my lady, how my lord hath  
 take to me under my warde al that he  
 hath in this world; no no-thing of his  
 thinges is out of my power, but only ye  
 880 that been his wyf. / And how sholde  
 I thanne do this wikkednesse, and sinne  
 so horribly agayns god, and agayns my  
 lord? God it forbede.' Allas! al to litel  
 is swich trouthe now y-founde! / The  
 thridde harm is the filthe thurgh which  
 they breken the comandement of god, and  
 defoulen the auctour of matrimoine, that  
 is Crist. / For cortes, in-so-muche as the  
 sacrament of mariage is so noble and so  
 digne, so muche is it gretter sinne for to  
 breken it; for god made mariage in  
 paradys, in the estaat of innocence, to  
 multiplye man-kinde to the service of  
 god. / And therefore is the brekinge  
 ther-of more grevous. Of which brekinge  
 comen false heires ofte tyme, that wrong-  
 fully occupyen folkes heritages. And  
 therefore wol Crist putte hem out of the  
 regne of hevене, that is heritage to gode  
 (810) folk. / Of this brekinge comth eek ofte  
 tyme, that folk unwar wedden or sinnen  
 with hir owene kinrede; and namely

thilke harlottes that haunten bordels of  
 thise fool wommen, that mowe be lykned  
 to a commune gonge, where-as men purgen  
 hir ordure. / What seye we eek of putours 885  
 that liven by the horrible sinne of puterie,  
 and constreynе wommon to yolden to  
 hem a certeyn rente of hir bodily puterie,  
 ye, somtyme of his owene wyf or his  
 child; as doon this haundes? Certes,  
 thise been cursede sinnes. / Understand  
 eek, that avoutrie is set gladly in the ten  
 comandements bitwixe thefte and man-  
 slaughtre; for it is the gretteste thefte  
 that may be; for it is thefte of body and  
 of soule. / And it is lyk to homicide;  
 for it kerveth a-two and breketh a-two  
 hem that first were makel o flesh, and  
 therefore, by the olde lawe of god, they  
 sholde be slayn. / But natheles, by the  
 lawe of Jesu Crist, that is lawe of pitee,  
 whan he seyde to the womman that was  
 founden in avoutrie, and sholde han been  
 slayn with stones, after the wil of the  
 Jewes, as was hir lawe: 'Go,' quod Jesu  
 Crist, 'and have na-more wil to sinne';  
 or, 'wille na-more to do sinne.' / Soothly,  
 the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to  
 the peynes of helle, but-if so be that it be  
 890 destourbed by penitence. / Yet been ther  
 mo speces of this cursid sinne; as whan  
 that oon of hem is religious, or elles  
 bothe; or of folk that been entred in-to  
 ordre, as subdekne or dekne, or proest, or  
 hospitaliers. And evere the hyer that  
 he is in ordre, the gretter is the sinne. /  
 The thinges that gretly agregeen hir  
 sinne is the brekinge of hir avow  
 of chastitee, whan they receyved the ordre. /  
 And forther-over, sooth is, that holy  
 ordre is chief of al the tresorie of god,  
 and his especial signe and mark of cha-  
 stitee; to shewe that they been joyned to  
 chastitee, which that is most precious  
 lyf that is. / And thise ordred folk been  
 specially tytled to god, and of the special  
 meynes of god; for which, whan they  
 doon deedly sinne, they been the special  
 traytours of god and of his peple; for they  
 liven of the peple, to preyre for the peple,  
 and whyle they been suche traitours, hir  
 preyers availen nat to the peple. / Preestes (820)

been aungeles, as by the dignitee of hir misterye; but for sothe, seint Paul seith, that 'Sathanas transformeth him in an  
895 aungel of light.' / Soothly, the preest that haunteth deedly sinne, he may be lykned to the aungel of derknesse transformed in the aungel of light; he semeth aungel of light, but for sothe he is aungel of derknesse. / Swiche preestes been the sones of Helie, as sheweth in the book of Kinges, that they weren the sones of Belial, that is, the devel. / Belial is to seyn 'with-outen juge'; and so faren they; hem thinketh they been free, and han no juge, na-more than hath a free boile that taketh which cow that him lyketh in the toun. / So faren they by women. For right as a free boile is y-nough for al a toun, right so is a wikked preest corrupcioun y-nough for al a parisshe, or for al a contree. / These preestes, as seith the book, ne conne nat the misterie of preesthode to the peple, ne god ne knowe they nat; they ne helde hem nat apayd, as seith the book, of soden flesh that was to hem offred, but they  
900 toke by force the flesh that is rawe. / Certes, so thise shrewes ne holden hem nat apayed of rosted flesh and sode flesh, with which the peple fedden hem in greet reverence, but they wold have raw flesh of folkes wyves and hir doghtres. / And certes, thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie doon greet wrong to Crist and to holy chirche and alle halwes, and to alle soules; for they bireven alle thise him that sholde worshipe Crist and holy chirche, and preye for Cristene soules. / And therefore han swiche preestes, and hir lemmanes eek that consenten to hir lecherie, the makisoun of al the court Cristen, til they come to amendement. / The thurdispece of avoutrie is som-tyme bitwixe a man and his wyf; and that is when they take no reward in hir assembling, but only to hire fleshly delyt, as  
30 seith seint Jerome; / and ne rekken of no-thing but that they been assembled; by-cause that they been married, al is  
905 good y-nough, as thinketh to hem. / But in swich folk hath the devel power,

as seyde the aungel Raphael to Thobie; for in hir assemblinge they puten Jesu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven hem-self to alle ordure. / The fourthe spece is, the assemblee of hem that been of hire kinrode, or of hem that been of conaffinitee, or elles with hem with which hir fadres or hir kinrede han delod in the sinne of lecherie; this sinne maketh hem lyk to houndes, that taken no kepe to kinrede. / And certes, parentele is in two maneres, outher goostly or fleshly; goostly, as for to delen with hise god-sibbes. / For right so as he that engon-dreth a child is his fleshly fader, right so is his godfader his fader espirituel. For which a woman may in no lasse sinne assemblen with hir godsib than with hir owene fleshly brøtther. / The fiftespece is thilke abhominable sinne, of which that no man unnethes oghte spoke ne wryte, natheless it is openly rehersed in holy writ. / This cursednesse doon men  
910 cometh ofte to hem that been maydenes, and eek to hem that been corrupt; and this sinne men clepen pollucioun, that cometh in foure maneres. / Somtyme, of languissinge of body; for the humours been to ranke and habundaunt in the body of man. Somtyme of infermetee; for the feblesse of the vertu retentif, as phisik maketh mencion. Somtyme, for surfeit of mete and drinke. / And somtyme of vileyns thoghtes, that been enclosed in mannes minde when he goth to slepe; which may nat been with-oute sinne. For which men moste kepen hem wysely, or elles may men sinnen ful greuously. /

(840)

## Remedium contra peccatum Luxurie.

§ 77. Now cometh the remedie agayns Lecherie, and that is, generally, Chastitee and Continence, that restreyneth alle the

desordeynee moevinges that comen of  
 915 fleshy talentes. / And evere the gretter  
 merite shal he han, that most restreyneth  
 the wikkede eschaufinges of the ordure  
 of this sinne. And this is in two maneres,  
 that is to seyn, chastitee in mariage, and  
 chastitee in widwehode. / Now shaltow  
 understonde, that matrimoine is leefful  
 assemblinge of man and of womman, that  
 receyven by vertu of the sacrament the  
 bond, thurgh which they may nat be  
 departed in al hir lyf, that is to seyn,  
 whyl that they liven bothe. / This, as  
 seith the book, is a ful gret sacrament.  
 God maketh it, as I have seyed, in paradys,  
 and wolde him-self be born in mariage. /  
 And for to halwen mariage, he was at  
 a weddinge, where-as he turned water  
 in-to wyne; which was the firste miracle  
 that he wroghte in erthe biforn hise dis-  
 ciples. / Trewe effect of mariage clenseth  
 fornicacioun and replenisseth holy chirche  
 of good linage; for that is the ende of  
 mariage; and it chaungeth deedly sinne  
 in-to venial sinne bitwixe hem that been  
 y-wedded, and maketh the hertes al oon  
 of hem that been y-wedded, as wel as the  
 920 bodies. / This is verray mariage, that  
 was establissed by god er that sinne bigan,  
 whan naturel lawe was in his right point  
 in paradys; and it was ordeyned that o  
 man sholde have but o womman, and  
 o womman but o man, as seith saint  
 Augustin, by manye resouns. /

§ 78. First, for mariage is figured bi-  
 twixe Crist and holy chirche. And that  
 other is, for a man is heved of a womman;  
 algate, by ordinance it sholde be so. /  
 For if a womman had mo men than oon,  
 thanne sholde she have mo hevedes than  
 oon, and that were an horrible thing  
 biforn god; and eek a womman ne mighte  
 nat plesse to many folk at ones. And also  
 ther ne sholde nevere be pees ne reste  
 amonges hem; for everich wolde axen  
 his owene thing. / And forther-over, no  
 man ne sholde knowe his owene engen-  
 drure, ne who sholde have his heritage;  
 and the womman sholde been the lasse  
 biloved, fro the time that she were con-  
 (850) joyned to many men. /

§ 79. Now comth, how that a man  
 sholde bere him with his wyf; and  
 namely, in two thinges, that is to seyn in  
 suffraunce and reverence, as shewed Crist  
 whan he made first womman. / For he 925  
 ne made hir nat of the heved of Adam,  
 for she sholde nat clayme to greet lord-  
 shipe. / For ther-as the womman hath  
 the maistrie, she maketh to muche  
 desray; ther nedene none ensamples of  
 this. The experience of day by day oghte  
 suffice. / Also certes, god ne made nat  
 womman of the foot of Adam, for she ne  
 sholde nat been holden to lowe; for she  
 can nat paciently suffre: but god made  
 womman of the rib of Adam, for womman  
 sholde be felawe un-to man. / Man sholde  
 bere him to his wyf in feith, in trouthe,  
 and in love, as seith saint Paul: that  
 'a man sholde loven his wyf as Crist  
 loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel  
 that he deyde for it.' So sholde a man  
 for his wyf, if it were nede. /

§ 80. Now how that a womman sholde  
 be subget to hir housbonde, that telleth  
 saint Peter. First, in obedience. / And 930  
 eek, as seith the decree, a womman that  
 is a wyf, as longe as she is a wyf, she hath  
 noon auctoritee to swere ne bere witnessse  
 with-oute leve of hir housbonde, that is  
 hir lord; algate, he sholde be so by  
 resoun. / She sholde eek serve him in  
 alle honestee, and been attemptree of hir  
 array. I wot wel that they sholde setten  
 hir entente to plesse hir housbondes, but  
 nat by hir queyntise of array. / Saint  
 Jerome seith, that wyves that been ap-  
 parailed in silk and in precious purp-  
 ne mowe nat clothen hem in Jesu Crist.  
 What seith saint John eek in this matere? /  
 Saint Gregorie eek seith, that no wight  
 seketh precious array but only for veyne  
 glorie, to been honoured the more biforn  
 the peple. / It is a greet folye, a womman (860)  
 to have a fair array outward and in hir-  
 self be foul inward. / A wyf sholde eek 935  
 be mesurable in lokinge and in beringe  
 and in laughinge, and discret in alle hir  
 wordes and hir dedes. / And aboven alle  
 worldly thing she sholde loven hir hous-  
 bonde with al hir herte, and to him be

trewe of hir body; / so sholde an housbonde eek be to his wyf. For sith that al the body is the housbondes, so sholde hir herte been, or elles ther is bitwixe hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. / Thanne shal men understonde that for three thinges a man and his wyf fleshly mowen assemble. The firste is in entente of engendrure of children to the service of god, for certes that is the cause fynal of matrimoine. / Another cause is, to yelden everich of hem to other the dette of hir bodies, for neither of hem hath power over his owene body. The thridde is, for to eschewe lecherye and vileinye.

64. The fether is for sothe deedly sinne. / As to the firste, it is meritorie; the seconde also; for, as seith the decree, that she hath merite of chastitee that yeldeth to hir housbonde the dette of hir body, ye, though it be agayn hir lykinge and the lust of hir herte. / The thridde manere is venial sinne, and trefwely scarsly may ther any of these be with-oute venial sinne, for the corrupcion and for the delyt. / The fourthe manere is for to understonde, if they assemble only for amorous love and for noon of the forseyde causes, but for to accomplice thilke brenninge delyt, they rekke nevere how ofte, sothly it is deedly sinne; and yet, with sorwe, somme folk wol peynen hem more to doon than to hir appetyt suffyseth. /

§ 81. The seconde manere of chastitee is for to been a clene widewe, and eschue the embracings of man, and desyren the (870) embracings of Jesu Crist. / This been tho that han been wyves and han forgoon hir housbondes, and eek wommen that han doon lecherie and been releved by 945 Penitence. / And certes, if that a wyf coude kepen hir al chaast by licence of hir housbonde, so that she yeve nevere noon occasion that he agite, it were to hire a greet merite. / These manere wommen that observen chastitee moste be clene in herte as well as in body and in thought, and mesurable in clothinge and in contenance; and been abstinent in etinge and drinkinge, in spekinge, and

in dede. They been the vessel or the boyste of the blissed Magdalene, that fulfilleth holy chirche of good odour. / The thridde manere of chastitee is virginitee, and it bihoveth that she be holy in herte and clene of body; thanne is she spouse to Jesu Crist, and she is the lyf of angeles. / She is the preisinge of this world, and she is as thise martins in egalitee; she hath in hir that tonge may nat telle ne herte thinke. Virginitee baar oure lord Jesu Crist, and virgine was him-selve. / 950

§ 82. Another remedie agayns Lecherie is, specially to withdrawen awiche thinges as yeve occasion to thilke vileinye; as ese, etinge and drinkinge; for certes, whan the pot boyleth strongly, the beste remedie is to withdrawe the fyr. / Sleeping longe in greet quiete is eek a greet norice to Lecherie. /

§ 83. Another remedie agayns Lecherie is, that a man or a woman eschue the companie of hem by whiche he douteth to be tempted; for al-be-it so that the dede is withstonden, yet is ther greet temptacioun. / Soothly a whyt wal, although it ne brenne noght fully by stikinge of a candele, yet is the wal blak of the leyt. / Ful ofte tyme I rede, that 880 no man truste in his owene perfeccioun, but he be stronger than Sampson, and holier than † David, and wyser than Salomon. / 955

§ 84. Now after that I have declared yow, as I can, the sevene deedly sinnes, and somme of hir branches and hir remedies, soothly, if I coude, I wolde telle yow the ten comandements. / But so heigh a doctrine I lete to divines. Natheles, I hope to god they been touched in this tretice, everich of hem alle. /

#### De Confessione.

§ 85. Now for-as-muche as the second partie of Penitence stant in Confessioun of mouth, as I bigan in the firste chapitre, I seye, seint Augustin seith: / sinne is every word and every dede, and al that men coveiten agayn the lawe of Jesu

Crist; and this is for to sinne in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by thy fyve wittes, that been sighte, heringe, smellinge, tastinge or savouringe, and felinge. / Now is it good to understonde that that  
960 aggregeth muchel every sinne. / Thou shalt considere what thou art that doost the sinne, whether thou be male or femele, yong or old, gentil or thral, free or servant, hool or syk, wedded or sengl, ordred or unordred, wys or fool, clerk or secular; / if she be of thy kinrede, bodily or gostly, or noon; if any of thy kinrede have sinned with hir or noon, and manye mo thinges. /

§ 86. Another circumstance is this; whether it be doon in fornicacioun, or in avoutrie, or noon; incest, or noon; mayden, or noon; in manere of homicide, or noon; horrible grete sinnes, or smale; and how longe thou hast continued in sinne. / The thurde circumstance is the place ther thou hast do sinne; whether in other mennes hous or in thyn owene; in feild or in chirche, or in chirche-hawe; (890) in chirche dedicat, or noon. / For if the chirche be halwed, and man or woman spille his kinde in-with that place by wey of sinne, or by wikked temptacion, the chirche is entredited til it be reconciled  
965 by the bishop; / and the preest that dide swich a vileinye, to terme of al his lyf, he sholde na-more singe masse; and if he dide, he sholde doon dedly sinne at every tyme that he so songe masse. / The fourthe circumstance is, by whiche mediatours or by whiche messagers, as for entycement, or for consentement to bere companye with felaweshipe; for many a wrecche, for to bere companye, wil go to the devel of helle. / Wherfore they that eggen or consenten to the sinne been parteners of the sinne, and of the dampnacioun of the sinner. / The fiftie circumstance is, how manye tymes that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how ofte that he hath falle. / For he that ofte falleth in sinne, he despiseth the mercy of god, and encresceth his sinne, and is unkinde to Crist; and he waxeth the more feble to withstonde

sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, / 970 and the latter aryseth, and is the more oschew for to shryven him, namely, to him that is his confessour. / For which that folk, when they falle agayn in hir olde folies, outhur they forleten hir olde confessours al outroly, or elles they departen hir shrift in diverse places; but soothly, swich departed shrift deserveth no morey of god of hise sinnes. / The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth, as by whiche temptacioun; and if him-self procure thilke temptacioun, or by the excytinge of other folk, or if he sinne with a womman by force, or by hir owene assent; / or if the womman, mangree hir heed, hath been affored, or noon; this shal she telle; for covetise, or for poverté, and if it was hir procuringe, or noon; and swiche manere harneys. / (900) The sevenethe circumstance is, in what manere he hath doon his sinne, or how that she hath suffred that folk han doon to hir. / And the same shal the man  
975 telle pleyntly, with alle circumstances; and whether he hath sinned with comune bordel-wommen, or noon; / or doon his sinne in holy tymes, or noon; in fasting-tymes, or noon; or biforn his shritte, or after his latter shritte; / and hath, peraventure, broken therfore his penance enjoyed; by whos help and whos conseil; by sorcerie or craft; al moste be told. / Alle these thinges, after that they been grete or smale, engregen the conscience of man. And eek the preest that is thy juge, may the better been avysed of his jugement in yevinge of thy penaunce, and that is after thy contricioun. / For understond wel, that after tyme that a man hath defouled his baptesme by sinne, if he wole come to salvacioun, ther is noon other wey but by penitence and shrifte and satisfacioun; / and namely  
980 by the two, if ther be a confessour to which he may shryven him; and the thridde, if he have lyf to parfournen it. /

§ 87. Thanne shal man looke and considere, that if he wole maken a trewe and a profitable confessioun, ther moste be

fourre condiciouns. / First, it moot been in sorweful bitternesse of herte, as seyde the king Ezekias to god: 'I wol remembre me alle the yerres of my lyf in bitternesse of myn herte.' / This condicioun of bitternesse hath fyve signes. The firste is, that confessioun moste be shamefast, nat for to coveure no hyden his sinne, for he hath agilt his god and defouled his  
(910) soule. / And her-of seith seint Augustin: 'the herte travaileth for shame of his sune'; and for he hath greet shamefastnesse, he is digne to have greet mercy of  
985 god. / Swich was the confession of the publican, that wolde nat heven up his eyen to hevене, for he hadde offended god of hevене; for which shamefastnesse he hadde anon the mercy of god. / And ther-of seith seint Augustin, that swich shamefast folk be next foryevenesse and remissioun. / Another signe is humiltee in confessioun; of which seith seint Peter, 'Humbleth yow under the might of god.' The hond of god is mighty in confession, for ther-by god foryeveth thee thy sinnes; for he allone hath the power. / And this humiltee shal been in herte, and in signe outward; for right as he hath humiltee to god in his herte, right so sholde he humble his body outward to the preest that sit in goddes place. / For which in no manere, sith that Crist is sovereyn and the preest mene and mediatur  
990 sinners is the laste by wey of resoun, / thanne sholde nat the sinnere sitte as heighe as his confessor, but knele biforn him or at his feet, but-if maladio destourbe it. For he shal nat taken kepe who sit there, but in whos place that he sitteth. / A man that hath trespassed to a lord, and comth for to axe mercy and maken his accord, and set him down anon by the lord, men wolde holden him outrageous, and nat worthy so sone for to have remissioun ne mercy. / The thriddie signe is, how that thy shrift sholde be ful of teres, if man may; and if man may nat wepe with hise bodily eyen, lat him wepe in herte. / Swich was the confession of seint Peter; for after that he hadde

forsake Jesu Crist, he wente out and weep ful bitterly. / The fourthe signe is, (920) that he ne lette nat for shame to shewon his confessioun. / Swich was the confessioun of the Magdelene, that ne spared, for no shame of hem that weren atte feste, for to go to oure lord Jesu Crist and bikhowe to him hir sinnes. / The fiftie signe is, that a man or a womman be obeisant to receyven the penance that him is enjoyned for hise sinnes; for certes Jesu Crist, for the giltye of a man, was obedient to the deeth. /

§ 88. The seconde condicion of verray confession is, that it be hastily doon; for certes, if a man hadde a deadly wounde, overe the lenger that he taried to warisshen him-self, the more wolde it corrupte and haste him to his deeth; and eek the wounde wolde be the wors for to hele. / And right so fareth sinne, that longe tyme is in a man unshewed. / Certes, a man oghte hastily shewen his sinnes for manye causes; as for drede of deeth, that cometh ofte sodenly, and is in no certeyn what tyme it shal be, ne in what place; and eek the dreechinge of owayne draweth in another; / and eek the lenger that he  
1000 tarieth, the farther he is fro Crist. And if he abyde to his laste day, scarcely may he shryven him or remembre him of hise sinnes, or repenten him, for the grevous maladie of his deeth. / And for-as-muche as he ne hath nat in his lyf herked Jesu Crist, whanne he hath spoken, he shal crye to Jesu Crist at his laste day, and scarcely wol he herkne him. / And understond that this condicioun moste han fourre thinges. Thy shrift moste be purveyed bifore and avysed; for wikked haste doth no profit; and that a man conne shryve him of hise sinnes, be it of pryde, or of envye, and so forth of the spesces and circumstances; / and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the greetnesse of hise sinnes, and how longe that he hath leyn in sinne; / and eek that he be contrit of (930) hise sinnes, and in stedfast purpos, by the grace of god, nevere eft to falle in sinne; and eek that he drede and countre-



waite him-self, that he flec the occasiouns  
 1005 of sinne to whiche he is encloued. / Also  
 thou shalt shryve thee of alle thy sinnes  
 to a man, and nat a parcel to o man and  
 a parcel to another; that is to under-  
 stonde, in entente to departe thy confes-  
 sioun as for shame or drede; for it nis but  
 stranglinge of thy soule. / For certes,  
 Jesu Crist is entierly al good; in him nis  
 noon imperfeccioun; and therefore outhir  
 he foryeveth al parfitly or never a deel. /  
 I seye nat that if thou be assigned to the  
 penitauncer for certein sinne, that thou  
 art bounde to shewen him al the reme-  
 nant of thy sinnes, of whiche thou hast  
 be shriven to thy curat, but-if it lyke to  
 thee of thyn humiltee; this is no de-  
 partinge of shrifte. / Ne I seye nat,  
 ther-as I speke of divisoun of confessioun,  
 that if thou have lycence for to shryve  
 thee to a discreet and an honeste preest,  
 where thee lyketh, and by lycence of thy  
 curat, that thou ne mayst wel shryve  
 thee to him of alle thy sinnes. / But lat  
 no blotte be bihinde; lat no sinne been  
 untold, as fer as thou hast remem-  
 1010 brance. / And whan thou shalt be  
 shriven to thy curat, telle him eek alle  
 the sinnes that thou hast doon sin thou  
 were last y-shriven; this is no wikked  
 entente of divisoun of shrifte. /

§ 89. Also the verray shrifte axeth  
 certeine condiciouns. First, that thou  
 shryve thee by thy free wil, noght con-  
 streyned, ne for shame of folk, ne for  
 maladie, ne swiche thinges; for it is  
 reson that he that trespasseth by his  
 free wil, that by his free wil he confesse  
 his trespas; / and that noon other man  
 telle his sinne but he him-self, ne he shal  
 nat nayte ne denye his sinne, ne wratthe  
 him agayn the preest for his amonestinge  
 to leve sinne. / The seconde condicioun  
 is, that thy shrift be laweful; that is to  
 seyn, that thou that shryvest thee, and  
 eek the preest that hereth thy confessioun,  
 (940) been verrally in the feith of holy chirche; /  
 and that a man ne be nat despaired of the  
 1015 mercy of Jesu Crist, as Caym or Judas. /  
 And eek a man moot accusen him-self of  
 his owne trespas, and nat another; but

he shal blame and wyten him-self and  
 his owne malice of his sinne, and noon  
 other; / but nathelees, if that another  
 man be occasioun or entycer of his sinne,  
 or the estaat of a persone be swich thurgh  
 which his sinne is aggregated, or elles that  
 he may nat pleylnly shryven him but he  
 telle the persone with which he hath  
 sinned; thanne may he telle; / so that  
 his entente ne be nat to bakkyte the  
 persone, but only to declaren his con-  
 fessioun. /

§ 90. Thou ne shalt nat eek make no  
 lesinges in thy confessioun; for humiltee,  
 per-aventure, to seyn that thou hast doon  
 sinnes of whiche that thou were nevere  
 guilty. / For seint Augustin seith: if  
 thou, by cause of thyn humiltee, makest  
 lesinges on thy-self, though thou ne were  
 nat in sinne biforn, yet artow thanne in  
 sinne thurgh thy lesinges. / Thou most  
 eek shewe thy sinne by thyn owne propie  
 1020 mouth, but thou be wexe doomb, and nat  
 by no lettre; for thou that hast doon the  
 sinne, thou shalt have the shame therfore /  
 Thou shalt nat eek peynthe thy confessioun  
 by faire subtilte wordes, to covere the more  
 thy sinne; for thanne bigylestow thy-self  
 and nat the preest; thou most tellen it  
 pleylnly, be it nevere so foul ne so horri-  
 ble. / Thou shalt eek shryve thee to a  
 preest that is discreet to conseilte thee,  
 and eek thou shalt nat shryve thee for  
 veyne glorie, ne for ypocrysie, ne for no  
 cause, but only for the doute of Jesu Crist  
 and the hele of thy soule. / Thou shalt  
 nat eek renne to the preest sodeynly, to  
 tellen him lightly thy sinne, as who-so  
 telleth a jape or a tale, but avysely and  
 with gret devocioun. / And generally,  
 shryve thee ofte. If thou ofte falle, ofte  
 thou aryse by confessioun. / And thogh  
 1025 thou shryve thee after than ones of sinne,  
 of which thou hast be shriven, it is the  
 more merite. And, as seith seint Augus-  
 tin, thou shalt have the more lightly  
 releasing and grace of god, bothe of sinne  
 and of payne. / And certes, ones a yere  
 atte leeste wey it is laweful for to been  
 housled; for certes ones a yere alle thinges  
 renovellen. /

**Explicit secunda pars Penitencie; et sequitur tertia pars eiusdem, de Satisfactione.**

§ 91. Now have I told you of verray Confessioun, that is the seconde partie of Penitence. /

The thridde partie of Penitence is Satisfaccioun; and that stant most generally in almesse and in bodily peyne. / Now been ther three manere of almesses; contricion of herte, where a man offreth himself to god; another is, to han pitee of defaute of hise neighebores; and the thridde is, in yevinge of good conseil goostly and bodily, where men han nede, and namely in sustenance of mannes  
1030 fode. / And tak keep, that a man hath need of these thinges generally; he hath need of fode, he hath nede of clothing, and herberwe, he hath nede of charitable conseil, and visitinge in prisone and in maladie, and sepulture of his dede body. / And if thou mayst nat visite the nedeful with thy persone, visite him by thy message and by thy yiftes. / These been generally almesses or werkes of charitee of hem that han temporel riches or discrecioun in conseeleinge. Of these werkes shaltow heren at the day of dome. /

§ 92. These almesses shaltow doon of thyne owne propre thinges, and hastily,  
(960) and prively if thou mayst; / but natheles, if thou mayst nat doon it prively, thou shalt nat forbere to doon almesse though men seen it; so that it be nat doon for thank of the world, but only for  
1053 thank of Jesu Crist. / For as witnesseth seint Mathew, *capitolo quinto*, 'A citeo may nat been hid that is set on a montayne; ne men lighte nat a lanterne and put it under a bussel; but men sette it on a candle-stikke, to yeve light to the men in the hous. / Right so shal youre light lighten before men, that they may seen youre gode werkes, and glorie youre fader that is in hevene.' /

§ 93. Now as to speken of bodily peyne, it stant in preyeres, in wakinges, in fastinges, in vertuose techinges of orisouns. / And ye shul understonde, that orisouns or

preyeres is for to seyn a pitous wil of herte, that redresseth it in god and expreseth it by word outward, to remoeven harmes and to han thinges espirituall and durable, and somtyme temporel thinges; of whiche orisouns, certes, in the orisoun of the *Pater-noster*, hath Jesu Crist enclosed most thinges. / Certes, it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for which it is more digne than any other preyer; for that Jesu Crist him-self maketh it; / and it is short, for it  
1040 sholde be coud the more lightly, and for to withholden it the more esily in herte, and helpen him-self the ofter with the orisoun; / and for a man sholde be the lasse wery to seyn it, and for a man may nat excusen him to lerne it, it is so short and so esy; and for it comprehendeth in it-self alle gode preyeres. / The expositioun of this holy preyer, that is so excellent and digne, I bitake to these maistres of theologie; save thus muchel wol I seyn: that, whan thou prayest that god sholde foryeve thee thy gyltes as thou foryevest hem that agilten to thee, be ful wel war that thou be nat out of charitee. / This holy orisoun amenuseth eek venial sinne; and therefore it aperteneth specially to penitence. /

§ 94. This preyer moste be trewely seyde and in verray feith, and that men preye to god ordinatly and discretly and devoutly; and alwey a man shal putten his wil to be subget to the wille of god. /  
1045 This orisoun moste eek been seyde with greet humblesse and ful pure; honestly, and nat to the aynoyance of any man or womman. It moste eek been continued with the werkes of charitee. / It awayleth eek agayn the vyces of the soule; for, as seith seint Jerome, 'By fastinge been saved the vyces of the flesh, and by preyer the vyces of the soule.' /

§ 95. After this, thou shalt understonde, that bodily peyne stant in wakinge; for Jesu Crist seith, 'waketh, and preyeth that ye ne entre in wikked temptacioun.' / Ye shul understanden also, that fastinge stant in three thinges; in forberinge of bodily mete and drinke, and in forberinge

of worldly jolitee, and in forberinge of deedly sinne; this is to seyn, that a man shal kepen him fro deedly sinne with al his might. /

§ 96. And thou shalt understanden eek, that god ordeyned fastinge; and to fastinge 1050 appertenen foure thinges / Largenesse to povre folk, gladnesse of herte espirituel, nat to been angry ne anoyed, ne grucche for he fasteth; and also resonable houre for to ete by mesure; that is for to seyn, a man shal nat ete in untyme, ne sitte the lenger at his table to ete for he fasteth. /

§ 97. Thanne shaltow understande, that bodily peyne stant in disciplyne or techinge, by word or by wrytinge, or in ensample. Also in weringe of heyres or of stamin, or of haubergeons on hir naked flesh, for Cristes sake, and swiche manere penances. / But war thee wel that swiche manere penances on thy flesh ne make nat thyn herte bitter or angry or anoyed of thy-self; for bettre is to caste away thyn heyre, than for to caste away the sikernes of Jesu Crist. / And therefore seith saint Paul: 'Clothe yow, as they that been chosen of god, in herte of misericorde, debonairetee, suffraunce, and swich manere of clothinge'; of whiche Jesu Crist is more apayed than of heyres, (980) or haubergeons, or hauberkes. /

§ 98. Thanne is disciplyne eek in knockinges of thy brest, in scourginge with 1055 yerdes, in knelinges, in tribulacions; / in suffringe patiently wronges that been doon to thee, and eekin pacient suffraunce of maladies, or lesinge of worldly catel, or of wyf, or of child, or others freendes. /

§ 99. Thanne shaltow understande, whiche thinges destourben penaunce; and this is in four maneres, that is, drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperation. / And for to speke first of drede; for which he weneth that he may suffre no penaunce; / ther-agayns is remedie for to thinke, that bodily penaunce is but short and lifel at regard of the peyne of helle, that is so cruel and so long, that it lasteth with-outen ende. /

§ 100. Now again the shame that a man hath to shryven him, and namely, thise

ypocrites that wolden been holden so parfite that they han no nedo to shryven hem, / agayns that shame, sholde a man 1060 thinke that, by wey of reson, that he that hath nat been ashamed to doon foule thinges, certes him oghte nat been ashamed to do fure thinges, and that is confessiouns. / A man sholde eek thinke, that god seeth and woot alle hise thoghtes and alle hise werkes; to him may no thing been hid ne covered. / Mon sholden eek remembre him of the shame that is to come at the day of doma, to hem that been nat penitent and shriven in this present lyf. / For alle the creatures in erthe and in helle shullen seen apertly al that they hyden in this world. / (990)

§ 101. Now for to spoken of the hope of hem that been negligent and slowe to shryven hem, that stant in two maneres. / 1005 That oon is, that he hopeth for to live longe and for to purchacen muche richeses for his delyt, and thanne he wol shryven him; and, as he seith, him semeth thanne tymely y-nough to come to shrifte. / Another is, surquidrie that he hath in Cristes mercy. / Agayns the firste vyce, he shal thinke, that oure lyf is in no sikernes; and eek that alle the richeses in this world ben in aventure, and passen as a shadwe on the wal. / And, as seith saint Gregorie, that it aperteneth to the grete rightwisnesse of god, that nevere shal the peyne stinte of hem that nevere wolde withdrawn hem fro sinne, hir thanks, but ay continue in sinne; for thilke perpetual wil to do sinne shul they han perpetual peyne. /

§ 102. Wanhope is in two maneres: the firste, wanhope is in the mercy of Crist; that other is that they thinke, that they ne might nat longe persevere in goodnesse. / The firste wanhope comth 1070 of that he demeth that he hath sinned so greetly and so ofte, and so longe leyn in sinne, that he shal nat be saved. / Certes, agayns that cursed wanhope sholde he thinke, that the passion of Jesu Crist is more strong for to unblinde than sinne is strong for to binde. / Agayns the seconde wanhope, he shal thinke, that as ofte as

he falloth he may aryse agayn by penitence. And thogh he never so longe have leyn in sinne, the mercy of Crist is alwey redy to receiven him to mercy. / Agayns the wanhope, that he demeth that he sholde nat longe persevere in goodnesse, he shal thinke, that the feblesse of the devel may no-thing doon  
1000) but-if men wol suffren him; / and eek ho shal han strengthe of the help of god, and of al holy churche, and of the pro-  
1075 teccioun of aungels, if him list. /

§ 103. Thanne shal men understonde what is the fruit of penaunce; and, after the word of Jesu Crist, it is the endeless blisse of hevene, / ther joye hath no contrarionste of wo ne grevaunce, ther alle harmes been passed of this present lyf; ther-as is the sikernes fro the peyne of helle; ther-as is the blisful compagne that rejoysen hem everemo, everich of others joye, / ther-as the body of man, that whylom was foul and derk, is more cleer than the sonne; ther-as the body, that whylom was syk, freele, and feble, and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hool that ther may no-thing apecyren it, / ther-as ne is neither hunger, thirst, ne cold, but every soule replenished with the sighte of the parfit knowinge of god, / This blisful regne may men purchase by poverte espirituel, and the glorie by lowenesse; the plente of joye by unger and thirst, and the reste by travaille; and the lyf by deeth and  
1080 mortificacion of sinne. /

Here taketh the makere of this book  
his leve.

§ 104. Now preye I to hem alle that herkne this litel tretis or rede, that if ther be any thing in it that lyketh hem, that ther-of they thanken oure lord Jesu

Crist, of whom procedeth al wit and al goodnesse. / And if ther be any thing that displese hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unconninge, and nat to my wil, that wolde ful fayn have seyde bettre if I hadde had conninge. / For oure boke seith, 'al that is writen is writen for oure doctrine'; and that is myn entente. / Wherefore I bisceke yow mekely for the mercy of god, that ye preye for me, that Crist have mercy on me and foryeve me my giltes: / (1010)  
—and namely, of my translacions and endytinges of worldly vanitees, the whiche I revoke in my retracciouns: / as is the 1085  
book of Troilus; The book also of Fame; The book of the nyntene Ladies; The book of the Duchesse; The book of seint Valentynes day of the Parlement of Briddes; The tales of Caunterbury, thilke that sounen in-to sinne; / The book of the Leoun; and many another book, if they were in my remembrance; and many a song and many a lecherous lay; that Crist for his grete mercy foryeve me the sinne. / But of the translation of Boece de Consolacione, and othere bokes of Legendes of seintes, and omelies, and moraltee, and devocioun, / that thanke I oure lord Jesu Crist and his blisful moder, and alle the seintes of hevene; / bisekinge hem that they from hennesforth, un-to my lyves ende, sende me grace to biwayle my giltes, and to studio to the salvacioun of my soule:—and graunte me grace of verray penitence, confessioun and satisfaccioun to doon in this present lyf; / thurgh the benigne 1090  
grace of him that is king of kinges and preest over alle preestes, that boghte us with the precious blood of his herte; / so that I may been oon of hem at the day of dome that shulle be saved: *Qui cum patre, &c.* 1092

Here is ended the book of the Tales of Caunterbury, compiled by Geoffrey Chaucer,  
of whos soule Jesu Crist have mercy. Amen.



## APPENDIX.

### VARIATIONS AND EMENDATIONS.

THE text of Chaucer is, in some places, corrupt, and in others can be much improved by some emendation, usually of a slight character.

The text of the best authorities, as improved by collation with other good authorities, is here given. Variations from these are denoted by an obelus (†) in the text, which may be considered as marking a reading as to which there is some doubt. These are most numerous in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, the *Book of the Duchesse*, and the *House of Fame*. There are very few doubtful readings in the *Canterbury Tales*, for which there are better authorities than in other cases. In the following Appendix all the doubtful readings and editorial emendations are accounted for. I do not, however, notice words which are placed between square brackets, such as the word 'a' on p. 1, l. 12. It will be understood, once for all, that all such words are *supplied*, and are *missing* in the originals, though often necessary for the sense or the metre, or for both.

### ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

The authorities are G. (the Glasgow MS.); and Th. (Thynne's edition of 1532). Also, from the nature of the case, F. (the original French text, here quoted from the edition by Méon, Paris, 1813). No other authorities exist. Many lines are wholly missing in G.; and when it is not cited, this must be understood. Thus, it has lost lines 1-44.

Page 1. 3. Th. sweuen; *but the plural is required*. 4. Th. that false ne bene. 25. Th. slepte; (*sleep is more usual*). 38. Th. hatte; *read hote* (be called).

Page 2. 66. G. Th. had; *read hath*. 102. G. Th. buskes (*not Chaucer's form*). 110. G. Th. gan I. 138. G. Th. Enclosed was; *see l. 1652*; F. *Tant clos*. 149. G. Th. mynoresse (!); F. *moverresse*.

Page 3. 196. G. Th. mysconeyting (!); F. *mesconter*. 220. G. Th. courtpy (*see Cant. Tales, A 290*). 248. *Both* peynted.

Page 4. 255. *Both* Upon any worthy man falle. 277. *Both* and so breketh. 324. *Both* rent.

Page 5. 382. *Both* may neuer. 442. *Both* ay (*giving no sense*); *read shal*. 444. *Both* grace (!), *for face*; F. *lor via*.

Page 6. 485. G. laddris; Th. ladders; *see l. 523*. 492. G. yeer; Th. yere; *read*

verd; see l. 656. 501. *Both* wolde 'for nolde; by confusion'. 505. *Both* god kepe it fro care, a false rime; clearly substituted for god it kepe and were. Were is the E. spelling of the verb in the French text, which has *que Dieu garisse*. 520. *Both* For; read Ful; (wo is here an adjective = sad). 536. G. ony; Th. any; read a.

Page 7. 564. *Some lines lost here*; 3 lines of F. left untranslated. 586. *Both* may, read mayden. 602. *Both* lande of Alexandryne, but Alexandryn is an adjective. 603. G. hidre be; Th. hyther be.

Page 8. 660. *Both* places. 608. *Both* That; read These. 720. Th. reuelrye; G. rouerye; F. *reueidie*.

Page 9. 761. *Both* made; read make. 701. *Both* boile (no sense), read Bede; Ne boile I I would not offer.

Page 10. 859. G. seye; Th. sey. 860. G. pleye (!); Th. pley (!). 865. *Both* I wot not what of hir nose I shal desoryve (eleven syllables). 866. *Two lines lost here*. 879. *Both* Love and as hym likith it be. 923. *Both* Turke bowes two ful wel deuysed nad he (too long).

Page 11. 959. *Both* shoten; see l. 980. 984. *Both* on; read of. 1007. *Both* And an; read As was an, F. *Ainsinc cum*. 1017. *Both* wyntred; but see l. 1020. 1026. *Both* thought; read thinketh. 1031. *Both* Sore (!); F. *Sade*. 1034. *Both* And light (!).

Page 12. 1037. *Both* in werk (!). 1058. Th. prill; G. pile; (error for prikke, written so as to look like prikke). 1080. Th. amyled; G. enameled. 1089. *Both* durst (!); error for thurfte, more commonly thurte. 1117. *Both* ragounces; F. *jagouces*.

Page 13. 1188. G. sarlynyshe; Th. Sarlynysahe; F. *Sarrazinesche*. 1201. *Both* gousfaucoun (!); F. *gonfanon*. 1210. *Both* He oaste. 1233. Th. hempe; G. hempe ne (- hempe). 1236. *Both* a; read oo (one).

Page 14. 1244. *Both* Bitokeneth. 1282. *Both* And she (!); read Yontho; F. *Jonesce*; see l. 1302. 1303. *Both* that; read thus; see l. 1310. 1313. G. loreyes (error for loreros); Th. Laurelles. 1315. Th. ended; G. eended (- y-ended). 1324. *Both* durst (as in l. 1089). 1332. *Both* she (for second he). 1334. *Both* hadde (for bad); and bent (for bende); both omit it. 1335. *Both* an (for on).

Page 15. 1341. G. hadde me shette; Th. had me shete (but shete is not a pp.). 1343. *Both* had me greued. 1348. *Both* hadde in all the gardyn be. 1366. *Both* gardin (for yerd). 1369. *Both* Parys (!); for paradys. 1397-8. Th. knytte, sytte.

Page 16. 1440. Th. dilectable. 1447. Th. garden; read yerde in; cf. 1448, 1366. 1448. Th. etfers (!); F. *tout l'estre*. 1453. Th. shoten; read shete. Th. goodnesse (for good mes); cf. 3462. 1498. G. velaynesly; Th. vilaynously. 1527. *Both* musete so.

Page 17. 1591. *Both* entrees; F. *Tout Vestre*. 1593. *Both* yo (for he). 1594. *Both* Ye (for He). 1608. *Both* laughyng (!); read loving.

Page 18. 1641. *Both* sighed. 1644. *Both* strengthes. 1648. G. bitrissshed; Th. lytresshed. 1663. *Both* me; read be; F. *fusse*. 1666. G. wole; Th. wol. 1674. Th. ware; G. waxe; both have Rone. 1698. *Both* hath; omit wel? 1700. *Both* roses. 1713. *Both* For; read Ful.

Page 19. 1721. G. botheum; Th. bothum. 1742. *Both* Sithen. 1758. *Both* two (!). 1766. *Both* certisenenly; read certainly. 1771. *Both* his; read a. 1814. *Both* lefte (!); read felte.

Page 20. 1848. *Both* mighte it. 1851. *Both* sene I hadde. 1853 4. *Both* thore, more; see l. 1857. 1860. G. Castith; Th. Casteth. 1913, 1914. *Transposed* in G. Th.

Page 21. 1924. *Both* softyng; see 1925. 1925. *Both* prikkith. 1965. *Both* loue; read louers. 2002. *Both* of; read to.

Page 22. 2038. *Both* queynt. 2044. *Both* taken; *read* tan; cf. 2068. 2046. *Both* disteyned; F. *Deceus*. 2067. *Both* suprisid. 2068. *Both* taken; *read* tan; cf. 2044. 2076. G. *disee*; Th. *desese*; F. *dessaisir* 2116 *Both* degre.

Page 23. 2154. *Both* bigynneth to amende. 2176. G. *say*; Th. *saye*. 2185. *Both* vnto; *for* to. 2195. *Both* in; *read* a.

Page 24. 2264. *Both* on; *read* upon. 2271. Th. *aumere*; G. *awmere*; *see* 2087. 2279. *Both* costneth; F. *couste*. 2285. *Both* Farce. 2294. G. Th. knowith (!); F. *rit* 2302. *Both* pleyneeth; *read* pleyeth. 2327. *Both* menen.

Page 25. 2336. *Both* londes; *read* lones. 2341. *Both* this swifte; *read* swich yift; F. *si riche don*. 2365. *Both* and; *read* in. 2427. Th. *sene*; *read* sende; F. *envoier*. 2432. Th. *gone* and *visyten*.

Page 26. 2466. *Better* omit of. 2473 *Both* Thought; *read* That swete? 2499. G. *yitt*; Th. *yet*; *read* yif.

Page 27. 2564. Th. *forwerede*; G. *forweriede*; *see* 3251. 2569. *Both* se; *read* seme 2617. *Both* I wote not, *read* I noot. 2619. *Both* better. 2621. *Both* on hir I caste. 2622. *Both* That. 2628. *Both* ligen; *read* ly.

Page 28. 2650. *Both* whider (?). 2675. Th. *whan*; G. *whanne*; *read* wham or whom; F. *De qui tu ne pues avoir aise*. 2676. Corrupt. F. *Au departir la porte baise* (i.e. the lover is to kiss the door). 2709, 2710. *Both* more, fore. 2712. *Both* to gon; omit to.

Page 29. 2774. *Both* aftirward. 2796. G. *Thenkyng*; Th. *Thynkyng*; cf. 2804. 2824. *Both* not ben; F. *tu seroies*. 2833. *Both* me; *read* hem; cf. 2845.

Page 30. 2917. *Both* thou (*for* they). 2935. *Both* declared thee.

Page 31. 2992 *Both* warrans; F. *Ge vous i puis bien garantir*.

Page 32. 3052. *Both* Venus hath flemed. 3115. *Both* arise. 3125. *Both* And late (or lette) it growe (too long). 3136. Th. His eyes reed sparclýng as the fyre-glowe (too long); sparclýng is a gloss on reod.

Page 33. 3150. G. it, Th. he. *read* I; F. *ge*. 3207. *Both* For Nature; I omit For. 3209. *Both* but if the.

Page 34. 3264. *Both* seyne; feyne seems better. 3274. *Both* he be a; I omit a 3301. *After* gete, Th. inserts the, and G. thee. 3319. *Both* thought; *read* taughte. 3331. *Both* Who that; I omit that. 3337. *Both* chorisauce; F. *chevisance*

Page 35. 3399. Th. *forbode*, G. *forbede*; *read* forbad. 3433. Th. *suche*; G. *sichen*; F. *puis qu'il me siet*.

Page 36. 3447. *Both* where that the; I omit that. 3490. *Both* That he had. 3491. G. *Thanne*; Th. *Than*; *read* That; F. *Qu' Amors*. 3522. *Both* ye (*for* he); F. *Que il*. 3525. *Both* it is.

Page 37. 3548. This (- This is); F. *C'est*. 3554. *Both* Vpon (*for* On). 3604. *Read* thar; Th. *dare*. 3626. Th. *eftra*. 3643. Th. the god of blesse; F. *Dies la benice*.

Page 38. 3660. Th. That so; omit so. 3690. Th. grapes be ripe. 3694. *Both* Though. 3697. *Both* rennyng (!). 3698. *Both* come (*absurdly*); *see* l. 2700; *read* to me. 3710. G. *herte* is; Th. *hert* is; *read* hertis (- hertes). 3718. *Both* neithir (*for* nor). 3745 *Both* ployne or playne. 3751. *Both* ye; *read* to.

Page 39. 3755. Th. with his lete. 3756. *Both* insert me after bad. 3774 G. it wille; Th. at wyl. 3851. *Both* verge; *see* 3234.

Page 40. 3880. *Both* lye. 3895. *Both* trechours. 3902. *Both* herte I crye. 3907. *Both* lowe; *read* louda. 3928. *Both* must; *read* mot; *supply* take. 3942. *Both* Do; *read* To. 3943. *Both* Thanne (or Than) close; F. *Qui les roses clorra encor*.



Page 41. 3994. Th. vilanously; G. vilaynesly. 4021. G. an high; Th. an hye.  
4026. *Both* To make.

Page 42. 4089. *Both* place it after I.

Page 43. 4181. *Both* of; read *us*. 4188. *Both* Rosces; F. *rosiers*. 4194. *Both* who  
(*for* whiche).

Page 44. 4272. *Both* walketh (!). 4285. *Both* Which (*for* Ther); *giving no sense*.  
4291. *Both* except. 4322. *Both* wente aboute (!); read *wende a bought* (a = have);  
F. *Ges cuidoie avoir achetés* (I weened to have bought them). 4339. G. tilliers; Th.  
tyllers. 4352. *Both* wente bet abouen to haue.

Page 45. 4363. *Both* but; read *al*. *Both* lust. 4365. *Both* is; read *am*. 4366. *Both*  
charge. 4372. G. wole; Th. wol; read *wal*. 4425. *Both* good.

Page 46. 4467. *Both* her (*for* his). 4476. *Both* preise. 4551. *Both* Loue; read  
lorde. 4556. Th. moche that it; G. mych that.

Page 47. 4561. *Both* yeue good wille; F. *se Diez plaist*. 4587. *Both* no failid;  
I omit *ne*. 4617. *Both* not; read *nist*; cf. 4626. 4657. *Both* I; read *han*.

Page 48. 4705. *Both* And through the; read *A* trouthe. 4721. Th. lyke; G. like;  
read *sike*. 4722. G. trust; Th. truste; (thrust — thirst). *Both* and (*for* in).  
4723. *Both* And. 4725. *Both* And. 4731. *Both* Sen.

Page 49. 4755. *Both* by (*for* be). 4764. *Both* That; read *But*. 4793. *Both* euer;  
read *er* (i.e. before). 4796. *Both* al by partuere. 4799. *Both* greven. 4807. *Both*  
diffyned here. 4811. G. kned; Th. knedde. 4812. *Both* With. 4823. *Both* engendure;  
*see* 6114. 4837. *Both* han her lust. 4846. *Both* what; *for* who.

Page 50. 4858. *Both* their. 4892. G. perell; Th. parel; *but* read *tyme* (*see* 4891).  
4921. *Both* But that if. 4933. *Both* this. 4935. *Both* yonthes chambie (or chambere);  
F. *Jonesce sa chamberiere*. 4943. *Both* And mo of (!). 4945. *Both* remembreth.  
4948. *Both* him.

Page 51. 4955. *Both* gan. 4960. *Both* neither preise. 5004. Th. stondest;  
G. stonddith. 5010. *Both* weped. 5021. *Both* he (*for* hir). 5028. *Both* list to loue.

Page 52. 5050. *Both* gounen. 5051. *Both* so; read *she* (or *she*). 5059. *Both* loued.  
5068. *Both* That; read *But*; cf. 4764. 5085. *Both* to; read *they*. 5107. G. herberest  
hem; Th. herborest. 5116. *Both* the; read *thy*; F. *ton*. 5117. *Both* by thought;  
F. *ta jonece*. 5144. G. ay; Th. aye; read *alway*.

Page 53. 5155. *Both* That; F. *Lors*. 5162. *Perhaps say assay*. 5201 (*rubric*). *Both*  
Aunsete; *error for* Amistie. 5229. *Both* oo state; read *oon* estate; *see* 5400.

Page 54. 5278. *Both* bothe the. 5283. *Both* this. 5285. *Both* vnyte (!). 5287. *Both*  
And; read *A* man. 5292. Th. causes; G. cause; *see* 5301, 5323. 5335. *Both* he; cf.  
5337, 5341. 5341. *Both* hir; read *the*. 5345. *Both* Thurgh the; I omit *the*.

Page 55. 5360. *Both* greueth so groueth. 5379. *Both* him self (or selfe).  
5389. *Both* kepen ay his; *see* 5367. 5393. I omit *alle* before his. 5401. *Both* ought to  
be. 5404. *Both* hath. 5408. G. it; read *in*; Th. *omite*. 5419, 5420, 5425, 5427, 5436.  
*Both* hym (!); F. *lea*. 5433. *Both* to (*for* so).

Page 56. 5452. Th. chere (*for* there); G. cheer (!). 5463. *Both* thus. 5478. *Both*  
For to shewo; read *She* shewoth. 5486. *Both* affect. 5491. *Both* For al that yeueth  
here out of drede. 5493. G. late; Th. lette. 5544. *Both* fablyng; F. *cheans* (i.e.  
falling). 5546. *Both* caste.

Page 57. 5555. *Both* in (*for* is). 5556. *Both* depe (*error for* dope = doth). 5569. Th.  
hane you to haue; G. ha yow to ha. 5577. *Both* perceyueth. 5590. G. mavis; Th.  
mauys; F. *muie* (bushels). 5598. *Both* that (*for* it). 5617. *Both* berne. 5641. *Both* take.

Page 58. 5699. *Both* where; *F. guerre*. 5701. *Both* shal thogh he hath geten (!). 5713. *Both* Thus is thurst. 5741. *G. fy*; *Th. fye*; *read sy*. (From *fy* to *sy* means from the first syllable of *fy-sy-cien* (physician) to the second.)

Page 59. 5755. *Both* shewing. 5761-2. *Supply it in* 5761; *it occurs after Himsilf in* 5762. 5781. *Both* The; *F. Troia*. 5788. *Both* vnto. 5821. *Both* nyl not.

Page 60. 5855. *Both* kepte; *F. qui mestrie*. 5860. *Both* that ilke. 5883. *Both* As my nede is. 5900. *Both* That such toures ben; *I omit* That and ben.

Page 61. 5942. *Both* folyly. 5959. *Both* beaute (!). 5960. *Both* That I; *I omit* That. 5976. *Both* ful dere. 6002. *Both* grede; *error for* gned. 6006. *Both* beaute (as in 5959). 6009. *Th. wol*; *G. wole*.

Page 62. 6064. *Both* hindreth.

Page 63. 6165. *Both* which; *F. tex* (such). 6169. *Both* lette. 6174. *Both* nede; *F. besoignes*. 6205. *I supply this line*; went his wyle = turns aside his craft. 6206. *Th. begylen*; *G. bygyleng*. 6217. *Th. commen*; *G. comyn*.

Page 64. 6243. *Both* ful many; *omit* ful. 6256. *Both* maketh the; *omit* the. 6292. *Both* planten most. 6296. *Both* feyne; *F. dire*. 6314. *Both* insert shal before never. 6317, 6318. Two half-lines lost; words supplied by Kaluza.

Page 65. 6341. *Both* and reyned (!); *for* streyned; *see* 7366. 6355. *Both* Ioly (!); *read* blynde. *I supply* ther. 6372. *A line lost*; supplied as in Morris's edition; *F. Si n'en aut mes si receus*. 6378. *Both* I (for me). 6407. *Both* not; *read* yit.

Page 66. 6460. *Both* it is; *F. Pourquoi*. 6466. *Both* woth (!). 6481. *Both* seruest; *F. semble*. 6491. *Both* bettir. 6493. *Both* of a pore. 6500. *Both* me a dyne 6515. *Both* not. 6522. *Both* Hath a soule. 6532. *G. thrittene*; *Th. thirtene* (wrongly).

Page 67. 6539. *G. beggith*; *Th. beggeth*. 6542. *G. goddis*; *Th. goddess*. 6565. *G. ther*; *Th. their*. 6569. *Both* yaf. 6570. *G. folkis*; *Th. folkes*. 6572. *Both* they; *read* leye; *F. gisoient*. 6606. *Both* Ben somtyme in; *see* 6610.

Page 68. 6667. *Both* haue bidde; *I omit* haue. 6688. *Th. hondis*; *G. omits*. 6700. *Both* Yit. 6707. *Both* mendiciens (-ence).

Page 69. 6819. *Both* wrine; *both* hem; *both* at. 6823, 6824. *Both* robbyng, gilyng.

Page 70. 6880. *Th. Ne wol*; *G. Wol*; *read* Nil. 6902, 6907. *Both* burdons. 6911. *Both* burdons; *but* borders are meant. 6925, 6926. *Both* him.

Page 71. 6974. *I omit* a after tymes. 7018. *G. werrien*; *Th. werryen*. 7029. *Both* these (for thefe), and that (for or); *F. leres ou*. 7038. *Both* them.

Page 72. 7041. *G. cheffis*; *Th. cheffes*; *F. fromages*. 7092. *Th. We* had ben turmented al and some; (*G. different line, in late hand*); *F. Tout eust este torment*. 7109. *G. has* here l. 7110, followed by a blank line; *Th. has* That they [read he] ne might the booke by, followed by a spurious line. 7110. *Th. To* the cople, if hem.

Page 73. 7145. *Both* no. 7159. *Both* vpon. 7173, 7174. *I supply* these lines by conjecture; *F. Par Pierre voil le Pape entendre*. 7180. *Both* That (read And); *to* (read that). 7221. *Both* worthy; *see* 7104. *Both* mynystres; *read* maistres.

Page 74. 7316. *Both* slayn; *F. escorchie*.

Page 75. 7368. *G. gracche*; *Th. gratche*. 7389. *Th. deuysed*. 7392. *Th. salowe*; *read* falowe. 7394. *Th. to*; *read* tho. 7409. *Th. And*. 7429. *Th. humbly*. 7432. *Th. remoued*.

Page 76. 7473. *Th. hath* hadde tho. 7488. *Th. doughty* (!); *F. poudreus*. 7533. *Th. she* nat herselfe (wrongly).

Page 78. 7653. *G. wole*; *Th. wol*. 7662. *Both* wot; *F. fait*. 7663. *Th. we* (for ye) *G. omits*.

## THE MINOR POEMS.

## I. AN A.B.C.

*The MSS. used to form this text are:* C. = MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Camb. Univ. Library; Jo. = MS. G. 21, in St. John's College, Cambridge; Gl. = Glasgow MS. Q. 2. 25; L. = MS. Laud 740, in the Bodleian Library; Gg. = MS. Gg. 4. 27, in the Camb. Univ. Library; F. = Fairfax 16, in the Bodleian; B. = Bodley 638; Sion - Sion Coll. MS. *The text follows closely the first of these; but is corrected by collation with the others.*

Page 81. 163. *All the MSS. insert suffred after eek; probably caught from the line above. Or perhaps his herte was caught from the line below: in which case, read and suffred eek, that Longius him pighte. And note, that pighte should surely be prighte, i.e. pricked, as in Cant. Tales, F 418. Pighte properly means pitched. Hence read: And suffred eek, that Longius him prighte.*

## II. THE COMPLEYENTE UNTO PITE.

*The MSS. are:* Tn. (Tanner 346); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); Sh. (Shirley's MS., Harl. 78); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, in the Camb. Univ. Library); T., here put for Trin. (Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19); also Ha. (Harl. 7578). *The text follows F. mainly.*

Page 82. 21. MSS. was (for nas), twice; wrongly. 77. MSS. is (for nis).

## III. THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESSE.

*The authorities are only Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); and three MSS., viz. F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); B. (Bodley 638). I follow F. mainly. B. and F. are much alike.*

Page 83. 6. *All take no kepe. 14. All sorwful (badly); read sory. 23. All this.*

Page 84. 76. *Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. of Alcyone his wyfe. 80. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. began to yerne; read gan to erme. 82. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. her thought so (copied from 81); read he dwelte so. 86. Not in Tn. B.; Th. F. That she had this; I omit she, and supply alas from 87, where it occurs after him, and makes the line too long. 101. All this lady; for she. 107. All wepte; read weep. 131. All right so (but right belongs to l. 132).*

Page 85. 149. *All speke right so (but right belongs to l. 150). 158, 159. All noight (for nothing). 175. Tn. slepte; F. slept; see 177. 185. All up and axod. 204. All um. 206. I supply look. 207. All for suche; read at whiche. 212. All allas; read A.*

Page 86. 264. *All insert quene after goddesse. 294. All And; read L. 296. All insert my before slepe. 300. All ouer al; I omit ouer. 328. All and of king. 329. All repeat of king before Lamedon. 330. All insert And eke before of Medea. 331. All and of (for and). 332. (Marked by mistake; so in MSS.) 334. All And; read Of. 342. All insert to before cold.*

Page 87. 348. *All And I; omit And. 380. All and so at; omit so. 443. All insert right before wonder.*

Page 88. 454. *All but B. insert right before yong. 473. All insert ful before wel. 479. After this line, Th. inserts And thus in sorowe lofte me alone; it is spurious. [Hence there is no line 480.] 498. All for ther no; and is (for was). 517. All had ygreit; read grettis; see 503. 548. Insert good; cf. 714, 721.*

Page 89. 570. *All with his; omit his. 571. All may no; omit no. 583. All so ful;*

omit ful. 584. *All That; read Thogh.* 586. *For the former hit, all have him; see* 585. 589. F. B. Thesiphus; Tn. Tosiphus; Th. Tesyphus (*miswritten for Cesiphus = Sesiphus*). 599. F. Th. sorowe (!); Tn. sorov (!); *read song.* 630. Th. Tn. floures; A. B. flourys; *read flour is.*

Page 90. 660. *All in the; omit the.* 681. *All she my fers; read my fers she* (Koch). 693. *All For ther; omit For.* 721. *All yis parde; omit yis.* 728. *All also; read als.* 732. *All the quene; omit the.* 740. *All no man; read noon.* 745. F. Tn. Loo she that may be; Th. Howe that may be; *here she is an error for sir; and how that may be for how may that be; the edition of 1550 has Howe may that be.*

Page 91. 751. *All insert shalt after thou; omit it* (Koch). 771. *All I prayde; omit I.* 779. *All moste able; omit moste.* 785. *All ryght so; omit ryght.* 802. *All That tyme and; omit That tyme.* 805. *All on a day.* 806. *All ther that I; omit that.* 823. *All Than any other planeto in heven.* 828. *All and of; omit of.* 829. *All and so; omit and.* 840. *All counseyl (a gloss upon reed, the original word).* 844. *All better.*

Page 92. 895. *All But which; omit But.* 905. *Was white; omit white* (*reserved for l. 948*). 924. *All swere wel; omit wel.* 930. *All never yet; omit yet.* 942. *All and pure flat; omit pure.* 943. *All or; read and.*

Page 93. 959. *All nere pure; omit pure.* 971. *All swere wel; read swaren.* 994. *All And therto; omit And.* 997. *All What harme was; but harm is monosyllabic.* 1020. *wolde not; read nolde.* 1028. *All into; read to.* 1040. *All and my goddcasse (!); read and my lisse (i.e. consolation).* 1051. *All loked her; omit her.*

Page 94. 1075. *All nay trewly I; omit trewly.* 1099. *All coude tho; read tho coude.* 1147. *All hit not never; omit not.*

Page 95. 1188. *All am; read nam.* 1189. *All sey right; omit right.* 1234. *All to false; omit to.* 1239. *All ryght as; omit ryght.*

Page 96. 1264. *All thynge; read thing.* 1322. *All ther was; omit ther.*

#### IV. THE COMPLEYNT OF MARS.

*The authorities are:* F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); Ju. (Julian Notary's edition); Harl. (Harl. 7333); T. (Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20); Ar. (Arch. Selden B. 24, in the Bodleian Library); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 98. 89. *All nygh dreynt; omit nygh.* 125. *All transpose hir and don.*

Page 99. 141. *All god helpe; read helpe god; and accent sely and Venus on the latter syllable.*

Page 100. 274. *Most MSS. have to so; T. omits to.*

#### V. THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES.

*The authorities are:* F. (Fairfax 16); Gg. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); Trin. (Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19); Cx. (Caxton's edition); Harl. (Harleian 7333); O. (St. John's Coll., Oxford); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library). *I have also consulted Tn. (Tanner 346); D. (Digby 181); and others. I follow F. mainly; chiefly corrected by Gg.*

Page 101. 39. *All he; read hit; see 36, 43.*

Page 106. 396. *All have formed.*

Page 109. 613. *Gg. reufulles (!); Pepys, rowthfull; rest rewful (!).*

## VI. A COMPLEINT TO HIS LADY.

*Only two MS. copies:* Sh. (Shirley's MS., Harl. 78); Ph. (Phillipps 9053, now Addit. 34360). Also Ed. (edition of 1561). *I follow Sh. mainly; but correct many bad spellings; and supply many words, and even lines. Lines 124-133 are in Ph. only.*

Page 111. 14. *All now doth; I omit now.* 15. *This line is supplied, to rime with l. 17.* 19. Sh. and yit my; *I put fro for yit.* 24. *This line supplied; to rime with l. 22; cf. Compl. of Mars, 189.* 25, 26. *Supplied; cf. Compl. to Pite, 22, 17; Anelida, 307.* 33. *I omit she before sleeth.* 56. *A line lost; supplied from Anelida, 181.*

Page 112. 59. *Supplied from Anelida, 182.* 68. Sh. euer do. 78. Sh. youre; *read yow* 79. Sh. wist that were; *I omit that.* Sh. your hyennesse (*repeated from 76*); *read yow* distresse. 82. (*The dagger should precede is*); Sh. thane is; *omit thane.* 102. Sh. been euer; *read ever been.* 103. *Imperfect; I supply here.* 104. Sh. But the; *omit But.* 114. Sh. nought; *read nothing.* 120. Sh. no trewer so verrayly; Ed. no trewer verely (*false rime*). 127. Ph. For wole; *om. For.* 129. *Not in Sh.; Ph. That yow myght offenden.* 132. *Not in Sh.; Ph. no blisse; omit no.* 133. Ph. dwelle withyn.

## VII. ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

*Authorities:* Harl. (Harl. 7333); F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); D. (Digby 181); Cx. (Caxton's edition); B. (Bodley 638); Lt. (Longleat MS.); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 114. 91. Th. Tn. Harl. trusteth; *rest trusted; read trust* (..trusteth) 129. *All lenger she; omit she.*

Page 115. 174. *All speketh she.* 191. *All un-to; read to.*

Page 116. 241. *All be founde; but be was copied in from l. 240.*

## VIII. CHAUCERS WORDES UNTO ADAM.

*From T. (Trin. Coll. Camb., B. 3. 20). Also in Ed. (edition of 1561).*

Page 118. 3. T. thy long lokkes; *omit long.* 4. T. wryte more truwe; *omit more.*

## IX. THE FORMER AGE.

*Two copies:* I. (Il. 3. 21, Camb. Univ. Library); Hh. (Hh. 4. 12, in the same). *Chiefly from I.*

Page 118. 3. I. paid of the; *omit the.* 11. I. gnoddod; Hh. knoddyd; *correctly gniden, pt. pl. of gniden.*

Page 119. 23. *Both No batails trompes; omit batails.* 34. I. No places wildnesse; Hh. No place of wildnesse; *omit places, place of.* 56. *A line lost; I supply it.*

## X. FORTUNE.

*Authorities:* I. (Il. 3. 21, Camb. Univ. Library); A. (Ashmole 59); T. (Trin. Coll. Camb.); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); H. (Harl. 2251).

## XI. MERCELES BEAUTE.

*One copy:* P. (Pepys 2006). 36. P. this; *read ther.*

## XII. TO ROSEMOUNDE.

*One copy:* MS. Rawl. Poet. 163; leaf 114.

Page 121. 11. semy (*sic*); *read seemly.* fynall (*for final, a misreading of smal*);

## XIII. TRUTH.

*Authorities:* At. (Addit. 10340); Gg. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); E. (Ellesmere MS.); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); F. (Fairfax 16); and others. *Chiefly from E. The Envoy is in At. only.*

Page 122. 19. Know thy contree; Harl. F. T. Loke vp on hie. 20. Hold the hie way; Harl. F. Weyve thy lust.

## XIV. GENTILESSE.

*Authorities:* A. (Ashmole 59); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); Harl. (Harl. 7333); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); Ha. (Harl. 7578); Add. (Addit. 22139); Cx. (Caxton's edition). *I follow Cx. mainly.*

Page 123. 20. Cx. makes hem cyres, that can hem queme; A. mathe his heyre him that wol him qweme; Ct. That maketh his heires hem, &c.

## XV. LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE.

*Authorities:* Harl. (Harl. 7233); T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); F. (Fairfax 16); Add. (Addit. 22139); Bann. (Bannatyne); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); and others. *I follow Ct. mainly.*

## XVI. LENVOY A SCOGAN.

*Authorities:* Gg. Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); F. (Fairfax 16); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

## XVII. LENVOY A BUKTON.

*Authorities:* F. (Fairfax 16); Th. (Thynne's edition); Ju. (Julian Notary's edition). *I follow F. mainly.*

## XVIII. THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

*Authorities:* T. (Trin. Coll. R. 3. 20); A. (Ashmole 59); Tn. (Tanner 346); F. (Fairfax 16); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library); Ar. (Arch. Selden, P. 24); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

N.B. Another authority is the set of three original French Ballades by Otes de Graunson, which Chaucer here imitates.

Page 125. 31. All Pley or Pleye; read Pleyne, translation of original French *Plaindre*.

## XIX. THE COMPLEINT TO HIS PURSE.

*Authorities:* F. (Fairfax 16); Harl. (Harl. 7333); Ff. (Ff. 1. 6, Camb. Univ. Library); P. (Pepys 2006); Add. (Addit. 22139); Cx. (Caxton's edition); Th. (Thynne's ed. 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

## XX. PROVERBS.

*Authorities:* F. (Fairfax 16); Ha. (Harl. 7578); Ad. (Addit. 16165). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 126. 1. All insert thus after these; I omit thus.

## XXI. AGAINST WOMEN UNCONSTANT.

*Authorities:* Ct. (Cotton, Cleop. D. 7); F. (Fairfax 16); Ha. (Harl. 3758); Ed. (Stowe's edition, 1561).

Page 127. 17. All stondeth; read stant.

## XXII. COMPLAINT DAMOURS.

*Authorities*: Harl. (Harl. 7333); F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638).

Page 127. 4. *All* right thus; *omit* right. 9. *All* Ne; *read* For

Page 128. 86. *I supply* ther *from* Parl. Foules, 310.

## XXIII. A BALADE OF COMPLEYNT.

*Sole copy*: MS. Addit. 16165, fol. 256, back.

## XXIV. WOMANLY NOBLESSE.

*Sole copy*: MS. Addit. 34360, fol. 21, back.

Page 129. 13. *This line is supplied by conjecture.* 18. MS. *for* to; *I omit* *for*.  
25. And thynkith be raison (*too long*). 26. *for* til do the; *I omit* the, *and substitute* to  
*for* til.

## TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS.

*Authorities*: C. (Camb. Univ. Library, II. 3. 21); A. (Addit. 10340); Ed. (Thynne's edition, 1532); Cx. (Caxton's edition); II. (II. 1. 38), &c. *I follow* C. *mainly*.

Page 131. PROSE I. 74. Cx. Th. *from*; MSS. *omit* *from*.

Page 133. PR. III. 63. Cx. Th. Soranos (*as in* Latin text); C. A. Sorans. MET. IV.  
12. Cx. Th. leyte; II. leit; C. A. light.

Page 134. PR. IV. 07. *This Gloss is misplaced in the MSS.; it comes in before* Textus  
*in* l. 87.

Page 144. PR. III. 66. *I omit* and *before* fulfuldest; *it is worse than* needless.

Page 153. PR. VIII. 28. C. A. windinge; Cx. wyndy; Lat. *uentosum*.

Page 156. PR. II. 125. *I supply* nat, *for* clearness, *it is implied in the following* ne.

Page 188. PR. VI. 300. *All* the; *read* that.

Page 190. MET. VI. 38. *Read* bretheth; II. brethith; A. bredith; C. Ed. bereth;  
Lat. *spirat*.

Page 196. PR. III. 193. *All* of the whiche (*no sense*); *read* than whiche.

## TROILUS AND CRISYDE.

*Authorities*: Cl. (Campsall MS.); Cp. (Corp. Chr. Coll. Cam. 61); H. (Harl. 2280);  
H2. (Harl. 3943); Cm. (Gg. 4. 27, in Camb. Univ. Library); Ed. (edition by Thynne,  
1532). *I follow* Cl. and Cp. *mainly, which are much alike*.

Page 247. 17. *All* hem; *read* him; *see* l. 19.

Page 249. 144. Cl. Cp. H. ben ay I-lyke; Ed. to ben aye ylike; H2. bene ylyke;  
Cm. ay ben I-lik; *read* been y-like ay.

Page 255. 572. Cm. thourrste; Cp. H. thruste; Cl. dorste; H2. Ed. durst; *read*  
*thurfte*.

Page 279. 391. H. truste (*rightly*); *rest* trust. *All* to finden (*or* finde); *omit* to.

Page 314. 1109. *All* the est; *read* th'est.

Page 321. 1586. *All* That she; *omit* That. 1618. *All* Come or Com.

## THE HOUSE OF FAME.

*Authorities:* F. (Fairfax 16); B. (Bodley 638); P. (Pepys 2006); Cx. (Caxton's edition) Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532). *I follow F. mainly.*

Page 326. 8. *All* why this; *omit* why. 11. why these; *omit* why. 20. *All* is more; *omit* is. 24. *All needlessly* insert the (or her) before brayn.

Page 327. 88. *All* pouerte; read povert; or elide the final e. 119. *All* slept, slepte; read sleep; see 438.

Page 329. 362. *All* But al; *omit* But.

Page 330. 306. *All* in-to; read in. 470. MSS. *Allas* (or *alas*); read *Eneas*. (*How-  
ever* Th. has him, alus.) 399. Cx. Th. *Oenone* (which read as four syllables, O-e-n-o-ne  
as in Troil. i. 654).

Page 331. 513. *All* sely; read selly (i.e. strange).

Page 332. 557. Cx. Th. P. agast so; read so agast. 603. *All* do; read done  
(gerund). 613. *All* herke; read herkne, see 725. 618. *Deficient*; *I supply* goddosse.  
621. *All* lytel (litell); read lyte.

Page 333. 727. Cx. Th. P. a worthy; F. B. worthe a; *omit* a.

Page 334. 764. *All* herke, see 725. 827. F. And that sum place stide; B. Th. And  
that som styde; (not in Cx. P.); read And that the mansioun, see 754, 831. 830. *All*  
That; read Than.

Page 335. 896. Cx. Th. gan to; rest to; read gan. 911. *All* token (!), read toun;  
see 890.

Page 336. 1007. F. Cx. Th. B. *Athalantes*, P. *athlauntres* (cf. *Atlante*, Ovid,  
*Fasti*, v. 83).

Page 337. 1114. F. citee, P. cite (-site), rest cyte.

Page 338. 1177. Supply cast from l. 1178, where it occurs, after cast, in Cx. Th. P.  
1189. B. *Rabewynnes*, P. *Babewouries*, (all corrupt). 1210. F. *Saten*, B. *Sate*; Cx.  
Th. *Sat*; P. *Sett*; read *Seten*.

Page 339. 1250. Th. *pleyeng*; rest *play*. 1271. *All* the (put for thee). 1303. F.  
*hat*; B. *hate*; Cx. Th. *hackyng*; read *hatte*.

Page 340. 1361. F. B. *Sit*; Cx. P. *Sut*; read *Sitte*. 1373. *All* wonderly; see 1327.  
1415. *All* and thus; *omit* And.

Page 341. 1494. F. *high* the (for *highthe*); Cx. Th. *heyght*, read *highte*;  
see 744. 1527. *All* into; read in.

Page 342. 1570. *All* Upon; read Up.

Page 343. 1666. *All* werkes; read werk (and so in 1701, 1720). 1686. *All* of bawme;  
*omit* of. 1725. F. B. Th. *Al* so, rest And so; read So.

Page 344. 1765. F. B. now let so; *omit* now. 1813. *All* grote, gret; read grettest.

Page 345. 1853. F. Th. be noght for; Cx. B. be for; read be but for. 1887. *All*  
thinge, thing; read thinges. 1897. *All* wote; read wiste; see 1901. 1902. *All* dwelled  
or dwellyth. 1907. B. *Whithen*; rest *Why* than; read *Whiche*. 1940. F. Cx. B.  
*hattes* (!); Th. *hutches*; read *hottes*.

Page 346. 1961, 1962. *All* werres, restes; read werre, reste. 1967. *All* and eek of;  
*omit* and eek (cf. 1968). 1975. *All* wrongly write misgovernement as one word.  
2009. *All* these; read swiche. 2017. F. *frot* (for *froit* = fruit); B. *foot*; Cx. Th.  
*swote*. 2021. *All* yaf in; *omit* in. 2026. F. B. here anon (anon); Cx. Th. here; read  
anoon heer.



Page 347. 2049. *All* he (!); *read* the other. 2053. *All* And thus (*twice*); *omit* And (*twice*). 2061. F. B. forth ryght to; Cx. forth unto; Th. strayght to; *read* forth to. 2076. F. B. Went every mouthē (!); Th. Cx. Wente euery tydyng; *read* Wente every word. 2083. *All* and wente; *read* hit wente. 2104. B. haue that oon; F. han on; Th. haue one. *All* omit of.

Page 348. 2152. B. nose; F. Th. noyse (!). F. an highen (!); Th. on hyghen (!); B. and yen; *read* on hyghe (*or* on hye).

## THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

*Authorities:* for Text A (*earlier version*) of the Prologue: *sole copy* C. (Gg. 4. 27, in Camb. Univ. Library). For Text B (*later version*) of the same, and all the rest: F. (Fairfax 16); Tn. (Tanner 346); T. (Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3. 19); A. (Arch. Selden. B. 24); B. (Bodley 638); P. (Pepys 2006); Th. (Thynne's edition, 1532); also C. (*as above*); Add. (Addit. 9832).

Page 353, col. 1. 135. C. *is here corrupt*; *it has*—The honour and the humble obeysaunce. *I suggest* They dide honour and humble obeysaunces; *or read* Yelding honour, &c. (*as in* col. 2). Col. 1; 137, 138; *imperfect*; *I fill up the gaps*.

Page 370. 842. *All* renten (rente), *wrongly*; *read* renden.

Page 374. 1126. *All* honourable; *read* noble; *see* 1143, 1210, 1222.

Page 375. 1217. C. bestys wilde; T. A. P. wild bestys; *rest* wilde hertes; *read* hertes wilde. 1238. *All* and becom (*against metre*); *read* to been.

Page 378. 1463. *All* yle of; *omit* of.

Page 388. 1879. *All* himself or himselfe; *read* himselfe.

Page 387. 2138. *All* was performed; *read* performed was.

Page 388. 2227. *All* quyte him; *read* him quyte.

Page 393. 2592. Th. And what; C. T. That what; *read* What.

## TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE.

*Authorities:* A. (Camb. Univ. Library, Dd. 3. 53); B. (Bodley, E. Museo 54); C. (Rawlinson 1370); D. (Ashmole 391); E. (Bodley 619); F. (Corpus 424); G. (Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 15. 18); H. (Sloane 314); I. (Sloane 291); K. (Rawlinson, Misc. 3); L. (Addit. 23002); M. (St. John's Coll. Cam.); N. (Digby 72); O. (Ashmole 360); P. (Camb. Univ. Library, Dd. 12. 51); Q. (Ashmole 393); R. (Egerton 2622); S. (Addit. 29250). *I follow A. mainly; collated with B. C. I. M. P. The latter part (after Part II. § 40) from L. M. N. O. P. R. S.*

Part 399. § 12. 8, 9. MSS. wrongly transpose *umbra versa*, and *umbra recta* (= *umbra extensa*).

Page 402. § 3. 51, 53. *For* 18, some MSS. have 12.

Page 408. § 3. 62, 63. Some MSS. 8 and 2; others, 9 and 10. 64. Some 23; others 10. § 4. 12. C. P. for-seide same degree; *omit* same. 25. *All* 15; *read* 25; Lat. text, *viginti quinque*.

Page 409. § 25. 45. Two sets of readings here; the second set puts the Sun in 10 degrees of Leo, with an altitude of 56, and declination, 18; difference, 38.

Page 410. § 28. 37. *All* heed (heued) *for* ende, *absurdly*; cf. 27, 31.

- Page 414. § 40. 8. *Read for sothe; miswritten for sonne in A. B.; others vary.*  
 Page 415. § 40. 75. *A. omits of and degrees; but retains 3. 93. P. supplies the last five words, which A. B. C. E. omit. § 42. 24, 25. For 2, M. has 6; for 3, M. has 4.*  
 Page 416. § 44. 20. *N. wreten; read wryte. 36. L. N. O. passid; M. omits; read lasse.*  
 Page 417. § 45. 10. *L. I wold wyttyn; N. Iwyton; O. wrytoun.*

## THE CANTERBURY TALES.

*Authorities:* E. (Ellesmere MS.); Hn. (Hengwrt MS.); Cm. (Gg. 4. 27, Camb. Univ. Library); Cp. (Corpus Chr. Coll. Oxford); Pt. (Petworth MS.); Ln. (Lansdowne 851); Hl. (Harl. 7334). *Also, occasionally, Dd. (Dd. 4. 24, Camb. Univ. Library); Reg. (Reg. 17 D. XV.); Add. (Addit. 5140); Ll. (Lichfield MS.); SL (Sloane, 1685).*

- Page 421. 179. *Hl. cloysterlees (see 180); Cm. rekeles; rest recchelees, recheles.*  
 Page 422. 252 b, 252 c; *from Hn.; rest omit.*  
 Page 435. 1290. *All moste, muste, most; read mot.*  
 Page 443. 1979. *Hl. swymbul; rest rumbel.*  
 Page 449. 2420. *All insert the (or thy) before victorie; it clogs the line.*  
 Page 458. 3155, 3156. *From E. Cm. Hl.; rest omit.*  
 Page 462. 2451, 3457; *astromye is intentional.*  
 Page 465. 3721, 3722. *From E. (also in old editions); rest omit.*  
 Page 466. 3818. *Nowéls is an intentional error; see 3834.*  
 Page 476. 47. *Dd. But; rest That (wrongly).*  
 Page 484. 621. *A short line; I insert ful.*  
 Page 486. 791. *Hl. vn-to; Pt. to; rest til; read un-til.*  
 Page 492. 1163-1190. *E. Hn. Cm. omit; mainly from Cp. 1189. Most MSS. phislyas; Sloane, phillyas; Ln. fisleas; read physices, i.e. physices liber.*  
 Page 503. 1995. *Supplied from MS. Reg. 17 D. xv; most MSS. omit this line.*  
 Page 509. 2252, 2253. *Not in the MSS., but necessary; supplied from 2274 and 2280, which see.*  
 Page 519. 2623, 2624. *Not in the MSS.; supplied by translating the French text.*  
 Page 525. 2824. *From namore to god is not in the MSS.; but is necessary.*  
 Page 536. 3564. *After this line most MSS. insert the stories from NERO to CRESCUS (ll. 3653-3956); incorrectly.*  
 Page 538. 3657. *MSS. North; read South.*  
 Page 541. 3910. *Hl. Valirien; rest Valerius; ed. 1561, Valerie (rightly).*  
 Page 546. 4266. *All MSS. insert herkneth or herken after But.*  
 Page 582. 1294. *After this line most MSS. insert ll. 1307, 1308; which are out of place here. MS. Hl. is right. 1307, 1308. Nearly all MSS. omit these lines, having inserted them after l. 1294 above. MS. Hl. is right.*  
 Page 625. 2240. *The MSS. omit the word stories, leaving sense and metre incomplete.*  
 Page 628. 20. *Most MSS. have pitous, which will not scan; but Hn. has pizlous, which also occurs in Troilus.*  
 Page 635. 620. *I supply ne.*  
 Page 658. 277. *For 'Valerians,' the MSS. absurdly have 'Cecilies'; but the Latin original has 'Valeriani.'*

Page 664. 1171. E. terned; Cm. ternede; *rest* torned, *wrongly*. So also in l. 1274 below.

Page 674. 10. Chaucer has made a mistake; for *the mones* read *Saturne*. *Libra* is the exaltation of Saturn, not of the Moon.

Page 687. 387. HL. springers; Hn. sprynge, E. Pt. Ln. spryngen. Perhaps 'springes' would be better.

Page 689. 443. *All MSS. transpose* Laban and Pharaoh.

Page 696. 616. Some needful words are here supplied; MSS. omit 'god . . . bitraysen.'

Page 707. 858. *Read* bussches, E. Seld. Ln. beantees (!); Cm. beanteis (!); HL. beantes (!); Pt. bewtees (!).

Page 711. 955. E. Cm. Danyel; *rest* Daudid, as in the French *original*.

## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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The references in this Index are given according to the following scheme.

Poems denoted by Arabic numerals are Minor Poems. Thus, under 'Abaved,' the reference '3. 614' means Minor Poem no. 3, line 614, or l. 614 of the Book of the Duchesse. The letter 'R.' refers to the Romaunt of the Rose, Fragment A, in pp. 1-18, the rest of the Poem, not being Chaucer's, is indexed separately. Thus 'R. 103' means l. 103 of the Romaunt.

The five books of Boethius are denoted by B 1, B 2, B 3, B 4, B 5, respectively; and the 'prose' and 'metrical' sections are denoted by 'p' and 'm.' Thus, under 'Abasssen,' the reference 'B 4 p 7 81' means 'Boethius, bk. iv prose 7, line 81.' The five books of Troilus are denoted by T. i., T. ii., T. iii., T. iv., and T. v. Thus 'T. iii. 1233' means 'Troilus, bk. iii., line 1233.'

The House of Fame and the Legend of Good Women are denoted by 'HF' and 'L' respectively. If, in the latter case, the italic letter 'a' follows the number of the line, the reference is to the earlier (or A-text) of the Prologue to the Legend. Thus 'HF. 805' means 'House of Fame, line 805.' Again, 'L. 2075' means 'Legend of Good Women, line 2075,' and 'L. 200a' means 'Legend, &c., line 200 of the text in the left-hand column.'

The Prologue and the two books of the Treatise on the Astrolabe are denoted, respectively, by 'A. pr.', 'A. i.', and 'A. ii.' Thus the reference 'A. ii. 10. 8' means 'Astrolabe, bk. ii. § 10, line 8,' and 'A. pr. 10' means 'Astrolabe, prologue, line 10.'

References to the *Canterbury Tales* are known by the use of the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and I, which are used to denote the various groups into which the Tales are divided. In this case, 'A' is never followed by a full stop or by Roman numerals, as when the 'Astrolabe' is referred to; and such a reference as 'B 5,' meaning line 5 of Group B, is quite distinct from 'B 5, p. 1. i.' where 'B 5' means bk. v. of Boethius, and is invariably accompanied by the 'p' or 'm' denoting the 'prose' or 'metre.'

**Summary of the Minor Poems** The Minor Poems are all numbered, viz. 1 (ABC); 2 (Compleynte unto Pite); 3 (Book of the Duchesse); 4 (Mars); 5 (Parlement of Foules); 6 (Complaint to his Lady); 7 (Anelida); 8 (Wordes to Adam); 9 (Former Age); 10 (Fortune); 11 (Merciless Beauty); 12 (To Rosemounde); 13 (Truth); 14 (Gentillesse); 15 (Lak of Stedfastnesse); 16 (Envoy to Scogan); 17 (Envoy to Bukton); 18 (Venus); 19 (To his Purse); 20 (Proverbs); 21 (Against Women Unconstant); 22 (Amorous Complaint); 23 (Balade of Compleynt); 24 (Womanly Noblesse).

**Alphabetically,** the references are to A (Group A of *Canterbury Tales*); A. (Astrolabe); B (Group B of C. T.); B 1 . . . B 5 (Boethius, books 1 to 5); C, D, E, F, G, H, I (Groups C to I of C. T.); HF. (House of Fame); L. (Legend of Good Women); R. (Romaunt of the Rose); T. i. . . T. v (Troilus, books 1 to 5). The Minor Poems, numbered 1 to 24, are given above.

N.B. Words containing *ay, ey, oy, aw, ew, ow*, are sometimes entered as if spelt with *ai, ei, oi, au, eu, ou*, respectively.

**Abbreviations.** Besides *s.*, *adj.*, and *adv.*, for *substantive*, *adjective*, *adverb*, the following are used in a special sense:—*v.*, a verb in the infinitive mood; *ger.*, gerund; *pr. s.*, present tense, 3rd person singular; *pr. pl.*, present tense, 3rd person plural. Other persons are denoted by the figures 1 or 2.

Fragments B and C of the 'Romaunt' are glossed in a separate Index.

## A.

**A**, the first letter of the alphabet, T. i. 171; the letter A, A 161.

**A.** *indef. art.* a, A 24, &c.; *at a*, the whole of a, E 1165; one, D 1306; one and the same, 21. 5; about, some, L. 2075.

**A.** *prep.* on, on (the), in, for; A-nighte, by night, B 3758; A-dayes, a-days, E 1164; A-morwe, on the morrow, A 822; A three, in three, A 2934; A goddess half, 'on God's side,' in God's name, D 50; A goddess name, in God's name, A 854.

**A!** *int.* ah! 3. 213.

**A!** *ha!* *interj.* aha! T. i. 868.

**Abaissen**, *ger.* to be dismayed, B 4. p 7. 81; *pp.* amazed, spell-bound, abashed, cast down, disconcerted, E 317, 1108.

**Abak**, *adv.* backwards, A 3730, aback, back, L. 864.

**Abakward**, *adv.* backward, B 3. m 12. 66.

**Abandoune**, *v.* devote, I 713; *pr. s.* abandons, B 2767.

**Abasshen**, *v.* fear, be abashed, R. 1552, *pp.* abashed, confused, confounded, disconcerted, 5. 447; R. 805, &c.

**Abate**, *v.* lower, put down, B 3783; depreciate, R. 286; 2 *pr. s.* *subj.* subtract, A. ii. 10. 8; *pp.* enteebled, B 3. p 5. 52; put down, I 101.

**Abaved**, *pp.* confounded, disconcerted, 3. 614.

**Abayst**; see **Abaissen**.

**Abc**, alphabet, A. i. 11. 3.

**A-bedde**, in bed, T. i. 915.

**Abegge**, *v.* pay for it, A 3938. A Kentish form. See **Abye**, **Abye**.

**A-begged**, a-begging, F 1580.

**Abet**, a-betting, aid, T. i. 357.

**Abye**, *v.* pay for, C 100. See **Abye**.

**Abiden**, *Abit*; see **Abyde**.

**Abite**, *s.* habit, dress, L. 146 a.

**A-blakeberied**; see **Blakeberied**.

**Able**, *adj.* capable, 3. 786; fit, suitable, adapted, A 167; fit, L. 320; fit for, 3. 779; deemed deserving, 1. 184; fitting, R. 986.

**Ablinge**, *pr. pt.* enabling, lifting, B 3. m 9. 37; fitting, B 1. m 6. 19.

**Abodes**, *pl.* of **Abood**, *s.*

**Aboghte**, **Aboght**; see **Abye**.

**Abood**, *s.* delay, A 965; tarrying, T. v. 1307; abiding, continuance, HF. 1963; *pl.* delays, T. iii. 854.

**Abood**, *pt. s.* of **Abyde**.

**Aboute**, *prep.* about, round, throughout, round about, near.

**Aboute**, *adv.* about, engaged in, T. v. 1645; in due order, in turn, A 800 around, here and there; *been a.*, go about, endeavour, A 1142.

**Aboven**, *prep.* above.

**Abregge**, *ger.* to abridge, shorten, T. iii. 262; A. with thy peynes, to shorten thy pains with, T. iv. 426.

**Abregginge**, *s.* abridging, B 5. p 1. 57. diminishing, I 568.

**A-breyde**, *v.* awake, T. iii. 1113; come to my senses, HF. 559; **Abrayd**, *pt. s.* (*strong form*), woke up, started up, 3. 102.

**Abreyd**, 1 *pt. s.* started from sleep, HF. 110; **Abrayde**, *pt. s.* (*weak form*), started, B 4108; **Abreyde**, awoke, T. i. 724.

**Abroche**, *v.* branch, D 177.

**Absente**, 2 *pr. pl. subj.* absent yourself, 1. 43.

**Abusioun**, *s.* abuse, absurdity, T. iv. 900; deceit, B 214; a shameful thing, scandal, T. iv. 1060.

**Abyden**, *v.* abide, await, 1. 131; wait for, HF. 1086; be still, withdraw, F 1522. *pr. s.* awaits, B 2175; dwells, T. ii. 987. *Abit*, *pr. s.* waits for, T. i. 1001; abides. G 1175; *imp. s.* stay, wait, A 3120; *imp. pl.* B 1175; *pres. pt.* E 757; **Abood**, *pt. s.* awaited, T. iv. 156, stopped, HF. 1062, expected, 3. 247, **Abiden**, *pt. pl.* abode, T. i. 474, **Abiden**, *pp.* waited, B 3. p 9. 191.

**Abydinge**, *s.* expectation, B 2. p 3. 60.

**Abye**, *v.* pay for, A 4303; *pr. pl.* undergo, B 4. p 4. 86; **Aboughte**, *pt. s.* paid for, T. v. 1756, suffered for, A 2303, **Aboght**, *pp.* paid for, L. 2483; purchased, 18. 37, bought dearly, L. 1387; atoned for, A 3100. See **Abegge**, **Abye**.

**A-caterwawed**, a-caterwauling, D 354.

**Accesse**, *s.* feverish attack, T. ii. 1315.

**Accident**, *s.* that which is accidental, T. iv. 1505; incident, T. iii. 918; accidental occurrence, HF. 1976; unusual appearance, E 607; outward appearance (see note), C 539.

**Accidie**, *s.* sloth, I 388.

**Accioun**, *s.* action, i. e. accusation, 1. 20

**Accomplice**, *v.* accomplish, A 2864.  
**Accord**, *s.* agreement, B 2988; harmony, B 4069; peace, I 902. See **Accord**.  
**Accordance**, *s.* concord, harmony, R. 496.  
**Accordaunt**, *adj.* suitable, B 4026.  
**Accorde**, *v.* agree; *pr. s.* beseems, L. 2583. See **Accorde**.  
**Accuseth**, *pr. s.* reveals, R. 1501.  
**Accusement**, *s.* accusation (of her), T. iv. 550.  
**Accusour**, *s.* revealer, T. iii. 1450.  
**Achât**, *s.* buying, purchase, A 571.  
**Achâtours**, *pl.* buyers, caterers, A 568.  
**Ache**, *s.* ache, T. iv. 728.  
**A-checked**, *pp.* checked, hindered, HF. 2093.  
**Acheve**, *v.* achieve, L. 1614.  
**Achoken**, *v.* choke, stifle; *pp.* L. 2008.  
**Acloyeth**, *pr. s.* overburdens, 5. 517.  
**A-compas**, *adv.* in a circle, L. 300.  
**Accomplishe**, *pr. s.* subj. fulfil, comprehend, B 3. p. 10. 179.  
**Accord**, *s.* agreement, 5. 371; concord, 5. 381, 668; accord, 3. 316; *in a.*, in tune, 5. 197; *al of oon a.*, in tune, 3. 305. See **Accord**.  
**Accordance**, *adj.* harmonious, B 2. m. 8. 23.  
**Accordance**, *s.* concord, B 2. m. 8. 14.  
**Accordaunt**, *adj.* suitable, A 37, 3363; *A.* to, in harmony with, 5. 203.  
**Acorde**, *v.* accord, grant, allow, agree, concern; *pt. s.* suited, A 244; *pt. pl.* agreed, L. 168; *pres. part.* agreeing, B 1737; *pp.* agreed, A 818.  
**Acorse**, *1 pr. s.* curse, T. iv. 830.  
**Accunte**, *v.* consider, B 3501; *pt. s.* valued, cared, 3. 1237; *2 pt. s.* didst reckon, B 2. p. 5. 113.  
**Accountinge**, *s.* reckoning, calculation.  
**Acoyede**, *pt. s.* caressed, B 2. p. 3. 73.  
**Acquittance**, *s.* release, A 4411; deed of release, A 3327.  
**Acquyte**, *v.* acquit, D 1500.  
**Acurse**, *v.* curse, T. iii. 1072.  
**Acused**, *pt. s.* blamed, T. ii. 1081.  
**Acustomance**, *s.* system of habits, habitual method of life, HF. 28, *had of a.*, was accustomed, B 3701.  
**Adamant**, *s.* adamant, A 1990; lodestone, magnet, R. 1182.  
**Adawe**, *v.* awake, recover, T. iii. 1120.  
**A-day**, in the day, T. ii. 60.  
**Adding**, *s.* (the) addition, A. ii. 41. 16.  
**Adjeccioun**, *s.* addition, B 5. p. 6. 212.  
**A-down**, *adv.* downwards, down, L. 178; down below, HF. 889; below, H 105; at the bottom, G 779.

**Adrad**, *pp.* afraid, A 605; **Adred**, 3. 1190.  
**Adressinge**, *s.* directing, B 4. p. 5. 101.  
**Adversarie**, *adj.* hostile, I 697.  
**Advertence**, *s.* attention, heed, T. iv. 698.  
**Advocacyes**, *pl.* pleas, T. ii. 1460.  
**Advocate**, *pl.* advocates (in which the *t* is mute), C 291.  
**Afer**, *adv.* afar, HF. 1215.  
**A-fère**, on fire, T. i. 229.  
**A-fered**, *pp.* afraid, affrighted, T. i. 974; Aferd, A 628.  
**Affectis**, *pl.* desires, T. iii. 1391.  
**Affermed**, *pp.* agreed upon, L. 799; established, A 2340.  
**Affiance**, *s.* trust, B 1330.  
**Afforded**, *pp.* forced, I 974.  
**Affray**, *s.* fray, quarrel, D 2156; terror, B 1137; fright, 4. 214; dread, 7. 334.  
**Affrayeth**, *pr. s.* arouses, excites, R. 91; *pp.* frightened, afraid, B 563; scared, B 4468; roused, 3. 296.  
**Affyle**, *v.* file, i. e. render smooth, A 712.  
**Afor-yeyn**, *prep.* over against, T. ii. 1188.  
**Afounde**, *v.* founder, perish, 12. 21.  
**Afrayed**, *adj.* scared, distracted, R. 154.  
**Afright**, *pp.* affrighted, B 4085.  
**Afer**, *prep.* according to; in expectation of, for, B 467; to get, A 525; according as, L. 575; after, i. e. to fetch, L. 1130; towards, A 136; in accordance with, 8. 4; by inheritance from, L. 1072; A. as, according as, 5. 216; A. oon, alike, A. 1781; A. me, according to my command, E 327; A. the year, according to the season of the year, F 47; A. that, according as, T. ii. 1347.  
**A-fyre**, on fire, D 726; 1. 94; A-fère, T. i. 229.  
**Again**, *prep.* when exposed to, L. 2426; **Agayn**, against, B 580; towards, A 2680; (so as) to meet, R. 785; opposite to, R. 1577; exposed to, H 110; contrary to, B 748; just before, B 4268; near, G 1270; to meet, B 391; in comparison with, L. 189; **Agayn**, against, A 66; compared with, R. 1011; turned towards, L. 48.  
**Agains**, *prep.* against, contrary to, in answer to, instead of, before, in presence of, to meet, near to; against, near; against, B 3754.  
**A-game**, *adv.* in play, in jest, in mockery, in sport, 4. 277.  
**Agaste**, *ger.* to terrify, T. ii. 901; *pr. s.* deters, frightens, B 4. p. 6. 323; *pt. s.* frightened, L. 1221; *pt. s. refl.* was affrighted, A 242; *pp.* scared, frightened, terrified, A 2931; aghast, B 4079; afraid, A 4267.

**Agayn-ward**, *adv.* backward, at the point of return, A. i. 17. 14; back again, B 441.  
**Agas**, *pl.* times, periods, B 3177.  
**Agilten**, *v.* do wrong, L. 436; *pt. s.* did offence, D 302; wrongly committed, L. 2885; *1 pt. s.* wronged, HF. 420, offended, T. iii. 840. *pr. s. subj.* (if he) offend, I 150; *pp.* offended, i. 122; sinned, T. v. 1684.  
**Agon**, *v.* to go away. *Agon*, *pp.* gone away, T. v. 1054; gone, F 1204; passed away. A 2802; past, L. 1766; dead, L. 916; *to ban ago*, to be off, 5. 405; *Agon*, *pp.* departed, A 1270; gone away, C 810; past, C 246, *nat longe a. is*, it is not long ago, D 9; passed away, A 1782; dead, E 631; ago, B 1841.  
**Agreable**, *adj.* pleasing, HF. 1097. -es, *pl.* pleasant, B 3 m 2 31.  
**Agreably**, *adv.* complacently, B 2. p 4. 140.  
**Agreabletee**, *s.* equality, B 2. p 4. 127.  
**A-grief**, in dudgeon, lit. 'in grief,' T. iii. 862; sadly, T. iv. 613; amiss, 5. 543; in dudgeon, B 4684.  
**Agrege**, *v.* aggravate; *pr. s.* I 960, *pr. pl.* I 892; *pt. pl.* aggravated, B 2209.  
**Agreved**, *pp.* angry. A 2057, vexed. L. 345; aggrieved, E 500.  
**Agrief**, see **Agreef**.  
**Agrißen**, **Agroos**: see **Agrysen**.  
**Agroted**, *pp.* surfeited, cloyed, L. 2454.  
**Agrysen**, *v.* shudder, tremble, feel terror. B 1. p 3. 22; *v.* feel terror, H F. 210. 2 *pr. s.* dreadest, B 2. p 1. 71. *pr. s.* trembles, shivers, B 1 m 6. 11. *Agroos*, *pt. s.* shuddered, was terrified, became frightened, T. iii. 930. *A-grisen*, *pp.* filled with dread, B 3. p 1. 18.  
**Agu**, *s.* ague, B 4150.  
**Aguiler**, *s.* needle-case, R. 98.  
**A-heigh**, *adv.* aloft.  
**Ajuged**, *pp.*; *a. baforn*, prejudged, B 1. p 4. 109.  
**Ake**, *v.* ache, T. ii. 549; *pr. pl.* B 2113.  
**Aketoun**, *s.* a short sleeveless tunic, worn under the hauberk, B 2 152.  
**Akinge**, *s.* pain, T. i. 1088.  
**Aknowe**, *pp.* conscious; *am al notes*, I acknowledge, B 1. p 4. 169.  
**Akornes**, *s. pl.* fruits, B 4. m 3. 28.  
**Al**, *adj.* all, A 10; *Alle*, *pl.* all, A 26, 53; *Al*, every, R. 1586; *as s.* everything, T. iii. 1764; *at a*, the whole of a, A 834, *and al.* and all, 3. 116; *at al.* in every

respect, wholly, C 633, at all, D 1078; *at day*, all the day, 3. 1105. — *Al*, *adv.* quite, entirely, altogether, 5. 540, all over, R. 840, *al on highte*, quite aloud, A 1784, *al by con assent*, quite with one accord, 5. 557. — *Al*, *conj.* although, HF. 1740, whether, G 830, *at be*, although, albeit, 4. 274, *at be that*, although, 5. 8; — *Al* and som, the whole matter (collectively and severally), D 91; *Al* and somme, each and all, all the whole, 7. 26, *Al* and som, 5. 650. *Alle* and some, one and all, A 3130. *Al only*, *adv.* merely, simply, 2. 62, *Al so*, so, E 1220. *Al thing*, everything, R 53. *Al thus*, exactly thus, 5. 30. See **Alle**.  
**Al**, *s.* owl, 13. 11. See **Oules**.  
**Alambyk** (alambuk, *s.* alambic, T. iv. 520, *pl.* G 794.  
**Alaunts**, *pl.* dogs of a huge size, A 2148.  
**Alayes**, *s. pl.* alloy, E 1167.  
**Al-be-it**, although, L. 1304.  
**Albificacion**, *s.* albification, whitening, G 803.  
**Alday**, **Al-day**, *adv.* continually, A 1168 always, L. 1250. everyday, at any time, 4. 237.  
**Alder**, *gen. pl.* of all, *once alder*, of us all, i. 84. See **Aller**.  
**Alder-best**, *adv.* best of all, 3. 87. See **Aller**.  
**Alderbeste**, *adv.* best of all, 3. 249.  
**Alderfairste**, *adv. fem. def.* fairest of all, 3. 1050.  
**Alderfirst**, *adv.* first of all, B 2393, in the first place, R. 1000, for the first time, B 1. p 3. 25.  
**Alderfirste**, *adv.* first of all, T. iii. 97.  
**Alderlast**, *adv.* lastly, R. 449.  
**Alder-lest**, least of all, T. i. 604.  
**Alderlevest**, dearest of all, T. iii. 230.  
**Alderman**, *s.* the head of a guild, A 372.  
**Aldernost**, *adv.* most of all, T. i. 152.  
**Alder-next**, *adv.* nearest of all, next, 5. 244.  
**Alderwysest**, *adv. pl.* the wisest of all, T. i. 247.  
**Al** and breed, drink and meat, B 2. 62.  
**Alemandres**, *pl.* almond-trees, R. 1303.  
**Alembykes**, *pl.* alembics, G 794.  
**Alestake**, *s.* ale-stake, i. e. a horizontal stake or short pole projecting from an ale-house to support a sign or bush, A 667.  
**Aley**, *s.* an alley, B 1758; *pl.* walks, E 2324.

**Aleys**, *s. pl.* service-berries, berries of the service-tree, R. 1377.  
**Algate**, *adv.* always, A 571; at any rate, 3. 887; nevertheless, L. 238; in any case, T. ii. 964; all the same, D 588, at all hazards, HF. 943.  
**Algates**, *adv.* in every way, 22. 43; by all means, D 1514; at any rate, in any case, 3. 1171; wholly, F 246; nevertheless, B 2222; all the same, B 520.  
**Aliene**, *v.* alienate, B i. p. 6. 60.  
**Al-if**, even if, T. iii. 398.  
**Alkamistre**, *s.* alchemist, G 1204.  
**Allo**, *dat. s. and pl. of Al*, at alle, in every case, 4. 36; in alle, in any case, 3. 141; Alle, *pl.* all (of you), T. ii. 402. See **Al**, **Aller**.  
**Allegoance**, *s.* alleviation, 24. 22.  
**Allegged**, *pp.* allayed, B 4. p. 4. 12.  
**Aller**, of all, *gen. pl. of Al*, our aller, of us all, A 823; *hir aller*, of them all, A 586.  
**Alliance**, *s.* kindred, i. 58, espousal, E 157.  
**Allone**, *adj.* alone, 4. 141; *lat me a.*, let me alone, i. e. trust to me, T. iii. 413.  
**Allow**, *i. p. s. pr.* (1) approve, (1) applaud, F 676.  
**Allye**, *s.* relative, B 3593.  
**Allyen**, *ger.* to ally myself, E 1414; *pp.* allied, 2. 65; provided with friendly aid, B 3720.  
**Almesse**, *s.* alms, B 168; *pl.* almsdoings, I 1030.  
**Almicanteras**, *s. pl.* small circles of declination (in the celestial sphere), A. i. 18. 2, 8.  
**Almury**, *s.* the 'denticle' or tooth-like point or pommel situated on the Rete near the 'head' of Capricorn, A. i. 23. 1.  
**Aloes**, *pl.* aloe, *in comp.* ligne-aloes, T. iv. 1137. (*Aloes* is a *pl.*, not a *gen.* case).  
**A-lofte**, *adv.* on high, T. v. 259.  
**A-londe**, *adv.* on land, ashore, L. 2166; *him were lever a-l.*, he would rather be on land, L. 2413.  
**Along**, *on*, along of, owing to, T. iii. 783.  
**Al-only**, *adv.* solely, T. v. 1779.  
**Aloon**, *adj.* alone; *her aloon*, all by herself, E. 2478.  
**Alose**, *v.* commend, T. iv. 1473.  
**Al-outerly**, *adv.* entirely, absolutely, 3. 1244; All-utterly, HF. 296.  
**Alpes**, *pl.* bull-finches, R. 658.  
**Also**, **Al-so**, *adv. and conj.* as, R. 212, 1122; *adv.* so, A 3104; *Alswa*, also (Northern), A 4085; *A. many*, as many, L. 528; *A. much* as, as much as, D 2134; *Als*, also,

besides, 3. 728; *as*, B 2850; *frequently used in expressing a wish*, 4. 267.  
**Altercacioun**, *s.* altercation, dispute, B 4427.  
**Alther-fairest**, *adj. superl.* fairest of all, R. 625.  
**Alther-fastest**, *adv. sup.* as fast as possible, HF. 2131.  
**Altherfirst**, *adv.* first of all, at first, HF. 1368.  
**Alther-firste**, *adj.* first of all, 3. 1173.  
**Altitude**, *s.* the elevation of a celestial object above the horizon, measured along a vertical arc, A. pr. 60.  
**Al-utterly**; see **Al-outerly**.  
**Alwey**, *adv.* always, ceaselessly, all the while, A 185.  
**Alyne**, *adv.* in an exact line, A. ii. 38. 27.  
**Am**, *am*; *in phr.* it am I. it is I, B 1109.  
**Amadrides**, *s. pl.* hamadryads, A 2028.  
**Amalgaming**, *s.* the formation of an amalgam, G 771.  
**A-mayed**, *pp.* dismayed, T. i. 648.  
**Ambages**, *pl.* ambiguous words, T. v. 807.  
**Ambel**, *s.* amble, *an a.*, in an amble, at an ambling pace, B 2075.  
**Ambes** *as*, double aces, B 124.  
**Amblere**, *s.* an ambling nag, A 469.  
**Ameled**, *pp.* enamelled, R. 1080.  
**Amenden**, *v.* make amends, A 3074; to surpass in demeanour, F 97; *pr. s. suby.* may (He) amend, D 1810; *pt s.* improved, R. 1427, did good, 3. 1102; *pp.* improved, B 4048, remedied, D 1097; surpassed, B 3444.  
**Amendement**, *s.* amends, A 4185.  
**Amenuse**, *ger.* to lessen, I 406. *r.* diminish, I 360, *pr. s.* diminishes, I 359; becomes less, A. i. 21. 76.  
**Amerciments**, *s. pl.* fines, exactions, I 752.  
**Amesureth**, *pr. s.* measures, B 2. p. 1. 95.  
**Ameved**, *pt s.* moved, changed; *nought a*, changed not, altered not, E 498, *Amoeved*, *pp.* perturbed, I 670.  
**Amiable**, *adj.* kind, B 2168, courteous, I 620; kindly, R. 1226.  
**A-midde**, *adv.* in the midst, R. 147.  
**Amide**, *prep.* amid, in the midst of, F 409.  
**Amiddes**, *adv.* in the midst, 5. 277.  
**A-middes**, *prep.* in the midst of, A. i. 18. 4; in the middle, A 2009.  
**Amis**, *adv.* amiss, 3. 1141; wrong, L. 1291; wrongly, B 3370; *seyde amis*, gave an unwelcome answer, 5. 446.  
**Amoeve**; see **Ameve**.



**Amonesteth**, *pr. s.* admonishes, I 76; recommends, B 2484.  
**Amonestinge**, *s.* admonition, I 518.  
**Among**, *adv.* as well, T. iii. 1816; all the while, 3. 208.  
**Amonges**, *adv.* sometimes, variously, B 2. p. 1. 119.  
**Amonges**, *prep.* amongst, A 750.  
**Amonicion**, *s.* pointing out, B 1. p. 4. 10.  
**Amorettes**, *pl.* love-knots, R. 802.  
**Amor vincit omnia**, love conquers all, A 162.  
**Amorwe**, **A-morwe**, on the morrow, A 822, 1621. in the morning, 3. 1103.  
**Amounteth**, *pr. s.* means, A 2302; amounts to, F 108.  
**Amphibologies**, *pl.* ambiguities, T. iv. 1406.  
**Amy**, *s.* friend, C 318.  
**An**, *a.* A 575; An eighte bushels, a quantity equal to eight bushels, G 771.  
**An**, *prep.* on; An heigh, on high, E 2326.  
**Anelle**, *s.* handmaiden, 1. 109.  
**Ancre**, *s.* anchor, 10. 38, Anker, L. 2501.  
**And**, *conj.* 11. 6. 112, L. 217.  
**Anes**, *adv.* once (Northern), A 4074.  
**Angle**, *s.* angle (a technical term in astrology), B 304; angular distance from the meridian, A. ii. 4. 48.  
**Angle-hook**, *s.* fish-hook, 4. 238.  
**Angre**, *s.* anguish, R. 320.  
**Anguiss**, *s.* anxiety, B 3. p. 3. 55.  
**Anguisseth**, *pr. s.* wounds, pains, B 3. m. 7. 1.  
**Anguissous**, *adj.* distressed, R 520, sorry, I 304; distressful, T. iii. 816.  
**Anhang**, *pr. s.* to hang, G 250. *pp.* B 3045.  
**Anientissed**, *pp.* brought to naught, B 2438.  
**A-night**, in the night, A 1042, at night, D 1827.  
**A-nightes**, *adv.* by night, R 18.  
**Anlas**, *s.* a short, two-edged knife or dagger, broad at the hilt and tapering to the point, formerly worn at the girdle, A 357.  
**Annexed**, *pp.* tied, 2. 72, attached, C 482.  
**Anni collecti**, collected years, A. ii. 44. 27. When a table contains quantities denoting the change in a planet's place during round periods of years, such as 20, 40, or 60 years, such a change is entered under under the heading *Anni Collecti*.  
**Anni expansi**, expanse years, A. ii. 41. 26. When a table contains quantities denoting the change in a planet's place

during only a few years, viz. from 1 to 10 years, such changes are entered separately under the headings 1, 2, 3, &c., years, which are designated the *expanse* (or separate) years.  
**Anni collecti et expansi**, the collected years and expanse years, A. ii. 45. 18. See above.  
**Annuelesr**, *s.* a priest who received annual payments, a chaplain, G 1012.  
**Annunciat**, *pp.* pre-announced, i.e. whose birth was foretold, B 3205.  
**Anon**, *adv.* anon, immediately, at once, A 32, 748.  
**Anon-right**, *adv.* immediately, L. 115. 1503.  
**Anon-rightes**, *adv.* immediately, A 2480.  
**Anoy**, *s.* vexation, T. iv. 845; trouble, B 1320, torture, B 3. m. 12. 25; sadness, I 678, 680, *pl.* troubles, I 518.  
**Anoye**, *v.* annoy, vex, T. iv. 1304; *pr. s.* annoys, vexes, B 2233, gives offence, 5. 518, does harm, F 875, *impers.* it vexes, G 1016; *pr. pl.* harms, B 2187, *imp. pl.* injure ye, B 404, *pp.* displeased, D 1848, worried, I 720, peevish, I 1051.  
**Anoyful**, *adj.* annoying, tiresome, B 2222.  
**Anoyous**, *adj.* annoying, tedious, B 2433, disagreeable, B 2235.  
**Answer**, *v.* answer, D 1077; *a. of.* answer for, be responsible for, L. 2212; be suitable for, B 4. p. 3. 60.  
**Answering**, *s.* answer, E 512.  
**Antartik**, *adj.* southern, A. ii. 25. 11.  
**Antem**, *s.* anthem, B 1850.  
**Antiphoner**, *s.* anthem-book, B 1700.  
**Antony**, *tyr of seint* cryspolas, I 427.  
**Auvelt**, *s.* anvil, 3. 1107.  
**Any-thing**, at all, in any degree, T. 1. 818.  
**Aornement**, *s.* adornment, I 412.  
**Apaire**, see *Apeiren*.  
**Apalled**, *pp.* vapid, I 723; weakened, A 3057, pale, F 305, languid, B 1292.  
**Aparayles**, *s. pl.* ornaments, B 2. p. 4. 69. (Lat. *ornamenta*.)  
**Aparaile**, *v.* apparel, D 343, prepare, L. 2473; *Apparailien*, *v.* prepare, B 2532. *pr. s.* endues, I 462, *imp. s.* prepare, B 2534.  
**Aparailements**, *s. pl.* ornaments, B 2. p. 5. 181.  
**Aparcoyve**; see *Apercove*.  
**Apassed**, *pp.* passed away, B 2. p. 5. 35.  
**Apaye**, *v.* to satisfy; *pp.* satisfied, T. v. 1249; pleased, T. iii. 421; *yvel a.*, ill pleased, L. 80; E 1052.

**Apayre**; see **Apoiren**.

**Apayse**; see **Apese**.

**Ape**, s. *ape*, HF. 1212, dupe, A 3389; *pl.* dupes, T. i. 913.

**Apeiren**, *ger.* to injure, impair, A 3147; *c.* I 1079; grow worse, HF. 750, 1 *pr.* *pl.* perish, T. ii. 329; *pp.* impaired, B i. p. 5. 67, injured, T. i. 38.

**Aperceive**, *v.* perceive, E 600; **Apérceyve**, T. iv. 656; *pr.* s. discerns, I 294.

**Aperceyvinges**, *pl.* perceptions, observations, F 286.

**Apert**, *adj.* manifest, I 649.

**Apert**, *adv.* openly, F 531.

**Apertenant**, *adj.* belonging to, such as belongs to, 2. 70, suitable, E 1010.

**Aperteneth**, *pr.* s. *impr.* rs. appertains, B 2171, *pr.* *pl.* I 83, *pres.* *pl.* belonging, G 785.

**Apertly**, *adv.* openly, clearly, I 294.

**Apese**, **Apeise**, *v.* appease, pacify, E 433, *imp.* *pl.* mitigate, 4. 10, *pr.* s. *refl.* is pacified, B 3051, 2 *pr.* *pl.* T. iii. 22 *pl.* s. B 2290; *pp.* appeared, T. i. 250.

**Apeyre**, see **Apeire**.

**Apeyse**, see **Apese**.

**Apose**, see **Appose**.

**Apotecarie**, s. apothecary, B 4138, *pl.* preparers of medicines, A 425.

**Appalled**, see **Apalle**.

**Apparaunte**, *adj.* *pl.* apparent, manifest, B. 5.

**Apparence**, s. appearance, F 218; seeming, HF 205, apparition, F 1602, false show, F 1157, *pl.* apparitions, F 1140.

**Apese**; see **Apese**.

**Appetyt**, s. desire, A 1680.

**Appetyteth**, *pr.* s. seeks to have, desires, L. 1382.

**Applyen**, *v.* be attached to, B 5. p. 4. 14.

**Apposed**, *pl.* s. questioned, G 363, *pp.* opposed, alleged, B i. p. 5. 54.

**Apprentys**, *adj.* unskilled, as novices, B. 687.

**Approved**, *pp.* approved, E 149.

**Approped**, *pp.* appropriated, made the property of, 14. 18.

**Approwours**, *pl.* approvers, informers, D 1343.

**Aprochen**, *v.* approach, T. v. 1.

**Apurtenance**, s. appurtenance; *pl.* I 703.

**Apyked**, *pp.* trimmed, adorned, A 305.

**Aqueynte me**, make myself acquainted, 3. 532; *pl.* *pl.* became acquainted, HF. 250; *pp.* acquainted, B 1219.

**Aquyte**, *imp.* s. requite, T. ii. 1200.

**Arace**, *v.* eradicate, uproot, T. v. 954; tear away, 6. 2; *pr.* s. *subj.* root out, eradicate, T. iii. 1015; *pp.* torn, borne along; torn away, B 3. p. 11. 165.

**Araise**; see **Areise**.

**Aray**, s. array, dress, L 1505; arrangement, T. iii. 536; state, dress, A 41. 73, attire, I 932; array of garments, L 2907; order, E 262; ordinance, E 670; position, D 902; condition, A 934.

**Arayed**, *pp.* dressed, ready, T. iii. 423, clad, R. 472; adorned, T. ii. 1187; *well a.* well situated, T. ii. 680; equipped, A 2046; dressed, F 389; ordered, B 252, appointed, F 1187.

**Arbitre**, s. will, choice, B 5. p. 3. 18.

**Arches**, see **Ark**.

**Archangel**, s. titmouse, R. 915.

**Archewyves**, s. *pl.* archwives, ruling wives, E 1195.

**Ardaunt**, *adj.* ardent, B 3. in 12. 15; eager, B 4. p. 3. 116.

**Arde**, *v.* explain, disclose, T. ii. 1505, counsel, T. iv. 1112; interpret 3. 280, *ger.* to divine, T. ii. 132.

**Areise**, *v.* raise. **Areyse**, *ger.* to levy, I 567; *pp.* praised, L 1525, raised, A. ii. 2. 7.

**Arest**, s. rest (for a spear), A 2602.

**Areste**, s. arrest, B 4090, detention, A 1110, responsibility, E 1282; delay, L. 805, hesitation, L. 1020, deliberation, L. 307.

**Areste**, *v.* stop (a horse), A 827, Do a. cause to be stopped, B 4210.

**Aretten**, *v.* impute, B 2. p. 4. 14; A. upon, *pr.* s. accuses, I 580; *pr.* *pl.* *subj.* ascribe, I 1082; *ye n'arette il nat*, ye impute it not, consider it not, A 720, *pp.* imputed, A 2720.

**A-rewe**, *adv.* successively, lit. in a row, D 1254.

**Aroyse**; see **Areise**.

**Argoile**, s. crude tartar, G 813.

**Arguinge**, s. argument, L. 475.

**Argumented**, *pl.* s. argued, T. i. 377.

**Aright**, *adv.* rightly, well, A 267; aright, G 418; properly, F 694; wholly, A 189; exactly, T. v. 304; certainly, B 3135.

**Arisen**, **Arist**; see **Aryse**.

**Ariste**, s. arising, rising, A. ii. 12. 16.

**Ark**, s. arc, referring to the arc of the horizon extending from sunrise to sunset, B 2; daily course of the sun, E 1795; arc, the apparent angular distance passed over by the sun in a day and a night, A. ii. 7. 12; Arches, *pl.* arcs, A. ii. 7. 15.

- Armes**, *pl.* arms, weapons, 7. 1; coat-of-arms, A 1012.
- Arm-greet**, *adj.* thick as one's arm, A 2145.
- Arminge**, *s.* putting on of armour, B 2037.
- Armipotente**, *adj.* powerful in arms, A 1982.
- Armoniak**, *adj.* ammoniac; applied to bole, G 790, and sul, G 798. It is a corruption of Lat. *armeniacum*, i. e. Armenian.
- Armonye**, *s.* harmony, 3. 313.
- Armure**, *s.* defensive armour, 4. 130; B 2009.
- Armurers**, *pl.* armourers, A 2507.
- Arn**, *pr. pl.* are, HF. 1008.
- Aroos**; see **Aryse**.
- A-roume**, *adv.* at large, in an open space, HF. 540.
- A-rowe**, *adv.* in a row, HF. 1835.
- Arowe**, *s.*; see **Arwe**.
- Arrace**; see **Arace**.
- Array**, **Arraye**; see **Aray**, **Arayed**.
- Arrerage**, *s.* arrears, A 602.
- Arrette**; see **Arreten**.
- Arrivege**, *s.* coming to shore, HF. 223.
- Arryve**, *v.* arrive, come to land, 10. 48; *pr. s.* (it) arrives, L. 2300, *pt. s.* drove ashore, B 4. m 3. 1; *yuel-d.*, ill-fated, R. 1068.
- Ars-metryke**, *s.* arithmetic, D 2222.
- Artelleries**, *s. pl.* engines for shooting, B 2523.
- Arten**, *ger.* to constrain, urge, T. i. 388.
- Artificial**, *adj.* A. ii. 7. *rub.* The *day artificial* is the length of the day, from the moment of sunrise to that of sunset.
- Artik**, northern, A. i. 14. 10.
- Artow**, art thou, A 1141; thou art, L. 980.
- Arwe**, *s.* arrow, T. ii. 641, Arowe. 7. 185; *pl.* arrows, A 107.
- Aryse**, *v.* arise, be raised, T. iv. 1480, *pr. s.* rises, I 971; Arist, *pr. s.* (*contr. from ariseth*) arises, B 265; Aroos, *pt. s.* arose, 5. 575; stood up, L. 831; Arisen, *pt. pl.* arose, T. ii. 1598; Aryse, *pr. s. subj.* may arise; Fro the sonne aryse, from the point where the sun rises.
- Arysing**, *s.* rising, rise, A. ii. 12. 1.
- Aryve**, *s.* lit. arrival; landing, disembarkation of troops, A 60.
- Aryve**; see **Arryve**.
- As** so (in asseverations), 3. 838, 1235; an expletive, expressing a wish, commonly used with an imperative, e. g. *as lat*, pray let, B 859; *as lene*, pray lend, A 3777, &c.; As, like, B 1864; *as that*, F 1018; As after, according to, B 3555; As ferforth as, as far as, B 19; As in, i. e. for, B 3688; As now, at present, at this time, A 2264; on the present occasion, G 944; for the present, G 1019; As nouth, as at this time, at present, A 462; As of, with respect to, 5. 26; As swythe, as soon as possible, at once, 7. 226; As that, as soon as, F 615; as though, 3. 1200; Asther, there, 4. 117; As to, with reference to, F 107; As to my wit, as it seems to me, 5. 547.
- As**, *s.* an ace, B 3851, Amibes *as*, *pl.* double aces, B 124.
- Asay**; see **Assay**.
- Ascaunce**, as if, perhaps, G 838, in case that, L. 2203; Ascaunces, as if, D 1745, as if to say, T. i. 205, 292. Compound of E. *as*, and O. F. *quances*, as if.
- Ascencioun**, *s.* ascension, ascending degree, B 4045; rising up, G 778.
- Ascende**, *v.* ascend, rise (a term in astrology), I 11; *pres. part.* ascending, in the ascendant, i. e. near the eastern horizon, F 264.
- Ascendent**, *s.* ascendant, A 417; *pl.* HF 1268. The 'ascendant' is that degree of the ecliptic which is rising above the horizon at a given moment.
- Asemble**; see **Assemble**.
- Aseuraunce**, *s.* assurance, T. v. 1250.
- Ash**; see **Asshe**.
- Ashamed**, *pp.* put to shame, A 2607; *for pure a.*, for very shame, T. ii. 056.
- Asketh**, *pr. s.* requires, T. i. 330.
- Asking**, *s.* question, L. 314.
- Aslake**, *v.* diminish, A 3553, *pp.* assuaged, A 1760.
- Asonder**, *adv.* asunder, apart, A 491.
- Asp**, *s.* aspen tree, A 2921; *collectively*, R. 1384. A. S. *aspa*.
- Aspect**, *s.* an (astrological) aspect, A 1087. An 'aspect' is the angular distance between two planets. The principal aspects are *five*, viz. conjunction, sextile, quartile, trine, and opposition, corresponding to the angular distances 0°, 60°, 90°, 120°, and 180°, respectively.
- Aspen-leef**, *s.* leaf of an aspen tree, D 1667.
- Aspre**, *adj.* sharp, bitter, T. iv. 827; vexations, B 3. p 8. 19; cruel, B 2. p 8. 39; fierce, hardy, 7. 23.
- Asprenesse**, *s.* asperity, B 4. p 4. 159.
- Aspye**, *s.* spy, C 755.

- Aspye**, *v.* spy, see, A 1420; **Aspyen**, *v.* behold, T. ii. 649.
- Assaut**, *s.* assault, A 989.
- Assay**, *s.* trial, D 290; *doon his a.*, make his attempt, L. 1594; *A-say*, test, L. 28 a.
- Assaye**, *v.* try, make trial of, B 3149; try, 3. 574; endeavour, F 1567; *ger.* to assail, T. i. 928; *pr. s.* experiences, B 3. m. 2. 13; *pr. pl.* try, L. 487; *imp. pl.* try, E 1740; *pp.* proved, tested, tried, experienced, T. iii. 1220, 1447, A 1811.
- Assayle**, see **Assaile**.
- Assage**, *s.* siege, T. i. 464, ii. 107.
- Assoge**, *v.* besiege, *pt. pl.* T. i. 60; *pp.* A 881.
- Assamble**, *v.* come together, I 609; *ger.* to amass, B 3. p. 8. 8, *pp.* A 717, united, († 50).
- Assamblinge**, *s.* union, I 604, 917.
- Assendent**; see **Ascendent**.
- Assente**, *v.* agree to, A 374. assent, A 3092; consent, B 3469, agree, E 11, 88, 129.
- Asshe** (1), *s.* ash-tree, 5. 176, collectively, ash-trees, R. 1484.
- Asshe** (2), *s.* ash (of something burnt), *Asshen*, *pl.* ashes, 7. 173; A 1302.
- Assoilien**, *ger.* to discharge, pay, B 5. p. 1. 15; *v.* loosen; *pr. s.* absolve, pardon, C 913; *pp.* explained, B 5. p. 6. 311.
- Assoilien**, *s.* absolution, A 661.
- Assure**, *s.* assurance, protestation, 7. 331.
- Assure**, *v.* feel secure, trust, T. v. 870, rely, T. v. 1624; declare (to be) sure, 7. 90.
- Assyse**, *s.* assize, session, A 314, judgment, 1. 36; position, R. 900.
- Astorte**, *v.* escape, L. 1802; A 1595, escape from, L. 2338; D 968; get away, withdraw, 3. 1154; release, D 1314; *pl. s.* escaped, T. iii. 97; *pp.* escaped, B 437.
- Astonie**, *v.* astonish; *pr. s.* astonishes, HF. 1174; *pp.* astonished, T. i. 274, iii. 1089.
- Astonyinge**, *s.* astonishment, B 4. p. 5. 33.
- Astore**, *v.* to store; *pp.* A 609.
- Astrolabie**, *s.* astrolabe, A. pr. 4.
- Astrologien**, *s.* astrologer, astronomer, D 324.
- Astrologye**, *s.* astrology, A 3102, 3514.
- Astromye** (*for* Astronomye), *an ignorant form*, A 3451, 3457.
- Asure**, *s.* azuro, R. 477.
- Asweve**, *v.*; *pp.* dazed, put to sleep, HF. 549.
- A-swown**, *adv.* (*from pp.*) in a swoon, L. 2207; **Aswowe**, 7. 354; hence **Aswowne**, in a swoon, T. iii. 1092; A 3823.
- At**, *prep.* at, A 20, &c.; of, R. 378; as to 6. 114; by, D 2095; in the presence of, T. ii. 984; with, beside, HF. 1593; to, HF. 1603; **At me**, with respect to me, B 1975; **At erste**, first of all, HF. 512. **At his large**, free, free to speak or be silent, A 2288; **At on**, at one, agreed, A 4197; **At shorte wordes**, briefly, 5. 481; **At regard**, with regard, I 180, **At ye**, at (your) eye, with your own eyes, visibly, A 3016; **hare at thee**, I attack thee, L. 1183.
- At-after**, *prep.* after, B 1445.
- Atake**, *v.* overtake, G 556, 585.
- Ataste**, 2 *pr. s.* subj. taste, B 2. p. 1. 41.
- Ataynt**; see **Atteine**.
- Atazir**, *s.* evil influence, B 305.
- Atempraunce**, *s.* temperament, B 4. p. 6. 214; adjustment, moderation, temperance, C 46.
- Atempre**, *adj.* temperate, mild, L. 128, 1483; moderate, T. i. 953; mild, 5. 204, R. 131; modest, I 932.
- Atempre**, *v.*; *pr. s.* attempers, B 1. m. 2. 23; *refl.* controls himself, B 2704.
- Atemprely**, *adv.* temperately, I 861, moderately, B 2728.
- Atempringe**, *s.* controlling, B 5. p. 4. 101.
- Atayne**; see **Atteine**.
- Athamaunt**, *s.* adamant, A 1305.
- Athinken**, *v.* displease, T. v. 878; *Athinketh*, *pr. s.* *imper.* (it) repents, T. i. 1050.
- At-ones**, *adv.* at once, at one and the same time, B 970.
- Atoon**, *adv.* at one, E 437.
- At-rede**, *v.* surpass in counsel, T. iv. 1450; A 2449.
- At-renne**, *v.* surpass in running, T. iv. 1450; A 2449.
- Attamed**, *pp.* broached, B 4008.
- Attayne**; see **Atteine**.
- Atte**, *for* at the, D 404; **Atte beste**, in the best way, A 29, 749; **Atte fan**, at the fan, H 42; **Atte fulle**, at the full, completely, A 651; **Atte gate**, at the gate, B 1563; **Atte hasard**, at dice, C 608; **Atte laste**, at the last, B 506; **Atte leste**, at the least, at least, B 38; **Atte Bowe**, at Bow, A 125.
- Atteine**, *v.* attain, R. 1495, succeed in. 4. 161; *pp.* apprehended, B 3. p. 3. 25.
- Atempre**; see **Atempre**.
- Attry**, *adj.* venomous, I 583.
- A-tweyn**, *adv.* in two, 3. 1193.
- A-twinne**, *adv.* apart, T. iii. 1666.
- Atwixe**, *prep.* betwixt, R. 854.

- A-twixen**, *prep.* between, T. v. 472.  
**A-two**, in twain, 7. 94; L. 758.  
**A-tyr**, *s.* attire, dress, T. i. 181.  
**Auctor**; see **Auctour**.  
**Auctoritee**, *s.* authority, B 2355; recognised text, A 3000. statements of good authors, D 1.  
**Auctour**, *s.* author, HF. 314, originator, H 350, creator, T. iii. 1705.  
**Audience**, *s.* hearing, 5. 408. audience, B 3001; open assembly, D 1032.  
**Augrim**, *s.* algorism, i.e. numeration, A i. 7. 6; Arabic numerals, A i 8 6.  
**Augrim-stones**, *pl.* counters for calculating, A 3210.  
**Auncesour**, *s.* ancestor; *pl.* R. 391.  
**Auncestre**, *s.* ancestor, 5. 41.  
**Auncetrye**, *s.* ancestry, A 3082.  
**Aungel**, *s.* angel, R. 916.  
**Aungellyk**, *adj.* angelical, T. i. 102.  
**Aungellyke**, *adr.* like an angel, L. 230.  
**Auntre it**, *v.* risk it, A 4200; Auntred him, *pl.* *s.* adventured himself, A 4205.  
**Auntrous**, *adj.* adventurous, B 2009.  
**Autentyke**, *adj.* authentic, 3. 1080.  
**Auter**, *s.* altar, 5. 240.  
**Avale**, *v.* fall down, T. iii. 626, doff, take off, A 3122; Avalen, *pr.* *pl.* sink down.  
**Avantage**, *s.* advantage, F 772, to don his a., to suit his own interests, B 720, as *adj.* advantageous, B 146.  
**Avante**; see **Avaunte**.  
**Avaunce**, *v.* promote, L. 2022, *ger.* T. i. 518; be profitable, A 246, cause to prosper, HF. 640, help, 10. 31.  
**Avaunt**, *s.* vaunt, boast, A 227, E 1457.  
**Avaunte** (her, *v.* *refl.* boast (herself), 7. 296; *ger.* to extol, HF. 1788, *v.* *refl.* boast, vaunt himself, D 1014.  
**Avaunting**, *s.* boasting, A 3884.  
**Avauntour**, *s.* boaster, 5. 430.  
**Avenaunt**, *adj.* graceful, comely, R. 1263.  
**Aventayle**, *s.* ventail, E 1204.  
**Aventure**, *s.* chance, 4. 21; peril, B 1151, misfortune, L. 657; fortune, 18. 22; luck, T. ii. 288, 291; circumstance, L. 1907; of a., by chance, HF. 2030; on a., in case of mishap, T. v. 298; in a., in the hands of fortune, T. i. 784; per a., perchance, A. ii. 12. 6; in a. and grace, on luck and favour, 4. 60; good a., good fortune, 5. 131, 7. 324; *pl.* adventures, A 795; accidents, C 934.  
**Aventurous**, *adj.* random, B 1. p. 6. 98, adventitious (Lat. *fortuitus*), B 2. p. 4. 17.  
**Avisee**, *adj.* deliberate, L. 1521.  
**Avision**, *s.* vision, R. 9; HF. 7.  
**Avouterye**, *s.* adultery, 5. 361.  
**Avoutier**, *s.* adulterer, *pl.* L. 841.  
**Avow**, *s.* vow, A 2414, 2437.  
**Avowe**, *v.* avow, own, proclaim, G 642; *pr.* *s.* vows, 7. 255.  
**Avoy**, *interp.* fie! B 4008.  
**Avys**, *s.* advice, consideration, opinion, A 780, B 2442.  
**Avyse**, *v.* consider, T. i. 364; contemplate, T. v. 1814, *refl.* consider, B 604, *imp.* *s.* take heed, A 4188, *imp.* *pl.* consider, deliberate, A 3185; *pp.* clearly seen, R 475; with mind made up, T. iii. 1180, advised, careful, A 3884, deliberate, L 418, wary, A 4333, forewarned, B 2538, well a., well advised, B 2514.  
**Avysely**, *adv.* advisedly, B 2488, seriously, L 1024, carefully, A ii. 20. 29.  
**Avysement**, *s.* consideration, B 2041, counsel, T. ii. 343, deliberation, B 80, determination, L. 1117.  
**Await**, *s.* watch, D 1057, surveillance, H 149, waiting, T. iii. 579; watchfulness, T. iii. 457. Have him in awayt, watch her, B 3015. *pl.* plots, B 3. p. 8. 11.  
**Awaite**, *v.* await, *pr.* *s.* waits, 1. 111, watches, B 1776.  
**Awaiting**, *s.* attendance, 7. 250.  
**Awaour**, *s.* her in wait, B 4. p. 3. 122.  
**Awake**, *v.* wake, awake, Awook. 1. *pl.* *s.* aroused, 3. 1124; *pl.* *s.* awoke, F 307, Awaked, *pl.* *s.* awoke, A 2523.  
**Award**, *s.* decision, L 484.  
**Awen**, own (Northern), A 4210.  
**A-wepe**, *s.* weeping, in tears, T. ii. 408.  
**A-werke**, *adv.* at work, D 215.  
**Aweye**, *adv.* out of the way, done with, T. ii. 123, gone, 7. 310; from home, B 593, astray, B 604.  
**Aweyward**, *adv.* away, backwards, H 262.  
**Awhape**, *v.* amaze; *pp.* scared, L. 132; stupefied, 7. 215, confounded, T. i. 316.  
**Awook**; see **Awake**.  
**Awreke**, *v.* avenge, 2. 11, *pr.* *s.* avenged, R 278; *pp.* H 298, A 3752.  
**Awry**, *adv.* on one side, R. 291.  
**Axen**, *v.* ask, L. 835, Axe at, ask of, T. ii. 804; *pr.* *s.* requires, T. ii. 227.  
**Axing**, *s.* question, L. 230 a; request, A 1826.  
**Ay**, *adv.* aye, ever, A 63, 233; Ay whyl that, all the while that, A. 252.  
**Ay-dwellinge**, *adj.* perpetual, everabiding, B 5. p. 6. 97.  
**Ayein**, *prep.* opposite to, T. ii. 020; against, T. i. 002.  
**Ayein**, *adv.* again, back, 5. 100.

**Ayein-ledinge**, *adj.* returning, reconducting, B 3. m. 9. 42.

**Ayeins**, *prep.* against, A 1787; towards, at the approach of, 5. 342.

**Ayeins**, *adv.* against, to, A 1155.

**Ayeinward**, *adv.* again, on the other hand, B 2. p. 4. 126; back again, T. iii. 750, iv. 1581.

**Ayel**, *s.* grandfather, A 2477.

**Azimut**, *s.* azunuth, A. ii. 31. 22.

## B.

**Ba**, *v.* kiss, D 433; *imp.* *s.* A 3709.

**Babewinnes**, *pl.* lit. baboons grotesque figures in architecture, HF 1180.

**Bachelere**, *s.* young knight, R. 918, 1469; an aspirant to knighthood, A 80.

**Bachelrye**, *s.* bachelor-hood H 125; company of young men, E 270.

**Bad**, see Bidde.

**Badder**, *adj.* comp. worse, F 224.

**Bagge**, *v.*; *pr.* *s.* looks askant, 3. 623.

**Baggepype**, *s.* bagpipe, A 565.

**Baggingly**, *adv.* spoutingly, R. 292.

**Baito**, *v.* bait, feed, B 466; *pp.* baited, tormented, R. 1612.

**Bak**, *s.* back, 3. 657; cloth for the back, coarse mantle, rough cloak, G 881.

**Bakbyter**, *s.* backbiter, I 495.

**Bake metes**, baked meats, meat pies, I 445.

**Bakhalf**, the back or flat side of the astrolabe, A 1. 4. 1.

**Bak-side**, *s.* the back of the astrolabe, A i. 15. 4.

**Balaunce**, *s.* a balance, G 611; *in balaunce*, in jeopardy, G 611; in suspense, 3. 1021.

**Bale**, *s.* sorrow, 3. 515; *for bote ne bale*, for good nor for ill, 2. 227.

**Balke**, *s.* balk, beam, A 3020; *pl.* transverse beams beneath a roof, A 3026.

**Balled**, *adj.* bald, A 108, 2518.

**Bane**, *s.* death, L. 2150; destruction, HF. 408; cause of death, A 1007; slayer, T. iv. 433.

**Banes**, *pl.* bones (Northern), A 4073.

**Bar**, *Baro*, see Bere, *v.*

**Barbe**, *s.* barb (part of a woman's head-dress, still sometimes used by nuns, consisting of a piece of white plaited linen, passed over or under the chin, and reaching midway to the waist), T. ii. 110.

**Barbro**, *adj.* barbarian, B 281.

**Barreine**, *adj.* barren, B 68, D 372.

**Barel ale**, barrel of ale, B 383.

**Bark**, *s.* (of a tree), T. iii. 727.

**Barm-clooth**, *s.* apron, A 3236.

**Barme**, *s.* (*dat.*) bosom, lap, B 3256, 3630.

**Baronage**, *s.* assembly of barons, A 3096.

**Barre**, *s.* bar, A 1075; *Barres*, *pl.* stripes across a girdle, A 320.

**Barred**, *pp.* furnished with 'bars,' A 3225.

**Barringe**, *s.* adorning with (heraldic) bars, I 417.

**Basilcock**, *s.* basilisk, I 853.

**Baste**, *v.* baste; *pres. part.* basting, tacking on, R. 104.

**Bataile**, *s.* battle, fight, L. 1647; troop, B 5. in 1. 4.

**Bataillen**, *v.* fight, B i. p. 4. 251.

**Batailled**, *adj.* embattled, i. e. notched with indentations, B 4070.

**Batre**, *v.* batter; *pr.* *s.* strikes, I 556.

**Bathe**, both (Northern), A 4087.

**Bathe**, *ger.* to bathe, to bask, T. ii. 84; *refl.* to bask, B 4457.

**Bauderye**, *s.* bawdry, act of a pandar, T. iii. 397; mirth, A 1926.

**Baudrik**, *s.* baldric, belt worn transversely over one shoulder, A 116.

**Baudy**, *adj.* dirty, G 635.

**Baume**, *s.* balm, HF. 1686.

**Baundon**, *s.* power, disposal, R. 1163.

**Bay**, *adj.* bay-coloured, A 2157.

**Bayard**, a horse's name, a horse, A 4115.

**Be**, *prefix*: see also Bi-.

**Beau**, *adj.* fair; *beau sir*, fair sir, HF. 643.

**Be-bled**, *pp.* bloodied, covered with blood, B 3. in 2. 14.

**Beblo to**, *imp.* *s.* blot, T. ii. 1027.

**Bechen**, *adj.* made of beech, G 1160.

**Become**, *v.* go to, L. 2214; *pp.* gone to, 7. 247.

**Bed**, *s.* L. 2211; station, B 3862; bed (of herbs), B 4411.

**Beddinge**, *s.* couch, A 1616.

**Bede**, *v.* offer, proffer, HF. 32; G 1065; 1 *pr.* *s.* proffer, 7. 304. *Bedeth*, *pr.* *s.* proffers, E 1784; *Bede*, 1 *pt.* *pl.* directed, told, I 65; *Boden*, *pp.* commanded, T. iii. 691; ordered, L. 260.

**Bede**, *pt.* *pl.* and *pp.* of Bidde.

**Beden**, *pt.* *pl.* of Bidde.

**Bedes**, *pl.* beads, A 159.

**Bedote**, *v.* belie, L. 1547.

**Bedrede**, *adj.* bedridden, D 1769.

**Beek**, *s.* beak, F 418.

**Beem**, *s.* balk, B 4362; *Bemes*, *pl.* beams, R. 1573.

**Been**, *pl.* bees, F 204.

**Beer**, bare; *pt.* *s.* of Bere.

**Beest**, *s.* beast, F 460; *Beest roial* = royal beast, i. e. Leo, F 264; *bruto*, G 288; *beast*, quarry, R. 1452.

**Beet**, *pt. s. and imp. s. of Beta*.  
**Beeth**, *imp. pl. of Ben*, to be.  
**Beggester**, *a. beggar, properly a female beggar*, A 242.  
**Behette**; see **Bihote**.  
**Bekke**, *1 pr. s. (I) nod*, C 396; *pt. s. nodded to*, T. ii. 1260.  
**Bel amy**, *i. e. good friend, fair friend*, C 318; **Bele**, *adj. fem. fair, beautiful*, HF. 1796; **Bele chere**, excellent fare, B 1599; **Bele chose**, beautiful part, D 447.  
**Belle**, *a. bell*, T. ii. 1615; (of a clock), 3. 1322; (sign of an inn), A 719; **bere the b.**, be the first, T. iii. 198.  
**Belweth**, *pr. s. roars*, HF. 1803.  
**Bely**, *a. belly*, B 2167.  
**Bely**, *a. a pair of bellows*, I 351.  
**Bely-naked**, *adj. entirely naked*, E 1326.  
**Beme**, *s. trumpet*, HF. 1240; *pl. B* 4588.  
**Bēn**, **Been**, *v. be*, 1. 182; *1 pr. pl. are*, 3. 582; **Ben**, *2 pr. pl. B* 122; *consist*, I 82; **Beth**, *pr. pl. are*, F 648; **Be**, *pr. s. subj. exists*, it should be, 4. 49; **Be**, *1 pr. s. subj. be*, am, D 1245; **Beth**, *imp. pl. be*, C 683; **Been**, *pp. s. 330*; A 199; **Be**, *pp. been*, R. 322; **I had be**, I should have been, 3. 222; **Be as be may**, be it as it may, however it be, L. 1852; **Be what she be**, be she who she may, T. i. 679; **Lat be**, let alone, D 1289.  
**Benoh**, *a. bench*, T. ii. 91; *table*, B 1548; *bench (law court)*, 1. 159.  
**Bend**, *s. band*, R. 1079.  
**Bende**, *v. bend*, R. 1334; *turn*, T. ii. 1250; **Bente**, *pt. s. bent*, H 264; **Bent**, *pp. 1. 29*; *arched*, A 3246.  
**Bendinge**, *s. adorning with (heraldic) bends*, I 417. **A bend**, in heraldry, is a broad diagonal band upon a shield.  
**Bēne**, *a. bean*, 11. 29.  
**Benedicite**, *bless ye (the Lord)*, A 1785; (pronounced *ben'cité*), T. i. 780, &c.  
**Benisoun**, *a. benison, blessing*, B 2288.  
**Bent**, *s. grassy slope*; **Bente**, *dat. A* 1981.  
**Berafte**; see **Bireve**.  
**Berd**, *a. beard*, A 270, 2173; *in the berd*, face to face, T. iv. 41; *make a berd*, deceive, A 4096; *make his berd*, delude him, D 361.  
**Bère**, *a. bear*, L. 1214; *the constellations Ursa Major and Ursa Minor*, HF. 1004.  
**Bère**, *a. bier*, 2. 105; 19. 5.  
**Bere**, *v. bear, carry*, B 3564; *transport*, F 119; *confer on*, L. 2135; **Bere yow**, conduct yourself, D 1108; **Beren on honde**, accuse, D 393; **Beren him on hond**, assure him, D 232 (cf. 226); **Bereth him**, conducts himself, behaves, A 796;

**Bereth hir**, comports herself, T. ii. 401; **Berth hir on hond**, bears false witness against her, B 620; **Bereth him on hond**, accuses him, I 505; **Sickly berth**, take ill, dialike, E 625; **Bere**, *pr. pl. 3. 894*; **Bere**, *a. pt. s. barest*, T. iv. 763; **Bar**, *pt. s. bare, carried*, A 105; *possessed*, D 997; *pt. s. refl. conducted himself*, T. iii. 490; **Bar on honde**, made him believe, D 575; **Bar her on honde**, brought against her a charge which he feigned to believe, 7. 158; **Baren us**, *1 pt. pl. conducted ourselves*, A 721; **Baren me on hond**, bore false witness against me, B. 1. p. 4. 180; *pr. s. subj. may pierce*, A 2256; **Ber**, *imp. s. carry*, D 1139; **Ber ayain**, take back, T. ii. 1141; **Boren**, *pp. born*, D 1153; **Bore**, *pp. born*.  
**Bere**, *a. head-sheet, pillow-case*, 3. 254.  
**Berie**, *a. berry*, A 4308.  
**Berie**, *v. bury*, C 884.  
**Beringe**, *a. behaviour*, B 2022; *carriage*, E 1604.  
**Berke**, *v. bark*; **Borken**, *pp. shrieked (lit. barked)*, B. 1. p. 5. 1.  
**Berm**, *a. barn*, *i. e. yeast*, G 813.  
**Bern**, *a. barn*, B 3759.  
**Beryle**, *a. beryl*, HF. 1184.  
**Besaunt-wight**, *a. weight of a besant*, R. 1106. (*Besant*, a gold coin of Byzantium.)  
**Bespreynt**; see **Bisprenge**.  
**Bestialtee**, *a. animal condition*, T. i. 735.  
**Bet**, *adj. comp. better*, 10. 47; HF. 108.  
**Bet**, *adv. better*, A 242; *go bet*, go faster, go as quickly as possible, 3. 134; *the bet*, the better, HF. 559; *bet and bet*, better and better, T. iii. 714.  
**Bête**, *v. remedy, heal*, T. i. 665; *amend, mend, assist*, I 421; *kindle*, A 2253.  
**Bête**, *ger. to beat, flap*, B 4512; *to hammer out*, C 17; **Beet**, *pt. s. adjoined (lit. beat)*, R. 129; **Beten**, *pp. beaten*, B 1732; *as adj. beaten, ornamented with the hammer*, R. 837.  
**Beth**, *pr. pl. are*, B 2350; *imp. pl. be*, 1. 134.  
**Betraining**, *a. betrayal*, L. 2460.  
**Betro**, *adj. better*, A 256; *b. arm*, right arm, T. ii. 1650.  
**Bever**, *adj. made of beaver*, A 272.  
**Beye**, *ger. to buy*, T. v. 1843; *v. B* 1468. See **Bye**.  
**Bibbe**, *v.*; *pp. imbibed*, A 4162.  
**Bible**, *a. bible*, A 438; *book*, HF. 1334.  
**Bi-blede**, *pp. pl. covered with blood*, A 2002.

**Bicched bones**, *s. pl.* dice, C 656.  
**Bi-clappe**, *ger.* to catch (as in a trap), G 9.  
**Bicome**, *ger.* to become, D 1644; **Bicomth**, *pr. s.* goes, T. ii. 795.  
**Bidaffed**, *pp.* befouled, E 1191.  
**Bidde**, *v.* ask (*confused with* Béde, *v.* command, bid); *ger.* to request, L. 838; *1 pr. s.* pray, T. i. 1027; *Bit*, *pr. s.* bids, A 187; *Bad*, *pt. s.* prayed, begged, T. iii. 1249; *besought*, T. i. 112; *requested*, E 373; *1 pt. s.* bade, F 1212; *pt. s.* bade, commanded, D 108; *Beden*, *pt. pl.* bade, B 2233; *Bidde*, *pp.* commanded, B 440 (where *han bidde* = have bidden); *Bede*, *pp.* bidden (as *if from* Bede), 3. 194; *1 pt. s. subj.* would seek, R. 791; *Bid*, *imp. s.* pray, T. iii. 342; *bid*, 3. 144; *Bid-deth*, *imp. pl.* pray, T. i. 36.  
**Bidding**, *s.* request, L. 837.  
**Bidelve**, *v.*; *Bidolven*, *pp.* buried, B 5. p. 1. 51.  
**Biden**, *pp.* of *Byde*.  
**Bifallinge**, *s.* coming to pass, T. iv. 1018.  
**Biforen**, *prep.* before, B 3553; in front of, G 680.  
**Biforen**, *adv.* in the front part (of his head), A 1376; *beforehand*, A 1148; in front, A 590; in a good position, A 572; of old time, F 551; first, E 446.  
**Biforn**, *prep.* before.  
**Bigete**, *v.* begot; *Begat*, *pt. s.* L. 1562; *Bigeten*, *pp.* B 3138.  
**Biginne**, *v.* begin, A 42; *Bigonne*, *2 pt. s.* G 442; *Began*, *2 pt. s.* (*false form for* *Bigunne*), L. 2230; *Bigan*, *pt. s.* A 44; *Bigonne*, *pt. pl.* F 1015; *Bigonne*, *pp.* T. ii. 779.  
**Bigoon**, *pp.* ornamented, R. 943; *wel b.*, well contented, joyous, merry, 5. 171; *fortunate*, T. ii. 294; *wel bigo*, well content, R. 693; *wo b.*, distressed, L. 1487; *2497*; *sorrowfully b.*, distressed, T. i. 114; *wers b.*, more wretched, T. v. 1328.  
**Bigyleres**, *pl.* beguilers, I 299.  
**Biholve**, *s. dat.* behalf, T. ii. 1458.  
**Bihate**, *v.* hate; *pp.* B 3. m 4. 6.  
**Biheste**, *s.* promise, B 37; *command*, T. ii. 359; *pl.* promises, i. e. all that they profess to prove, A. pr. 26.  
**Bihete**, *1 pr. s.* promise, G 707; *2 pr. s.* dost promise, B 4. p 2. 1; *pr. s.* promises, I 379. See *Bihote*.  
**Bihetinge**, *s.* promising, B 2. p 8. 16.  
**Bihewe**, *v.*; *Behewe*, *pp.* carved, HF. 1306.  
**Bihighte**, *pt. s.* promised, T. v. 1204;

*Bihighte*, *pt. pl.* T. iii. 319; *Bihight*, *pp.* T. v. 354. See *Bihote*.  
**Biholde**, *v.* behold, A 2293; *Behelde*, *v.* behold, 7. 80; *Behelde*, *pt. s. subj.* should see, T. ii. 378; *Biholde*, *pp.* beheld, G 179.  
**Bihote**, *1 pr. s.* promise, A 1854; *Behette*, *pt. s.* 5. 436.  
**Bihove**, *s. dat.* profit (lit. behoof), R. 1092.  
**Bihove**, *v.* suit, 13. 5; *pr. s.* (it) behoves, T. iv. 1004; *pr. pl.* are necessary, I 83.  
**Bihovely**, *adj.* helpful, T. ii. 261; *needful*, I 107.  
**Bi-jape**, *v.*; *pp.* jested at, tricked, T. i. 531.  
**Biker**, *s.* quarrel, L. 2661.  
**Biknowe**, *v.* acknowledge, B 886; *Bikno-weth*, *pr. s.* I 481; *Beknew*, *pt. s.* confessed, L. 1058; *I am bi-knownen* = *I acknowledge*, B 3. p 10. 88.  
**Bilde**, *ger.* to build, HF. 1133; *Bilt*, *pr. s.* HF. 1135; *Bilt*, *pp.* 1. 183. See *Bulde*.  
**Bilder**, *s. as adj.* builder, used for building, 5. 176.  
**Bileve**, *s.* faith, L. 2109; *creed*, A 3456.  
**Bileve** (1), *v.* believe; *imp. pl.* G 1047.  
**Bileve** (2), *v.* to remain, stay behind, F 583.  
**Bilinne**, *v.* cease, T. iii. 1365.  
**Bille**, *s.* bill, petition, i. 59, 110; *letter*, E 1937; *writ*, D 1586.  
**Binde**, *v.* bind, enthrall, 4. 249; *Bynt* (*for* *Bint*), *pr. s.* binds, 4. 47, 48; *Bond*, *pt. s.* bound, fastened, R. 241; *Bounden*, *pp.* bound, B 270; *bound up*, D 681.  
**Binding**, *s.* constraint, A 1304.  
**Binime**, *v.* take away, B 4. p 3. 36; *Binemen*, *pr. pl.* B 3. p 3. 65; *Bi-nomen*, *pp.* taken away, B 3. p 3. 69.  
**Binne**, *s.* bin, chest, A 593.  
**Bi-quethe**, *v.* bequeath, D 1121.  
**Biraff**, *-e*; see *Bireve*.  
**Bireine**, *v.*; *Bireyned*, *pp.* rained upon, T. iv. 1172.  
**Bireve**, *v.* bereave, B 3359; *restrain*, T. i. 685; *take away*, G 482; *me wo bereve*, rob me of woe, 6. 12; *Bireved*, *pt. s.* bereft, D 2071; *Biraffe*, *pt. s.* B 83; *Biraff*, *pp.* bereft, T. iv. 225; A 1361.  
**Birthe**, *s.* birth, B 192.  
**Discorned**, *pp.* scorned, I 278.  
**Bisego**, *v.* besiege; *pr. s.* L. 1902; *Bisegede*, *pt. pl.* T. i. 149.  
**Biseken**, *v.* beseech, pray, B 2306, 2910; *By-séke*, *v.* beseech, T. iv. 131; *Biseken*, *1 pr. pl.* implore, A 918; *Bisoughtest*, *2 pt. s.* didst beseech, T. v. 1734; *Bisoghte*, *pt. s.* B 2164.



- Bismare**, *s.* contemptuous conduct, A 3965.
- Bisette**, *v.*; **Besette**, *v.* employ, L. 1069; bestow, 3. 772; **Besette**, disposed of, L. 2558; used up, D 1952; bestowed, A 3715; established, A 3012; fixed, I 366; **Beset**, *pp.* bestowed, T. i. 521.
- Biseye**, *pp.* beseen; *wel b.*, fair to see, good-looking, R. 821; well provided, 3. 829; *goodly b.*, fair to see, good in appearance, T. ii. 1262; *yvel b.*, ill-looking, E 965; *richely b.*, rich-looking, splendid, E 984.
- Bishende**, *v.*; **Beshende**, *v.* bring to ruin, L. 2096.
- Bishitte**, *v.*; **Bishet**, *pp.* shut up, T. iii. 602.
- Bishrewe**, 1 *pr. s.* beshrew, D 844.
- Bisie**, *v. refl.* take pains, B 3034; **Bisie** me, employ myself, G 758; *pt. pl.* occupied themselves, 5. 192.
- Bisily**, *adv.* diligently, A. ii. 38. 8; completely, T. iii. 1153; eagerly, F 1051; well, 2. 33.
- Bisnesse**, *s.* business, B 1415; busy endeavour, A 1007, G 24; diligence, 3. 1150; C 56; industry, G 5; labour, 5. 86; work, activity, T. i. 795; trouble, *ado*, 7. 90; careful attention, B 2979; attentiveness, 7. 250; care, A 520.
- Bi-smokede**, *adj. pl.* dirtied with smoke, B i. p. 1. 31.
- Bismotered**, *pp.* besmotted, marked with spots of rust, &c., A 76.
- Bispet**, *pp.* spit upon, I 276.
- Bisprenge**, *v.*; **Bespreynt**, *pp.* sprinkled, bedewed, 2. 10.
- Bistad**, *pp.* bestead, in trouble, R. 1227; *hard b.*, greatly imperilled, B 649.
- Bistryden**, *v.*; **Bistrood**, *pt. s.* bestrode, B 2093.
- Bisy**, **Beay**, *adj.* busy, industrious, R. 1052; active, L. 103; useful, I 474; attentive, F 509; anxious, 2. 2.
- Bisyde**, *prep.* beside; *ther b.*, beside that place, 3. 1316; *of b.*, from the neighbourhood of, A 445; *b. his leve*, without his leave, HF. 2105.
- Bisydes**, *prep.*; *him b.*, near him, A 402.
- Bisydes**, **Besydes**, *adv.* on one side, G 1416.
- Bit**, *pr. s. of* Bidde.
- Bitake**, 1 *pr. s.* commend, I 1043; commit, E 161; resign, A 3750; 1 *pr. s.* deliver, entrust, L. 2207; **Bitook**, *pt. s.* entrusted, G 541; **Bitaken**, *pp.* B. 3. m. 2. 47.
- Biteche**, 1 *pr. s.* commit (to), consign (to), B 2114.
- Bithinke**, *v.* imagine, think of, T. iii. 1694; **Bethinke**, *v.* 2. 107; *ger.* to reflect, HF. 1176; **Bithoughte**, 1 *pt. s. refl.* bethought myself, R. 521; I am bithought, I have thought (of), A 767; **Bithought**, *pp.* T. ii. 225.
- Bitid**, **Bitit**; see **Bityde**.
- Bitook**; see **Bitake**.
- Bitore**, *s.* bittern, D 972.
- Bitraise**, **Bitraishe**, *v.* betray; **Bitray**-*seth*, *pr. s.* C 92; *pp.* betrayed, T. iv. 1648; I 269; **Bitraished**, R. 1648; **Bitrashed**, R. 1520.
- Bitrenden**, *v.*; **Bi-trent**, *pr. s.* encircles, goes round, T. iv. 870, twines round, T. iii. 1231.
- Bitwixen**, *prep.* between, A 880; **Betwixen**, 5. 148; **Bitwixe**, A 277; **Bitwix**, L. 729.
- Bityde**, **Eityden**, *v.* happen, T. ii. 623; arrive, B 3730; *pr. s. subj.* E 306; **Bityde** what *b.*, happen what may, T. v. 750; **Bitit**, *pr. s.* betides, happens, T. ii. 48, v. 345; **Bitidde**, *pt. s.* betell, T. v. 1641; **Bitid**, *pp.* T. iii. 288; **Betid**, HF. 384.
- Bitydinge**, *v.* an event, B 5. p. 1. 37.
- Bitymes**, *adv.* betimes, soon, G 1008.
- Biware**, *v.*; **Biward**, *pp.* spent, expended, laid out (as on wares), T. i. 636.
- Biwepe**, *ger.* to bemoan, T. i. 763; **Biwopen**, *pp.* bathed in tears, T. iv. 916.
- Biwreye**, *v.* make manifest, reveal, T. iii. 377; **Biwreyst**, 2 *pr. s.* revealest, B 773; **Biwreyl**, *pp.* betrayed (viz. by having your words revealed), H 352.
- Biwreying**, *s.* betraying, B 2330.
- Bi-wryen**, *v.* disclose, reveal, T. ii. 537; **Bewrye**, betray, 5. 348. (Wrongly used for **Biwreye**.)
- Blak**, *adj.* black, A 294; **Blake**, *pl.* A 557; **Blakke**, *def.* HF. 1801.
- Blak**, *s.* black clothing, 3. 445.
- Blake**, *s.* black writing, ink, T. ii. 1320.
- Blakeberied**, *a.* a-blackberrying, i. e. a-wandering at will, astray, C 406.
- Blaked**, *pp.* blackened, rendered black, B 3211.
- Blandishe**, *pr. s. subj.* fawn, I 376.
- Blankmanger**, *s.* a compound of minced capon with cream, sugar, and flour, A 387. Named from its white colour.
- Blasen**, *ger.* to blow, HF. 1802.
- Blaspheme**, *s.* blaspheming, 16. 15.
- Blásphe-mour**, *s.* blasphemer, C 808.
- Blast**, *s.* puff, T. ii. 1387.
- Blaste**, *ger.* to blow a trumpet, HF. 1866.
- Blaunche**, *adj. fem.* white (see **Fevere**), T. i. 916.
- Blaundisshinge**, *pret. pt. as adj.* be-

- witching, B 3. m 12. 23; Blaundissinge, flattering, B 2. p 1. 31.
- Bleche**, *v.*; *pp.* bleached, 9. 45.
- Blede**, *v.* bleed, L. 2696; **Bleddo**, *pt. s.* bled, T. ii. 950.
- Blemished**, *pp.* injured, B 1. p 4. 312.
- Blende**, *v.* blind, T. iv. 648; *ger.* to deceive, T. iii. 207; to blind (*or read to* blende, *v.* blind utterly), T. ii. 1496; **Blent**, *pr. s.* blinds, 5. 600; **Blente**, *pt. s.* blinded, T. v. 1194; **Blent**, *pp.* 15. 18; deceived, E 2113.
- Blere**, *v.* blear, bedim; **Blere hir yē**, dim their eye, cajole them, A 4049; *pp.* deceived, G 730.
- Blering**, *s.* dimming; *bl. of an yē*, cajoling, A 3865.
- Blesse**, *v.* bless; **Blesseth hir**, *pr. s.* crosses herself, B 449.
- Bleve**, *v.* remain, T. iv. 1484, remain (at home), T. iii. 623; *ger.* to dwell, T. iv. 1357.
- Blew**, *pt. s.* of **Blowe**.
- Blew**, *adj.* blue, A 564; 3. 340; *as s.* blue clothing, 21. 7.
- Bleyne**, *s.* blain, blemish, R. 553.
- Bleynte**, *pt. s.* blenched, started back, A 1078; turned aside, T. iii. 1346. *Pt. s.* of **Blenche**, *v.*
- Blinde**, *v.*; **Blynde with**, *ger.* to blind (the priest) with, G 1151.
- Blinne**, *v.* leave off, cease, G 1171.
- Blisful**, *adj.* happy, 9. 1; conferring bliss, 1. 24; blessed, 3. 854; merry, R. 80; sainted, A 17.
- Blisful**, *adv.* joyously, 5. 689.
- Blisfully**, *adv.* happily, A 1216.
- Blisfulness**, *s.* happiness, B 2. p 4. 75.
- Blisse**, *v.* bless, E 553. Perhaps read *blesse, kesse*. See **Blesse**.
- Blissed**, *pp.* happy, 9. 41.
- Blo**, *adj.* blue, smoke-coloured, HF. 1647.
- Blody**, *adj.* causing bloodshed, A 2512.
- Blondren**; see **Blundre**.
- Blood**, *s.* lineage, 7. 65; offspring, E 632; kinswoman, T. ii. 594.
- Blosme**, *s.* blossom, A 3324.
- Blosme**, *v.* blossom; *pr. s.* E 1462; *pp.* covered with blossoms, R. 108.
- Blosmy**, *adj.* blossoming, T. ii. 821; full of buds, 5. 183.
- Blowe**, *v.* blow, A 565; **Blew**, *pt. s.* 3. 182; (it) blew, T. iii. 678; **Blowen**, *pp.* proclaimed by trumpets, A 2241.
- Blundre**, *v.*; *pr. s.* runs heedlessly, G 1414; 1. p. *pt. pr.* **Blondren**, we become mazed, G 670.
- Blythly**, *adv.* gladly, 3. 749, 755.
- Blyve**, *adv.* quickly, soon, L. 60; *as bl.*, very soon, as soon as possible, T. i. 965; forthwith, R. 706, 992; *also bl.*, as soon as possible, T. iv. 174.
- Bobance**, *s.* presumption, boast, D 569.
- Boce**, *s.* protuberance (boss), I 423.
- Boch**, *s.* botch, pustule, B 3. p 4. 14.
- Bocher**, *s.* butcher, A 2025.
- Bocler**, *s.* buckler, A 3266.
- Bode**(1), *s.* foreboding, omen, 5. 343.
- Bode**(2), *s.* abiding, delay, 7. 119.
- Bode**, *v.* proclaim; *pr. s.* heralds, B 4. m 6. 17.
- Boden**, *pp.* of **Bede**.
- Body**, *s.* person, F 1005; principal subject, E 42; corpse, 3. 142; B 1872; *my b.*, myself, B 1185; *pl.* metallic bodies (metals), answering to celestial bodies (planets), G 820, 825.
- Boef**, *s.* beef, E 1420.
- Boes**, *pr. s.* (it) behoves, A 4026. (Northern.)
- Boght**, **Boghte**; see **Bye**.
- Boist**, *s.* box, C 307; *pl.* HF. 2129.
- Boistous**, *adj.* rude, plain, H 211.
- Boistously**, *adv.* loudly, E 791.
- Bokel**, *s.* buckle, R. 1086.
- Bokeler**, *s.* buckler, A 112. A small round shield usually carried by a handle at the back. See **Bocler**.
- Bokelinge**, *pres. pt.* buckling, A 2503.
- Bokes**, *pl.* books, A 294.
- Boket**, *s.* bucket, A 1533.
- Bolas**, *pl.* bullace-plums, bullaces, R. 1377.
- Bolde**, *v.* grow bold, 5. 144.
- Bôle**, *s.* bull, T. iii. 723, iv. 239.
- Bôle armoniak**, Armenian clay, G 790.
- Bolle**, *s.* a bowl, G 1210.
- Bolt**, *s.* crossbow-bolt, A 3264.
- Bolt-upright**, on (her) back, A 4266, B 1506.
- Bomble**, *v.*; *pr. s.* booms (as a litten), D 972.
- Bon**, *adj.* good, HF. 1022.
- Bond**, *s.* bond, obligation, A 1604; band, fetter, T. iii. 1766; obligation (compelling the service of spirits), F 131.
- Bonde**, *s.* bondman, D 1660, I 149.
- Bonde-folk**, *s. pl.* bondmen, I 754.
- Bonde-men**, *s. pl.* bondmen, I 752.
- Bône**, *s.* petition, boon, prayer, request, 3. 129, 835.
- Bood**, *pt. s.* of **Byde**.
- Bōon**, *s.* bone, R. 1059; ivory, T. ii. 926; **Bōnes**, *pl.* bones, A 546.
- Bōor**, *s.* boar, A 2070; **Bores**, *gen. sing.* boars, B 2060; **Bores**, *pl.* A 1658.
- Bōst**, *s.* loud talk, A 4001; **boast**, L. 267; pride, B 3289; boasting, C 764; swelling, G 441.

**Bòôt**, *s.* boat, T. i. 416, ii. 3.  
**Bòót**, *s.* help, remedy, T. iii. 1208.  
**Boot**, *pt. s.* of Byte.  
**Boras**, *s.* borax, A 630, G 790.  
**Bord**, *s.* table, A 52, B 430; plank, 3. 74; board, i. e. meals, G 1017; *to b.*, to board, A 3188, D 528; *into shippes bord*, on board the ship, A 3585; *over-bord*, overboard, B 922.  
**Bordels**, *s. pl.* brothels, I 885.  
**Bordel-women**, *pl.* women of the brothel, I 976.  
**Bordure**, *s.* border, raised rim on the front of an astrolabe, A. i. 4. 4.  
**Bore**, *s.* bore, hole, T. iii. 1453.  
**Bore**, **Boren**, *pp.* of Bere.  
**Borel**, *s.* coarse woollen clothes, D 456; Borel men, laymen, B 3145. See Burel.  
**Bores**; see Boor.  
**Borken**, *pp.* of Berke.  
**Borne**, *v.*; **Borneth**, *pr. s.* burnishes, smooths, T. i. 427.  
**Borwe**, *s.* pledge, A 1622; *to b.*, in pledge, as a pledge, T. v. 1604; *leyd to b.*, laid in pledge, pawned, T. ii. 963; *to b.*, for surety, 4. 205; *Venus here to b.*, Venus being your pledge, T. ii. 1524.  
**Borwe**, *v.* borrow, B 105.  
**Bos**, *s.* boss, A 3266. See Boce.  
**Bost**, *s.*; see Boost.  
**Bòste**, *v.* boast; *pr. s.* D 1672.  
**Bòte**, *s.* good, benefit, D 472; remedy, profit, 3. 38; advantage, T. i. 352; healing, T. i. 763; help, T. ii. 345, healer, 22. 45; relief, G 1481; salvation, H 1656; *doth b.*, gives the remedy for, 5. 276, *for b. me bale*, for good nor for ill, 3. 227.  
**Botel**, *s.* bottle (of hay), H 14.  
**Botelees**, *adj.* without remedy, T. i. 782.  
**Boteler**, *s.* butler, H.F. 592.  
**Boterflye**, *s.* butterfly, B 3980.  
**Botes**, *pl.* boots, A 203, 273.  
**Bothe**, both, A 540; *your bothes*, of both of you, 1. 83; *your bother*, of you both, T. iv. 168.  
**Botmelees**, *adj.* bottomless, unreal, T. v. 1431.  
**Bough**, *s.* bough, R. 1403; Bowes, *pl.* R. 108.  
**Bought**, **Boughte**; see Bye.  
**Bouk**, *s.* trunk of the body, A 2746.  
**Boun**, *adj.* prepared, F 1503.  
**Bounde**, *s.* bound; *pl.* bounds, limits, L. 546, 1673.  
**Bountee**, *s.* goodness, kindness, 1. 9; good deed, I 393; delightfulness, R. 1444.

**Bounteous**, *adj.* bountiful, bounteous, T. i. 883; C 110.  
**Bour**, *s.* bed-chamber, H.F. 1186; B 1931, lady's chamber, R. 1014; inner room, B 4022.  
**Bourde**, *s.* jest, H 81; *pl.* D 680.  
**Bourde**, 1 *pr. s.* jest, C 778, pp. 5. 589.  
**Box** (1), *s.* box-tree, A 2022; boxwood, L. 866; money-box, A 430, 0; box, C 860.  
**Box** (2), *s.* blow, L. 1388.  
**Boydekin**, *s.* dagger, A 4060.  
**Bracér**, *s.* bracer, a guard for the arm in archery, A 111.  
**Bragot**, *s.* a beverage made of honey and ale, A 3201.  
**Braid**, *s.* quick movement; *at a b.*, in a moment, R. 1336; Brayd, a start, T. 1106.  
**Brak**, *pt. s.* of Breke.  
**Brasil**, *s.* dye made from a certain dyewood, B 4640.  
**Brast**, **Braste**; see Breste.  
**Braun**, *s.* muscle, A 516; brawn (of the boar), F 1254.  
**Braunche**, *s.* branch, T. v. 844.  
**Brayd**, **Brayde**, see Breyde.  
**Brede** (1), *s.* breadth, R. 825, 1124; space, T. i. 179; *on brede*, abroad, T. 1. 530.  
**Brede** (2), *s.* roast meat, H.F. 1222.  
**Brede**, *ger.* to breed, T. iii. 1546, grow, T. v. 1027; **Breden**, *ger.* to breed, arise, L. 1150 (cf. Vergil, *Æn.* iv. 2); **Bred**, *pp.* bred up, F 499.  
**Breech**, *s.* breeches, B 2040, C 948.  
**Breeni**, *s.* bream, a fish, A 350.  
**Breko**, *v.* break, A 551, C 936; *br. his day*, fail to pay on the day, G 1040, *ger.* to interrupt, B 2233; **Brak**, *pt. s.* 3. 71, **Breke**, *pr. s. subj.* 4. 242, **Broke**, 2 *pr. pl. subj.* break off, T. v. 1012; **Breke**, *pt. s. subj.* would break, B 4578; **Broke**, *pp.* broken, A 3571; **Broken**, *pp.* shipwrecked, L. 1487.  
**Brekke**, *s.* break, flaw, defect, 3. 940.  
**Bremble-flour**, *s.* flower of the bramble, B 1936.  
**Breme**, *adj.* furious, T. iv. 184.  
**Breme**, *adv.* furiously, A 1699.  
**Bren**, *s.* bran, A 4053.  
**Brenne**, *v.* burn, 17. 18; *to be burnt*, T. i. 91; **Brinne**, *ger.* to burn, D 52, **Brendest**, 2 *pt. s.* didst burn, A 2384; **Brende**, *pt. s.* 1. 90; *was burnt*, H.F. 163; *was set on fire*, H.F. 537; **Brenned**, *pt. s.* was inflamed with anger, R. 297; **Brende**, *pt. pl.* caught fire, H.F. 954; **Brente**, *pt. pl.* L. 731; **Brent**, *pp.* 7. 115;

- Brend**, *pp.* B 4555; *as adj.* bright, R. 1109.
- Brenning**, *s.* burning, 4. 133; greed of gold, R. 188.
- Brenningly**, *adv.* ardently, T. i. 607; fervently, A 1564.
- Brere**, *s.* briar, R. 858; *Breres*, *pl.* under-wood, A 1532.
- Brest**, *s.* breast, A 115, 131.
- Brest-boon**, *s.* breast-bone, A 2710.
- Breste**, *v.* burst, T. v. 1008; afflict, T. iii. 1434; break, D 1103; *Brest*, *pr. s.* bursts, A 2610; breaks, T. i. 258; *Brast*, *pt. s.* burst out, T. v. 1078; burst, L. 1033; broke, 3. 1193; *Brast*, *pt. s.* burst (or read braste = would burst), T. v. 180; *Braste*, *pt. pl.* burst, T. ii. 326; *Broste*, *pt. pl.* B 671, C 234; *Brosten*, *pt. pl.* 4. 96; *Braste*, *pt. s. subj.* would burst, T. ii. 1108; *Brosten*, *pp.* burst, T. ii. 976; broken, L. 1300.
- Bresting**, *s.* bursting, F 973.
- Bretful**, *adj.* brimful, A 687, 2164.
- Bretherhed**, *s.* brotherhood, religious order, A 511.
- Brew**, *pt. s.* contrived, B 3575.
- Breyde**, *ger.* to start, T. iv. 230, 348; *v.* awake, F 477; *Breyde*, 1 *pr. s.* start, T. v. 1202; *Breyde*, 1 *pt. s.* awoke, D 799; *Breyde*, *pt. s.* started, T. v. 1243; went (out of his wits), B 3728; drew, B 837; *Brayde*, *pt. s.* took hastily, HF. 1678; *Brayd*, *pp.* started, gone suddenly, 7. 124.
- Brid**, *s.* bird, HF. 1003; young of birds, 5. 192.
- Brigo**, *s.* contention, B 2873. *F. brigue.*
- Brigge**, *s.* bridge, A 3022.
- Bright**, *adj.* fair, R. 1009.
- Brighte**, *adj. as s.* brightness (after *for*), T. ii. 804.
- Brike**, *s.* a trap, snare, 'fix' dilemma, B 3580.
- Bringe**, *v.* bring; *Bringes*, 2 *pr. s.* bringest, HF. 1908 (a Northern form); *Broughten*, *pt. pl.* B 2500; *made brought*, caused to be brought, HF. 155.
- Brinne**, *ger.* to burn, D 52. See **Brenne**.
- Brochage**, *s.* mediation, A 3375.
- Broche**, *s.* brooch, R. 1193; small ornament, bracelet, 4. 245.
- Brode**, *adv.* broadly, plainly, A 710; far and wide, HF. 1083; wide awake, G 1420.
- Brodere**, *adj.* larger, A. ii. 38. 1.
- Brok**, i.e. Badger, a horse's name, D 1543.
- Broken**; see **Harm**. And see **Breke**.
- Brokkinge**, *pprs. pt.* using a quavering voice, A 3377.
- Bromes**, *pl.* broom (bushes so called), HF. 1226.
- Brond**, *s.* torch, L. 2252; firebrand, B 3224; *Bronde*, *dat.* piece of burning wood, B 2095.
- Brood**, *adj.* broad, A 155, 471; thick, large, F 82; *Brode*, *pl.* R. 939; expanded, R. 1681.
- Broste**, *-en*; see **Breste**.
- Brotel**, *adj.* brittle, frail, T. iii. 820; fickle, L. 1885; unsafe, insecure, E 1279; transitory, E 2061; *Brutel*, B 2. p. 5. 6.
- Brotelnesse**, *s.* frailty, T. v. 1832; insecurity, E 1279; fickleness, 10. 63.
- Brotherhede**, *s.* brotherhood, D 1399.
- Brouded**, *pp.* embroidered, A 3238, B 3650.
- Brouke**, *v.* enjoy, use, B 4490; keep, E 2308; 1 *pr. s. subj. (optative)*, may have the use of, HF. 273; *Brouken*, *pr. pl. subj. (opt.)*, may (they) profit by, L. 194.
- Browning**, *s.* embroidery, A 2498.
- Broyded**, *pp.* braided, A 1049.
- Brutel**, see **Brotel**.
- Brybe**, *v.* steal, filch, A 4417; rob, D 1378.
- Bryberyes**, *pl.* ways of robbing, D 1367.
- Brydale**, *s.* wedding, A 4375.
- Brydel**, *s.* bridle, 7. 184.
- Brydeleth**, *pr. s.* controls, 4. 41.
- Buffet**, *s.* blow; *Buffettes*, *pl.* I 258.
- Bugle-horn**, *s.* drinking-horn made from the 'bugle' or ox, F 1253.
- Buk**, *s.* buck, 5. 195; *Bukke*, B 1946; *Bukkes*, *gen.* buck's, A 3387.
- Bulde**, *v.* build; *Bulte*, *pt. s.* built, A 1548.
- Bulle**, *s.* papal bull, C 909.
- Bulte*, *pt. s.* of *Bulde*.
- Bulte**, *v.* bould, sift, B 4430.
- Burdoun**, *s.* burden of a song, bass-accompaniment, A 673.
- Burel**, *adj.* rough, unlettered, F 716; lay (people), D 1872, 1874. The idea is that of a man dressed in *burel*, or coarse woollen cloth. See **Borel**.
- Buriels**, *s. pl.* burial-places, i.e. the catacombs, G 180.
- Burne**, *v.* burnish; *pp.* A 1983; polished, HF. 1387; lustrous, C 38. See **Borne**.
- Burnet**, *adj.* made of coarse brown cloth, R. 226.
- Busk**, *s.* bush, R. 54; *pl.* A 1579.
- But**, *conj.* except, unless, 2. 82; 3. 117.
- But**, *as s.* an exception, a 'but', I 494.
- But and**, but if, L. 1790.

**But-if**, *conj.* unless, R. 250.  
**Buxom**, *adj.* yielding, 6. 125; obedient, B 1287.  
**Buxomly**, *adv.* obediently, E 186.  
**Buxumnesse**, *s.* submission, 13. 15.  
**By**, *prep.* by, A 25, &c.; as regards, with respect to, concerning, 6. 126; with reference to, 5. 4; for, on account of, R. 844; *by process*, in process, B 2665; *by me*, beside me (*with accent on by*), T. ii. 991; *by the morrow*, in the morning, L. 49.  
**By**, *adv.* beside; *faste by*, close at hand, R. 1274.  
**By and by**, *adv.* one after another, in due order, in due place, L. 304, A 1011.  
**Byde**, *v.* wait, T. i. 1067; A 1576; *Bood*, *pt. s.* waited, T. v. 29; *Biden*, *pp.* stayed, E 1888.  
**Bye**, *v.* buy, pay for (it), D 167; *go by*, let us go to buy, G 1294; *Bye*, *pr. pl. subj.* 18. 26; *Boghte*, *pt. s.* bought, A 2088; redeemed, E 1153; *b. agayn*, redeemed, C 776.  
**Byhight**, *pp.* promised, T. v. 1104.  
**Bying**, *s.* buying, A 569.  
**By-japed**, *pp.* tricked, made a jest of, T. v. 1119.  
**Bynt him**, binds himself, 4. 47; *Bynt her*, 4. 48.  
**By-path**, *s.* by-way, T. iii. 1705.  
**Byrde**, *s.* maiden, lady, R. 1014.  
**By-seke**, *v.* beseech, T. iv. 131.  
**Byte**, *v.* bite, T. iii. 737; cut deeply, F 158; burn, A 631; *Bööt*, *pt. s.* bit, B 3791; *Biten*, *pp.* bitten, L. 2318.  
**Bytinge**, *s.* wound, B 3. m. 7.  
**By-word**, *s.* proverb, T. iv. 769.  
**By-wreye**, *v.* reveal, T. iii. 367.

## C.

**Cias**, *s.* circumstance, I 105; *settle cias* = suppose, A. ii. 42. 24; *Cias*, *pl.* cases of law, A 323.  
**Cacche**, *v.* catch, G 11; lay hold of, 3. 966; come by, HF. 404; *Caughte*, *pt. s.* took, conceived, E 619; took, A 498; pulled, L. 1854; *Caught*, *pp.* obtained, E 1110; taken, F 740.  
**Caitif**, *adj.* captive, miserable, wretched, A 1552.  
**Caitif**, *s.* wretch, R. 340; *pl.* captives, A 924.  
**Cake**, *s.* a round and rather flat loaf of bread (in the shape of a large bun), A 668, 4094, C 322.  
**Calceing**, *s.* calcination, G 771.

**Calcinacioun**, *s.* calcination, G 804.  
**Calcule**, *v.* calculate; *Calculated*, *pt. s.* F. 1284.  
**Calouler**, *s.* the calculator or pointer, A i. 23. 2. See *Almury*.  
**Calculinge**, *s.* calculation, T. i. 71.  
**Calendes**, *pl.* knlends, introduction to a new time, T. ii. 7.  
**Calle**, *s.* caul, a net used to confine women's hair, A. i. 19. 4; headdress, D 1018; to 'make a hood above a caul' = to befool, T. iii. 775.  
**Camaille**, *s.* a camel, E 1196.  
**Camuse**, *adj.* low and concave, A 3934, 3974.  
**Can**, 1 *pr. s.* know, L. 1987; know how, am able, E 304, F 4; *can*, B 42; understand, F 1260; am able to say, 5. 14; *pr. s.* knows, 3. 673; has, E 2245; knows (of), A 1780; has skill, T. ii. 1197; *can on*, has knowledge of, F 786; *can hir good*, knows her own advantage, D 231; *can thank*, owes (them) thanks, A 1818; 2 *pr. pl.* know, B 1160.  
**Canel-boon**, *s.* collar-bone (lit. channel-bone, with reference to the depression in the neck behind the collar-bone), 3. 943.  
**Canelle**, *s.* cinnamon, R. 1370.  
**Cankedort**, *s.* state of suspense, critical position, T. ii. 1752.  
**Canon**, *s.* the 'Canon,' the title of a book by Avicenna, C 890; rule, explanation, A. pr. 105.  
**Canstow**, 2 *p. s. pr.* knowest thou, A. pr. 20; *canst thou*, T. iv. 460.  
**Cantel**, *s.* portion, A 3008.  
**Cape**, *ger.* gape after, T. v. 1133. See *Gape*.  
**Capel**, *s.* horse, nag, H 64; cart-horse, D 2150.  
**Cappe**, *s.* cap, A 586; *set the wrightes cappe*, i. e. made a fool of him, A 3143.  
**Carboucle**, *s.* carbuncle-stone, R. 1120.  
**Cardiaque**, *s.* pain about the heart, C 313.  
**Care**, *s.* anxiety, sorrow, grief, trouble, 7. 63; T. i. 505, 587; ill-luck, 5. 363; *pl.* miseries, T. i. 264.  
**Care**, *v.* feel anxiety, E 1212; *Care thee*, *imp. s.* be anxious, A 3208.  
**Careful**, *adj.* full of trouble, 6. 44, 133; sorrowful, A 1566.  
**Careyne**, *s.* corpse, carcass, 5. 177.  
**Carf**, cut; see *Kerve*.  
**Cariage**, *s.* a carrying away; upon c., in the way of carrying anything away, i. e. that I can carry away, D 1570;  
**Cariages**, *s. pl.* tolls due from the tenant

- to his feudal lord imposed by authority, I 752.
- Carl**, s. man, A 3469; rustic, countryman, A 545.
- Carole**, s. a dance accompanied with singing, R. 744, 781, 703.
- Carole**, v. dance round singing, 3. 849; pp. danced, R. 810.
- Carpe**, v. talk, discourse, A 474.
- Carrik**, s. burge, D 1688.
- Cart**, s. chariot, HF. 944.
- Cartere**, s. charioteer, B 5. p 4. 100.
- Cart-hors**, pl. chariot-horses, HF. 944.
- Cas**, s. accident, chance, HF. 254, 1052; affair, L. 409; occasion, B 36; adventure, L. 1670; mischance, L. 1050; *in cas that*, in case, A. ii. 3. 2; *upon cas*, by chance, A 3661; *in cas if that*, in case that, T. ii. 758; *in no maner cas*, in no way, D 1831; *set a cas*, suppose that, T. ii. 729; *to deyn in the cas*, though death were the result, E 859.
- Cast**, s. occasion, turn, B 3477; contrivance, plan, HF. 1178.
- Caste**, v. cast (accounts), B 1406; Casten, v. throw, T. ii. 513; c. *with a spere*, throw with a spear, HF. 1048; fling, A 3330; contrive, HF. 1170; Caste, 1 pr. s. conjecture, A 2172; Casteth, pr. s. casts about, I 692; considers, († 1414; applies, B 2781; *refl.* devotes himself, († 738; Cast, pr. s. casts, R. 1574; Caste, 1 pl. s. threw, 5. 172; Casten, pp. thrown, B 1796; Cast, pp. overthrown, T. ii. 1389; contrived, B 3891; c. *biform*, premeditated, I 543.
- Castelled**, adj. castallated, I 445.
- Castel-yate**, castle-gate, HF. 1294.
- Catapuce**, s. caper-spurge (*Euphorbia lathyris*), B 4155.
- Catel**, s. property, wealth, possessions, goods, A 373, 540.
- Cause**, s. cause, 1. 26; A 419; reason, T. v. 527; plea, 2. 40; Cause causinge, first cause, T. iv. 829; *by the c. that*, because, A 2488; *by that c.*, because, T. iv. 99; Cause why, the reason why, T. iii. 795; the reason for it (was), A 4144.
- Causeles**, adv. without cause, F 825.
- Cave**, s. cave, HF. 70; used to translate the astrological term 'puteus,' 4. 119.
- Cavillacioun**, s. cavilling, D 2136.
- Celebrable**, adj. celebrated, B 4. m 7. 30.
- Celerer**, s. keeper of a cellar, B 3126.
- Celle**, s. cell, A 172, 1376.
- Centaure**, s. centaur, *Centaurea nigra*, B 4153.
- Centre**, s. a point on a *rete* representing a star, A i. 21. 12.
- Ceptre**, s. sceptre, B 3334, 3563.
- Cercle**, s. HF. 791; sphere, 16. 9.
- Cerclen**, ger. to encircle, T. iii. 1767; pr. s. R. 1619.
- Cered**, pp. as adj. waxed, G 808.
- Cerial**, adj. belonging to a species of oak, the *Quercus cerris*, A 2290.
- Seriously**, adv. minutely, with full details, B 185. Ducange has '*Seriose*, fuse, minutatim, articulatum.' From Lat. *series*, order.
- Certain**, adj. sure; *Certeins*, pl. certain, B 5. p 5. 115; c. *gold*, a stated sum of money, B 242; c. *trezor*, a quantity of treasure, B 442; c. *yeres*, a certain number of years, B 3367; *Certeyn*, a certain sum, a fixed quantity, G. 776.
- Certain**, adv. certainly, indeed, assuredly, A 375.
- Certes**, adv. certainly, R. 374, 439.
- Ceruce**, s. white lead, A 6.0.
- Cese**, v. cause to cease, T. i. 445; put an end to, 4. 11. See *Cesse*.
- Cesse**, v. cease, B 1066; c. *cause*, when the cause ceases, T. ii. 483; c. *wind*, when the wind ceases, T. ii. 1388.
- Cetewale**, s. setwall, i.e. zedoary, A 3207. B 1951. O.F. *citocal*. A medicinal substance obtained in the East Indies, having a fragrant smell, and a warm, bitter, aromatic taste, used in medicine as a stimulant. (The name *setwall* was also given to valerian.)
- Ceynt**, s. cineture, girdle, A 3235.
- Chaffare**, s. bargaining, I 851; traffic, G 1421; trade, A 4389; merchandise, ware, B 1475, D 521; matter, subject, E 2438.
- Chaffare**, ger. to trade, barter, deal, traffic, B 139.
- Chaires**, s. pl. thrones, B 4. m 2. 6.
- Chalange**, v; pr. s. 1 p. claim, F 1324; Chalanged, pt. s. arrogated, B 2. p 6. 36.
- Chalanging**, s. false claim, accusation, C 264.
- Chalaundre**, s. a species of lark (*Alauda calandra*), R. 914; pl. R. 603.
- Chalice**, s. cup, I 879.
- Chalk-stoon**, s. a piece of chalk, G 1207.
- Chalons**, pl. blankets or coverlets for a bed, A 4140. Cf. E. *shallon*.
- Chamberere**, s. maidservant, lady's maid, D 300.
- Chambre-roof**, roof of my room, 3. 299.
- Champartye**, s. equality, participation in power, A 1949. F. *champ parti*.

- Chanon**, *s.* canon, G 573.  
**Chapeleine**, *s.* chaplain, A 164.  
**Chapelet**, *s.* fillet, circlet for the head, chaplet, R. 563, 845, 908.  
**Chapitre**, *s.* chapter, D 1945.  
**Chapman**, *s.* trader, merchant, A 397; *Chapmen*, *pl.* B 135.  
**Chapmanhede**, *s.* bargaining, B 1428; *trade*, B 143.  
**Char**, *s.* chariot, 7. 24, 39, 40.  
**Charboole**, *s.* carbuncle (a precious stone), B 2061.  
**Charge**, *s.* load, burden, R. 1352; responsibility, 5. 507; consideration, A 1284; importance, 3. 894; care, A 733; particular note, D 321; a heavy thing, HF. 746; weight, L. 620; consequence, L. 2383; *of that no ch.*, for that no matter, it is of no importance, G 749.  
**Charge**, *v.* load, L. 2151; command, L. 493; *pp.* burdened, I 92; bidden, L. 940.  
**Chargeant**, *adj.* burdensome, B 2433.  
**Char-hors**, *pl.* chariot-horses, T. v. 1018.  
**Charitable**, *adj.* loving, L. 444; kind, A 143.  
**Charitee**, *s.* charity, love, T. i. 49; for sainte ch., i.e. either (1) for holy charity; or (2) for the sake of St. Charity, A 1721, B 4510, D 2119.  
**Charmeresses**, *fem. pl.* workers with charms, HF. 1261.  
**Chaste**, *v.* to chasten; *pp.* taught, F 491. O. F. *chastier*. See **Chastyse**.  
**Chasteyn**, *s.* chestnut, A 2922. See **Chestsynes**.  
**Chastisinge**, *s.* chastening, 1. 129.  
**Chastyse**, *v.* to rebuke, restrain, B 3695; *chasten*, 1. 39. See **Chaste**.  
**Chaunce**, *s.* chance, A 1752; incident, 3. 1285; destiny, 3. 1113; luck, G 593; 'chance', a technical term in the game of hazard, C 653.  
**Chaunging**, *s.* change, 21. 17.  
**Chaunteth**, *pr. s.* sings, A 3367, E 1850.  
**Chaunte-pleure**, title of a song upon grief following joy, 7. 320.  
**Chaunterie**, *s.* an endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass, agreeably to the appointment of the founder, A 510.  
**Chayer**, *s.* chair, B 3803; throne, B 1. m 5. 3.  
**Cheef**, *adj.* chief, 3. 910, 911.  
**Cheef**, *s.* chief, head, L. 2109.  
**Cheek**, *s.* cheek, i. e. cheekbone, B 3228.  
**Cheep**, *s.* market, price; to *gruet cheep*, too cheap, D 523; *as good chep*, as cheaply, T. iii. 641; a time of cheapness. HF. 1974.  
**Chees**; see **Cheese**.  
**Cheeste**, *s.* wrangling, I 556. A. S. *cēast*.  
**Chek**, *s.* as *inf.* check (at chess), 3. 659.  
**Chekkere**, *s.* chess-board, 3. 660.  
**Chekmat**, checkmate, T. ii. 754.  
**Chelaundre**, R. 81; see **Chalaundre**.  
**Chop**, -e; see **Cheep**.  
**Chepe**, *ger.* to bargain (with her), D 268.  
**Chere**, *s.* face, countenance, T. i. 14; look, mien, R. 1014; entertainment, A 747; favour, 7. 108; appearance, 19. 4; behaviour, A 139; look, glance, sign, T. i. 312; good cheer, mirth, A 4361; kindly greeting, 4. 146; show, B 2377; kindly expression, E 1112; *doth him chere*, makes him good cheer, L. 2452; *be of good ch.*, be of good cheer, T. i. 879; *sory ch.*, mournful look, D 588; **Cheres**, *pl.* faces, R. 813; looks, T. ii. 1507.  
**Cherl**, *s.* churl, boor, fellow, 5. 596; L. 136; slave, I 463; man (in the moon), T. i. 1024; *pl.* violent men, fierce men, R. 880.  
**Chertée**, *s.* affection, B 1266.  
**Cherubines**, *gen.* cherub's, A 624.  
**Cheryse**, *pl.* cherries, R. 1376.  
**Ches**, *s.* chess, 3. 619, 652, 664.  
**Cheese**, *v.* choose, 5. 399, 400; **Cheest**, *pp.* *s.* chooseth, 5. 623; **Chees**, *1 pl. s.* chose, 3. 791; **Chees**, *pl. s.* chose, B 3706; **Chees**, *imp. s.* choose, L. 1449; **Cheseth**, *imp. pl. D* 1232; **Chose**, *pp.* chosen, 3. 1004.  
**Chesinge**, *s.* choosing, choice, B 2305, E 162.  
**Cheste**, *s.* chest, casket, T. v. 1368; box, trunk, L. 510; coffin, D 502.  
**Chestsynes**, *pl.* chestnuts, R. 1375.  
**Chevauchee**; see **Chivachee**.  
**Cheve**, *v.*; *in phr.* yvel mote he cheve ill may he end, or ill may he thrive, G 1225.  
**Chevesse**, *s.* (ornamented) collar or neckband of a gown, R. 1082.  
**Chevisaunce**, *s.* borrowing, L. 2434; agreement to borrow, B 1519; dealing for profit, A 282.  
**Chevisse**, *v. ref.* accomplish (her) desire, 4. 289. O. F. *chevir*.  
**Chideresse**, *s.* a scold, R. 150.  
**Chieftayn**, *s.* captain, A 2555.  
**Chiertee**, *s.* fondness, D 396; love, F 881.  
**Chike**, *s.* chicken, B. 541.  
**Chiknes**, *pl.* chickens, A 380.  
**Child**, *s.* young man, A 3325; **Childe**

- play, child's play, E 1530; Childs, with, with child, L 1323.  
 Childhede, *s.* childhood, R. 399.  
 Childly, *adj.* childlike, 3. 1095.  
 Chilindre, *s.* cylinder, portable sun-dial, B 1396.  
 Chimbe, *s.* rim of the barrel, A 3895.  
 Chimbe, *v.* chime (as a bell), A 3896.  
 Chimenee, *s.* fireplace, A 3776.  
 Chinche, *s.* niggard, miser, B 2793, 2809.  
 Chincherye, *s.* niggardliness, miserliness, B 2790.  
 Chirche, *s.* church, A 708, 2760.  
 Chirche-hawe, *s.* churchyard, I 964; *pl.* I 801.  
 Chirche-reves, *pl.* church-officers, churchwardens, D 1306.  
 Chirketh, *pr. s.* chirps, D 1804; *pres. pt.* rustling, B 1. m 6. 10.  
 Chirking, *s.* creaking, grating noises, A 3004, 1605; Chirkinges, *pl.* shriekings, cries, HF. 1943.  
 Chisels, *s.* scissors, I 418.  
 Chit, chides; *pr. s.* of Chyde.  
 Chiteren, *v.* chatter, prattle, G 1397.  
 Chiteringe, *s.* chattering, chirping, T. ii. 68.  
 Chivachee, *s.* feat of horsemanship, H 50; Chevauchee, swift course (lit. ride), 4. 144. O.F. *chevauchee*, an expedition on horseback.  
 Chivachye, *s.* a military expedition, A 85.  
 Chivalrye, *s.* knighthood, the accomplishments of a knight, A 45; knightly conduct, valour, R. 1207; L. 603; troops of horse, cavalry, company of knights, A 878.  
 Chogh, *s.* cough, 5. 345.  
 Choppon, *v.* strike downwards, knock, HF. 1824.  
 Chose, *pp.* of Chese.  
 Chuk, *s.* cluck, 'chucking' noise, B 4364.  
 Chukkeeth, *pr. s.* clucks, B 4372.  
 Chyde, *v.* chide, T. iii. 1433; complain, F 650; reproach, T. v. 1093; Chit, *pr. s.* chides, scolds, G 921; Chidde, 1 *pt. s.* chid, D 223.  
 Chydester, *s.* (female) scold, E 1535.  
 Chydinges, *pl.* scoldings, HF. 1028.  
 Chynying, *adj.* gaping, yawning, B 1. p 6. 41. A. S. *cinan*, to gape open.  
 Ciclatoun, *s.* a costly kind of thin cloth, B 1924.  
 Cinamome, *s.* cinnamon, as a term of endearment, sweet one, A 3699.  
 Cink, *num.* cinque, five, O 653.  
 Cipres, *s.* cypress, 5. 179; (*collectively*), cypresses, R. 1381.  
 Circumsoryve, *v.* enclose, comprehend, T. v. 865.  
 Citole, *s.* kind of harp, a stringed instrument, A 1959.  
 Citrinacioun, *s.* citronising, the turning to the colour of citron, a process in alchemy, G 816.  
 Citryn, *adj.* citron-coloured, A 2167.  
 Clamb, *pt. s.* of Climben.  
 Clamour, *s.* A 995; outcry, D 889.  
 Claperes, *pl.* burrows (for rabbits), R. 1405.  
 Clappe, *s.* thunderclap, HF. 1040.  
 Clappe, *s.* prating, foolish talk, A 3144.  
 Clappe, *v.* clap; hence, chatter, prattle, G 965; *pr. s.* knocks, D 1581, 1584; *pr. pt.* talk unceasingly, I 406; Clappeth, *imp. pt.* E 1200; Clapte, *pt. s.* shut quickly, A 3740.  
 Clapping, *s.* chatter, idle talk, E 999.  
 Clarioning, *s.* the music of the clarion, HF. 1242.  
 Clarioun, *s.* clarion, trumpet, HF. 1240, 1573, 1579.  
 Clarree, *s.* clarified wine, wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till clear, A 1471, E 1807.  
 Clapsed, *pp.* fastened, A 274.  
 Clatereth, *pr. s.* says noisily, B 2259; *pt. pt.* rattled, A 2423.  
 Clateringe, *s.* clanking, A 2492; clashing, D 1865.  
 Clause, *s.* sentence; also, agreement, stipulation, T. ii. 728; in a clause, in a short sentence, briefly, 22. 38.  
 Clawes, *v.* rub, D 940; *ger.* to scratch, T. iv. 728; *pt. s.* stroked, A 4326; Clew, 1 *pt. s.* rubbed, HF. 1702.  
 Cleerly, *adv.* entirely, B 1566.  
 Cleer nesse, *s.* glory, G 403.  
 Clefte, *pt. s.* of Cleve (1).  
 Clène, *adj.* clean, A 504; unmixed, B 1183.  
 Clène, *adv.* clean, entirely, wholly, R. 1380.  
 Glen nesse, *s.* purity, A 506.  
 Glense, *v.* cleanse, A 631.  
 Clepen, *v.* call, name, A 643, 2730; call out, A 3577; *pr. s.* D 102; F 382; *men cl.*, people call, E 115; Clepe . . . ayein (or again), *v.* recall, T. ii. 521; *pt. s.* called, F 374; Clepte, *pt. s.* called, R. 1331; summoned, B 2432; Clept, *pp.* named, G 863.  
 Clere, *adj.* clear, R. 681; bright, 3. 340; well-sounding, 3. 347; noble, pure, HF. 1575.



**Clere**, *adv.* clearly, A 170; L 139.  
**Clere**, *v.* grow clear, T. ii. 2, 806; *ger.* to grow bright, T. v. 519; to shine clearly, L 773.  
**Clerer**, *adj. comp.* brighter, 3. 822.  
**Clergeon**, *s.* a chorister-boy, B 1693.  
**Clergial**, *adj.* clerkly, learned, G 752.  
**Clergye**, *s.* learning, D 1277.  
**Clerk**, *s.* clerk, scholar, student, A 285; writer, D 689.  
**Clernesne**, *s.* brightness, L 84.  
**Cleve** (1), *v.* cleave, cut, split, R. 859; L. 758; *Cleste*, *pt. s.* split, 3. 72; Cloven, *pp.* A 2934; *Clove*, *pp.* cleft, dimpled, R. 550.  
**Cleve** (2), *v.* adhere; *pr. pl.* B 3. p. 11. 112.  
**Clew**, *s.* clew, L 2140.  
**Clew**, *pt. s.* of Clawe.  
**Cley**, *s.* clay, G 807.  
**Clifte**, *s.* cleft, L 740; chink, B 4. p. 4. 296.  
**Cliket**, *s.* latch-key, E 2046, 2117, 2121, 2123.  
**Climben**, *v.* climb, F 106; *Clamb*, *pt. s.* B 1987; *Clomb*, *i. pt. s.* climbed, HF. 1118; *Clomben*, *pt. pl.* climbed, A 36.6; *Clamben*, *pt. pl.* climbed, HF. 2151; *Clouben*, B 2500; *Clomben*, *pp.* T. i. 215; *ascended*, B 4388; *Clombe*, *pp.* risen, B 12; *were clombe*, hadst climbed, B 3592.  
**Clinking**, *s.* tinkling, B 3984.  
**Clippe** (1), *i. pr. s.* embrace, T. iii. 1344.  
**Clippe** (2), *v.* cut hair, A 4326.  
**Clipping**, *s.* embracing, R. 342.  
**Clobbered**, *adj.* clubbed, B 3088.  
**Cloisterer**, *s.* resident in a cloister, A 259, 3661.  
**Cloisterlees**, *adj.* outside of a cloister, A 179.  
**Cloke**, *s.* cloak, T. iii. 738.  
**Clocke**, *s.* clock, B 4044; *of the cl.* by the clock, B 14.  
**Clom**, *interj.* be silent, mum! A 3638.  
**Clombe**, *-n*; see *Climben*.  
**Clods**, *adj.* close, secret, T. ii. 1534; *closed*, B 4522; *Clos*, *closed*, R. 1675.  
**Clóðth**, *s.* piece of clothing, D 1633; *infants' clothing*, T. iii. 733.  
**Clos**, *s.* enclosure, B 4550.  
**Closet**, *s.* small room, T. ii. 599, 1215.  
**Closing**, *s.* enclosure, boundary, R. 527.  
**Closure**, *s.* enclosure, I 870.  
**Clote-leef**, *s.* a leaf of the burdock or clote-bur, G 577. A. S. *clāte*, a burdock.  
**Clóth**, *s.* cloth, garment, D 238; *clothes*, D 1881.

**Clothen**, *v.* clothe, T. v. 1418; *Cladde*, *pt. s.* clad, T. iv. 1690; *rofl.* clothed himself, 7. 145; *Clodde*, *pt. s.* T. iii. 1521; *Clad*, *pp.* R. 409; *covered*, A 294; *furnished*, 3. 352.  
**Clothred**, *pp.* clotted, coagulated, A 2745. (Other MSS. *clotered*, *clotred*.)  
**Clothless**, *adj.* naked, I 342.  
**Cloud**, *s.* sky, T. iii. 433.  
**Cloumben**; see *Climben*.  
**Clout**, *s.* bit of cloth, C 736; *patch*, R. 458; *pl. fragments*, E 1051; *rags*, C 348.  
**Clouted**, *pp.* patched up, R. 223.  
**Cloven**, *pp.* of *Cleve* (1).  
**Clowes**, *pl.* claws, HF. 1785.  
**Glow-gelofre**, *pp.* clove, the spice so called, R. 168; *Clowe-gilofre*, B 1952. Fr. *clou de girofle*.  
**Clustred**, *pp.* covered with clouds, B. i. m. 3. 6. (Lat. *glomerantur*.)  
**Clymat**, *s.* a belt or zone of the earth included between two given lines of latitude, A. ii. 30. 28; *pl. zones of latitude*, A. i. 3. 4; *Clymates*, *sets of almicanterascules* calculated for various terrestrial latitudes, A. i. 14. 4.  
**Clyven**, *pr. pl.* cleave, keep, B 3. p. 11. 115.  
**Clyves**, *pl.* cliffs, L. 1470.  
**Coagulat**, *pp.* clotted, G 811.  
**Cod**, *s.* bag; used of the receptacle of the stomach, C 534.  
**Coempecioun**, *s.* an imposition so called, lit. joint purchase, the buying up of the whole of any commodity in the market, B. i. p. 4. 90.  
**Cofre**, *s.* coffer, chest, L. 380; *money-box*, F 1571; *coffin*, 5. 177.  
**Cogge**, *s.* cock-bout, L. 1481.  
**Coghe**, *ger.* to cough, T. ii. 254.  
**Coillons**, *pl.* testicles, C 952.  
**Cok**, *s.* cock, 5. 350; *thridde c.*, third cock, A 4233.  
**Cok!** *cok!* the noise made by a cock, B 4407.  
**Cokenay**, *s.* cockney, effeminate creature, A 4208.  
**Cokewold**, *s.* cuckold, A 3152.  
**Cokkel**, *s.* cockle, i. e. the corn-cockle, *Agrostemma githago*, B 1183.  
**Cokkes**, *corruption* of *Goddess*, H 9, I 29.  
**Cokkow**, *s.* cuckoo, HF. 243.  
**Col**, *s.* coal, T. ii. 1332; *Cole*, A 2692.  
**Col-blak**, *adj.* coal-black, A 2142.  
**Cold**, *adj.* cold, A 420; *chilling* (often in phr. *cares colde*), T. iii. 1260; *disastrous*, B 4446.  
**Colde**, *v.* grow cold, B 879, F 1023.  
**Coler**, *s.* collar, T. v. 811; *Colers*, *pl.*

- collars, A 2152 (or read *colerd*, provided with collars).
- Colera* (Lat.), cholera, B 4118.
- Colere*, s. cholera, B 4136.
- Colerik*, adj. choleric, A 587, B 4145.
- Col-fox*, s. coal-fox, fox with black marks, B 4405.
- Collacioun*, s. conference, E 325.
- Collateral*, adj. adventitious, subordinate, T. i. 262.
- Collect*, pp. collected in groups, F 1275.
- Colour*, s. colour, 7. 173; complexion, hue, R. 213; outward appearance, 2. 66; pretence, 10. 21; excuse, D 390; pl. fine phrases, HF. 859; hues, pretences (a pun), F 511.
- Colpons*, pl. shreds, bundles, A 670; billets, A 2867.
- Coltish*, adj. like a colt, E 1847.
- Columbyn*, adj. dove-like, E 2141.
- Colver*, s. dove, L. 2310. A. S. *culfre*.
- Combred*, pp. encumbered, B 3. m. 10. 9.
- Combred-world*, s. one who encumbers the world, who lives too long, T. iv. 270.
- Combust*, pp. burnt, G 811; quenched (as being too near the sun), T. iii. 717.
- Come*, v. come; *come thereby*, come by it, acquire it, G 1305; *Come, ger.* to come, future, 3. 708; *Comestow*, comest thou, L. 1887; *Cometh, pr. s. as fut.* shall come, 4. 11; *Comth, pr. s. comes*, B 407; *Cam, pt. s. came*, F 81; *Cöm, pt. s. 3. 134*; *Cömen, pt. pl. L. 1241*; *Cömen, pp. come*, 4. 81; *ben comen*, are come, B 1130; *Com of, i. e.* seize the opportunity, be quick, T. ii. 1738; D 1602; *Cometh, imp. pl. A. 839*.
- Cöme*, s. coming, G 343. A. S. *cyme*.
- Comédie*, s. comedy, pleasant tale, one that ends happily, T. v. 1788.
- Comveden*, 2. pr. pl. as 2. pr. s., didst instigate, T. iii. 17. See *Commeveth*.
- Comlily*, adv. in a comely way, 3. 848.
- Commeveth, pr. s.* moves, induces, T. v. 1781; *Commeve, pr. s. subj. move*, T. v. 1386. See *Commoove*, *Comeveden*.
- Commoove, ger.* to move, influence, B 4. p. 4. 275.
- Commoovinge*, s. moving, disturbing, B 1. m. 4. 6.
- Commune*, adj. general, common, B 155; in c., commonly, A 1261.
- Commune*, s. the commons, E 70; pl. commoners, A 2509.
- Compaignable*, adj. companionable, B 1104.
- Companye*, s. company, A 24; companionship, 4. 219.
- Comparisoned*, pp. compared, B 2. v. 7. 118.
- Compas*, s. circuit, 4. 137; circlet, wreath, R. 900; circle, A. 1889; a very large circle, HF. 798; circumference, 20. 5; enclosure, orb, world, as in *tryne compas*, the threefold world (earth, sea, and heaven), G 45; pair of compasses, A. ii. 40. 13; craft, contriving, HF. 462; pl. circles (or, perhaps, pairs of compasses), HF. 1302.
- Compasment*, s. plotting, contrivance, L. 1416.
- Compasse*, v. contrive, R. 194; planned, L. 1414; *Compassed, pp.* drawn with compasses, fashioned circularly, A. i. 18. 1; planned, L. 1543.
- Compassing*, s. dimension, R. 1350; contrivance, A 1096.
- Compeer*, s. gossip, close friend, A 670; comrade, A 4410.
- Compilatour*, s. compiler, A. pr. 70.
- Compleynt*, s. a 'complaint' or ballad, 2. 43; 3. 464.
- Complexioun*, s. complexion, A 333; temperament, I 585; the (four) temperaments, HF. 21.
- Compline*, s. evening service, A 4171.
- Complisshen*, v. accomplish, B 4. p. 4. 24.
- Comporte*, v. bear, endure, T. v. 1307.
- Composicioun*, s. agreement, A 848, 2651.
- Compotent*, adj. all-powerful, B 5. p. 0. 53.
- Compounded*, pp. composed, HF. 1020; tempered, L. 2585; mingled, HF. 2104; constructed, drawn, A. pr. 11.
- Comprehende*, v. take (it) in, T. iv. 891; take in (in the mind), F 223; pr. s. comprises, I 1043.
- Comprende*, v. comprehend, contain, T. iii. 1687.
- Comunalitee*, s. empire, B 4. p. 6. 402.
- Comune*, adj. general, common to all, T. iii. 1415; accustomed to, 3. 812; *Commn* profit, the good of the country, 5. 47. 75.
- Comune*, s. a common share in a thing, E 1313.
- Comyn*, s. cummin, B 2045. 'A dwarf umbelliferous plant, somewhat resembling fennel, cultivated for its seeds.'—Webster.
- Con*, imp. s. grant; *Con me thank*, grant me thanks, thank me, A. pr. 62.
- Conceite*, s. conception, thought, L. 1764; idea, G 1214; notion, T. i. 906.
- Conclude*, v. draw a conclusion, B 14; include, put together, G 429; attain to

- success, G 773; *ger.* to summarize, A 1358; Concluded, *pp.* come to a conclusion, E 1607.
- Conclusioun**, *s.* decision, judgement, A 1845; result, successful end of an experiment, G 672; purpose, D 115; moral, L 2723; reason, F 492; performance, F 1263; result, summary, A 1743; end (of life), HF. 103; fate, 22. 23; *as in c.*, after all, 4. 257; 15. 4; Conclusionns, *pl.* mathematical propositions, theorems, A 3193.
- Condys**, *pl.* conduits, R. 1414.
- Confedred**, *pp.* rendered confederates, conjoined, 2. 42, 52.
- Conferme**, *v.* confirm, T. ii. 1526.
- Confirme**, *ger.* B 4. p. 7. 90 (but an error for *conferme*; *Lat.* 'conformandao').
- Confiteor**, 'I confess,' I 386.
- Confiture**, *s.* composition, C 862. *Fr.* *confiture*, a mixture, preserve.
- Conforten**, *v.* comfort, E 1918; *pr. s.* encourages, A 2716; *pr. pl.* strengthens, I 652.
- Confounds**, *v.* destroy, 1. 40; 12. 10; *pp.* put to confusion, 1. 5; overwhelmed, B 100; destroyed in soul, G 137.
- Confus**, *pp. as adj.* confused, T. iv. 356; convicted of folly, G 463; confounded, A 2230.
- Congeyen**, *v.* give us our congée, tell us to depart, T. v. 479.
- Conjectest**, *2 pr. s.* supposeth, T. iv. 1026.
- Conjectinges**, *pl.* conjectures, B 2598.
- Conjoininge**, *s.* conjunction, G 95.
- Conjuracioun**, *s.* conjuring, I 601.
- Conne**, *v.* be able, L. 2044; know, T. iii. 83; have experience, T. i. 647; know how, T. iii. 377; con, learn, B 1700; Conne, *1 pr. s.* can, T. ii. 49; *2 pr. s. subj.* canst, knowest how, T. ii. 1497; *pr. s. subj.* may, A 4396; *1 pr. pl.* can, are able, B 483; know, HF. 325; Conne, *2 pr. pl.* can, A 4123; can (do), T. i. 776; owe (me thanks), T. ii. 1466; Connen, *pr. pl.* know how to, E 2438; *al conne he*, whether he may know, G 846.
- Conning**, *s.* skill, knowledge, L. 68, 412; T. i. 83; experience, B 1671; learning, B 2929.
- Conning**, *adj.* skilful, B 3600.
- Conningest**, most skilful, T. i. 331.
- Conningly**, *adv.* skilfully, E 1017.
- Consecrat**, consecrated, B 3207.
- Conseil**, *s.* council, B 204; counsel, B 425; secret counsel, A 1141; secret, A 3504; advice, B 2211; counsellor, A 1147.
- Conseille**, *v.* counsel; *pl. pl.* B 2554.
- Consentant**, *adj.* consentient, consenting (to), C 276.
- Consentrik**, *adj.* having the same centre, A. i. 17. 5; tending to the same centre, A. i. 16. 9; at the same altitude, A. ii. 3 56.
- Consequent**, *s.* sequel, result, B 2577.
- Conservatif**, *adj.* preserving; *c. the soun*, preserving the sound, HF. 847.
- Conserve**, *v.* keep, preserve, T. iv. 1664.
- Consistórie**, *s.* council, T. iv. 65; court of justice, C 162.
- Conspiracye**, *s.* plot, B 3889, C 149.
- Constable**, *s.* governor, B 512.
- Constablesse**, *s.* constable's wife, B 539.
- Constaunce**, *s.* constancy, I 737.
- Constellacioun**, *s.* influence of the stars, F 781.
- Constreyneth**, *pr. s.* constrains, E 800; *pt. s. L.* 105; *pt. s. refl.* contracted herself, B 1. p. 1. 15; *pp.* constrained, compelled, E 527, F 764, 769.
- Constreynete**, *s.* distress, T. iv. 741.
- Construe**, *v.* divine, make out, T. iii. 34; *ger.* to translate, B 1718; *imp. pl.* interpret, L. 152.
- Consulers**, *s. pl.* consuls, B 2. p. 6. 13.
- Consumpte**, *pp. pl.* consumed, B 2. m. 7. 27.
- Contagious**, *adj.* contiguous, B 3. p. 12. 5.
- Contek**, *s.* strife, contest, T. v. 1179; A 2003.
- Contemplauce**, *s.* contemplation, D 1891.
- Contenance**, *s.* appearance, F 1485; show, B 2378; gesture, B 2227; demeanour, E 924; self-possession, E 1110; pretence, I 858; *fond his c.*, i. e. disposed himself, T. iii. 979; *pl.* modes of behaviour, R. 1001.
- Contene**, *v.* contain, T. iii. 502; *pt. s.* held together, B 3. p. 12. 40.
- Continued**, *pp.* accompanied, eked out, I 1046.
- Contract**, *pp.* contracted, incurred, I 334.
- Contraire**, *adj.* contrary, R. 348; T. i. 212.
- Contraire**, *s.* the contrary, HF. 1540; adversary, 2. 64.
- Contrárie**, *adj.* contrary, B 3964; *in c.*, in contradiction, G 1477.
- Contrarie**, *s.* contrary, A 3057; contrary thing, HF. 808; opponent, A 1859; opposition, T. i. 418.
- Contrárien**, *v.* oppose, F 705; *pt. s.* gain-said, D 1044.
- Contrarious**, *adj.* contrary, adverse. B 2249; *pl. B* 2311.

**Contrariouste**, *s.* contrary state, I 1077.  
**Contree**, country, R. 768; fatherland, home, B 2. p 4. 120.  
**Contree-folk**, people of his country, L. 2161.  
**Contree-houses**, *pl.* houses of his country, homes, 7. 25. Lat. *domos patrias*.  
**Contree-ward**, to his, towards his country, L. 2176.  
**Contubernial**, *adj.* familiar, at home with (*lit.* sharing the same tent with), I 760.  
**Contumax**, *adj.* contumacious, I 402.  
**Convenient**, *adj.* fitting, suitable, I 421; *pl.* suitable, F 1278.  
**Convers**; in *convers*, on the reverse side, T. v. 1810.  
**Conversacioun**, *s.* conversation, i. e. manner of life, B 2501.  
**Converte**, *v.* change, T. i. 308; swerve, C 212; *ger.* to change his ways, T. iv. 1412; to change her mind, T. ii. 903.  
**Convertible**, *adj.* equivalent, A 4395.  
**Conveyen**, *v.* introduce, E 55; *pr.* *s.* accompany, L. 2305; *pl.* *pl.* conducted on their way, A 2737.  
**Convict**, *pp.* overcome, i. 86.  
**Cony**, *s.* rabbit; Conies, *pl.* R. 1404; Conyes, *pl.* 5. 193.  
**Cook**, *s.* cook, A 351; Cokes, *pl.* C 538.  
**Coomen**, *pt.* *pl.* came, B 1805.  
**Cop**, *s.* top, A 554; summit, B 2. m 4. 6; hill-top, HF. 1166.  
**Cope**, *s.* cope, A 260; cape, R. 408; cloak, T. iii. 724; vault, L. 1527.  
**Coper**, *s.* copper, HF. 1487.  
**Copie**, *s.* copy, T. ii. 1697.  
**Coppe**, *s.* cup, A 134, F 942.  
**Corage**, **Corage**, *s.* heart, spirit, mind, disposition, mood, inclination, R. 257, 423, 849, 1302, 1614; A 22; courage, B 1070; will, desire, B 2713; impetuosity, I 655; attention, H 164; spite, R. 151; encouragement, R. 22; *of his c.*, in his disposition, F 22; **Corages**, *pl.* dispositions, natures, A 11.  
**Corbets**, *pl.* corbels, HF. 1304.  
**Cordeth**, *pr.* *s.* agrees, T. ii. 1043.  
**Cordewane**, *s.* Cordovan leather, B 1922.  
**Cordew-tyme**, *s.* ourfew-time, about 8 p.m., A 3645.  
**Corige**, *v.* correct; *pr.* *s.* B 4. p 7. 39.  
**Cormeraunt**, *s.* cormorant, 5. 362.  
*Cor meum eructavit*, D 1934. See Pa. xlv. 1.  
**Corn**, *s.* grain, A 562; chief portion, B 3144; **Cornes**, *pl.* crops of corn, B 3225; grains of corn, HF. 698.

**Cornemuse**, *s.* bagpipe, HF. 1218. Fr. *cornemuse*.  
**Corniculere**, *s.* registrar, secretary, G 369. Lat. *cornicularius*, a registrar, clerk to a magistrate.  
**Corny**, *adj.* applied to ale, strong of the corn or malt, C 315, 456.  
**Corone**, *s.* crown, garland, E 381; Coroune, crown, garland, 2. 58; Córoun, crown, L. 216; the constellation called 'the Northern Crown,' L. 2224.  
**Corosif**, *adj.* corrosive, G 853.  
**Coroumpinge**, *s.* corruption, B 3. p 12. 82.  
**Coróuned**, *pp.* crowned, B 3555.  
**Corpus**, *s.* body, A 3743; **Corpus**, the body (e. g. of Christ), B 3096; **Corpus Domini**, false Latin for **corpus Domini**, the body of the Lord, B 1625; **Corpus Madrian**, the body of St. Mathurin, B 3082; **Corpus bones**, an intentionally nonsensical oath, composed of 'corpus domini,' the Lord's body, and 'bones,' C 314.  
**Correccioun**, *s.* fine, D 1617.  
**Corrumpable**, *adj.* corruptible, A 3010.  
**Corrumpeth**, *pr.* *s.* becomes corrupt, L. 2237; *pt.* *s.* corrupted, I 819.  
**Corrupcioun**, *s.* destroyer, 5. 614.  
**Cors**, *s.* body, L. 676, 876; **corpsa**, T. v. 742.  
**Corse**, *pr.* *s.* *sub.* curse, E 1308.  
**Corshednesse**, *s.* abomination, T. iv. 994.  
**Corseynt**, *s.* a saint (*lit.* holy body); esp. a shrine, HF. 117. O.F. *corse saint*.  
**Corumpe**, *v.* become corrupt, B 3. p 11. 58. See **Corrumpe**.  
**Corve**, -n; see **Kerve**.  
**Cosin**, *s.* cousin, A 1131; *as adj.* akin, suitable to, A 742, H 210; **Cosins** germanys, cousins-german, first cousins, B 2558.  
**Cosinage**, *s.* kinship, B 1226, 1329.  
**Cost** (1), *s.* expense, A 192, 213.  
**Cost** (2), *s.* choice, condition; **Nedes cost**, of necessity (*lit.* by condition of necessity), L. 2697. Icel. *kost*, choice, condition, state.  
**Costage**, *s.* cost, expense, B 1235, 1562.  
**Coste**, *s.* coast, B 1626; region, D 922; **Costes**, *pl.* parts of the sky, A. i. 19. 10.  
**Costeyng**, *pres. part.* coasting, R. 134.  
**Costlewe**, *adj.* costly, I 415. Cf. Icel. *kostligr*.  
**Costrel**, *s.* flask, kind of bottle, L. 2666.  
**Cote**, *s.* cot, E 398; dungeon, A 2457.  
**Oote**, *s.* coat, jacket (for a man), A 103, 328; skirt, petticoat, or gown (for

- a woman), R. 226; *pl.* coats, surcoats, or coats-of-arms (see below), HF. 1332.
- Cote-armure**, coat-armour, coat shewing the arms, coat-of-arms, T. v. 1651.
- Couche**, *v.* lay down, place; cower, E 1206; *pt.* s. laid in order, placed, 5. 216; G 1157; *pp.* set, placed, laid, A 2933, 3211; beset, begemmed, A 2161.
- Couching**, *s.* laying down, letting the astrolabe lie flat on the ground, A. ii. 29. 29.
- Coude**, 1 *pt.* s. could, was able, L. 116; knew how, 3. 517; *pt.* s. knew, 3. 667, 1012; understood, R. 179; *as aux.* could, R. 175; Coude her good, knew what was for Dido's advantage, L. 1182; Coude no good, knew no good, was untrained, 3. 390; Coud, *pp.* known, 3. 787; learnt, I 1041. See **Can**, **Conne**.
- Counsell**, *s.* advice, A 784; secrets, A 665; Counseyl, secret, 5. 348.
- Counts**, 1 *pr.* s. account, 11. 29; *pt.* s. 3. 718.
- Countenance**, *s.* appearance, show, A 1926; looks, appearance, G 1264; shewing favour, 3. 1022; demeanour, R. 814; pretext, A 4421; *pl.* looks, R. 1309.
- Counting-board**, *s.* counting-house table, B 1273.
- Countour** (1), *s.* arithmetician, 3. 435; auditor, A 359.
- Countour** (2), *s.* abacus, counting-board, 3. 436; counting-house, B 1403.
- Countour-hous**, *s.* counting-house, B 1267.
- Countrepeise**, *v.* render equivalent, HF. 1750; countervail, T. iii. 1407.
- Countrepleted**, *pp.* made the subject of pleadings and counter-pleadings, argued against, L. 476.
- Countretaille**, *s.* lit. countertally, i.e. correspondence (of sound); *at the c.*, in reply, E 1190.
- Countrewaite**, *pr.* s. *subj.* keep watch over, I 1005; watch against, B 2509.
- Coupable**, *adj.* culpable, blameworthy, B 2731, I 414.
- Coupe**, *s.* cup, L. 1122.
- Coured**, *pt.* s. cowered, R. 465.
- Cours**, *s.* course, T. ii. 970; life on earth, G 387; orbit, A 2454.
- Courser**, *s.* horse, T. ii. 1011; *pl.* steeds, A 2501.
- Court**, *s.* court, A 140; manor-house, D 2162.
- Courtepy**, an upper short coat of a coarse material, R. 220; A 290, D 1382.
- Court-man**, *s.* courtier, E 1492.
- Couthe**, 1 *pt.* s. could, R. 513; knew, 3. 800; knew how, A 390; Couth, *pp.* known, T. iv. 61; Couthe, *pp.* *pl.* well-known, A 14.
- Couthe**, *adv.* in a known way, manifestly, HF. 757.
- Coveityse**, *s.* covetousness, A 3884, C 424; bodily craving, I 819; lust, I 336.
- Covenable**, *adj.* fit, proper, fitting, suitable, 18. 25; agreeable, B 4. p. 6. 224; congruous, B 3. p. 12. 179.
- Covenably**, *adv.* suitably, fitly, B 2123.
- Covent**, *s.* convent, conventual body, B 1827, D 1863.
- Coverchief**, *s.* kerchief worn on the head, D 590; *pt.* A 453.
- Covercle**, *s.* pot-lid, HF. 792.
- Covered**, *pp.* covered, A 354; recovered from, healed of, L. 762.
- Covertly**, *adv.* secretly, R. 19.
- Coverture**, *s.* disguise, R. 1588; Covertures, *pl.* coverings, I 198.
- Covetour**, *s.* one who covets, 4. 262.
- Covyne**, *s.* deceitfulness, A 604. 'Covine, a deceitful agreement between two or more to the prejudice of another;' Cowel, *Lw Dictionary*.
- Cow**, *s.* clough, D 232. See **Chogh**.
- Coward**, *adj.* cowardly, 5. 349.
- Cowardye**, *s.* cowardice, A 2730.
- Cowardyse**, *s.* cowardice, T. iv. 602, v. 412.
- Coy**, *adj.* quiet, A 119; shy, L. 1548.
- Coye**, *v.* quiet, calm, cajole, T. ii. 801.
- Coynes**, *pl.* quinces, R. 1374. O. F. *coin*, quince.
- Crabbed**, *adj.* shrewish, cross, bitter, E 1203.
- Cracching**, *s.* scratching, A 2834.
- Craft**, *s.* cunning, C 84; skill, T. i. 665; art, R. 687; trade, occupation, 3. 791; A 692; secret, mystery, R. 1634; might, B 3258; contrivance, F 249.
- Craftily**, *adv.* artfully, in a studied manner, T. ii. 1026; skilfully, B 48.
- Crafty**, *adj.* skilful, clever, A 1897; sensible, 3. 439.
- Craketh**, *pr.* s. utters boldly, A 4001; sings in a grating tone (like a corn-crake), E 1850.
- Crampissheth**, *pr.* s. draws convulsively together, contracts, 7. 171. Cf. 'Deth crampishing into their hert gan crepe;' Lydgate, *Falls of Princes*, bk. i. c. 9. Cf. O. F. *crampir*, 'être tordu;' Godefroy.
- Crased**, *pp.* cracked, G 934.
- Creant**, *adj.* *seith creant*, acknowledges himself beaten, I 698. Probably short for *recrant*.

- Creast**, *pp.* created, 16. 2; B 2293.  
**Creance**, *s.* credence, belief, creed, B 915; object of faith, B 340.  
**Creance**, *v.* borrow on credit, B 1479; *pr. s.* borrows, B 1493; *pp.* B 1556.  
**Creep**, *pt. s.* of Crepe.  
**Crekes**, *pl.* crooked devices, wiles, A 4051. See *Creek*, *s.* (1), § 7, in the New E. Dict.  
**Crepe**, *v.* creep, 3. 144; *Creep*, *pt. s.* crept, A 4226; *Crepten*, *pt. pl.* D 1698; *Cropen*, *pp.* crept, T. iii. 1011.  
**Crepul**, *s.* cripple, T. iv. 1459.  
**Crepusculis**, *s. pl.* twilights, durations of twilight, A. ii. 6. *rubric*.  
**Crevice**, *s.* crevice, crack, HF. 2086.  
**Crinkled**, *pp.* full of turns or cranks, L. 2012.  
**Crips**, *adj.* crisp, curly, HF. 1386; *Crisp*, R. 824.  
**Cristen**, *adj.* Christian, B 222, 1679.  
**Cristendom**, *s.* the Christian religion, B 351; Christianity, G 447.  
**Cristenly**, *adv.* in a Christian manner, B 1122.  
**Cristianitee**, *s.* company of Christians, B 544.  
**Croce**, *s.* staff, stick, D 484. See *Crose*, § 2, in the New E. Dict.  
**Crois**, *s.* cross, 1. 60.  
**Croked**, *adj.* crooked, R. 926; crooked (things), 13. 8; 'tortuous', A. ii. 28. 32.  
**Crokes**, *pl.* crooks, hooks, L. 640.  
**Crokke**, *s.* earthenware pot, 13. 12.  
**Crommes**, *s. pl.* crumbs, G 60.  
**Crone**, *s.* crone, hag, B 432.  
**Cronique**, *s.* chronicle, B 4398.  
**Croos-lyne**, *s.* cross-line, the line from right to left through the centre, A. i. 12. 7.  
**Crop**, *s.* top, sprout, new twig, T. ii. 348; *crop and rote*, top and root, everything, T. v. 1245; *Croppes*, *pl.* tree-tops, ends of branches, R. 1396; new shoots, A 7.  
**Cropen**, *pp.* of Crepe.  
**Proper**, *s.* crupper, G 566.  
**Cros**, *s.* cross, 1. 82; *Crois*, 1. 60.  
**Croslet**, *s.* crucible, G 1147.  
**Crouche**, 1 *pr. s.* mark with the cross (to defend from elves), A 3479; E 1707.  
**Croude**, *v.* push, HF. 2095; *pr. s.* 2 *p.* dost press, dost push, B 296.  
**Crouke**, *s.* pitcher, jug, A 4158.  
**Crown**, *s.* crown (of the head), A 4041; (referring to the tonsure), B 1499.  
**Crowned**, *pp.* crowned, R. 1266; supreme, F 526.  
**Croupe**, *s.* crupper, D 1559.  
**Crouperes**, *pl.* cruppers, I 433.  
**Crowding**, *s.* pressure, motive power, B 299.  
**Croys**, *s.* cross, A 699, 4286.  
**Crul**, *adj.* curly, A 3314; *pl.* A 81. *Friesie krul*, curly.  
**Crydestow**, didst thou cry out, A 1083; *pp.* proclaimed, HF. 2107.  
**Cryinge**, *s.* outcry, A 966.  
**Cryke**, *s.* creek, A 409.  
**Cucúrbites**, *s. pl.* cucurbites, G 794. 'Cucurbite, a chemical vessel, originally made in the shape of a gourd, but sometimes shallow, with a wide mouth, and used in distillation;' Webster.  
*Culpa, mea*, i. e. I acknowledge my fault, T. ii. 525.  
**Culpe**, *s.* guilt, blame, I 335.  
**Culter**, *s.* coulter (of a plough), A 3763.  
**Cunning**, *adj.* skilful, 2. 97.  
**Cunning**, *s.* skill, 5. 167, 487.  
**Cuppe**, *s.* a cup, F 616.  
**Curacioun**, *s.* cure, healing, B 2463; mode of cure, T. i. 791.  
**Curat**, *s.* parish-priest, vicar, A 219 (the words *vicar* and *curate* have now, practically, changed places).  
**Cure**, *s.* cure, remedy, T. i. 469; charge, B 2. p. 3. 32; diligence, A 1007; attention, A 303; heed, care, 2. 82; endeavour, B 188; careful purpose, HF. 1298; supervision, D 1333; *I do no cure*, I care not, L. 152; *lyth in his cure*, depends on his care for me, L. 1176; *did his besy cure*, was busily employed, 5. 369; *his lyves cure*, the object of his thoughts always, 4. 131; *honest cure*, care for honourable things, C 557; *in cure*, in her power, B 230.  
**Curiositee**, *s.* curious workmanship, HF. 1178; intricacy, 18. 81.  
**Curious**, *adj.* careful, attentive, B 1433; eager, R. 1052; skilful, A 577; delicately made, A 196; magical, F 1120.  
**Curroures**, *s. pl.* runners, couriers, HF. 2128.  
**Cursednesse**, *s.* abominable sin, wickedness, C 276, 400; shrewishness, E 1239; malice, B 1821.  
**Curteis**, *adj.* courteous, hence, compassionate, I 246; courteous, R. 538.  
**Curteisye**, *s.* courtesy, A 46, 132.  
**Custume**, *s.* custom, D 682; *pl.* payments, I 752; imports, I 567.  
**Cut**, *s.* lot, A 835, 845, 854.  
**Cutte**, *v.* cut, C 954; *Cutted*, *pp.* cut short, L. 973.

## D.

**Daf**, *s.* foolish person, A 4208.  
**Dagged**, *adj.* tagged, cut into hanging peaks at the lower edge, I 421.  
**Dagginge**, *s.* a cutting into tags, I 418.  
**Dagon**, *s.* small piece, D 1751.  
**Dalf**, *pt. s.* of Delva.  
**Dalliaunce**, *s.* gossip, A 211; playful demeanour, favour, 12. 8; *pl.* dalliance, toying, C 66.  
**Damageous**, *adj.* injurious, I 438.  
**Dame**, *s.* mother, C 684; dam, A 3260; madam, A 3956; goodwife, D 1797.  
**Damiselle**, *s.* damsel, R 1240; *pl.* R. 1622.  
**Dampnacioun**, *s.* condemnation, C 500; curse, D 1067.  
**Dampne**, *ger.* to condemn, L. 401; *pp.* A 1175, 1342; damned, I 191.  
**Dan**, *s.* (for Dominus), lord, sir, a title of respect, HF. 161; B 3982; Daun, HF. 137.  
**Dappel-gray**, *adj.* dapple-gray, B 2074.  
**Dar**, 1 *pr. s.* dare, A 1151; Darst, 2 *pr. s.* darest, T. i. 768; B 860; Darstow, darest thou, L. 1450; Dorste, 1 *pt. s.* durst, might venture (to), L. 2054; *pt. s.* A 227; Dorstestow, wouldst thou dare, T. i. 767; 1 *pt. s.* subj. might dare, 2. 60. See Durre.  
**Dare**, *pr. pl.* doze, B 1293.  
**Darketh**, *pr. s.* lies hid, L. 816.  
**Darreyne**, *ger.* to decide one's right to, A 1853; to decide, A 1631; to decide your claims (to), A 1609. O.F. *deraisnier*.  
**Dart**, *s.* dart, 6. 40; (given as a prize in an athletic contest), D 75.  
**Daswen**, *pt. pl.* dase, are dazzled, H 31; *pp.* confused, HF. 658. O.F. *daser* (Godefroy).  
**Date-tre**, *s.* date-tree, R. 1364.  
**Daun**; see Dan.  
**Dauce**, *s.* dance, R. 808; play, T. iv. 1431; set, company, HF. 639; *the neue d.*, the new dance, T. ii. 553; *the olde d.*, the old game, the old way of love, A 476, C 79.  
**Dauncen**, *v.* dance, A 2202.  
**Daunger**, *s.* disdain, R. 1524; imperiousness, 7. 186; liability, A 1849; sparing, stint, R. 1147; power, control, R. 1470; Power to harm (personified), L. 160; *in d.*, within his jurisdiction, under his control, A 663; *in hir d.*, at her disposal, R. 1049; *with d.*, sparingly, charily, D 521.  
**Daungerous**, *adj.* forbidding, sparing, A 517; niggardly, D 1427; grudging, hard

to please, R. 1482, 1492; reluctant, D 514; inhospitable, R. 490.  
**Daunten**, *v.* tame, subdue, R. 880; *pr. s.* T. ii. 399, iv. 1589; *pp.* frightened, D 463.  
**Dawe**, *v.* dawn, B 3872, E 1832.  
**Daweninge**, *s.* dawn, A 4234, B 4072.  
**Dawes**, *s.* *pl.* days, F 1180.  
**Dawing**, *s.* the Dawn (Aurora), T. iii. 1466.  
**Dawning**, *s.* dawn, 3. 292.  
**Day**, *s.* day, A 19; time, B 3374; appointed time for repaying money, G 1040; *on a day*, one day, some day, R. 1493; *Dayes*, *pl.* appointed days for payment, F 1568, 1575; lifetime, B 118; *now a dayes*, at this time, E 1164.  
**Dayerye**, *s.* dairy, A 507; *pl.* D 871.  
**Dayesye**, *s.* daisy, L. 182, 184, 218.  
**Debaat**, *s.* strife, A 3230, B 2807; war, B 130; mental conflict, 3. 1192; quarrelling T. ii. 753.  
**Debate**, *v.* fight, war, B 2058; quarrel, C 412.  
**Debonair**, *adj.* calm, benign, gentle, I 658; Debonaire, *fem.* well-mannered, B 4061; gracious, courteous, R. 797; *as s.* kind person, 3. 624.  
**Debonairely**, *adv.* meekly, I 660; graciously, 3. 851, 1284; with a good grace, HF. 2013; courteously, 3. 518; T. ii. 1259.  
**Debonairetee**, *s.* gentleness, I 467; graciousness, 6. 108.  
**Deceivable**, *adj.* deceitful, 15. 3; E 2058.  
**Declamed**, *pt. pl.* discussed, T. ii. 1247.  
**Declinacioun**, *s.* declination, angular distance N. or S. of the equator, E 2223, F 1033.  
**Declyneth**, *pr. s.* turns aside, B 4. p. 6. 195; *pr. s.* possesses declination, A ii. 19. 12.  
**Declyninge**, *adj.* sloping, B 5. m. 1. 19.  
**Decoped**, *pp.* lit. 'cut down'; hence, pierced, cut in openwork patterns, R. 843.  
**Dede**, dead; see Dèdè.  
**Dède**, *ger.* to grow dead, become stupefied, HF. 552.  
**Deden**, *pt. pl.* did, T. i. 82. See Doon.  
**Dedicat**, *pp.* dedicated, I 964.  
**Deduyt**, *s.* pleasure, A 2177.  
**Deed**, *s.* deed, act; Dede, *dat.* 1. 45; B 1999; *in dede*, indeed, A 659, B 3511; *with the dede*, with the act thereof, D 70; Dede, *pl.* (A. S. *dāda*), 5. 82.  
**Dèdè**, *adj.* dead, R. 215; dead, livid (of hue), R. 441; *for d.*, as dead, T. iv. 733;

- Dede**, *daf.* L. 876; *d. slepe*, heavy sleep, 3. 127; **Dede**, *pl.* sluggish, 5. 187; *woundes dede*, deadly wounds, 3. 1211.
- Dèedly**, *adj.* mortal, I 99; dying, L. 885; deathlike, 3. 162.
- Dèedly**, *adv.* mortally, G 476.
- Dèéf**, *adj.* deaf, T. i. 753; **Deve**, *pl.* G 286.
- Deel**, *s. part.* R. 1074; *never a deel*, not at all, I 1007; *not a bit*, HF. 331; *every deel*, every whit, wholly, T. ii. 590; **Deel**, *pl.* times, 6. 35; **Del**, *part.* R. 28; share, 3. 1001; *every d.*, every whit, A 1825; *eche a d.*, every whit, T. iii. 694; *a greet del*, to a large extent, A 415; very often, 3. 1159; *no del*, no whit, T. i. 1089; *never a d.*, not a whit, 3. 543.
- Deer**, *s. pl.* animals, B 1926.
- Dees**, *pl.* dice, T. ii. 1347, iv. 1098.
- Dees**, *s. dals*, HF. 1360, 1658.
- Deeth**, *s. death*, B 3567; pestilence, plague, T. i. 483; *the deeth*, the pestilence (with special references to the pestilences of 1349, 1361, and 1369), A 605.
- Defame**, *s. dishonour*, B 3788, C 612.
- Defaute**, *s. fault*, 22. 56; fault (as a hunting term), 3. 384 (*were on a defaute y-falle*, had a check); lack, defect, want, 3. 5, 25, 223; sin, B 3718, C 370.
- Defence**, *s. resistance*, L. 1931; hindrance, R. 1142; covering, 5. 273; prohibition, T. iii. 138; denial, D 467.
- Defendaunt**, *s.*; *in his d.*, in defending himself, in self-defence, I 572.
- Defende**, *ger.* to defend, B. 2631; to forbid, G 1470.
- Defet**, *pp.* exhausted, (lit. defeated), T. v. 618; cast down, T. v. 1219.
- Defendeth**, *pr. s.* forbids, I 651; *pp.* I 600.
- Defoulen**, *v.* trample down, hence, defile, F 1418; *pp.* trampled down, I 191; defiled, T. v. 1330; disgraced, B 4. m 7. 47 (*Lat. turpatus*).
- Defyne**, *i pr. s.* pronounce, declare, T. iv. 390.
- Degree**, *s. rank*, 5. 453; condition, position, A 1841; step, R. 485; footstep, B 4. m 1. 42; horizontal stripes, B 1. p 1. 38; of the zodiac, F 386; *at lous degree*, R. 883; *at alle degrees*, in every way, A 3724.
- Degysé**, *adj.* elaborate, I 417.
- Degysinesse**, *s. elaborate style*, I 414.
- Degysinge**, *s. elaborate ornamentation*, I 425.
- Dekne**, *s. deacon*, I 891.
- Del**; see **Deel**.
- Delen**, *ger.* to have dealing with, A 247;
- Dele**, *ger.* to have dealings, T. iii. 322; to deal, L. 1158; *v.* argue, T. ii. 1749; **Deled**, *pl. pl.* had intercourse, L. 1517; **Deled**, *pp.* apportioned, D 2249.
- Deliberen**, *v.* deliberate, consider, T. iv. 169; *pt. s.* deliberated, B 2916.
- Delicacye**, *s. amusement*, B 3669; wantonness, 5. 58.
- Delicat**, *adj.* delicious, E 1646; delicate, E 682; dainty, I 432.
- Delices**, *s. pl.* delights, B 2602; tender feelings, B 2. p 4. 78; sinful pleasures, B 3. p 7. 1.
- Delicious**, *adj.* giving delight, T. v. 443.
- Deliciously**, *adv.* luxuriously, E 2025.
- Delitable**, *adj.* delightful, R. 1440; *delicious*, R. 1371; *pl.* delightful, F 899.
- Delitably**, *adv.* pleasingly, B 4. p 1. 2.
- Delitous**, *adj.* delicious, R. 489.
- Deliver**, *adj.* quick, active, A 84.
- Delivere**, *v.* set free, 13. 7; do away with, T. iii. 1012; *ger.* to set free (after a legal decision), 5. 508.
- Deliverly**, *adv.* nimbly, B 4606; quickly, T. ii. 1088.
- Delivernessee**, *s. activity*, B 2355.
- Delphyn**, *s. the constellation Dolphin*, HF. 1006.
- Delte**, *pl. s. of Delen*.
- Delve**, *v. dig*, A 536; **Dalf**, *i pt. s. dug*, B 5. p 1. 99; **Dolve**, *pt. s. subj.* had digged, B 5. p 1. 87; **Dolven**, *pp.* buried, 3. 222. A. S. *delfan*.
- Delyces**, *s. pl.* delights, pleasures, C 547, G 3: favourites (*Lat. delicias*), B 2. p 3. 74.
- Delyé**, *adj.* delicate, fine, B 1. p 1. 23. O. F. *delié*.
- Delyt**, *s. delight, joy*, 3. 606; pleasing ornamentation, L. 1199.
- Delytable**, *adj.* delightful, L. 321.
- Delyte**, *v.* delight, please, 5. 27; *refl.* take pleasure, 5. 66; **Delyte me**, *i pr. s.* delight, L. 30.
- Delytous**, *adj.* delicious, R. 90.
- Demaunde**, *s. question*, T. iv. 1694, v. 859.
- Deme**, *v. judge*, 14. 6; decide, conclude, T. ii. 371; suppose, 4. 158; give a verdict, G 595; **Demen**, *v. deem, judge*, A 3161; decide, B 3045; *i pr. s.* condemn, D 2024; **Decree**, O 199; suppose, E 753; **Demeth**, *imp. pl.* judge, decide, L. 453; suppose, A 3172.
- Demeine**, *v. manage*, HF. 959.
- Demeyne**, *s. dominion*, B 3855.
- Demoniak**, *s. madman*, D 2240.
- Demonstracioun**, *s. proof*, HF. 767.



- Demonstratif**, *adj.* demonstrable, D 2272.
- Denticle**, *s.* pointer, A. i. 23. 1. See **Almury**.
- Denye**, *v.* refuse, T. ii. 1489; **Deneyed**, *pp.* denied, B 3. p. 10. 16.
- Depardieux**, *interj.* on the part of God, by God's help, T. ii. 1058, 1212.
- Departé**, *v.* separate, part, 7. 285; **sever**, T. ii. 531; **divide**, I 1006; *imp. s.* distinguish, T. iii. 404.
- Departinge**, *s.* dividing, I 425, 1008; **departure**, 5. 675; **separation**, 4. 25.
- Depe**, *adv.* deeply, 3. 165; 7. 8.
- Depeynted**, *pp.* depicted, L. 1025; **painted**, R. 478; **stained**, T. v. 1599.
- Depper**, *adv. comp.* deeper, T. ii. 485; B 630.
- Depraven**, *pr. pl.* calumniate, 4. 207.
- Depressioun**, *s.* the angular distance of the southern pole from the horizon, A. ii. 25. 10.
- Dere**, *adj.* dear, 1. 99; 4. 147.
- Dere**, *adv.* dearly, 1. 80; 18. 26.
- Dere**, *s. dat.* deer, R. 1453.
- Dere**, *v.* injure, harm, T. i. 651. A. S. *derian*.
- Dereling**, *s.* darling, A 3793.
- Derk**, *adj.* dark, R. 1009; **inauspicious**, 4. 120; *s. s.* inauspicious position, 4. 122.
- Derke**, *s.* darkness, gloom, 3. 609.
- Derkest**, *adj. superl.* darkest, B 304.
- Derkly**, *adv.* darkly, HF. 51.
- Derknesse**, *s.* darkness, B 1451.
- Derne**, *adj.* secret, A 3200, 3278.
- Derre**, *adv. comp.* more dearly, T. i. 136, 171; A 1448.
- Derth**, *s.* dearth, HF. 1974.
- Deryveth**, *pr. s.* is derived, A 3006.
- Desceivaunce**, *s.* deception, B 3. p. 8. 53.
- Descencioun**, *s.* descension, A. ii. 4. 55. The technical signification seems to be —the 'house' or portion of the sky just above the western horizon, so that a planet in his descension is about to set.
- Descensories**, *s. pl.* G 792. 'Descensories, vessels used in chemistry for extracting oils per descensum;' Tyrwhitt.
- Descerne**, *v.* discern, T. iv. 200.
- Descharge**, *pr. s. subj.* disburden, I 360.
- Desclaundred**, *pp.* slandered, B 674.
- Descryve**, *v.* describe, R. 705; HF. 1105.
- Desdeyn**, *s.* disdain, contempt, A 789.
- Desert**, *s.* merit, 4. 31; *pl.* merits, T. iii. 1267.
- Deserte**, *adj.* lonely, HF. 417.
- Deservedest**, *2 pt. s.* didst deserve, C 216.
- Desespaiied**, *pp.* in despair, 6. 7.
- Desespeir**, *s.* despair, T. i. 605, ii. 6.
- Desesperaunce**, *s.* hopelessness, T. ii. 530, 1307.
- Desherite**, *ger.* to disinherit, B 3025.
- Deshonestee**, *s.* unseemliness, I 833.
- Désirous**, *adj.* ambitious, 9. 59; **ardent**, F 23.
- Deslavee**, *adj.* foul, I 629; **inordinate**, unrestrained, I 834. 'Deslavé, pp. non lavé, crasseux, sale;' Godefroy.
- Desordeynee**, *adj.* unregulated, inordinate, I 818, 915.
- Desordinat**, *adj.* inordinate, I 415.
- Despeired**, *pp.* sunk in despair, 2. 91; T. v. 713.
- Despence**, *s.* expense, D 1874; **expenditure**, money for expenses, B 105.
- Despende**, *v.* spend, T. iv. 921; *2 pr. s.* wastest, B 2121; *pp.* spent, A 3983.
- Despendours**, *pl.* spenders, B 2843.
- Despenses**, *pl.* expenditure, B 2842.
- Desperacioun**, *s.* despair, 1. 21.
- Déspitous**, *adj.* spiteful, R. 173; **angry**, jealous, D 761; **merciless**, A 516; **scornful**, A 1777, I 395.
- Despitously**, *adv.* scornfully, B 3785; **angrily**, A 4274; **maliciously**, B 605; **cruelly**, E 535.
- Desplayeth**, *pr. s.* spreads open, A 966.
- Desponeth**, *pr. s.* disposes, T. iv. 964.
- Desport**, *s.* diversion, merriment, amusement, T. i. 592; B 2158.
- Desporte**, *v.* rejoice, T. v. 1398.
- Despoyled**, *pp.* robbed, I 665.
- Despyt**, *s.* malice, spite, T. i. 207, **contempt**, **disdain**, D 1876; **scorn**, L. 372; **malice**, L. 1771; **ill-humour**, I 507; **a deed expressing contempt**, B 3738; *in d. of*, in contempt of, 5. 281; *in your d.*, in contempt of you, B 1753; *in his d.*, in scorn of him, L. 134.
- Desray**, *s.* confusion, I 927.
- Desseveraunce**, *s.* separation, T. iii. 1424.
- Destemperaunce**, *s.* inclemency, B 3. p. 11. 130.
- Destempred**, *pp.* distempered, I 826.
- Destinal**, *adj.* fatal, B 4. p. 6. 172; **predestined**, B 4. p. 6. 110.
- Destourbe**, *ger.* to disturb; *d. of*, to disturb in, C 340; *pr. s.* hinders, I 576; **interrupts**, B 2167.
- Destourbing**, *s.* trouble, 18. 44.
- Destrat**, *pp.* distracted, B 3. p. 8. 19.
- Destreyn**, *v.* distress, T. iii. 1528; *ger.* constrain, force, H 161.
- Destroubled**, *pp.* disturbed, 3. 524.
- Desyrynge**, *adj.* desirous, B 2767.

**Determinat**, *adj.* determinate, exact, fixed, D 1459; properly placed (on the astrolabe), A. ii. 18 (rubric).

**Détermýne**, *v.* come to an end, T. iii. 379; Determined, *pp.* settled, B 5. p 4. 9.

**Dette**, *s.* debt, L. 541; A 280.

**Dettelees**, *adj.* free from debt, A 582.

**Dettour**, *s.* debtor, B 1587; D 155.

**Deus hic**, God (be) here, D 1770.

**Deve**, *pl.* of Deaf, deaf.

**Devil**, *s.* L. 2493; *what a*, what the devil, L. 2694; *how d.*, how the devil, T. i. 623; *a d. meye*, in the way to the devil, in the devil's name, A 3134; *a twenty devil way*, in the way of twenty devils, i. e. to utter destruction, L. 2177; an exclamation of petulance, A 3713, 4257.

**Devoir**, *s.* duty, T. iii. 1045; A 2598.

**Devyn**, *s.* astrologer, T. i. 66.

**Devyne**, *v.* guess, T. v. 288; *ger.* T. iii. 765; to prophesy (by), 5. 182; Devyne, *pr. pl.* suspect, T. ii. 1745; Devyno, *pr. s. subj.* let (him) guess, HF. 14.

**Devynesresse**, *s.* female diviner, T. v. 1522.

**Devys**, *s.* contrivance, R. 1413; supposition, R. 651; direction, A 816; *at his d.*, according to his own wish, R. 1326; *at point d.*, with great exactness or exactitude, R. 830; Devyses, *pl.* heraldic devices, badges, L. 1272.

**Devyse**, *v.* to relate, tell, describe, T. iii. 41; A 34; to recommend, T. ii. 388; devise, suggest, ordain, L. 437; plan, L. 1453; *ger.* to tell, describe, 5. 398; to relate, A 994; to frame, E 739; to tell of, T. i. 277; *pr. s.* narrates, describes, 5. 317; *pr. pl.* imagine, discourse, F 261; *pp.* described to, told, R. 476.

**Devysing**, *s.* arrangement, A 2496.

**Dewe**, *adj.* due, I 867.

**Dextrer**, *s.* a courser, war-horse, B 2103. Fr. *destrier*, a war-horse, Low Lat. *dextrarius*. The squire rode his own horse, and led his master's horse beside him, on his right hand.

**Deye**, *s.* dairywoman, B 4036. Icel. *deigja*.

**Deye**, *v.* die, 5. 469, 651; Deyde, *pt. s.* A 2846; Deyed, *pp.* R. 456; Deyde, *pt. s. subj.* should die, A 3427.

**Deyen**, *ger.* to dye, to dip, B 4. m. 6. 14.

**Deyinge**, *s.* death, B 1850; *lay on deying*, lay a-dying, B 3906.

**Deyne**, *v.* deign, 7. 231; Deyneth him, *pr. s.* he deigns, 7. 181; L. 395; *him deyned*, he deigned, B 3324, 4371; *hir deyned*, she deigned, 4. 39.

**Deynous**, *adj.* scornful, A 3941.

**Deyntee**, *s.* worth, value, D 208; *took lase d. for*, set less value on, 7. 143; *a peculiar pleasure*, B 139; *pleasure*, F 681, 1003; Deyntees, *pl.* dainties, A 346.

**Deyntee**, *s. as adj.* dainty, pleasant, rare, T. v. 438; good, A 168.

**Deyntevous**, *adj.* dainty, E 265.

**Deys**, *s.* dais, platform, the high table in a dining-hall, A 370, 2200.

**Diademe**, *s.* diadem, crown of an emperor, 14. 7.

**Diapred**, *pp. as adj.* variegated, diversified with figures, A 2158.

**Dich**, *s.* ditch, A 3964.

**Dichen**, *v.* make a dyke round, L. 708; *pp.* provided with a moat, A 1888.

**Dide**, **Didest**; see **Doon**.

**Diete**, *s.* diet, daily food, A 435.

**Diffamacioun**, *s.* defamation, D 1304.

**Diffame**, *s.* ill report, E 540, 730.

**Diffame**, *ger.* to dishonour, HF. 1581; *v.* cry down, D 2212.

**Diffinicioun**, *s.* clear exposition, D 25.

**Diffinisshe**, *pr. s. subj.* define, B 5. p 1. 36.

**Diffinitif**, *adj.* definite, final, C 172.

**Diffusioun**, *s.* prolixity, T. iii. 296.

**Diffye**, 1 *pr. s.* defy, spurn, D 1928.

**Diffyne**, *ger.* define, state clearly, 5. 529; 2 *pr. pl.* conclude, HF. 344.

**Digestible**, *adj.* easy to be digested, A 437.

**Dighte**, *v.* prepare, L. 1288; prepare (himself), L. 1000; Dighte me, prepare myself to go, B 3104; ordain, place, T. iv. 1188; lie with, D 767; *pt. s. refl.* hastened, betook himself, T. ii. 948; lay with, D 398; Dight, *pp.* arrayed, equipped, T. iii. 1773; served, H 312; prepared, R. 941; prepared him to go, B 3719; Dighte, *pp. pl.* prepared, L. 2611. A. S. *dihtan*; from Lat. *dictare*.

**Digne**, *adj.* worthy, T. i. 429; honourable, noble, B 1175, C 695; suitable, B 778; proud, disdainful, A 517; scornful, repellent, A 3964.

**Dignely**, *adv.* scornfully, T. ii. 1024.

**Dignitee**, *s.* worth, dignity, C 701, 782; rank, E 470. Dignity, in astrology, signifies the advantages which a planet has when in a particular position in the zodiac, or in a particular position with regard to other planets (Bailey).

**Dilatacioun**, *s.* diffuseness, B 232.

**Diluge**, *s.* deluge, I 839.

**Dint**, *s.* stroke, HF. 534.

**Direct**, *adj.* directed, addressed, 12. 75;

- in directe*, in a line with, A. ii. 44. 26. A planet's motion is direct when it moves in the same direction as the sun in the zodiac.
- Directe**, *pr. s.* address, T. v. 1856.
- Disavaunce**, *v.* defeat, T. ii. 511.
- Disaventure**, *s.* misfortune, T. ii. 415.
- Disblameth**, *imp. pl.* free (me) from blame, T. ii. 17.
- Disceyving**, *s.* deception, R. 1590.
- Dischevele**, *adj.* with (his) hair hanging loosely down, A 683; with hair in disorder, L. 1315.
- Disciplyne**, *s.* bodily mortification, I 1052.
- Disclaundre**, *s.* reproach, T. iv. 564; slander, I 623.
- Disconfiture**, *s.* defeat, A 1008; grief, 7. 326.
- Disconfort**, *s.* discouragement, discom-fort, A 2010; grief, woe, T. iv. 311.
- Disconforten**, *v.* discourage, A 2704.
- Discordable**, discordant, T. iii. 1753.
- Discordances**, *s. pl.* discords, I 275.
- Discorden**, *pr. pl.* disagree, B 4. p. 6. 208.
- Discordinge**, *adj.* different, B 3. p. 2. 140. (*Lat. dissidentes.*)
- Discovered**, *pp.* revealed, G 1468.
- Discover**, *pp.* uncovered; *at d.*, when unprotected, I 714.
- Discryve**, *v.* describe, T. v. 267; **Discreven**, *v.* T. iv. 802.
- Discure**, *v.* reveal, discover, 3. 549.
- Discussed**, *pp.* discussed, 5. 624; driven away, B 1. m. 3. 1.
- Disdeyn**, *s.* disdain, R. 296.
- Disincreaseth**, *pr. s.* decreases, B 5. p. 6. 85.
- Disease**, *s.* discomfort, grief, misery, 4. 216, 277; T. ii. 987; sorrow, 7. 226; displeasure, T. ii. 147; disease, ill, HF. 89; inconvenience, I 609; distress, B 616; unrest, F 1314.
- Diesen**, *ger.* to trouble, T. iii. 1468; *v.* vex, T. iv. 1304; distress, T. i. 573.
- Disesperat**, *adj.* without hope, HF. 2015.
- Disfigurat**, *adj.* disguised, 5. 222.
- Disfigure**, *s.* disfigurement, D 900.
- Disfigure**, *v.* disfigure, L. 2046; *pp.* changed, A 1403.
- Disgressioun**, digression, T. i. 143.
- Disgyse**, *ger.* to disguise, T. v. 1577.
- Disherited**, *pp.* disinherited, deprived, L. 1065.
- Dish-metes**, *pl.* spoon-meat, broth, I 455.
- Dishonest**, *adj.* unfaithful, H 214; dishoneste, shameful, E 876.
- Disjoynt**, *s.* failure, A 2962; difficult position, B 1601; *dat.* peril, T. iii. 456, v. 1618.
- Dismal**, *s.* unlucky day, 3. 1206.
- Dismembred**, *pt. pl.* dismembered, I 591.
- Dismembringe**, *s.* dismembering, I 591.
- Disobeysaunt**, *adj.* disobedient, 5. 429.
- Discordenaunce**, *s.* violation of rules, HF. 27.
- Disparage**, *s.* disgrace, E 908.
- Disparage**, *v.* dishonour, A 4271; *pp.* misallied, D 1069.
- Dispeire yow**, *imp. pl.* despair, E 1669.
- Dispence**, *s.* expenditure, expense, A 441; what I spend, D 1432; cost, B 1195; lavish help, HF. 260; **Dispenses**, *pl.* expenses, R. 1144.
- Dispende**, *v.* spend, B 3500; *pp.* spent, shared, B 2560.
- Dispeyred**, *adj.* despairing, F 1084.
- Dispitous**, *adj.* spiteful, R. 156; T. iii. 1458; grievous, sad, T. v. 199; **Dispitouse**, *roc.* pitiless, T. ii. 435; *def. fem.* cruel, 3. 624.
- Dispitously**, *adv.* angrily, A 1124; spitefully, T. v. 1806; cruelly, HF. 161.
- Displeasant**, *adj.* displeasing, I 544, 697.
- Displeasaunce**, *s.* displeasure, T. iii. 480; offence, C 74; **Displeasances**, *pl.* annoyances, C 420.
- Dispone**, *imp. s.* dispose, T. v. 300; *pr. s.* disposes, orders, regulates, B 4. p. 6. 60.
- Disport**, *s.* sport, pleasantry, A 137, 775; amusement, diversiou, D 839; pleasure, B 143; sport, 4. 177.
- Disporte**, *ger.* to amuse, HF. 571; to exhilarate, T. ii. 1673; *v.* cheer, T. iii. 1133; *pr. pl.* sport, play, E 2040.
- Disposed**, *pt. s.* purposed, E 244; *pp.* disposed, T. ii. 682; ready, T. iv. 230; *wel d.*, in good health (the reverse of *indisposed*), H 33.
- Disposicioun**, *s.* disposal, T. ii. 526, v. 2; position, A 1087; frame of mind, B 2326.
- Dispoynge**, *s.* spoil, B 4. m. 7. 32.
- Dispreisen**, *ger.* to disparage, R. 1053; *v.* blame, B 2261; *pres. pt.* depreciating, B 2741.
- Dispreisinge**, *s.* blame, I 497; contempt, B 2876.
- Disputisoun**, *s.* argument, E 1474; dispute, B 4428, F 890.
- Dispyt**, *s.* despite, scorn, L. 1822; disdain, HF. 1716; vexation, R. 1487; *in d. of*, in spite of, HF. 1668.
- Disserveth**, *pr. s.* deserves, I 756.
- Dissever**, *v.* part, 2. 115; 17. 15; *ger.* to

- part, G 875; *pp.* separated, B 4. p 3. 19.
- Disseveraunce**, *s.* severing, B 3. p 11. 64.
- Disshevele**, *adj.* with hair flowing down, 5. 235. See **Dischevele**.
- Dissimulen**, *v.* dissimulate, T. i. 322, iii. 434.
- Dissimulinge**, *s.* dissimulation, dissembling, T. v. 1613, G 1073.
- Dissimulour**, *s.* dissembler, B 4418.
- Disslaundred**, *pp.* defamed, L 1031.
- Dissolveth**, *pr.* *s.* puts an end to, B 2. p 3. 92.
- Distantz**, *adj. pl.* distant; *evene distantz*, equidistant, A. i. 17. 52.
- Distemperaunce**, *s.* inclemency, I 421.
- Distempre**, *adj.* distempered, furious, B 4. p 3. 125.
- Distempre**, *v.* vex, B 2426; *imp. s.* be out of temper, D 2195.
- Disteyne**, *v.* stain, bedim, dull, L 255.
- Distingwed**, *pp.* distinguished, B 2. p 5. 75.
- Distourbe**, *v.* disturb, T. iv. 563; (to) interfere with, T. iv. 934; prevent, T. iv. 1103. See **Destourbe**.
- Distreyne**, *v.* constrain, A 1816; get into his grasp, clutch, 20. 8; *imp. s.* constrain, T. v. 596; **Distreyne**, *pr. s.* secures, clutches, grasps, 5. 337; afflicts, F 820; *pp.* misled, T. ii. 840; assessed, taxed, I 752.
- Disturbed**, *pp.* altered, T. ii. 622.
- Disturne**, *v.* turn aside, T. iii. 718.
- Ditee**, *s.* ditty, song, B 3. p 1. 2; *pl.* HF. 622. See **Dyte**.
- Diurne**, *adj.* diurnal, E 1795.
- Divers**, *adj.* diverse, various, 3. 653; *dat.* different, 2. 17.
- Diversely**, *adv.* in different ways, B. 1629.
- Diversitee**, *s.* variety, T. v. 1703.
- Divinistre**, *s.* theologian, A 2811.
- Divisioun**, *s.* distinction, A 1781; difference, 10. 33; *af my d.*, under my influence, 4. 273.
- Divynalles**, *pl.* divinations, I 605.
- Divynen**, *v.* guess, T. iii. 458; 1 *pr. s.* declare, 12. 19; *pres. pl.* guessing, A 2515.
- Divyninge**, *s.* opinion, A 2521.
- Divynia**, *pl.* theologians, A 1323.
- Divynour**, *s.* seer, soothsayer, B 5. p 3. 149.
- Do**; see **Doon**.
- Doctour**, *s.* doctor, A 411; (i.e. St. Augustine), C 117; theologian, I 85; *pl.* teachers, D 1648.
- Doggerel**, *adj.* doggerel, B 2115.
- Dogge**, *s.* dog, D 1369, E 2014.
- Doghter**, *s.* daughter, L 114; B 151; **Doghtren**, *pl.* L 1563; **Doughtren**, *pl.* T. iv. 22.
- Doinges**, *pl.* deeds, L 1681.
- Doke**, *s.* duck, 5. 498, 589; A 3576.
- Dokke**, *s.* dock (plant), T. iv. 461.
- Dokked**, *pp.* cut short, A 590.
- Dolve**, **Dolven**; see **Delve**.
- Domb**, *adj.* dumb, HF. 656.
- Domesday**, *s.* doom's day, HF. 1284.
- Domesman**, *s.* judge, B 3680, I 594.
- Dominacioun**, *s.* power, A 2758; dominion, C 560; chief influence, F 352; supremacy, H 181.
- Dominus**; see **Corpus**.
- Domus Dedali**, the labyrinth of Daedalus, HF. 1920.
- Don**, *imp. s.* don, put on, T. ii. 954.
- Don**, **Done**; see **Doon**.
- Dong-carte**, *s.* dung-cart, B 4226.
- Dongoun**, *s.* keep-tower, A 1057.
- Donne**, *adj. pl.* dun, dusky, T. ii. 908; dun-coloured, 5. 334.
- Doom**, *s.* judgement, F 928; opinion, F 3127; sentence, decision: *hir d.*, the decision passed on them, 5. 308; **Dome**, *dat.* opinion, T. i. 100; judgement, HF. 1905; C 637; *to my d.*, in my opinion, R. 901; *stonde to the d.*, abide by the decision, 5. 546; **Domes**, *pl.* judgements, A 323.
- Doon**, *v.* do, execute, A 960; do, 3. 194; act, B 90; cause, B 3618; *doon us honge*, cause us to be hung, C 790; *don her companie*, accompany her, 4. 125; *leet don cryen*, caused to be cried, F 46; **Do**, *v.* cause, T. iv. 1683; use, B 2204; fulfil, B 1653; make, 3. 145; *do werche*, cause to be built, G 545; **Done**, *ger.* to do, T. i. 1026; *what to done*, what is to be done, 3. 689; *for to done*, a fit thing to do, I 62; to be done, L 1597; **Doon**, *ger.* to do, A 78, 768; to commit, I 90; to cause, R. 1178; to force, 5. 221; *to don*, from doing, B 4. p 6. 323; **Do**, *ger.* to make, 3. 1260; to cause, T. ii. 1022; to commit, I 129; **Doost**, 2 *pr. s.* makest, C 312; **Dostow**, *doest thou*, L 315; **Dooth**, *pr. s.* causes, A 3390; **Doth**, *pr. s.* makes, 2. 7; causes, 6. 21; **Doth forth**, continues, E 1015; **Doon**, *pr. pl.* do, A 268; **Do**, *imp. s.* make, H 12; bring (it) about, A 2405; cause, G 32; *do hange*, cause me to be hung, G 1029; *do fecche*, cause to be fetched, B 662; *do wey*, put away, lay aside, G 487; take away, A 3287; *do stryken hir out*, cause her to be struck out, D 1364; *do come*, cause to come, B 2035; **Dooth**, *imp. pl.* do

- ye, C 745, I 105; *as dooth*, pray do, F 458; Didest, 2 *pt. s.* didst, T. iii. 363; Dide, *pt. s.* did, 3. 373; caused, R. 607; put on, B 2047; *dide hem drawe*, caused to be drawn, B 1823; *dide don sleen*, caused to be slain, caused (men) to have them slain (*sleen*, like *don*, is in the infin. mood), D 2042; *dide of*, took off, 3. 516; Dide, *pt. s. subj.* should do, F 1404; Diden, *pt. pl. made*, 22. 28; *pt. pl. subj.* should do, L. 723; Doon, *pp.* done, 1. 54; past, ended, 3. 40; *doon to de the*, done to death, L. 889; *doon make*, caused to be made, E 253; *hath doon yow kept*, has caused you to be preserved, E 1098; *doon ther write*, caused to be written (or described there), R. 413; *don to dye*, done to death, murdered, R. 1063; Do, *pp.* done, L. 957; ended, E 2440.
- Dore, *s.* door, R. 537, A 550; *out at d.*, out of doors, D 1757, H 306.
- Dormant; *table dormant*, a permanent side-table, A 353.
- Dorre, Dorring; see Durre, Durring.
- Dorste; see Dar.
- Dortour, *s.* dormitory, D 1855.
- Doseyn, *s.* a dozen, A 578.
- Dossers, *pl.* baskets to carry on the back, HF. 1944.
- Dostow, doest thou, D 239.
- Dotard, *adj.* foolish, D 291.
- Dote, *v.* dote, grow foolish, L. 261 *a*; Doten, act foolishly, G 983.
- Doth, *pr. s.* causes, R. 389; Doth... carie, causes to be carried, A 3410; makes, F 1257; *imp. pl.* do ye, B 2785. See Doon.
- Double, *adj.* twofold, 4. 109; deceitful, HF. 285.
- Doublenesse, *s.* duplicity, 7. 159; 9. 63.
- Doucet, *adj.* dulcet, i. e. dulcet (pipe), sweet-sounding (pipe), HF. 1221.
- Doughter, *s.* daughter, T. iii. 3; Dough-tren, *pl.* T. iv. 22.
- Doomb, *adj.* dumb, A 774.
- Down, *s.* down, soft feathers, 9. 45.
- Down, *adv.* down, F 323; *up and down*, in all directions, in all ways, B 53.
- Downe, *dat.* down, hill, B 1986.
- Downere, *adv.* more downward, A. ii. 12. 22.
- Doun-right, *adv.* at once, H 228.
- Downward, *adv.* outward, southward, A. ii. 40. 63.
- Doutance, *s.* doubt, T. iv. 963; *pl.* perplexities, T. i. 200.
- Doute, *s.* doubt, 1. 25; fear, F 1096, I 91; peril, L. 1613; suspense, E 1721; lack, T. ii. 366; *out of doute*, doubtless, A 487; *sans d.*, without doubt, D 1838; *with-outen d.*, certainly, L. 383.
- Doutelees, *adv.* without doubt, certainly, T. ii. 494; A 1831.
- Douten, *v.* fear, I 648; *pr. s.* fears, I 953; Doutheth, *imp. pl.* fear, T. i. 683.
- Doutous, *adj.* doubtful, T. iv. 992.
- D'outremere, *adj.* from beyond the seas, foreign, imported, 3. 253.
- Douve, *s.* dove, 5. 341; pigeon, C 397.
- Dowaire, *s.* dower, E 848.
- Dowe, 1 *pr. s.* grant, give, T. v. 230.
- Dowve; see Douve.
- Dradde; see Drede.
- Draf, *s.* draft, refuse (of corn), chaff, I 35; L. 312 *a*.
- Draf-sek, *s.* sack full of 'draft', A 4206.
- Drages, *pl.* digestive sweetmeats, A 426 (in MS. Harl. only; other MSS. have *drogges*).
- Dragoun, *s.* dragon, L. 1430, 1581; *tail of the dr.*, the Dragon's tail, A. ii. 4. 36; the point where a planet (esp. the moon) passed from the northern to the southern side of the ecliptic. (The opposite node was called the Dragon's Head.)
- Drasty, *adj.* filthy, worthless, B 2113, 2120. Cf. A. S. *dresten, dæstan*, dregs.
- Drat, *pr. s.* of Dreda.
- Draught (of drink), L. 2667; move at chess, 3. 682.
- Drawe, *v.* draw, incline, E 314; *dr. him*, withdraw himself, F 355; bring forward, R. 6; *v.* attract, R. 1183; recall, A 2074; *ger.* to draw, to carry, A 1416; to bring back, I 239; Draweth along, *pr. s.* prolongs, B i. m. 1. 32 (Lat. *protrahit*); *pr. pl. refl.* withdraw themselves, F 252; Drough, *pt. s.* drew, A 4304; drew along, T. v. 1558; *refl.* drew himself, approached, B 1710; Drow, *pt. s.* drew, B 3292; drew near, D 993; moved (as the sun), 5. 490; hoisted, L. 1563; Drow, *pt. s.* attracted, 3. 864; *drowe to record*, didst bring to witness, 16. 22; Drowe, *pt. pl.* drew, R. 1678; Drawe, *pp.* drawn, T. iii. 674; *pres. part.* resorting, B 1217.
- Drecche, *v.* be tedious, T. ii. 1264; *ger.* to vex, T. ii. 1471; 2 *pr. pl.* tarry, T. iv. 1446; *pp.* vexed, troubled, B 4077.
- Drecching, *s.* prolonging, I 1000; Drecching, delay, T. iii. 853.
- Drede, *s.* dread, fear, A 1908; uncertainty, 17. 28; doubt, 5. 52; *it is no drede*, without doubt, B 869, E 1155; *out of drede*, without doubt, E 634; *pl.* fears, T. i. 463.

- Drede, v.** dread, fear, 1. 76; *refl.* dread, A 660; *ger.* to be dreaded, to be feared, B 4253; *Drat, pr. s.* dreadeth, dreads, T. iii. 328; *Dredde, 1 pt. s.* was afraid, T. ii. 482; *Draddde, pt. s.* feared, B 3402; *Dradde him, was afraid, B 3018; Dradden, pt. pl. G 15; Drad, pp. E 69.*
- Dredeles, adj.** fearless, B 3. m. 12. 11.
- Dredeles, adv.** without doubt, certainly, 3. 764.
- Dredful, adj.** terrible, B 3558; fearful, timid, L. 109; cautious, A 1479.
- Dredfully, adv.** timidly, T. ii. 1128.
- Dreint, -e**; see *Drenchen*.
- Dremed me, pt. s.** I dreamt, R. 51.
- Dreminges, pl.** dreams, B 4280.
- Drenchen, (1) ger.** to drown, A 3617; *Drenche, v.* drown, HF. 205, *do me drenche, make (men) drown me, cause me to be drowned, E 2201; Drenchen (2) v.* be drowned, A 3521; be overwhelmed, L. 2919; *pr. s.* swamps, A 363; *Dreinto, pt. s. (1) drowned, 3. 72; Dreynte, pt. s.* drowned, I 839; *Dreynte, pt. s. (2) was drowned, B 923; Dreynte, 2 pt. pl. were drowned, T. iv. 930; pt. pl. drowned, F 1178; Drenched, pp. drowned, L. 2178; Dreynt, pp. 3. 148; Dreynte, pp. as def. adj. drowned, B 69; pp. pl. HF. 233.*
- Drenching, s.** drowning, A 2456, B 485.
- Dreinesse, s.** sadness, T. i. 701.
- Drery, adj.** sad, E 514; terrified, L. 810.
- Dresse, v.** direct, 14. 3; dispose, get ready, T. ii. 71; prepare, E 1049; set in order, A 106; *v. refl.* address oneself, E 1007; direct himself, go, A 3468; direct myself, R. 110; address himself, direct himself (*or perhaps*, mount), T. v. 37; *Dresse her, settle herself, L. 804; Dresse, ger.* to direct, B 2308; *ger. refl.* prepare himself, T. v. 279; prepare, 5. 88; *pt. s. refl.* raised himself, T. iii. 71; took up his station, A 3358; *pp.* arrayed, E 2361; prepared, 5. 665.
- Dreye, adj.** dry, A 3024; *as s.*, 5. 380.
- Dreyeth, pr. s.** dries up, drains, I 848.
- Dreynt, -e**; see *Drenchen*.
- Drogges, pl.** drugs, A 426.
- Drogh**; see *Drawe*.
- Droughte, s.** drought, A 2, 595.
- Dronkelewe, adj.** addicted to drink, B 2383, C 495, D 2043.
- Drough, pt. s.** of *Drawe*.
- Droughte, s.** thirst (*siti*), B 2. p. 7. 44.
- Drouped, pt. s.** were draggled, A 107.
- Drovy, adj.** dirty, muddy, I 816.
- Drow, -e**; see *Drawe*.
- Druerye, s.** affection, R. 844.
- Drugge, ger.** to drudge, A 1416.
- Drunken, adj.** causing drunkenness, 5. 181.
- Drye, ger.** to endure, T. v. 42; *v. suffer*, endure, 4. 251.
- Dryve, v.** drive, F 183; hasten, D 1694; whirl round, 10. 46; pass away, T. v. 394; *dryve away, pass away, C 628; Dryveth forth, pr. s.* continues, goes on with, T. i. 1092; *Dryth, pr. s.* impels, T. v. 1332; *Dryven (the day), pr. pl. pass (the day), L. 2620; Drödf, pt. s.* drove, brought, T. v. 475; incited, T. iii. 994; *Drive, pp.* driven, passed away, T. v. 389; completed, F 1210.
- Duete, s.** duty, A 3060; debt, D 1391; sum due, D 1352.
- Dulcarnon, s.** an inexplicable dilemma, one's wit's end, T. iii. 931.
- Dulle, ger.** to feel dull, T. ii. 1035; *makes dull, stupefies, G 1073, 1172; Dulled, pp.* made of none effect, I 233.
- Dun, adj.** swarthy, R. 1213; *Donne, pl. dusky, T. ii. 908; dun-coloured, 5. 334.*
- Dun, s.** the dun horse, H 5. 'Dun is in the mire' is the name of an old rustic game.
- Dungeoun, s.** keep-tower, chief castle, L. 937.
- Dure, v.** last, endure, A 2770; remain, A 1236; live, T. iv. 765; continue, F 830.
- Duresse, s.** hardship, T. v. 399.
- Durre, ger.** to dare (to do), T. v. 840. See *Durren* in *Stratmann*; and see *Dar*.
- Durring, s.** daring, bravery; *d. don*, daring to do, courage to execute, T. v. 837.
- Durste**; see *Dar*.
- Dusked, pt. pl.** grew dim, A 2806.
- Dwale, s.** soporific drink, A 4161.
- Dwelle, v.** remain, A 1661; tarry, stay, 3. 712; *ger.* to delay, HF. 252; *Dwelled, pp.* dwelt, A 1228; *imp. s.* remain, T. iv. 1449.
- Dwellinges, s. pl.** delays, B 1. m. 1. 33 (*Lat. moras*).
- Dwyned, pp. as adj.** dwindled, R. 360.
- Dy, say**; *Je vous dy*, I tell you, D 1832, 1838.
- Dye, v.** die, 2. 7; *ger.* to die, B 114; *Dyde, pt. s.* died, HF. 106, 380; *pt. s. subj.* would die, D 965. See *Deye*.
- Dyen, ger.** to dye, B 4648.
- Dyere, s.** dyer, A 362.
- Dyinge, s.** death, B 3073.
- Dyke, v.** to make dikes or ditches, A 536.
- Dys, pl. dica, A 1238.** See *Dees*.
- Dyte, s.** ditty, 23. 16. See *Ditee*.
- Dyverseth, pr. s.** varies, T. iii. 1752.

## E.

- Ebbe**, *s.* low water, F 259.  
**Ebben**, *v.* ebb, T. iv. 1145.  
**Ecclesiaste**, *s.* minister, A 708.  
**Ech**, *adj.* each, A 39, 369.  
**Eche**, *v.* increase, augment, T. i. 887, iii. 1509; *ger.* enlarge, add to, HF. 2065.  
**Echines**, *s. pl.* sea-urchins, B 3. m 8. 20 (Lat. *echinis*).  
**Echoon**, each one, L. 290; A 2655; Echone, *pl.* (?), all, every one, C 113.  
**Edified**, *pp.* built up, B 4. p 6. 284.  
**Eek**, *adv.* also, eke, moreover, A 5, 41.  
**Eem**, *s.* uncle, T. i. 1022. A. S. *æam*.  
**Eest**, *adv.* eastward, 3. 88.  
**Eet**, -e; see *Ete*.  
**Effect**, *s.* deed, reality, T. i. 748; result, HF. 5; Theffect (*for* the effect), the sequel, L. 622; *in effect*, in fact, in reality, in practice, A 319.  
**Eft**, *adv.* again, A 1669; another time, 3. 41.  
**Eft-sonne**, *adv.* soon after, G 1288; immediately afterwards, I 89; soon after this, H 65; hereafter, G 933; again, B 909; Eftsones, *adv.* very soon, L. 2322.  
**Egal**, *adj.* equal, T. iii. 137.  
**Egal**, *adj.* equally, T. iv. 660.  
**Egalitee**, *s.* equality, I 949.  
**Egaly**, *adv.* equably, B 2. p 4. 141; impartially, B 5. p 3. 142.  
**Egge**, *s.* edge, sharp side, T. iv. 927; sword, 9. 19.  
**Eggeth**, *pr. s.* incites, R. 182.  
**Eggement**, *s.* instigation, incitement, B 842.  
**Egging**, *s.* instigation, E 2135.  
**Egle**, *s.* eagle, HF. 499.  
**Egre**, *adj.* sharp, sour, R. 217; bitter, B 2367; keen, I 117.  
**Egreinoine**, *s.* agrimony, G 800.  
**Egren**, *v.* incite (lit. make eager), B 4. p 6. 335.  
**Eighte**, eighth, F 1280.  
**Eightetene**, eighteen, A 3223.  
**Eightetethe**, *ord. adj.* eighteenth, B 5.  
**Eir**, *s.* air, A 1246, 3473.  
**Eisel**, *s.* vinegar, R. 217.  
**Eikko**, *s.* echo, E 1189.  
**Elde**, *s.* old age, age, T. ii. 393, 399; long lapse of time, 7. 12.  
**Elde**, *v.* grow old, R. 396; *pr. s.* ages, makes old, R. 391.  
**Elder**, *adj.* older, B 1720, 3450.  
**Elder-fader**, *s.* grandfather, B 2. p 4. 50.  
**Eldres**, *pl.* ancestors, B 3388.
- Eleccioun**, *s.* choice, 5. 409, 621; election (in astrology), B 312.  
**Elenge**, *adj.* miserable, B 1412, D 1199.  
**Ellevat**, *pp.* elevated, A. ii. 23. 29.  
**Elf-queen**, *s.* fairy-queen, B 1978, D 860.  
**Ellebor**, *s.* hellebore, *Illeborus niger*, B 4154.  
**Elles**, *adv.* else, otherwise, 3. 997; *elles god forbede*, God forbid it should be otherwise, G 1046.  
**Elongacioun**, *s.* angular distance, A. ii. 25. 66.  
**Elvish**, *adj.* elvish, i. e. absent in demeanour, B 1893; foolish, G 751, 842.  
**Embassadrye**, *s.* embassy, negociation, B 233.  
**Embaume**, *v.* embalm, L. 676; *pp.* covered with balm, R. 1063.  
**Embelif**, *adj.* oblique, A. i. 20. 3; (as applied to angles) acute, A. ii. 26. 39. See the New E. Dict.  
**Embelised**, *pp.* beautified, B 2. p 5. 75.  
**Embossed**, *pp.* plunged deeply into the thicket, quite hidden, 3. 353.  
**Embracinge**, *s.* embrace, I 944.  
**Embrouded**, *pp.* embroidered, adorned, A 89.  
**Embroudinge**, *s.* embroidery, I 417.  
**Embusshements**, *pl.* ambushades, B 2509.  
**Emeralde**, *s.* emerald, B 1799.  
**Emes**, *gen.* uncle's, T. ii. 466. See *Eem*.  
**Emforth**, *prep.* as far as extends, to the extent of, A 2235. *Em-* is from A. S. *emn*, for *cfen*, even.  
**Emisperies**, *s. pl.* hemispheres, A. i. 18. 9.  
**Empeireden**, *pl. pl.* made worse, B 2209.  
**Emplastre**, *2 pr. pl.* plaster over, bedaub, E 2207.  
**Empoisoned**, *pp.* poisoned, B 2519, 3850.  
**Empoisoning**, *s.* poisoning, C 891.  
**Empoysoner**, *s.* poisoner, C 894.  
**Emprenting**, *s.* impression, F 834.  
**Emprinteth**, *imp. pl.* impress, E 1193; *Emprinted*, *pp.* imprinted, F 831; taken an impression of, E 2117.  
**Empryse**, *s.* enterprise, undertaking, L. 617, 1452.  
**Empte**, *v.* empty, make empty, G 741; *pp. as ad.* exhausted, B 1. p 1. 10; worn out, shrunken (Lat. *effeto*), B 1. m 1. 20.  
**Enbasshinge**, *s.* bewilderment, amazement, B 4. p 1. 43.  
**Enbatailled**, *adj.* embattled, R. 139.  
**Enbibing**, *s.* absorption, G 814.  
**Enbrace**, *v.* embrace, hold firmly, 21. 11; *Enbraced*, *pp.* surrounded, T. v. 1816.  
**Enbrouden**, *v.* embroider, L. 2351; *pp.* L. 119, 227.

- Encens**, *s.* incense, A 2429.  
**Encense**, *v.* to offer incense, G 395, 413.  
**Enchantours**, *pl.* wizards, I 603.  
**Enchaufeth**, *pr.* *s.* burns, B 5. m 3. 19.  
**Enchaunten**, *v.* enchant, T. iv. 1305.  
**Enchesoun**, *s.* occasion, reason, B 2783; cause, T. i. 681.  
**Enclos**, *pp.* enclosed, R. 138, 1652.  
**Enclyning**, *s.* inclination, HF. 734.  
**Encomberous**, *adj.* cumbersome, oppressive, burdensome, 18. 42; HF. 862.  
**Encombraunce**, *s.* encumbrance, E 1960.  
**Encombre**, *v.* encumber, L. 2006; *pp.* endangered, stuck fast, A 508; hampered, R. 889; hindered, I 687; embarrassed, weary, A 718.  
**Encorporing**, *s.* incorporation, G 815.  
**Encrees**, *s.* increase, A 2184.  
**Encrese**, *v.* increase, 2. 103; **Encressed**, *pp.* E 408; enriched, B 1271.  
**Endamagen**, *v.* harm, B 1. p 4. 91; *pp.* compromised, B 1. p 1. 73.  
**Ende**, *s.* end, A 15; purpose, D 481; point, R. 973.  
**Ended**, *pp.* finite, B 2. p 7. 113.  
**Endelees**, *adj.* infinite, H 322.  
**Endelong**, *adv.* all along, A 2678; lengthways, A 1991.  
**Endelong**, *prep.* all along, F 992; along, L. 1498; down along, F 416.  
**Endenting**, *s.* indentation, I 417. *Endented* or *Indented* is an heraldic term, signifying notched with regular and equal indentations.  
**Endero**, *s.* cause of the end, A 2776; i. e. who doth end, C 218.  
**Endetted**, *pp.* indebted, G 734.  
**Ending-day**, *s.* death-day, 18. 55.  
**Enditements**, *s.* *pl.* indictments, I 800.  
**Endlang**, *adv.* along, lengthways. See **Endelong**.  
**Endouted**, *pp.* feared (with *me*), R. 1664.  
**Endyte**, *v.* write, dictate, A 95, 325; *en-* dite, compose, write, L. 414, 2356; relate, G 80; tell, L. 1678; indict, B 3858; *pp.* related, B 3170.  
**Endytting**, *s.* composing, 18. 77; *pl.* compositions, I 1085.  
**Enfamyned**, *pp.* starved, L. 2429.  
**Enfecteth**, *pr.* *s.* infects, L. 2242.  
**Enforecen**, *ger.* to enforce, B 2233; strengthen (your position), D 340; *1 pr.* *s.* *refl.* insist, T. iv. 1016; **Enforecen**, *pr.* *pl.* gain strength, B 2355; *imp.* *s.* endeavour, B 2237.  
**Enformed**, *pp.* informed, E 738, F 335; instructed, I 658.  
**Enfortunéd**, *pt.* *s.* endowed with powers, 4. 259.  
**Engendre**, *v.* procreate, B 3148; produce, B 2582; *v.* beget, E 1272; *pr.* *pl.* are produced, B 4113.  
**Engendringe**, *s.* product, B 2580.  
**Engendrurs**, *s.* procreation, B 3137; begetting, 5. 306; generation, D 128, 134; progeny, offspring, I 621; fraternity, I 375.  
**English**, *s.* power of expression in English, L. 66.  
**Engreggen**, *pr.* *pl.* burden, I 979.  
**Engyn**, *s.* contrivance, T. iii. 274; device, R. 511; machine, F 184; skill, HF. 528.  
**Engyned**, *pp.* tortured, racked, B 4250.  
**Enhabit**, *pp.* devoted, T. iv. 443.  
**Enhauncen**, *v.* raise, A 1434; *ger.* to exalt, I 614; **Enhaunceth**, *pr.* *s.* elevates, I 730; *pt.* *s.* raised, B 2291; *pp.* promoted, L. 1411.  
**Enhaused**, *pp.* elevated, lifted above (the horizon), A. ii. 26. 37.  
**Enhausing**, *s.* elevation, A. ii. 39. 26.  
**Enhorto**, *ger.* to exhort, A 2851.  
**Enlaceth**, *pr.* *s.* entangles, B 1. m 4. 21; *pp.* involved, made intricate, B 3. p 8. 6.  
**Enlumine**, *v.* illumine, I 244; *pt.* *s.* E 33.  
**Enluting**, *s.* securing with 'lute,' daubing with clay, &c., to exclude air, G 706.  
**Enoynt**, *pp.* anointed, A 2961.  
**Enpeiren**, *v.* injure, B 4. p 3. 56.  
**Enpoysoninge**, *s.* poisoning, B 1. p 3. 59.  
**Enprented**, *pp.* imprinted, E 2178.  
**Enpresse**, *v.* make an impression on, 21. 8.  
**Enquere**, *v.* enquire, A 3166; search into, B 629.  
**Enquerings**, *s.* inquiry, D 888.  
**Ensample**, *s.* example, A 496, 505; pattern, 3. 911; warning, R. 1539; instance, R. 1584; *tn e.*, to signify, A. i. 21. 41; *pl.* examples, F 1419; cases, A 2842.  
**Ensaumpler**, *s.* prototype, B 3. m 9. 17.  
**Enseigne**, *s.* ensign, standard, R. 1200.  
**Enseled**, *pp.* sealed up, T. v. 151; fully granted, T. iv. 559.  
**Entaille**, *s.* cutting, intaglio-work, R. 1081; Entayle, shape, description, R. 162.  
**Entaille**, *v.* carve, R. 609; *pp.* R. 140.  
**Entalenten**, *pr.* *pl.* stimulate, B 5. p 5. 6.  
**Entame**, *v.* re-open (lit. cut into), 1. 79. O. F. *entamer*.  
**Enteccheth**, *pr.* *s.* infects, B 4. p 3. 83; *pp.* endued with (good) qualities, T. v. 832. O. F. *entechier*, *entachier*.



- Entencoun**, *s.* intent, C 408; attention, T. i. 52; design, T. i. 211.
- Entende**, *v.* attend, T. iii. 414; give attention to, D 1478; dispose oneself, F 689; *ger.* to apply oneself, B 3498; to aim (after), incline (to), T. ii. 853; Entende, *1 pr.* s. perceive, T. iv. 1649; attend, R. 597; *pres. part.* looking intently, B. i. p. 2. 3.
- Entendement**, *s.* perception, HF. 983.
- Entente**, *s.* intention, intent, A 958, 1000; design, B 3835; wish, 18. 68; meaning, F 400, 959; attention, D 1374; endeavour, G 6; feeling, 5. 532, 580; mind, B 1740; plan, B 147, 206; *do thyn e.*, give heed, 3. 752; *as to comun e.*, in plain language, F 107.
- Enteteden**, *pl. pt.* gave their attention, L. 1155.
- Ententif**, **Ententyf**, *adj.* attentive, HF. 1120; B 2205; eager, R. 685; diligent, R. 436; devoted, R. 339; careful, E 1288.
- Ententify**, *adv.* attentively, HF. 616.
- Entermiddel**, *pp.* intermixed, R. 906.
- Entraille**, *s.* entrails, B 1703; inside, E 1188.
- Entre**, *ger.* to enter, 5. 147, 153. In A. ii. 44. 4, *entere hit* = set down in writing.
- Entrechaungeden**, *pl. pl.* interchanged, exchanged, T. iii. 1369; *pp.* interchanged, T. iv. 1043.
- Entrechaunginges**, *s. pl.* mutations, B. i. m. 5. 38; vicissitudes (Lat. *uices*), B. 2. m. 3. 20.
- Entrecomunen**, *v.* intercommunicate, T. iv. 1354.
- Entrecomuniuge**, *s.* interchange, B. 2. p. 7. 63.
- Entredit**, *pp.* interdicted, I 965.
- Entree**, entry, entrance, R. 517, 530, 538; *pl.* entrances, HF. 1945.
- Entrelaced**, *pp.* intricate, B. 3. p. 12. 166.
- Entremeddel**, *pp.* intermingled, HF. 2124.
- Entremes**, *s.* intervening course, 5. 665. 'Entremets, certain choice dishes served in between the courses of a feast,' Cotgrave.
- Entremette**, *v. refl.* interfere, D 834; Entremeten (him), meddle with, 5. 515; *imp. s.* take part (in), meddle (with), T. i. 1026.
- Entreparten**, *ger.* to share, T. i. 592.
- Entreteden**, *pl. pl.* treated of, discussed, B 2466.
- Entryketh**, *pr. s.* holds fast in its subtle grasp, ensnares, 5. 403; Entryked, *pp.* entrapped, R. 1642; 'Intriquer, to intricate, involve,' Cotgrave.
- Entune**, *v.* intone, tune, T. iv. 4.
- Entunes**, *s. pl.* tunes, 3. 309.
- Entysinge**, *s.* allurements, I 353.
- Enveniminge**, *s.* poisonous effect, E 2060; poison, I 854.
- Envenyme**, *v.* infect, D 474; *pp.* B 3314.
- Environinge**, *s.* surface, B. 5. m. 4. 172; circumference, B. 4. p. 6. 85.
- Enviroun**, *adv.* roundabout, L. 300.
- Enviroune**, *v.* encompass, B. 3. m. 9. 45; *pres. part.* skirting, going round, R. 526.
- Envoluped**, *pp.* enveloped, involved, C 942.
- Envye**, *s.* envy, B 3584; longing, R. 1053; to *e.*, in rivalry, 2. 173.
- Envye**, *v.* vie, strive, 3. 406; vie (with), HF. 1231.
- Envyned**, *pp.* stored with wine, A 342.
- Episclo**, *s.* epicycle, A. ii. 35. 29. A small circle, the centre of which moves along the circumference of a larger one.
- Equacion**, *s.* equal partition, A. ii. 37. 24; Equacions, *pl.* equations, F 1279; Equacions, A. ii. 36 (rubric); calculations, A. i. 23. 5. By 'equations of houses' is meant the division of the sphere into twelve equal portions (or 'houses'), for astrological purposes.
- Equales**, *adj. pl.* of equal length; *heures equales*, hours each containing sixty minutes, A. ii. 8. 3.
- Equinoxial**, *s.* equinoctial circle, B 4046.
- Er**, *adv.* before, formerly, A 3789.
- Er**, *conj.* before, A 1040, 1155; *er that*, before, A 46.
- Er**, *prcp.* before, C 802; *er tho*, before then, L. 1062; *er now*, ere now, F 460.
- Erbe**, *s.* herb, L. 109 a.
- Erbe yve**, *s.* herb ivy, ground ivy, *Ajuga (hamacpitya)*, B 4156.
- Erber**, *s.* arbour, L. 97 a. See Herber.
- Erchedeken**, *s.* archdeacon, D 1300.
- Ere** (èrè), *s.* ear, D 630; *at ere*, in (her) ear, T. i. 106.
- Ere**, *s.* ear (of corn), L. 76.
- Ere** (ère), *ger.* to plough, A 886; *pp.* HF. 485. A. S. *erian*.
- Erl**, *s.* earl, B 3597, 3646.
- Erme**, *v.* feel sad, grieve, 3. 80; C 312. A. S. *carman*, *yrman*.
- Ernestful**, *adj.* serious, T. ii. 1727; E 1175.
- Erratik**, *adj.* wandering, T. v. 1812.
- Erraunt**, *adj.* arrant, H 224; errant, stray (because near the middle of the chess-board), 3. 661.

**Errest**, 2 *pr. s.* wanderest, T. iv. 302.  
**Ers**, *s.* buttocks, A 3734. A. S. *cars*.  
**Erst**, *adv.* first, at first, HF. 2075; A 776; before, 16. 21; aforetime, R. 692; *at e.*, first, for the first time, B 1884, G 151; at last, T. i. 842; *e. than*, before, A 1566; *long e. er*, long first before, C 662.  
**Erthes**, *s. pl.* lands, countries, B i. m 5, 61.  
**Eschaufen**, *ger.* to burn; *pr. s.* chafes, I 657; *pp.* heated, I 546.  
**Eschaufinge**, *s.* heating, I 537; *pl.* enkindlings, I 916.  
**Eschaunge**, *s.* exchange, A 278; *pl.* interchangings, HF. 697.  
**Eschew**, *adj.* averse, I 971; **Eschu**, E 1812.  
**Eschewe**, *v.* escape; **Eschue**, *v.* avoid, T. ii. 696; A 3013; shun, (G 4, 2 *pr. pl.* eschew, avoid, T. i. 344; **Eschewed**, *pp.* B 4528; *imp. s.* T. ii. 1018.  
**Ese**, *s. caso*, E 217, 444; amusement, delight, A 768. G 746; *do yow e.*, give you pleasure, 6. 78; *weel at e.*, fully at ease, T. ii. 750.  
**Ese**, *v. ease*, 3. 556; relieve, L. 1704; give ease (te), II. 316; **Esen**, *ger.* to entertain, A 2194; *pp.* entertained, A 29.  
**Esement**, *s.* benefit, A 4179, 4180.  
**Espace**, *s.* space of time, B 2219.  
**Especies**, *s. pl.* kinds, varieties (of sin), I 448.  
**Espaille**, *s.* sets of spies, B 2509, D 1322.  
**Espy**, *s.* spy, T. ii. 1112.  
**Espy**, *ger.* to observe, R. 795; *v.* perceive, HF. 706; enquire about, B 180; look about, L. 858.  
**Essoyne**, *s.* excuse, I 164. Mod. E. *excuse*.  
**Est**, *s.* east, B 207, 403, 3057.  
**Estatheleth**, *pr. s.* settles, causes, B 4. p 4. 51.  
**Estat**, *s.* state, condition, L. 125; rank, T. v. 1025; position, E 1969; **Estaat**, state, condition, rank, B 973, 3592, 3647; way, E 610; term of office, D 2018.  
**Estatlich**, *adj.* stately, dignified, A 140; suitable to one's estate, B 3902.  
**Estatuts**, *s.* ordinances, B 2. p 1. 48.  
**Estraunge**, *adj.* strange, T. i. 1084.  
**Estres**, *pl.* inward parts, recesses (of a building), L. 1715; A 1971; recesses, R. 1448; interior, A 4295.  
**Esy**, *adj.* easy, A 223; moderate, A 441; gentle, 5. 382.  
**Ete**, *v. eat*, A 947; **Et**, *pr. s.* eats, L. 1380; **Eet**, *pt. s.* ate, T. v. 1439; A 2048, 3421; **Eeto**, *pt. pl. ate*, 9. 11; **Ete**, *pt. pl. s.* 432; **Eten**, *pp.* eaten, A 4351.

**Eterne**, *adj.* eternal, A 1109, 1990; *s.* eternity, T. iv. 978.  
**Ethe**, *adj.* easy, T. v. 850.  
**Etik**, the Ethics of Aristotle, L. 166.  
**Evangyle**, *s.* gospel, R. 445; *pl.* B 666.  
**Even**, *adj.* even, equal, same, HF. 10; exact, R. 1350.  
**Even**, *adv.* exactly, 3. 441; evenly, D 2249; regularly, R. 526; **Evene** joynant, closely adjoining, A 1060; *ful even*, actually, 2. 1329.  
**Evene-cristene**, *s.* fellow-Christian, I 395, 805.  
**Even-lyk**, *adj.* similar, B 5 p 2. 25.  
**Ever**, *adv.* ever, always, A 50, &c.; **Ever** in oon, always alike, continually, T. v. 451; incessantly, A 1771.  
**Everich**, *each*, A 1186; **every**, A 241; each one, A 371; every one, E 1017; *e. of hem*, either of the two, B 1004; **Everich** other, each other, 7. 53.  
**Everichoon**, *every one*, A 31, 747; **each one**, L. 2507; **Everichone**, *pl.* each one (of us), HF. 337; each of them all, all of them, T. iii. 412.  
**Ever-mo**, *adv.* for ever, always, continually, L. 1239, 2035, 2034.  
**Everydele**, *adv.* every whit, A 368, D 162; altogether, A 3304.  
**Evidently**, *adv.* by observation, A. ii. 23 *rubric*.  
**Ew**, *s.* yew-tree, A 2923; (*collectively*) yew-trees, R. 1385.  
**Exaltacioun**, *s.* (astrological) exaltation, D 702, E 2214.  
**Exaltat**, *as pp.* exalted, D 704.  
**Exametron**, *s.* a hexameter, B 3169.  
**Excusacioun**, *s.* false excuse, I 680; *plea*, I 164.  
**Excuse**, *s.*; *for myn e.*, in my excuse, 7. 305.  
**Executeth**, *pr. s.* performs, A 1664; **Execut**, *pp.* executed, T. iii. 622.  
**Executour**, *s.* exequant, D 2010.  
**Executrice**, *s.* causer, T. iii. 617.  
**Exercitacioun**, *s.* exercise, B 4. p 6. 298.  
**Existence**, *s.* reality, HF. 266.  
**Exorsisaciouns**, *pl.* exorcisms, spells to raise spirits, HF. 1263.  
**Expans**, *adj.* (calculated) separately, F 1275. See *Anni expansi*.  
**Expoun**, *v.* explain, B 3398, G 86; **Expouned**, *pt. s.* B 3346, 3399.  
**Expres**, *adj.* expressed, made clear, D 1169.  
**Expres**, *adv.* expressly, C 182, D 719.  
**Expresse**, *ger.* to declare, 17. 5; *v.* relate, C 105.

**Expulsif**, *adj.* expellent, A 2749.  
**Extenden**, *pr. pl.* are extended, B 461.  
**Extree**, *s.* axle-tree, A. i. 14. 2.  
**Ey**, *s.* egg, B 4035, G 806.  
**Ey**, *interj.* eh! T. ii. 128; alas! T. iv. 1087; what! C 782.  
**Eye**, *s.* eye; at *eye*, evidently, L. 100; *Eyen*, *pl.* eyes, i. 105; *Eyen sight*, eyesight, D 2060. See **Yē**.  
**Eyed**, *adj.* endowed with eyes, T. iv. 1459.  
**Eyle**, *v.* ail, A 3424.  
**Eyr**, *s.* air, HF. 954; L. 1482; *Eir*, A 1246, 3473; *Eyre*, *dat.* air, gas, G 767.  
**Eyr**, *s.* heir, L. 1598, 1819.  
**Eyrish**, *adj.* of the air, aerial, HF. 932, 965.  
**Eyse**, *s.* ease, D 2101. See **Else**.

## F.

**Face**, *s.* face, A 199, 458; a technical term in astrology, signifying the third part of a sign (of the zodiac), ten degrees in extent, F 50, 1288.  
**Facound**, *adj.* eloquent, 5. 21.  
**Facounde**, *s.* eloquence, finency, 3. 926; C 50.  
**Facultee**, *s.* capacity, authority, or disposition, A 244; branch of study, HF 248.  
**Fade**, *adj.* faded, E. 311.  
**Fader**, *s.* father, A 100; *Fader*, *gen.* A 781; *fader day*, father's time, B 3374; *fader kin*, father's race, ancestry, G 829; *pl.* ancestors, E 61; originators, B 129.  
**Fadme**, *pl.* fathoms, A 2916.  
**Fadres-in-lawe**, *pl.* parents-in-law, B 2. p. 3. 42.  
**Faile**, *s.* failure; *withouten f.*, without fail, 2. 48; *sans faille*, B 501.  
**Fallen**, *v.* fail, grow dim, 5. 85; *pres. part.* failing, remote, A. ii. 4. 30.  
**Fair**, *adj.* fine, D 2253; good, excellent, A 154; a *fair*, a good one, A 165; *as s.*, a fair thing, excellent thing (sarcastically), T. iii. 850; *voc.* O fair one! HF. 518; *pl.* A 234; clean, R. 571; specious, R. 437.  
**Faire**, *adv.* fairly, B. 774, 798; honestly, A 539; courteously, R. 592; clearly, D 1142; prosperously, L. 186, 277.  
**Faire**, *s.* fair, market, B 1515.  
**Faire Bewtheles**, Fair Unpitying One, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, 6. 31.  
**Fairnesse**, *s.* beauty, A 1098; honesty of life, A 519.  
**Fair-Semblaunt**, Fair-show, R. 963.  
**Falding**, *s.* a sort of coarse cloth, A 391, 3212.

**Fallen**, *v.* happen, T. iv. 976; light, E 126; suit, E 259; prosper, L. 186; *pr. s.* *subj.* may befall, R. 798; *imper.* may it befall, L. 277; *pr. s.* comes as by accident, 6. 4; comes, 3. 706; suffers depression (an astrological term), D 702, 705; *Falles*, *pr. s.* (Northern form), falls, A 4042; belongs, 3. 257; *Fallen*, *pr. pl.* happen, come to pass, R. 20; *Fel*, 1 *pt. s.* fell, 2. 15; *Fil*, *pt. s.* fell, A 845; happened, L. 589, 1162; was fitting, L. 2474; *fil on slepe*, fell asleep, HF. 114; *fil of his accord*, agreed with him, F 741; *as fer as reson fil*, as far as reason extended, F 570; *Fille*, 1 *pt. pl.* fell, became, D 812; *Fillen*, *pt. pl.* fell, B 3183, 3620; *Fille*, *pt. pl.* HF. 1659; *fille in speche* = fell to talking, F 964; *Falle*, *pp.* fallen, L. 1726, 1826; happened, A 324; accidentally placed, F 684; *Falling*, *pres. pt.* felling, causing to fall, T. ii. 1382.  
**Fals**, *adj.* false, 3. 618; *false get*, cheating contrivance, G 1277; *voc.* B 4416.  
**Falsen**, *v.* falsify, A 3175; deceive, L. 1640; betray, T. v. 1845; *False*, *v.* be untrue to, 3. 1234; *pp.* falsified, broken (faith), F 627.  
**Falwe**, *adj.* fallow, yellowish, HF. 1936; A 1364.  
**Falwes**, *pl.* fallow-ground, D 656.  
**Fame**, *s.* notoriety, A 3148; rumour, L. 1242; good report, E 418; *Fames*, *pl.* rumours, HF. 1292.  
**Familer**, *s.* familiar friend, B 4 p. 6. 255.  
**Famulier**, *adj.* familiar, at home, A 215, B 1221; of one's own household, E 1784; *Famulere*, affable, L. 1606.  
**Fan**, *s.* vane, quintain, H 42.  
**Fanne**, *s.* fan, A 3315.  
**Fantastyk**, *adj.* belonging to the fancy, A 1376. Used with reference to the portion of the brain in the front of the head.  
**Fantasye**, *s.* fancy, HF. 593; delight, A 3191; imagining, HF. 992; fancy, pleasure, D 190; imagination, A 3835, 3840; imaginary object, 9. 51; desire, will, B 3475; *Fantasies*, *pl.* fancies, F 205; wishes, B 3465.  
**Fantôme**, *s.* phantasm, delusion, B 1037.  
**Farced**, *pp.* stuffed, L. 1373.  
**Fare**, *s.* behaviour, conduct, A 1809, B 1453; condition, 2. 62; good speed, HF. 682; business, goings-on, T. iii. 1106; bustle, ado, HF. 1065; company, T. iii. 605; *evel fare*, ill hap, 2. 62.  
**Faren**, *v.* behave, T. iv. 1087; *doth fare*, causes to behave or feel, T. i. 626; *Fare*,

- ger.* to go, travel, T. v. 21, 279; to proceed, A 2435; *Fare*, 1 *pr.* s. go, G 733; it is with me (thus), 7. 320; am, B 1676; *Fareast*, 2 *pr.* s. actest, 5. 599; art, HF. 887; *Fareth*, *pr.* s. acts, D 1088; is, 3. 113; happens, HF. 271; 1 *pr.* *pl.* live, G 662; 2 *pr.* *pl.* behave, D 852; *pr.* *pl.* seem, I 414; *Fare*, *pr.* s. *subj.* may fare, F 1579; *Ferde*, 1 *pt.* s. fared, T. ii. 1006; felt, 3. 99, 785; was placed, 5. 152; *pt.* s. behaved, A 1372; happened, T. i. 225; was, R. 876; seemed, R. 249; went on, HF. 1522; *Ferden*, *pt.* *pl.* behaved, A 1647; *Ferde*, *pt.* s. *subj.* should fare, R. 271; *Faren*, *pp.* fared, T. v. 466; D 1773; gone, B 4069; *Fare*, *pp.* fared, D 1782, gone, A 2436; walked, L. 2209; *Ferd*, *pp.* fared, T. iv. 1094; *Faringe*, *pres.* *pt.* as *adj.*; best *f.*, best looking, fairest of behaviour, F 932; *f.* *aright*, prosper, T. i. 878; *far wel*, farewell, B 116; *Fareth*, *imp.* *pl.* fare, E 1688; *f.* *wel*, farewell, T. v. 1412.
- Fare-cart**, *s.* travelling cart, T. v. 1162.
- Fare-wel**, *interj.* it is all over! F 1204, G 907; *go farewel*, be lost sight of, A. ii. 23. 12.
- Farsed**, *pp.* stuffed, A 233.
- Fasoun**, *s.* fashion, appearance, R. 708; shape, R. 551.
- Fast**, *s.* fasting, T. v. 370.
- Fast**, *adj.* firm, 7. 313.
- Faste**, *adv.* closely, R. 1346; close, near, A 1478; tight, R. 431; fast, quickly, T. i. 748; as *f.*, very quickly, G 1235; hard, soundly, 5. 94; intently, eagerly, R. 793; *faste by*, near to, A 1476; *faste by*, close at hand, 3. 369.
- Faster**, *adv.* closer, B 3722.
- Fatte**, *v.* fatten, D 1880.
- Faucon**, *s.* falcon, F 411, 424.
- Fauconers**, *s.* *pl.* falconers, F 1196.
- Fauned**, *pt.* s. fawned on, 3. 389.
- Faunes**, *pl.* Fauns, A 2028.
- Fawe**, *adj.* fain, glad, D 220.
- Fawe**, *adv.* fain, anxiously, T. iv. 887.
- Fay**, *s.*; see *Fey*.
- Fayerye**, *s.* troop of fairies, E 2039; troops of fairies, D 859; enchantment, E 1743; *Fairy*, fairy-land, F 96; enchantment, F 201; *pl.* fairies, D 872.
- Fayn**, *adj.* glad, L. 130, 1137; fond, R. 1376.
- Fayn**, *adv.* gladly, A 766; *wolde f.*, would be glad to, E 666.
- Feblesse**, *s.* weakness, T. ii. 863; I 1074.
- Fecches**, *pl.* vetches, T. iii. 936.
- Fecchen**, *ger.* to fetch, T. v. 485; *ger.* to fetch, to be brought (i.e. absent), T. iii. 609; *Fette*, 2 *pt.* s. *didst* fetch, T. iii. 723; *pt.* s. fetched, L. 676; brought, T. v. 852; *pt.* *pl.* B 2041; *Fet*, *pp.* fetched, A 2527; brought, A 819; brought home, D 217.
- Fecching**, *s.* fetching, rape, T. v. 890.
- Fedde**, *pt.* s. fod, A 146.
- Fee**, *s.* reward, pay, 7. 193; *Fee* simple, an absolute fee or fief, not clogged with conditions, A 319.
- Feeld**, *s.* field, A 886, 3032; (in an heraldic sense), B 3573.
- Feendly**, *adj.* fiendlike, devilish, B 751, 783.
- Feet**, *s.* performance, E 429. *E. feat*.
- Feffe**, *v.* enfeof, endow, present, T. iii. 901; *ger.* to present, T. v. 1689; *pp.* enfeofed, put in possession, endowed, E 1698.
- Fel**, *s.* skin, T. i. 91.
- Fel**, *adj.* dreadful, T. v. 50; cruel, A 2630; deadly, D 2002; terrible, B 2019; *Felle*, *voc.* cruel, A 1559; destructive, T. iv. 44.
- Felawe**, *s.* companion, comrade, A 395, 648.
- Felaweshipe**, *s.* partnership, A 1626; companionship, B 2749; company, A 26.
- Felawshipeth**, *pr.* s. accompanies, B 4. m. 1. 12.
- Feld**, *pp.* of *Felle*.
- Feldefare**, *s.* field-fare, 5. 364; T. iii. 861; *farewel f.*, i.e. farewell, and a good ridance; because fieldfars depart when the warm weather comes.
- Felden**, *pt.* *pl.* of *Felle*.
- Fele**, *adj.* many, R. 189; E 917.
- Felo-folde**, *adj.* manifold, B 2. p. 1. 16.
- Felen**, *v.* feel, experience, L. 692; *Fele*, understand by experiment, HF. 826; try to find out, T. ii. 387; *Felto*, 1 *pt.* s. 4. 217; *Feled*, *pt.* s. G 521; *Feled*, *pp.* perceived, T. iv. 984.
- Feling**, *s.* affection, 3. 1172.
- Felle**, *pl.* and *voc.* s. of *Fel*, *adj.*
- Felle**, *v.* fell, A 1702; *Felden*, *pt.* *pl.* caused to fall, R. 911; *Feld*, *pp.* cut down, A 2924.
- Fellen**, *pt.* *pl.* happened, T. i. 134. See *Fallen*.
- Felliche**, *adj.* bitingly, severely, B 2. m. 3. 13.
- Felnesse**, *s.* fierceness, B. i. m. 6. 11.
- Felon**, *adj.* angry, T. v. 190.
- Felonous**, *adj.* fierce, wicked, B. i. m. 4. 15; mischievous, I 438.
- Felonye**, *s.* injustice, B. 4. p. 6. 278; crime, A 1996; treachery, R. 165, 978; *pl.* iniquities, I 281.

**Femele**, *adj.* female, D 122, I 961  
**Femininitee**, *s.* feminine form, B 360.  
**Fen**, *s.* chapter or subdivision of Avicenna's book called the Canon, C 890.  
**Fenel**, *s.* fennel, R. 731.  
**Fenix**, *s.* phoenix, 3. 982.  
**Fer**, *adj.* far, A 388, 491; **Ferre**, *def.* A 3393.  
**Fer**, *adv.* far, B 1781; **Fer ne ner**, neither later nor sooner, A 1850; *how f. so*, however far, 5. 440.  
**Ferd**, *s.* dat. fear, T. iv. 607. (Always in *phr. for ferd*, or *for ferde*.)  
**Ferd**, *pp.* of **Fere**, v.  
**Ferd**, *-e*; see **Faren**, v.  
**Fere**, *s.* dat. fear, B 3369; panic, HF. 174.  
**Fere**, *s.* companion, L. 969; mate, 5. 410, 416; wife, T. iv. 791; *pl.* companions, T. i. 224.  
**Fere**, *s.* dat. fire, T. iii. 978.  
**Fere**, *v.* frighten, T. iv. 1483; **Fered**, *pp.* afraid, G 924; **Ferd**, *pp.* afraid, T. ii. 124.  
**Ferforth**, *adv.* far; *as f. as*, as far as, T. iv. 891; as long as, T. i. 121; *so f.*, to such a degree, 1. 170; *thus f.*, thus far, T. ii. 960.  
**Ferforthly**, *adv.* thoroughly; *so f.*, to such an extent, A 960; so far, L. 682; *as f.*, as completely, D 1545.  
**Ferfulleste**, most timid, T. ii. 450.  
**Ferly**, *adj.* strange, A 417.  
**Fermacies**, *pl.* remedies, A 2713.  
**Ferne**, *adj.* firm, E 663.  
**Ferne**, *imp.* *s.* make firm, B 1. m 5. 61 (Lat. *firma*).  
**Ferne**, *s.* rent, A 252 b.  
**Fermely**, *adv.* firmly, T. iii. 1488.  
**Fermerere**, *s.* friar in charge of an infirmary, D 1859.  
**Fermour**, *s.* farmer of taxes, L. 378.  
**Fern**, *adv.* long ago; *so fern* = so long ago, F 256.  
**Fern-assen**, *s.* *pl.* ashes produced by burning ferns, F 254.  
**Ferne**, *pl.* of **Ferren**, distant, remote, A 14.  
**Ferne**; *f. yere*, last year, T. v. 1176.  
**Ferre**, *adj.* *def.* distant, A 3393.  
**Ferre**, *comp. adv.* farther, HF. 600; **Ferrer**, A 835.  
**Ferreste**, *superl. pl.* farthest, A 494.  
**Fers**, *s.* queen (at chess), 3. 654, 655; **Ferses**, *pl.* the pieces at chess, 3. 723.  
**Fers**, *adj.* fierce, T. i. 225; voc. 7. 1.  
**Fersly**, *adv.* fiercely, T. iii. 1760.  
**Ferthe**, fourth, T. iv. 26, v. 476.  
**Ferther**, *adj.* farther, B 1686, E. 2226.  
**Ferther**, *adv.* further, 1. 148, 3. 1254.

**Ferther-over**, *conj.* moreover, A. ii. 26, 13.  
**Ferthing**, *s.* farthing, D 1967; a very small portion, A 134.  
**Fery**, *adj.* fiery, T. iii. 1600.  
**Fest**, *s.* fist, A 4275, C 802.  
**Feste**, *s.* feast, festival, A 883, B 418; to *f.*, to the feast, B 380; encouragement, T. ii. 361; merriment, T. ii. 421; Makoth feste, flatters, 3. 638; *pl.* tokens of pleasure, T. v. 1429.  
**Festeth**, *pr.* *s.* feasts, A 2193.  
**Festeyinge**, *pres. part.* feasting, entertaining, F 345.  
**Festeyinge**, *s.* festivity, T. v. 455.  
**Festlich**, *adj.* fond of feasts, F 281.  
**Festne**, *ger.* to fasten, A 195.  
**Fet**; see **Fecchen**.  
**Fete**, *dat. pl.* feet, 3. 199, 400, 502.  
**Fether**, *s.* wing, A 2144.  
**Fetis**, *adj.* neat, well-made, handsome, A 157; R. 776; splendid, R. 1133; graceful, C 478.  
**Fetisly**, *adv.* elegantly, A 124, 273; neatly, trimly, A 3205, 3319, exquisitely, R. 837.  
**Fette**; see **Fecchen**.  
**Fetys**, *adj.* well-made, R. 532; handsome, R. 821; splendid, R. 1133; graceful, C 478.  
**Fetysly**, *adv.* exquisitely, neatly, R. 1235.  
**Fey**, *s.* faith, A 1126, 3284; fidelity, L. 778.  
**Feyn**, *adj.* glad, 7. 315.  
**Feyne**, *v.* feign, pretend, A 736; speak falsely, 2. 4; *feyne us*, feign, pretend, B 351; Feigne, who-so f. may, let him, who can, pretend, B 3. p 10. 93.  
**Feynest**, *adv.* most gladly, 5. 480.  
**Feyning**, *s.* pretending, cajolery, F 556; pretence, feigning, L. 1556.  
**Feynt**, *adj.* feigned, R. 433.  
**Feyntest**, 2 *pr.* *s.* enfeeblest, B 926.  
**Ficchen**, *ger.* to fix, B 5. m 4. 18.  
**Fiers**, *adj.* fierce, A 1598; proud, R. 1482.  
**Fifte**, fifth, R. 962, 982; 16. 9.  
**Figes**, *pl.* fig-trees, R. 1364.  
**Fighten**, *v.* fight, L. 1996; **Fight**, *pr.* *s.* fights, 5. 103; **Fought**, *pt.* & **fought**, A 309; **Foughten**, *pp.* A 62.  
**Figure**, *s.* shape, 16. 27; form (as a man), B 3412; figure, 1. 94; figure (of speech), A 499; **Figure**, type, 1. 169; *pl.* figures (of speech), E 16; markings, A. pr. 75.  
**Figuringe**, *s.* form, L. 298; figure, G 96.  
**Fil**, *pt.* *s.* of **Fallen**.  
**Fild**, *pp.* filled, 5. 610.  
**Finch**, *s.* finch (bird), R. 915; *pulle a finch*, pluck a dupe, A 652.

- Finde**, *v.* find, 1. 72; A 648; invent, A 736; *ger.* to provide for, C 537; **Fint**, *pr. s.* finds, G 218; **Fynt**, *pr. s.* L. 1499; **Fond**, *pt. s.* discovered, A 2445; found out, T. i. 659; provided for, B 4019; **Fonde**, *pt. s. subj.* could find, 5. 374; *pp.* found, E 146; **Founden**, *pp.* found, B 612; provided, B 243.
- Finding**, *s.* provision, A 3220.
- Fint**, *pr. s.* finds, G 218.
- Firre**, *s.* fir-tree, A 2921.
- Firste**, *adj. def.* first, 3. 1166; *my firste*, my first narration, F 75; *with the firste*, very soon, T. iv. 63.
- Fish**, *s.* the sign Pisces, F 273.
- Fit**, *s.* a 'fyt' or 'passus,' a portion of a song, B 2078; bout, turn, A 4184.
- Fithele**, *s.* fiddle, A 206.
- Fixe**, *pp. as adj.* fixed, T. i. 298; solidified, G 779.
- Flambe**, *s.* flame, I 353.
- Flatour**, *s.* flatterer, B 4515.
- Flaumbe**, *s.* flame, HF. 769.
- Flayn**, *pp.* flayed, I 425.
- Fledde**, *pt. s.* fled, avoided, B 3445, 3874; **Fledde** herself, took refuge, L. 1225.
- Flee** (1), *v.* fly, F 503; *leet flee*, let fly, A 3806; **Fleigh**, *pt. s.* flew, HF. 921, 2087; **Fley**, *pt. s.* B 4362; **Flouen**, *pt. pl.* flew, B 4581; *pp.* flown, HF. 905.
- Fleen** (2), *v.* escape, A 1170; **flee**, L. 1307, 2020; **Fleeth**, *imp. pl.* 4. 6; **Fleigh**, *pt. s.* fled, B 3879.
- Fleen**, *s. pl.* fleas, H 17.
- Flees**, *s.* fleece, L. 1428, 1647.
- Fleet**, *pr. s.* floats, B 463.
- Flekked**, *pp.* spotted, E 1848, G 565.
- Flemen**, *ger.* to banish, T. ii. 852; *pr. s.* H 182; *pp.* banished, G 58.
- Flemer**, *s.* banisher, driver away, B 460.
- Fleminge**, *s.* banishment, flight, T. iii. 933.
- Flen**, *pr. pl.* fly, T. iv. 1356.
- Fleshly**, *adv.* carnally, B 1775.
- Flete**, *v.* float, bathe, T. iii. 1971; 1 *pr. s. subj.* may float, A 2397; **Fleteth**, *pr. s.* floats, B 901; flows, abounds (Lat. *in-fluat*), B 1. m. 2. 28; **Fleet**, *pr. s.* floats, B 463; *pres. pt.* floating, A 1956; **Fletinge**, *pres. pt.* flowing, B 1. p. 3. 78 (Lat. *limphante*).
- Flex**, *s.* flax, A 676.
- Fley**, *pt. s.* flew, B 4362.
- Flikered**, *pt. s.* fluttered, T. iv. 1221; *pres. pt. pl.* fluttering, A 1962.
- Flitte**, *v.* pass away, I 368; *pp.* removed, T. v. 1544; *pres. pt.* unimportant, 3. 801.
- Flo**, *s.* arrow, H 264.
- Flokmele**, *adv.* in a flock, in a great number, E 86.
- Flood**, *s.* flood-tide, F 259; *on a fl.*, in a state of flood, T. iii. 640.
- Florissinges**, *pl.* florid ornaments, HF. 1301.
- Florouns**, *s. pl.* florets, L. 217, 220.
- Floteren**, *pr. pl.* fluctuate, waver, B 3. p. 11. 227.
- Flotery**, *adj.* fluttering, wavy, A 2883.
- Flough**, 2 *pt. s.* didst fly, B 4421.
- Flour**, *s.* (1) flower, L. 48; *of alle floures flour*, flower of all flowers, 1. 4; flower, i. e. choice, A 4174; choice part, A 982; time of flourishing, A 3048; (2) flour, R. 356.
- Flour-de-lys**, *s.* fleur-de-lis, lily, A 238.
- Floureth**, *pr. s.* flourishes, T. iv. 1577; blooms, 7. 306.
- Flourettes**, *s. pl.* flowerets, buds, R. 891.
- Floury**, *adj.* flowery, 3. 398.
- Floute**, *s.* flute, HF. 1223.
- Floutours**, *pl.* flute-players, R. 763.
- Flouen**, *pt. pl. and pp.* of Flee (1).
- Floytinge**, *pres. pt.* playing on the flute, A 91.
- Fneseth**, *pr. s.* breathes heavily, puffs, snorts, H 62.
- Fo**, *s.* foe, enemy, B 1748; **Foo**, A 63; **Foon**, *pt. B* 3896; **Foos**, *pt. B* 2160.
- Fode**, *s.* food, D 1881, I 137.
- Foisoun**, *s.* plenty, abundance, R. 1359.
- Folde**, *s.* fold, sheepfold, A 512.
- Folden**, *pp.* folded, T. iv. 359, 1247.
- Foled**, *pp.* foaled, born, D 1545.
- Folily**, *adv.* foolishly, B 2639.
- Folk**, *s.* folk, people, A 12, 25; sort, company, 5. 524; *pl.* companies, 5. 278.
- Folowed wel**, followed as a matter of course, 3. 1012; **Folweth**, *imp. pl.* imitate, E 1189.
- Foly**, *adv.* foolishly, 3. 874.
- Folye**, *s.* folly, foolishness, A 3045.
- Folyen**, *pr. pl.* act foolishly, B 3. p. 2. 100.
- Fomen**, *pl.* foe-men, T. iv. 42.
- Fomy**, *adj.* foaming, covered with foam, A 2506.
- Fond**; *pt. s.* of Finde.
- Fonde**, *v.* endeavour, R. 1584; *v.* attempt, try, E 283; try to persuade, B 347.
- Fonde**, *pt. s. subj.* could find, 5. 374.
- Fonge**, *v.* receive, B 377.
- Fonne**, *s.* fool (Northern), A 4089.
- Font-ful water**, fontful of water, B 357.
- Fontstoon**, *s.* font, B 723.
- Foo**; see **Fo**.
- Foo**, *s.* 'foo', for foot, A 3781.

- Fool**, *adj.* foolish, silly, R. 1253.  
**Fool**, *s.* fool, A 3005; jester, B 3271; *pl.* wicked persons, E 2278.  
**Fool-large**, *adj.* foolishly liberal, B 2789, 2810.  
**Fool-largesse**, *s.* foolish liberality, I 813.  
**Foom**, *s.* foam, A 1659, G 564.  
**Foo-men**, *s. pl.* foes, B 3255, 3507.  
**Foon**, *Foos*; see **Fo**.  
**Foot**, *as pl.* feet, A 4124.  
**Foot-brede**, *s.* foot breadth, HF. 2042.  
**Foot-hot**, *adv.* instantly, on the spot, B 438.  
**Foot-mantel**, *s.* foot-cloth, 'safeguard' to cover the skirt, A 472.  
**For**, *prep.* for, A 480, &c.; in respect of, 5. 336; by reason of, R. 1564; for the sake of, B 4. p. 6. 190; *for me*, by my means, T. ii. 134; *for which*, wherefore, F 1525; against, to prevent, in order to avoid, L. 231; *for sayling*, to prevent failure, T. i. 928; in spite of, C 129; *for al*, notwithstanding, A 2020; *for my dethe*, were I to die for it, 4. 186; *to have for excused*, to excuse, A. pr. 31.  
**For**, *conj.* for, A 126, &c.; because, 3. 735, 789; in order that, B 478, F 102.  
**For to**, *with infin.* in order to, to, A 13, 78, &c.  
**Forage**, *s.* provision of fodder, E 1422; food, B 1973; winter-food, as hay, &c., A 3868.  
**For-bede**, *v.* forbid, T. iii. 467; **For-bedeth**, *pr. s.* B 2774; **Forbet**, *for For-bedeth*, *pr. s.* forbids, T. ii. 717; *in phr.* god f., or Crist f. = God forbid, Christ forbid, T. ii. 113, 716; **Forbad**, *pt. s.* E 570; **Forbode**, *pp.* forbidden, E 2206.  
**Forbere**, *v.* forbear (to mention), A 885; leave (him) alone, D 665; spare, A 3168; little consider, T. ii. 1660; **Forbar**, *pt. s.* forbear, T. i. 437; *imp. pl.* forgive, L. 80.  
**For-blak**, *adj.* extremely black, A 2144.  
**Forbode**, *s.* prohibition; *goddess forbode*, it is God's prohibition (i.e. God forbid), L. 10 a.  
**Forbrak**, *i. pt. s.* broke off, interrupted, B 4. p. 1. 7.  
**For-brused**, *pp.* badly bruised, B 3804.  
**Forby**, *adv.* by, past, L. 2539.  
**Forbyse**, *ger.* to instruct by examples, T. ii. 1390. (A false form; *for forbiſe(n)*, the former *n* being dropped by confusion with that in the suffix.)  
**Force**; see **Fors**.  
**Forcracchen**, *ger.* to scratch excessively, R. 323.  
**Forcutteth**, *pr. s.* cuts to pieces, H 340.  
**For-do**, *v.* destroy, 'do for,' T. i. 238, iv. 1681; **For-dide**, *pt. s.* slew, L. 2557; **For-doon**, *pp.* overcome, vanquished, T. i. 525; ruined, T. v. 1687; destroyed, H 290; slain, L. 939.  
**Fordriven**, *pp.* driven about, B 1. p. 3. 71.  
**For-dronken**, *pp.* extremely drunk, A 3120, 4150.  
**Fordrye**, *adj.* very dry, withered up, F 409.  
**Fordwyned**, *adj.* shrunken, R. 366.  
**Fore**, *s.* path, trace of steps, D 110; course, track, D 1935. A. S. *fōr*.  
**Foreyne**, *adj.* extraneous, B 3. p. 3. 73.  
**Foreyne**, *s.* outer chamber (or courtyard?), L. 1962.  
**Forfered**, *pp.* exceedingly afraid; *forfered of* = very afraid for, F 527.  
**Forfeted**, *pt. s.* did wrong, I 273.  
**Forgaf**, *pt. s.* of Foryeve.  
**Forgat**, *pt. s.* of Foryete.  
**Forgift**, *s.* forgiveness, L. 1853.  
**For-go**, *pp.* overwalked, exhausted with walking, HF. 115.  
**Forgon**, *ger.* to give up, forego, (better forgo), T. iv. 195; lose, R. 1473; **Forgoon**, *pp.* lost, B 2183.  
**Forheed**, *s.* forehead, R. 860; **Forheved**, B 1. p. 4. 139.  
**For-hoor**, *adj.* very hoary, R. 356.  
**Forkerveth**, *pr. s.* hews in pieces, H 340.  
**Forlaft**, *pp.* abandoned, C 83.  
**Forleſeth**, *pr. s.* loses, I 789. See **For-lorn**.  
**For-leten**, *v.* abandon, give up, C 864; yield up, B 1848; **Forlete**, *pr. pl.* forsake, I 93; **Forleten**, *pp.* abandoned, given up, HF. 694.  
**Forliven**, *v.* degenerate, B 3. p. 6. 56; **Forlived**, *pp. as adj.* degenerate, ignoble, B 3. m. 6. 13.  
**Forlorn**, *pp.* utterly lost, L. 2663. See **Forleſe**.  
**Forlost**, *pp.* utterly lost, T. iii. 280.  
**Forloyn**, *s.* note on a horn for recall, 3. 386.  
**Forme**, *s.* form, A 305; form, lair (of a hare), B 1294.  
**Forme-fader**, *s.* fore-father, first father, B 2293.  
**Formel**, *s.* companion (said of birds), 5. 371, 373.  
**Formely**, *adv.* formally, T. iv. 497.  
**Former**, *s.* Creator, C 19.  
**Former age**, the Golden Age of old, 9. 2.  
**Formest**, *adj. sup.* foremost, 3. 890.  
**Forn-caſt**, *pp.* premeditated, B 4407.

- Forneys**, *s.* furnace, A 202, 559.  
**For-old**, *adj.* extremely old, A 2124.  
**Forpampered**, *pp.* exceedingly pampered, spoilt by pampering, 9. 5.  
**For-pyned**, *pp.* wasted away (by torment or *pine*), A 205.  
**Fors**, *s.* force, A 2723; *no fors*, no matter, no consequence, A 2723, B 285; *no force*, no matter, 18. 53; *no fors is*, it is no matter, T. iv. 322; *no force of*, no matter for, 10. 13; *no fors of me*, no matter about me, 4. 197; *thereof no fors*, never mind that, 3. 1170; *make no fors*, pay no heed, H 68; *I do no fors*, I care not, D 1254; *I do no fors thereof*, it is nothing to me, 3. 542; *dolt no fors*, takes no account, I 711; *what fors*, what matter, T. ii. 378.  
**Forsake**, *v.* deny, B 1. p. 4. 164; leave, B 3431; **Forsook**, *pt. s.* forsook, R. 1538; **Forsaken**, *pp.* R. 1498; *imp. pl.* give up, C 286.  
**Forseid**, *pp. as adj.* aforesaid, 5. 120.  
**Forseinge**, *s.* prevision, T. iv. 989.  
**Forshapen**, *pp.* metamorphosed, T. ii. 66.  
**For-shright**, *pp.* exhausted with shrieking, T. iv. 1147.  
**For-sight**, *s.* foresight, T. iv. 961.  
**For-sleuthen**, *v.* waste in sloth, B 4286.  
**Forsleweth**, *pr. s.* wastes idly, I 685.  
**Forsluggeth**, *pr. s.* spoils, allows (goods) to spoil, I 685.  
**Forsongen**, *pp.* tired out with singing, R. 664.  
**Forster**, *s.* forester, A 117.  
**Forstraught**, *pp.* distracted, B 1293.  
**Forswor him**, *pt. s.* was forsworn, HF. 389; **Forswore**, *pp.* falsely sworn by, L. 2522; **Forsworn**, forsworn, L. 927.  
**Forth**, *adv.* forth, on, further, onward, 5. 27; D 1569, F 604, 605, 964; **forward**, HF. 2061; out, 5. 352; continually, F 1081; away, T. i. 118; still, 4. 148; *tho f.*, thenceforth, T. i. 1076; *forth to love*, i. e. they proceed to love, T. ii. 788.  
**Forther**, *adv.* more forward, A 4222; **Further**, (go) further, A 4117.  
**Fortheren**, *ger.* to further, T. v. 1707.  
**Forthering**, *s.* furtherance, aid, L. 69 a.  
**Forther-moor**, *adv.* further on, A 2069; **Forthermore**, moreover, C 357.  
**Forther-over**, *adv.* moreover, C 648.  
**Forthest**, *adj. and adv.* furthest, B 4. p. 6. 136.  
**For-thinke**, *v.* seem amiss, (or here) seem serious, T. ii. 1414; *pr. s. impers.* seems a pity (to me), E 1906; **Forthoughte**, *pt. s. subj.* should displease, R. 1671.  
**Forthren**, *ger.* to further, help, assist, L. 71, 472, 1618; *ger.* to further, T. v. 1707.  
**Forth-right**, *adv.* straightforwardly, straightforward, R. 295; F 1503.  
**Forthward**, *adv.* forwards, B 263, F 1169.  
**For-thy**, *adv.* therefore, on that account, A 1841, 4031.  
**Fortroden**, *pp.* trodden under foot, I 190.  
**Fortuit**, *adj.* fortuitous, B 5. p. 1. 91.  
**Fortuna maior**, a name for the auspicious planet Jupiter, T. iii. 1420. (Or else, a cluster of stars near the beginning of Pisces; cf. Dante, *Purg.* xix. 4).  
**Fortunel**, *adj.* accidental, B 5. m. 1. 16.  
**Fortunen**, *v.* to give (good or bad) fortune to, A 417; **Fortunest**, 2 *pr. s.* renderest lucky or unlucky, A 2377; *pt. pl.* happened, chanced, 3. 288; *pp.* endowed by fortune, 4. 180.  
**Fortunous**, *adj.* fortuitous, accidental, B 1. p. 6. 9.  
**For-waked**, *pp.* tired out with watching, 3. 126; B 596.  
**Forward**, *adv.* foremost; *first and f.*, first of all, B 2431.  
**Forward**, *s.* agreement, covenant, A 33, 829.  
**Forwelked**, *adj.* withered, wrinkled, deeply lined, R. 361.  
**Forweped**, *pp.* weary, exhausted through weeping, 3. 126.  
**Forwered**, *pp.* worn out, R. 235.  
**For-wery**, *adj.* very tired, 5. 93.  
**Forwes**, *pl.* furrows, 9. 12.  
**For-why**, *conj.* for what reason, T. iii. 1009; wherefore, why, HF. 20; because, 3. 401, 793.  
**For-witer**, *s.* foreknower, B 5. p. 6. 329.  
**Forwiting**, *s.* foreknowledge, B 4433.  
**For-wot**, *pr. s.* foreknows, foresees, HF. 45.  
**Forwrapped**, *pp.* wrapped up, C 718; concealed, I 320.  
**For-yede**, *pt. s.* gave up, T. ii. 1330.  
**Foryelde**, *v.* yield in return, requite, E 831.  
**Foryetelnesse**, *s.* forgetfulness, I 827.  
**Foryeten**, *v.* forget, T. iii. 55; *pr. s.* forgets, T. ii. 375; **Forget**, *for* Forgeteth, *pr. s.* forgets, R. 61; **Forgat**, 1 *pt. s.* forgot, C 919; **For-yat**, *pt. s.* T. v. 1535; **For-yeten**, *pp.* forgotten, A 2021; **Forgeten**, *pp.* B 2602.  
**For-yetful**, *adj.* forgetful, E 472.  
**Foryetinge**, *s.* forgetfulness, B 2. p. 7. 98.  
**Foryeve**, *v.* forgive, B 994; **Foryaf**, *pt. s.*



- forgave, T. iii. 1129, 1577; *Forgaf*, *pt. s.* L. 162; *Foryeve*, *pt. pl.* L. 1848; *Foryeven*, *pp.* forgiven, T. ii. 595.  
**Foryifnesse**, *s.* forgiveness, B 2963.  
**Fostreth**, *pr. s.* cherishes, E 1387;  
**Fostred**, *pt. s.* nourished, fed, kept, E 222, H 131; *pp.* nurtured, nourished, C 219.  
**Fostring**, *s.* nourishment, D 1845.  
**Fote**, *s.* foot, short distance, F 1177; *dat.* L. 2711; *him to f.*, at his foot, L. 1314; *on f.*, on foot, F 390.  
**Fother**, *s.* load, properly a cart-load, A 530; great quantity, A 1908.  
**Fot-hoot**, *adv.* hastily, immediately, 3. 375.  
**Foudre**, *s.* thunderbolt, HF. 535.  
**Foughten**, *pp.* fought, A 62.  
**Foul**, *s.* bird, F 149; *pl.* birds, L. 37, 130.  
**Foule**, *adv.* vilely, D 1069; foully, 3. 623; 5. 517; evilly, A 4220; shamefully, L. 1307; hideously, D 1082; meanly, R. 1061.  
**Fouler**, *adj. comp.* uglier, D 999.  
**Fouler**, *s.* fowler, L. 132.  
**Founde** (1), *ger.* to found, T. i. 1065.  
**Founde** (2), *v.* seek after, 7. 241; 1 *pr. s.* try, endeavour, 7. 47.  
**Foundement**, *s.* foundation, HF. 1132.  
**Foundred**, *pt. s.* foundered, stumbled, A 2687.  
**Founes**, *s. pl.* fawns, 3. 429; *Fownes* (*metaphorically*), young desires, T. i. 465.  
**Fournays**, *s.* furnace, B 3353.  
**Fourtenight**, fourteen nights, a fortnight, T. iv. 1327.  
**Fowel**, *s.* bird, A 190, 2437.  
**Foyne**, *pr. s. imp.* let him thrust, A 2550; *pr. s.* A 2615; *pr. pl.* A 1654.  
**Foyson**, *s.* abundance, plenty, A 3165.  
**Fraknes**, *pl.* freckles, A 2169.  
**Frame**, *ger.* to put together, build, T. iii. 530.  
**Franchyse**, *s.* liberality, E 1987; nobleness, F 1524; privilege, I 452.  
**Frankelwyn**, *s.* franklin, freeholder, A 331.  
**Frankes**, *pl.* franks, B 1371, 1377.  
**Frape**, *s.* company, pack, T. iii. 410. O.F. *frape*, troop.  
**Fraught**, *pp.* freighted, B 171; *han doon fr.*, have caused to be freighted.  
**Frayneth**, *pr. s.* prays, beseeches, B 1790.  
**Free**, *adj.* liberal, generous, B 1366, 1854; bounteous, liberal, 3. 484; noble, beautiful, C 35; profuse, lavish, A 4387; *as s.* noble one, 6. 104.  
**Freedom**, *s.* liberality, L. 1127.  
**Freele**, *adj.* frail, fragile, I 1078.  
**Freend**, *s.* friend, A 670.  
**Freendlich**, *adj.* friendly, A 2680.  
**Freletee**, *s.* frailty, C 78, D 92.  
**Fremede**, *adj.* foreign; *Fremed* (*before a vowel*), strange, wild; *Fremed and tame*, wild and tame, every one, T. iii. 529; *Fremde*, foreign, F 429. A.S. *fremede*.  
**Frenesye**, *s.* madness, D 2209.  
**Frenetyk**, *adj.* frantic, T. v. 206.  
**Frenges**, *pl.* fringes, D 1383; borderings, HF. 1318.  
**Frere**, *s.* friar, A 208, D 829.  
**Fresshe**, *adv.* newly, L. 204.  
**Fresshe**, *v.* refresh, R. 1513.  
**Fret**, *s.* ornament, L. 215, 225, 228.  
**Freten**, *v.* eat (governed by *saugh*), A 2019; *pr. s.* devours, R. 387; *pt. pl.* consumed, D 561; *Freten*, *pp.* eaten, devoured, A 2068; *Frete*, *pp.* B 475.  
**Fretted**, *pp.* adorned, set, L. 1117.  
**Freyne**, *v.* ask, question, T. v. 1227; *pt. s.* B 3022; *pp.* G 433.  
**Fro**, *prcp.* from, A 44; out of, 4. 254; to and fro, L. 2358, 2471.  
**Frogges**, *pl.* frogs, R. 1410.  
**From**, *prcp.* from, A 128; apart from, T. iv. 766; from the time that, R. 850.  
**Frosty**, *adj.* frosty, cold, A 268; which comes in the winter, 5. 364.  
**Frote**, *ger.* to rub, T. iii. 1115; *pr. s.* A 3747.  
**Frothen**, *pr. pl.* become covered with foam, A 1659.  
**Fro-this-forth**, henceforward, T. iv. 314.  
**Frounced**, *adj.* wrinkled, R. 365.  
**Frounceles**, *adj.* unwrinkled, R. 860.  
**Frount**, *s.* true countenance, B 2. p. 8. 7.  
**Fructuous**, *adj.* fruitful, I 73.  
**Fruit**, *s.* fruit, 1. 38; result, F 74.  
**Fruytesteres**, *s. pl. fem.* fruit-sellers, C 478.  
**Frye**, *v.* fry, A 383, D 487.  
**Fugitif**, *adj.* fleeing from (Lat. *profugus*), HF. 146.  
**Ful**, *adj.* satiated, T. iii. 1661; *atte fulle*, at the full, completely, A 651.  
**Ful**, *adv.* fully, F 1230; very, quite, B 3506, F 52; *f. many*, very many, F 128.  
**Fulfille**, *v.* fulfil, 6. 17; *Fulfelle* (Kentish form), *ger.* T. iii. 510; *Fulfuldest*, 2 *pt. s.* didst satisfy, B 2. p. 3. 66; *Fulfilled*, *pp.* quite full, L. 54.  
**Fulsomnesse**, *s.* copiousness, excess, F 405.  
**Fume**, *s.* vapour, B 4114.  
**Fumetere**, *s.* fumitory, *Fumaria officinalis*, B 4153.

**Fumosities**, *s.* fumes arising from drunkenness, C 567, F 358.  
**Fundement** (1), *s.* foundation, D 2103; (2) fundament, C 950.  
**Funeral**, *adj.* T. v. 302; funereal, A 2864, 2912.  
**Furial**, *adj.* tormenting, furious, F 448.  
**Furie**, *s.* monster, A 2684; rage, T. v. 212.  
**Furlongs**, *pl.* furlongs, A 4166; Furlong-way, a short distance, B 557; Forlong-way, a brief time (lit. time of walking a furlong, 2½ minutes), T. iv. 1237.  
**Furre**, *s.* fur, R. 228.  
**Furred**, *pp.* furred, trimmed with fur, R. 227, 408.  
**Furring**, *s.* fur-trimming, I 418.  
**Further-over**, moreover, z. 85.  
**Furthre**, *ger.* to help, HF. 2023; *pp.* advanced, 7. 273.  
**Fusible**, *adj.* capable of being fused, G 856.  
**Fustian**, *s.* fustian, A 75.  
**Futur**, *adj.* future, T. v. 748.  
**Fyle**, *v.* file, smoothe by filing, 5. 212; *fyled*, *pp.* A 2152.  
**Fyn**, *s.* end, R. 1558; death, T. ii. 527; result, B 3348, 3884; aim, E 2106; object, T. ii. 425, iii. 553; *for fyn*, finally, T. iv. 477.  
**Fyn**, *adj.* fine, strong, A 1472; *of fyne force*, of very need, T. v. 421.  
**Fyne**, *v.* finish, T. iv. 26; cease, end, T. ii. 1460.  
**Fynt**, *pr.* *s.* finds, A 4071; Fint, G 218.  
**Fyr**, *s.* fire, B 3734; Fyr of Saint Antony, erysipelas, I 427.  
**Fyr-makinge**, *s.* making of the fire, A 2914.  
**Fysicien**, *s.* physician, B 1. p. 3. 4.

## G.

**Gabbe**, *ger.* to boast, prate, A 3510; 1 *pr.* *s.* lie, speak idly, 3. 1075; Gabbestow, liest thou, T. iv. 481.  
**Gabber**, *s.* liar, idle talker, I 89.  
**Gable**, *s.* gable-end, A 3571.  
**Gadeling**, *s.* idle vagabond, gad-about, R. 938.  
**Gadereth**, *pr.* *s.* gathers, A 1053.  
**Gaderinge**, *s.* gathering, B 2765.  
**Gaillard**, *adj.* joyous, merry, lively, A 3367.  
**Galantyne**, *s.* a kind of sauce, galantine, 9. 16; 12. 17.  
**Galaxy**, *s.* the Galaxy, Milky Way, 5. 56; HF. 936.

**Gale**, *v.* sing, cry out, D 852; *pr.* *s.* subj. exclaim, D 1336.  
**Galianes**, *s.* *pl.* medicines, C 306. So named after Galen.  
**Galingale**, *s.* sweet cyperus, A 381. (A spice was prepared from the root of the plant.)  
**Galle**, *s.* sore place, D 940.  
**Galles**, *pl.* feelings of envy, 9. 47.  
**Galoche**, *s.* a shoe, F 555.  
**Galoun**, *s.* gallon, H 24.  
**Galping**, *pres. pl.* gaping, F 350.  
**Galwes**, *s.* *pl.* gallows, B 3924.  
**Gamed**, *pl. s.* *imper.* it pleased, A 534.  
**Gamen**, *s.* game, sport, T. ii. 38, iii. 250; joke, jest, E 733; amusement, fun, merriement, A 2286, 4354.  
**Gan**, *pt. s.* of Ginne.  
**Ganeth**, *pr.* *s.* yawneeth, H 35.  
**Gape**, *v.* gape, gasp, B 3924; *Gapeth*, *pr.* *s.* opens his mouth, L 2004; *Gape* (*also* Cape), *pr. pl.* gape, stare, A 3841.  
**Gapinges**, *s. pl.* greedy wishes, B 2. m. 2. 17 (Lat. *hiatus*).  
**Gappe**, *s.* gap, A 1639, 1645.  
**Gardin-wal**, *s.* garden-wall, A 1060.  
**Gardinward**, *adv.* gardenward; *to the g.* towards the garden, F 1505.  
**Gargat**, *s.* throat, B 4524.  
**Garleek**, *s.* garlic, A 634.  
**Garnement**, *s.* garment, R. 896.  
**Garner**, *s.* garner, granary, R 1148.  
**Garnisoun**, *s.* garrison, B 2217.  
**Gas**, *pr. s.* goes (Northern), A 4017.  
**Gastly**, *adv.* terrible, A 1984.  
**Gastnesse**, *s.* terror, B 3. p. 5. 29.  
**Gat**, *pt. s.* of Geten.  
**Gat-tothed**, *adj.* having the teeth far apart, A 408, D 603.  
**Gaude**, *s.* gaud, toy, pretence, T. ii. 351; trick, C 389; *pl.* planks, I 651.  
**Gaudè**, *adj.* dyed with weld, A 2079. Fr. *gauter*, to dye with weld.  
**Gauded**, *pp.* furnished with beads called *gauds*, A 159. (The bead or *gaud* was formerly called *gaudee*, from Lat. imp. *pl. gaudete*.)  
**Gaure**, *v.* stare, T. ii. 1157; *ger.* to stare, gaze, A 3827.  
**Gay**, *adj.* finely dressed, A 74, 111; joyous, R. 435; wanton, A 3769.  
**Gaylard**, *adj.* lively, A 3336.  
**Gayler**, *s.* gowler, A 1064.  
**Gayneth**, *pr. s.* avails, A 1176; *pt. s.* profited, T. i. 352.  
**Gaytres** *beries*, berries of the gay-tree or gait-tree (goat-tree), berries of the *Rhamnus catharticus*, or buckthorn, B

4155. Called *getbärs-trä*, goat-berry-tree. in Swedish dialects (Rietz).
- Geaunt**, *s.* giant, B 1997, 3298.
- Gebet**, *s.* gibbet, gallows, HF. 106.
- Geen**, *pp.* gone (Northern), A 4078.
- Geeth**, *pr. s.* goes, L. 2145.
- Generally**, *adv.* everywhere, T. i. 86.
- Gent**, *adj.* refined, exquisite, noble, B 1905; slim, A 3254; *fem.* graceful, R. 1032.
- Genterye**, *s.* nobility, magnanimity, L. 394; gentility, D 1146; gentle birth, I 452; rank, I 461; sign of good birth, I 601.
- Gentil**, *adj.* gentle, refined, A 72; gentle, worthy, B 1627; excellent, A 718; mild in manner, compassionate, A 647; well-bred, D 111; beautiful, R. 1081; charming, R. 1016.
- Gentillesse**, *s.* gentleness, noble kindness, courtesy, good breeding, L. 610, 1010, 1080; A 920; nobility, D 3854; gentility, D 1109; worth, E 96; kindness, G 1054; condescension, B 853; high birth, I 585; slenderness, symmetry, F 426; delicate nurture, E 593.
- Gentilleste**, *adj. sup.* noblest, E 72, 131.
- Gentilly**, *adv.* gently, honourably, A 3104; courteously, B 1093; frankly, F 674.
- Gentils**, *s. pl.* gentlefolk, A 3113.
- Geomancie**, *s.* divination by figures made on the earth, I 605.
- Geometriens**, *s. pl.* geometricians, B 3. p 10. 143.
- Gere**, *s.* gear, armour, A 2180; equipment, A 4016; property, B 800; utensils, A 352; apparel, A 365; *pl.* contrivances, F 1276.
- Gere**, *s.* changeful manner, A 1372; *pl.* changeful ways, A 1531.
- Gerful**, *adj.* changeable, T. iv. 286; A 1538. Cf. *Gery*.
- Gerland**, *s.* garland, R. 566.
- Gerner**, *s.* garner, A 593.
- Gery**, *adj.* changeable, A 1536.
- Gesse**, *v.* suppose, imagine, R. 1115; 1 *pr. s.* suppose, A 82, 117, B 3435, 3960.
- Gessinge**, *s.* opinion, B 1. p 4. 315.
- Gest**, *s.* guest, HF. 288.
- Geste**, *s.* romance, tale, story, T. ii. 83, iii. 450; *in geste*, in romance-form, like the common stock-stories, B 2123; *pl.* stories, D 642; occurrences, T. i. 145; exploits, affairs, T. ii. 1349; histories, history, B 1126; deeds, HF. 1434.
- Gestours**, *s. pl.* story-tellers, B 2036; *Gesticours*, HF. 1198.
- Get** (jet), *s.* contrivance, G 1277.
- Geten**, *v.* obtain, get, L. 2370; beget, E 1437; *Get*, *pr. s.* procures, I 828; *Gete*, 2 *pr. pl. as fut. (ye)* will get, 5. 651; *Gat*, *pt. s.* beget, B 715; *got*, 7. 206; procured for, A 703; *Geten*, *pp.* gotten, obtained, A 291; won, L. 1753; begotten, L. 1402; *han geten hem*, to have acquired for themselves, F 56.
- Gif**, *conj.* if (Northern), A 4181, 4190.
- Gigges**, *pl.* rapid movements, HF. 1942.
- Gigginge**, *pres. pt. pl.* fitting with straps, A 2504. From O.F. *guigue*, a handle of a shield.
- Gilden**, *adj.* golden, 3. 338.
- Gilt**, *s.* guilt, offence, F 757, 1039; *pl.* sins, B 3015.
- Gilteless**, *adj.* guiltless, innocent, A 1312.
- Giltif**, *adj.* guilty, T. iii. 1019.
- Gin**, *s.* contrivance, snare, G 1165; *pl.* traps, snares, R. 1620.
- Gingebroed**, *s.* gingerbread, B 2044.
- Gingere**, *s.* ginger, R. 1369.
- Ginglen**, *v.* jingle, A 170.
- Ginne**, *v.* begin, attempt, HF. 2004; *Gan*, 1 *pt. s.* began, T. i. 266; (*as auxiliary verb*), *did*, R. 734, 1129; *Gonne*, *pl. did*, E 1103; HF. 944, 1002; *began*, C 323; *Gonnen*, *pl. pl.* began, 5. 531; *Gunne*, *pt. pl.* began, HF. 1658; *did*, HF. 1384; *Gunnen*, *pt. pl. did*, T. ii. 130.
- Ginninge**, *s.* beginning, T. i. 377.
- Gipoun**, *s.* a short cassock or doublet, A 75, 2120.
- Gipser**, *s.* pouch, purse, A 357.
- Girdel**, *s.* girdle, A 358, 3250; central line, or great circle, A. i. 17. 49.
- Girden**, *ger.* to strike, B 3736. Properly to switch.
- Girdilstede**, *s.* waist, R. 826.
- Girles**, *pl.* young people, whether male or female, A 664.
- Girt**, *pr. s.* girds, L. 1775; *pp.* girded, A 329.
- Giser**, *s.* gizzard, liver, B 3. m 12. 47.
- Giterne**, *s.* kind of guitar, cittern, A 3333.
- Giterninge**, *s.* playing on the gittern, or cittern, A 3363.
- Glade**, *ger.* to gladden, cheer, E 1174; *ger.* to console, A 2837; to rejoice, 5. 687; *Gladed*, *pt. s.* cheered, T. i. 116; *imp. s.* 3 p. may he comfort, E 822; *Gladeth*, *imp. pl.* rejoice, 4. 1.
- Glader**, *s.* one that cheers, A 2223.
- Gladly**, *adv.* fitly, 887; willingly, F 224; by preference, L. 770; *that been gl. wyse*, that would be thought wise, F 372.
- Gladsom**, *adj.* pleasant, B 3968.
- Glareth**, *pr. s.* glistens, shines, HF. 278.

- Glase**, *ger.* to glaze, furnish with glass, T. v. 469. *To glaze one's hood* = to provide with a useless defence.
- Glasing**, *s.* glass-work, 3. 327.
- Glede**, *s.* burning coal, glowing coal or ashes, B 111; *coloured as the glade*, of a bright red, gules, B 3574; *pl.* glowing coals, L. 235. See **Gleed**.
- Gledy**, *adj.* glowing (as a coal), burning, L. 105.
- Glee**, *s.* music, T. ii. 1036; entertainment, B 2030; *pl.* musical instruments, HF. 1209.
- Gleed**, *s.* glowing coal, L. 735.
- Glente**, *pt. pl.* glanced, T. iv. 1223.
- Glewe**, *v.* fasten, glue, HF. 1761.
- Gloyre**, *s.* white (of an egg), G 806.
- Gliden**, *pp.* of **Glyde**.
- Glimsing**, *s.* imperfect sight, E 2383.
- Gliteren**, *pr. pl.* glitter, A 977.
- Glood**, *pt. s.* of **Glyda**.
- Glose**, *s.* glosing, comment, L. 328; F 166; explanation, D 1792; commentary, hence margin, 3. 333.
- Glose**, *ger.* to interpret, explain, T. iv. 1410; to flatter, B 3330; speak with circumlocution, E 2351; persuade cunningly, T. iv. 1471; cajole, D 509; comment on, B 1180.
- Glosinge**, *s.* explaining, D 1793.
- Glyde**, *v.* glide, A 1575; ascend, G 402; slip, T. iv. 1215; *up gl.*, rise up gradually, F 373; **Glood**, *pt. s.* went quickly, B 2094; **Gliden**, *pp.* glided, passed, E 1887.
- Gniden**, *pt. pl.* rubbed, 9. 11. From A.S. *gnidan*.
- Gnof**, *s.* churl (lit. thief), A 3188. Mod.E. *gnoph*.
- Gnow**, *pt. s.* gnawed, B 3638.
- Gobet**, *s.* piece, morsel, fragment, A 696.
- God**, *s.* A 769; God be with you, farewell, C 748; Goddess, God's, Christ's, B 1166; (*pronounced* god's), D 1096; Goddess, *pl.* gods, false gods, 3. 1328.
- Godhede**, *s.* divinity, A 2381.
- Godlihede**, *s.* beauty, T. iii. 1730.
- Godsib**, *s.* sponsor, I 909.
- Gold**, *s.* made of gold, R. 1193.
- Gold-bete**, adorned with beaten gold, gilt, 7. 24. Cf. **Y-bete**.
- Golde**, *pl.* marigolds, A 1929.
- Gold-hewen**, *pp.* hewn of gold, cut out of or made of gold, A 2500.
- Goldlees**, *adj.* moneyless, B 1480.
- Goldsmithrie**, *s.* goldsmiths' work, A 2498.
- Golee**, *s.* gabble (lit. mouthful), 5. 566. O.F. *golee*.
- Golet**, *s.* throat, gullet, C 543.
- Goliardeys**, *s.* buffoon, scurrilous talker, A 560.
- Gomme**, *s.* gum, L. 121.
- Gon**, *v.* go, proceed, F 200; walk, L. 1399; move, A 2510; *lets it goon*, let it go, G 1475; to walk, I 105; move, F 921; roam, L. 2066; **Goost**, 2 *pr. s.* goest, G 56; **Goth**, *pr. s.* goes, I. 68; **Gooth** about, seeks for, T. i. 1091; **Gooth**, goes, B 385; **Geeth**, L. 2145; **Gas** (Northern), A 4037; **Goon**, *pr. pl.* proceed, go along, E 898; **Goor**, *pp.* gone, L. 792; B 17; **Go**, *pp.* gone, G 907; **Geen** (Northern), A 4078; **Go**, *pr. s. subj.* may walk, L. 2069; **Go we**, let us go, T. ii. 615; **Goth**, *imp. pl.* go, B 3384.
- Gonfanoun**, *s.* gonfanon, gonfalon, a sacred banner, R. 1201.
- Gonge**, *s.* privy, I 885.
- Gonne**, *s.* missile, L. 637; gun, cannon HF. 1643.
- Gonne**, -n; see **Ginne**, v.
- Good**, *s.* property, goods, 5. 462; **Gode**, *dat.* benefit, HF. 1. 58, property, wealth, L. 2638; **Godes**, *pl.* goods, B 2605.
- Goodlich**, *adj.* kind, bountiful, G 1053.
- Goodliheed**, *s.* seemliness, T. ii. 842; goodly seeming, HF. 330; a goodly outside, HF. 274.
- Goodly**, *adj.* kindly, B 2921; excellent, L. 77; pleasing, right, B 3969; portly, B 4010.
- Goodly**, *adv.* patiently, T. iii. 1035; well, B 2420; kindly, HF. 565; reasonably, T. iii. 990; favourably, T. iii. 654; rightly, B 2860.
- Good-man**, *s.* master of the house, C 361; householder, L. 1391.
- Goos**, *s.* goose, 5. 358; **Gees**, *pl.* E 2275.
- Goosish**, *adj.* goose-like, foolish, T. iii. 584.
- Goost**, 2 *pr. s.* goest, B 2501.
- Goot**, *s.* goat, A 688, G 886.
- Gore**, *s.* 'gore' or gusset of a garment, B 1979; a triangular piece cut out, A 3237.
- Goshawk**, *s.* goshawk, B 1928.
- Gossib**, *s.* female companion, D 529; male (spiritual) relation, D 243; **Godsib**, sponsor, I 909.
- Gossomer**, *s.* gossamer, F 259.
- Göst**, *s.* spirit, ghost, HF. 185; soul, 1. 56; mind, L. 103; ghost (ironically), H 55; the Holy Spirit, 1. 93; G 328; *yeldeth up the goot*, gives up the ghost, L. 886.
- Gostly**, **Goostly**, *adj.* spiritual, I 392.
- Gostly**, *adv.* spiritually, mystically, G 109; devoutly, truly, T. v. 1030.

Goter, *s.* gutter, channel for water, L. 2705.  
 Goune-clooth, *s.* cloth to make a gown, D 2247, 2252.  
 Governaille, *s.* mastery, E 1192; *pl.* rules, B 1. p. 6. 32.  
 Governance, *s.* management, control, rule, HF. 945, 958; providence, T. ii. 467; dominion, B 3541; manner of action, F 311; self-control, T. ii. 1020; charge, care, C 73; demeanour, T. ii. 219.  
 Gouverne, *v.* control, T. iii. 475; *imp. pl.* arrange, regulate, B 1451, E 322.  
 Gouvernesse, *s. fem.* governor, ruler, mistress, 1. 141; 2. 80.  
 Governour, *s.* ruler, umpire, A 813; leader, L. 1060.  
 Grace, *s.* favour, 1. 46; mercy, F 999; pardon, B 647; good opinion, R. 1109; virtue, R. 1099; *hir* grace, her favour (i.e. that of the Virgin), B 980; *af* grace, out of favour, in kindness, F 161; *sory* grace, an ill favour, HF. 1790; disfavour, D 746; *harde* grace, displeasure, 5. 65; displeasure, disgust, D 2228; severity, HF. 1886; disfavour, misfortune, T. i. 713; ill luck (i.e. a curse upon him), G 665; Graces, *pl.* thanks, B 994.  
 Graceless, *adj.* unfavoured by God, G 1078; out of favour, T. i. 781.  
 Grame, *s.* anger, grief, harm, 7. 276.  
 Grange, *s.* barn, granary, A 3668.  
 Grant mercy, best thanks, G 1380.  
 Grapnel, *s.* grapnel, L. 640.  
 Gras (1), *s.* grass, R. 1419.  
 Gras (2), *s.* grace, B 2021.  
 Graspe, *v.* grope, T. v. 223.  
 Gras-tyme, *s.* time of eating grass, time of youth, A 3868.  
 Graunges, *pl.* granges, barns, granaries, HF. 698.  
 Graunt, *s.* grant, R. 851.  
 Graunt mercy, best thanks, G 1156.  
 Graunten, *v.* grant, R. 1483; fix, name, E 179; *pt. s.* assented to, L. 2665; *pt. pl.* consented to, A 786.  
 Grave, *s.* A 2778; pit, L. 680.  
 Graven, *v.* engrave, F 830; Grave, *v.* dig; *doth she gr.*, she causes to be dug, L. 678; bury, E 681; to engrave, C 17; Graven, *pp.* engraved, graven, HF. 193; buried, L. 785; Grave, *pp.* graven, HF. 157.  
 Grayn, *s.* dye; *in grayn*, in dyo, i.e. dyed of a fast colour, B 1917.  
 Graythe, *ger.* to clothe, dress, R. 584.  
 Grece, *s.* gress, A 135.  
 Gredy, *adj.* greedy, ready, T. iii. 1758.

Gree (1), *s.* favour, good part, R. 42; good will, 18. 73; *in gree*, favourably, T. ii. 529.  
 Gree (2), *s.* degree, rank, L. 1313; superiority, A 2733.  
 Graef, *s.* grievance, D 2174.  
 Greet, *adj.* greet, 3. 954; principal, B 1181; *voc.* B 1797; *pl.* L. 929; luxuriant, C 37; *a greet*, a great one, A 339; Grete, *def. adj. as s.*, the chief part, L. 574.  
 Grehoundes, *s. pl.* greyhounds, A 190.  
 Greithe, *v.* prepare, B 3784.  
 Grène, *adj. as s.*, green colour, R. 573; A 103; green clothing (the colour of inconstancy), 21. 7, green place, green space, F 862.  
 Grenehode, *v.* greenness, wantonness, B 163.  
 Grenning, *pres. part.* grinning, R. 156.  
 Gres, *s.* grass, T. ii. 515; *pl.* grasses, HF. 1353.  
 Gret3, *v.* greet; *imp. s.* L. 2299; Grette, 1 *pt. s.* L. 116.  
 Greter, *adj. comp.* greater, A 197.  
 Grevaunce, *s.* grievance, trouble, hardship, B 2676; complaint (against us), 1. 63; discomfort, 5. 205; affliction, 10. 47; *pl.* distresses, T. i. 647.  
 Greve, *s.* grove, T. v. 1144; *pl.* A 1495, boughs, sprays, L. 227.  
 Greve, *ger.* to harm, R. 1042; feel vexed, grumble, T. i. 343; *pr. s.* grieves, harms, A 917; *imp. rs.* it vexes, E 647.  
 Grevous, *adj.* grievous, painful, T. v. 1604.  
 Greyn, *s.* grain, corn, A 596; grain (dye), B 4649; *in greyn*, of a fast colour, F 511; Greyn de Paradys, grains of paradise, R. 1369; Greyn, grain (of paradise), cardamom, A 3690.  
 Greythen, *pr. pl.* prepare (themselves), get ready, A 4309; *ger.* to adorn, clothe, dress, R. 584. *leel. grida.*  
 Griffon, *s.* griffin, A 2132.  
 Grille, *adj. pl.* horrible, R. 73.  
 Grim, *adj.* angry, A 2042; fierce, A 2519.  
 Grimnesse, *s.* horror, I 864.  
 Grinte, *pt. s.* grinned, D 2161.  
 Grintinge, *s.* gnashing (of teeth), I 208.  
 Grisel, *s.* name given to an old man, whose hair is gray (lit. old horse), 16. 35.  
 Grisly, *adj.* horrible, terrible, awful, A 1363, 1971; very serious, T. ii. 1700.  
 Grobbe, *v.* dig, grub (up), 9. 29.  
 Grome, *s.* man; *gr. and wonche*, man and woman, HF. 206; *pl.* men, R. 200.  
 Gronte, *pt. s.* groaned, B 3899.  
 Grope, *v.* try, test, examine, A 644; *ver.* to search out, D 1817.

**Gröt**, *s.* particle, atom, D 1292.  
**Gröte**, *s.* groat, (Dutch) coin, C 945.  
**Grounded**, *pp.* well instructed, A 414; founded, T. iv. 1672.  
**Groyn** (1), *s.* (a swine's) snout, I 156.  
**Groyn** (2), *s.* murmur, T. i. 349.  
**Groyning**, *s.* murmuring, A 2460.  
**Grucche**, *v.* murmur, T. iii. 643; *ger.* to grumble, D 443.  
**Grucching**, *s.* grumbling, complaining, murmuring, D 406, I 499.  
**Gruf**, *adv.* on their faces, grovellingly, in a grovelling posture, A 949, B 1865. Cf. Icel. *á gráfu*, face downwards.  
**Grypen**, *ger.* to grasp, R. 204.  
**Grys**, *adj.* gray, G 559; *poetically* *grye*, i.e. dapple-gray.  
**Grys**, *s.* a gray fur, A 194. The fur of the gray squirrel.  
**Guerdon**, *s.* recompense, meed, reward, L. 1526; *him to g.*, as a reward for him, L. 2052.  
**Guerdone**, *v.* reward, I 283; *pp.* B 2462.  
**Guerdoning**, *s.* reward, S. 455.  
**Gyde**, *s.* guide, A 804; ruler, G 45; guide, wielder, S. 136.  
**Gyde**, *ger.* to direct, lead, T. i. 183; to guide, T. iii. 1811; *pp.* *pl.* conduct, T. ii. 1104.  
**Gyderesse**, *s.* conductress, B 4 p. 1. 9.  
**Gyding**, *s.* guidance, T. v. 643.  
**Gye**, *v.* guide, A 1050, E 1429; conduct (myself), L. 2045; govern, A 3046; rule, B 3587; instruct, control, B 1280; *ger.* to guide, T. v. 546; to regulate, I 13, as *wisly he gye*, so verily may he guide, 25. 8.  
**Gylo**, *s.* deceit, A 2506; trick, T. iii. 777.  
**Gylour**, *s.* beguiler, trickster, A 4321.  
**Gyse**, *s.* guise, way, A 663; manner, R. 789, A 1208, 1789; custom, A 993; way, plan, T. iv. 1370.  
**Gyte**, *s.* dress, perhaps skirt or mantle, A 3954; *pl.* D 559. Cf. *gyde* in Jamieson's Dict., where the sense is dress, skirt, or mantle. Gascoigne uses *gite* in the sense of dress in his *Philomena*, l. 117: 'A stately Nymph, a dame of heavenly kinde, Whose glittering *gite* so glimpsed in mine eyes.'

## H.

**Ha!** *ha!* *interj.* B 4571.  
**Haberdassher**, *s.* seller of hats, A 361.  
**Habergeoun**, *s.* a hauberk or coat of mail, A 76, 2119.  
**Habitacle**, *s.* habitable space, B 2 p. 7. 59; Habitacles, *pl.* niches, IIF. 1194.  
**Haboundaunt**, *pres. pl.* abounding, B 3 p. 2. 32.  
**Habounde**, *v.* abound, B 3938, E 1286.  
**Habundant**, *adj.* abundant, E 59.  
**Habundaunce**, *s.* plenty, B 2322.  
**Habyten**, *pr. pl.* inhabit, R. 660.  
**Hacches**, *pl.* hatches, L. 648.  
**Hailes**, *pl.* hail-storms, IIF. 967.  
**Hainselins**, *s. pl.* short jackets, I 422. O.F. *haincelin*, *hancellin*, a sort of robe; cf. G. *Hemd*, shirt.  
**Haire**, *s.* hair-shirt, R. 438.  
**Hakeney**, *s.* old horse, R. 1137; G 559.  
**Halde**, *pp.* held, esteemed (Northern), A 4208.  
**Hale**, *v.* draw, attract, S. 151; *pr. s.* draws back, 1. 68.  
**Half**, *s.* side, HF. 1136; behalf, T. ii. 1734; *Halfe*, *dat.* 5. 125; *on my half*, from me, 3. 139; *a goddes halfe*, on God's side, in God's name, D 50; *Halve*, *dat.* side, part, T. iv. 945; *pl.* sides, A 3481.  
**Half-goddes**, *pl.* demi-gods, L. 387.  
**Half-yeer age**, of the age of half a year, A 3971.  
**Haliday**, *s.* holiday, A 3309, 3340.  
**Halke**, *s.* corner, R. 404; lodging-place, L. 1780; nook, F 1121; *pl.* G 311.  
**Halle**, *s.* hall, A 353; dining-room, T. ii. 1170; parlour, B 4022.  
**Halp**, *pl. s.* of *Helpe*.  
**Hals**, *s.* neck, HF. 394; B 73; *cut the hals*, cut in the throat, T. 292 a.  
**Halse**, 1 *pr. s.* I conjure, B 1835. The proper meaning of A.S. *halsian* is to clasp round the neck (A.S. *heals*), and thence to beseech, supplicate.  
**Halt**, *pr. s.* of *Hold* and *Halten*.  
**Halten**, *ger.* to limp, T. iv. 1457; *Halt*, *pr. s.* goes lame, 3. 622.  
**Halve goddes**, *pl.* demigods, T. iv. 1545.  
**Halvendel**, *s.* the half part (of), T. v. 335.  
**Halwen**, *ger.* to hallow, I 919.  
**Halwes**, *pl.* saints, B 1060; apostles, 3. 831; shrines of saints, A 14.  
**Haly-dayes**, *pl.* holy-days, festivals, A 3952, I 667.  
**Ham**, *s.* home (Northern), A 4032.  
**Hameled**, *pp.* cut off, T. ii. 964. (It refers to the mutilation of dogs that were found to be pursuing game secretly. They were mutilated by cutting off a foot.) A.S. *hamelian*, to mutilate.  
**Hamer**, *s.* hammer, A 258.

**Hampred**, *pp.* hampered, burdened, R. 1493.  
**Hand**, *s.* hand, A 108; *in his hande*, leading by his hand, L. 213.  
**Handebrede**, *s.* hand's breadth, A 3811.  
**Handwerk**, *s.* creatures, things created, D 1562.  
**Hangeth**, *pr. s.* as *fut.* will hang, R. 193; *Heeng*, *pt. s.* hung, A 3250; *Heng*, *pt. s.* hung, R. 224, 240; (which) hung, E 1883; hung down, T. ii. 689; *Hanged*, *pp.* hung round, A 2568; hung, T. ii. 353.  
**Hap**, *s.* chance, E 2057; luck, success, B 3928, G 1209; good fortune, 3. 1039; *h.* other grace, a mere chance or a special favour, 3. 810; *pl.* occurrences, 3. 1279.  
**Happe**, *v.* happen, befall, A 585; *h.* how *h.* may, happen what may, T. v. 796.  
**Happen**, *pr. s.* *subj.* (it) may happen, L. 78.  
**Happy**, *adj.* lucky, T. ii. 621.  
**Hard**, *adj.* hard, A 229; *of hard*, with difficulty, T. ii. 1236; *def.* cruel, 6. 106; F 499; *with h. grace*, with displeasure, severity (see Grace).  
**Harde**, *adv.* tightly, A 3279.  
**Hardely**, *adv.* boldly, R. 270; unhesitatingly, 6. 118; scarcely, R. 4; certainly, HF. 359.  
**Hardiment**, *s.* boldness, T. iv. 533.  
**Hardinesse**, *s.* boldness, A 1948, B 3210; fool-hardiness, B 2508; insolence, I 438.  
**Harding**, *s.* hardening, tempering, F 243.  
**Hardnesse**, *s.* cruelty, 4. 232; hardship, I 688.  
**Hardy**, *adj.* bold, A 405; sturdy, F 19; rash, R. 1038.  
**Harie**, *ger.* to drag, I 171; *Hariet*, *pp.* pulled forcibly, A 2726.  
**Harlot**, *s.* a person of low birth, servant-lad, D 1754; ribald, A 647; rogue, rascal, A 4268; *Harlotes*, *pl.* thieves, pick-pockets, R. 191. (Used of both sexes.)  
**Harlotrye**, *s.* ribaldry, A 3145; wickedness, D 1328; evil conduct, E 2262; *pl.* ribald jests, A 561.  
**Harm**, *s.* harm, 3. 492; A 385; *broken harm*, occasional injury, petty annoyance, E 1425.  
**Harneised**, *pp.* equipped (lit. harnessed), A 114.  
**Harneys**, *s.* armour, A 1006; gear, arrangement, I 974; fittings, A 2896; harness, I 433; provision, D 136.  
**Harpe-strings**, *pl.* harp-strings, HF. 777.

**Harping**, *s.* playing on the harp, A 266.  
**Harpour**, *s.* harper, T. ii. 1030.  
**Harre**, *s.* hinge, A 550. A. S. *heorra*.  
**Harrow!** *interj.* help! A 3286. O. F. *hara*.  
**Harwed**, *pt. s.* harried, despoiled, A 3512, D 2107. (Alluding to the harrying or harrowing of hell by Christ.) A. S. *hergian*.  
**Hasard**, *s.* dice-play, C 465, 591.  
**Hasardour**, *s.* gamester, C 596.  
**Hasardrye**, *s.* gaming, playing at hazard, C 590.  
**Hasel-wode**, *s.* hazel-wood, i.e. no news (see below), T. v. 505, 1174; *pl.* hazel-bushes, T. iii. 890. (Hazel-woods shake, i.e. that is no news, it is of no use to tell me that.)  
**Haspe**, *s.* hasp, A 3470.  
**Hast**, hast thou (so)? A 4268.  
**Hast**, *s.* haste, T. iii. 1438.  
**Hastoth**, *imp. pl.* make haste, I 72.  
**Hastif**, *adj.* hasty, A 3545.  
**Hastifnesse**, *s.* hastiness, B 2312.  
**Hastow**, *2 pr. s.* hast thou, A 3533.  
**Hateful**, *adj.* hateful, D 366; odious (Lat. *odibile*), D 1195.  
**Hateredes**, *s. pl.* hatreds, B 4. m. 4. 2.  
**Haubergeons**, *s. pl.* haubercs, I 1052, 1054.  
**Hauberck**, *s.* coat of mail, A 2431, B 2053.  
**Haunche-bon**, *s.* thigh-bone, A 3803; *pl.* haunch-bones, A 3279.  
**Haunt**, *s.* abode, B 2001; 'limit,' usual resort, A 252 c; use, practice, skill, 447.  
**Haunteth**, *pr. s.* habitually uses, T. v. 1556; is used to, A 4392; practises, C 547; *pr. pl.* resort to, I 885; practise, I 780, 847.  
**Hauteyn**, *adj.* proud, stately, 5. 262; loud, C 330; Hautein, haughty, I 614.  
**Haven**, *v.* have, T. iii. 1463; *Han*, *v.* F. 56; keep, retain, C 725; take away, C 727; obtain, G 234; possess (cf. 'to have and to hold'), B 208; *Hast*, *2 pr. s.* hast thou so? A 4268; *Hath*, *pr. s.* has, L. 2700; *Han*, *1 pr. pl.* have, L. 28; *2 pr. pl.* A 849; *Han*, *pr. pl.* E 188, 381; possess, A. pr. 24; *Haddie*, *1 pl. s.* possessed, 2. 34; *Hadde*, *pt. s.* had, L. 1859; had, possessed, E 438; took, E 303; *Hade* (used for the rime), *pt. s.* A 554, 617; *Hadden*, *pt. pl.* had, kept, E 201; *Hadde*, *pt. pl.* L. 1841; *I hadde lever*, I would rather, B 3083; *Havo*, *imp. s.* take, F 759; *Have doon*, make an end, 5. 492.  
**Havinge**, *s.* possession (*habendi*), B 2. m. 5. 33.

**Hawe**, (1), *s.* haw, yard, enclosure, C 855.  
**Hawe**, (2), *s.* haw (fruit of dog-rose), D 659; *with hawe bake*, with baked haws, i.e. with coarse fare, B 95.  
**Hay**, *s.* hedge, R. 54.  
**Hayl**, *interj.* hail! A 3579.  
**Hayt**, *interj.* come up! D 1543.  
**He**, *pron.* he, A 44, &c.; *used for it*, G 867, 868; *that he*, that man, HF. 2069; **He**... **he**, this one... that one, 5. 166; **He** and **he**, one man and another, T. ii. 1748; **Him**, *dat. and acc.* himself, A 87; **Him** or **here**, **him** or **her**, HF. 1003; *him seemed*, it seemed to him, he appeared, B 3361; **Hem**, *pl. dat. and acc.* them, A 11; *hem seemed*, it seemed to them, they supposed, F 56.  
**Hed**, *pp.* hidden, L. 208.  
**Hede**, *s.* heed, A 303; *tak h.*, take care, 1. 47.  
**Hede**, *v.* provide with a head, T. ii. 1042.  
**Heed**, *s.* head, A 198, 293, 455; *source*, 16. 43; *beginning*, F 1282; *on his h.*, at the risk of his head, A 1725; *malgre hir hede*, in spite of all they can do, 4. 220; *maugree hir heed*, in spite of all she could do, D 887; *maugree thyn heed*, in spite of all thou canst do, B 104; **Hedes**, *pl.* heads, or first points of signs, A. i. 17. 20; **Hevedes**, heads, B 2032.  
**Heef**, *pl. s.* of Have.  
**Heeld**, *pt. s.* of Holde.  
**Heelp**, *pt. s.* of Helpe.  
**Heeng**, *pl. s.* of Hunge.  
**Heep**, *s.* heap, i.e. crowd, host, A 575; great number, crowd, T. iv. 1281.  
**Heer**, *s.* hair, R. 549; **Hères**, *pl.* HF. 1390.  
**Heer**, *adv.* here, B 1177; **Heer** and **ther**, never long in one place, G 1174; *her and ther*, hither and thither, B 5. p 5. 33.  
**Heer-agayns**, *prep.* against this, I 668.  
**Heer-biforn**, *adv.* here-before, before this, F 1535.  
**Heer-forth**, *adv.* in this direction, D 1001.  
**Heer-mele**, *s.* the thickness of a hair, a hair's breadth, A ii. 38. 17.  
**Heeste**, *s.* commandment, I 845.  
**Heet**, *pt. s.* of Hote.  
**Hegge**, *s.* hedge, T. v. 1144; *pl.* B 4408.  
**Heigh**, *adj.* high, A 316, 522; *great*, A 1798; *lofty*, B 3192; *learned*, E 18; *severe*, B 795; **Heighe**, *def.* C 633; *in h. and lous*, in both high and low things, i.e. wholly, A 817, B 993.  
**Heighe**, *adv.* high up, T. iv. 996; *high*, B 4607; *an heigh*, on high, F 849.

**Heighly**, *adv.* strongly, T. ii. 1733.  
**Helde**, *v.* hold, retain, D 272. See **Holde** (the usual form).  
**Helde**, *pt. pl.* poured out, HF. 1686 (Better than 'held.') See **Hielde**.  
**Hele**, *s.* health, L. 1159; *recovery*, well-being, 1. 80; *prosperity*, L. 296. A. S. *hælu*.  
**Hôle**, *dat.* heel, T. iv. 728.  
**Hele**, *v.* conceal, B 2279; *pp.* hidden, B 4245. A. S. *helan*.  
**Helelees**, *adj.* out of health, T. v. 1593.  
**Helen**, *v.* heal, 11. 4; *pp.* A 2706.  
**Helle**, *s.* hell, 4. 120; L. 2. 6.  
**Helpe**, *s.* helper, assistant, L. 1616.  
**Helpe**, *v.* help, A 258; *H. of cure of*, A 632; *Heelp*, 1 *pt. s.* helped, A 4246; *Heelp*, *pt. s.* B 920; *Halp*, *pt. s.* A 1651; *Helpeth*, *imp. pl.* L. 68; *Holpe*, *pt. s. subj.* helped, R. 1230; *Holpen*, *pp.* helped, aided, F 666; *healed*, A 18.  
**Helpy**, *adj.* helpful, T. v. 128.  
**Hem**, *them*; see **He**.  
**Hemi-spere**, hemisphere, T. iii. 1439.  
**Hem-self**, *pron. pl.* themselves, B 145; *Hem-selven*, F 1420.  
**Hen**, *s.* hen, A 177; (as a thing of small value), D 1112.  
**Hende**, *adj.* courteous, polite, gentle, A 3199, 3272, 3462.  
**Henne**, *adv.* hence, T. i. 572.  
**Hennes**, *adv.* hence, T. v. 402; *now*, HF. 1284.  
**Hennes-forth**, *adv.* henceforth, R. 701.  
**Hente**, *v.* catch, I 355; *seize*, A 3347; *acquire*, get, A 299; *circumvent*, T. iv. 1371; *dide her for to hente*, caused her to be seized, L. 2715; **Hent**, *pr. s.* seizes, catches, T. iv. 5; **Hente**, *pr. s. subj.* may seize, G 7; **Hente**, *pt. s.* caught, took, A 957; *caught away*, B 1144; *seized*, caught hold of, T. ii. 924; *grasped*, C 255; *took forcibly*, E 534; *took in hunting*, B 3449; *lited*, G 205; *pt. pl.* seized, A 904; *caught*, R. 773; *pp.* caught, A 1581.  
**Henteres**, *s. pl.* filchers, B i. p. 3. 89.  
**Hépe**, *s.* hip, the fruit of the dog-rose, B 1937.  
**Hepen**, *pr. pl.* augment, B 5. p. 2. 46; *pp.* accumulated, T. iv. 236.  
**Her**, **Hir**, *pron. poss.* their, B 136. A. S. *heora*, *hira*, of them; *gen. pl.* of *hæ*, *he*.  
**Heraud**, *s.* herald, A 2533.  
**Heraude**, *ger.* to proclaim as a herald does, HF. 1576.  
**Herber**, *s.* garden, T. ii. 1705; *arbour*, L. 203.



**Herbergage**, *s.* a lodging, abode, A 4329; B 4179.  
**Herbergeours**, *s. pl.* harbingers, providers of lodgings, B 997.  
**Herberwe**, or **Herberw**, *s.* harbour, A 403; inn, A 765; lodging, shelter, A 4119; dwelling, position, F 1035.  
**Herberwe**, *ger.* to shelter, R. 491; **Herberweden**, *pt. pl.* lodged, B 2. p 6. 75.  
**Herberwing**, *s.* lodging, sheltering, A 4332.  
**Her-biforn**, *adj.* before this time, L. 73; a while ago, 3. 1136.  
**Her-by**, *adv.* with respect to this matter, D 2204; hence, HF. 263.  
**Herde**, *s.* shepherd, G 192; keeper of cattle, A 603.  
**Herdo-gromes**, *pl.* herdsmen, HF. 1225.  
**Herdes**, *pl.* coarse flax, 'hards,' R. 1233.  
**Herdesse**, *s.* shepherdess, T. i. 653.  
**Here**, *pron.* her, R. 1260; &c.  
**Here**, *poss. pron.* her, T. i. 285; &c.  
**Here**, *adv.* here, in this place, on this spot, T. v. 478. (Dissyllabic.) See **Heer**.  
**Here**, *v.* hear, A 169; **Heren**, *v.* HF 879; **Herestow**, *2 pr. s.* hearest thou, A 3366; **Herth**, *pr. s.* hears, L. 327 a; **Herde**, *pt. s.* heard, A 221; **Herdestow**, *heardst thou*, A 4170; **Herd**, *pp.* heard, 3. 129.  
**Here-agayns**, against this, A 3039; **Here-ayeins**, in reply to that, T. ii. 1380.  
**Here and howne**, T. iv. 210; *perhaps* gentle and savage, i.e. one and all (doubtful). Cf. *here*, gentle, in **Stratmann**; and A. S. *Huna*, a Hun.  
**Herie**, *v.* praise, T. iii. 1672; **Heries**, *2 pr. s.* worshipped, B 3419; *pr. s.* B 1155; *pt. pl.* worshipped, L. 786; *pp.* B 872. A. S. *herian*.  
**Herke**, *imp. pl.* s. hearken, E 1233; **Herketh**, *imp. pl.* D 1656.  
**Herknen**, *v.* hearken, listen, I 81; *ger.* to listen to, 3. 752; **Herkne**, *v.* G 1006; *ger.* B 3159; *pt. s.* listened to, A 4173; **Herkned**, *pp.* listened, R. 630; *h. after*, expected, F 403.  
**Herne**, *s.* corner, F 1121; *pl.* G 658.  
**Herneys**, *s.* armour, A 2496; *pl.* sets of armour, A 1630.  
**Heroner**, *s.* falcon for herons, T. iv. 413.  
**Heronere**, *adj.* used for flying at herons, L. 1120. Said of a falcon.  
**Heronsewes**, *s. pl.* heronshaws, young herons, F 68. *Heronsew* is derived, regularly, from A. F. *heroucel*, later *herouneau*; a diminutive from *heroun*, like *lioncel* from *lion*.  
**Herse**, *s.* hearse, 2. 15. 36.

**Hert**, *s.* hart, 3. 351; 5. 195.  
**Herte**, *s.* heart, A 150, 229; dear one, T. ii. 1096; courage, 3. 1222; **Hertes**, *gen.* heart's, 1. 104; **Herte**, *gen.* T. ii. 445; **Herte rote**, root (bottom) of the heart, R. 1026; *mym hertes*, of my heart, 4. 57.  
**Herte**, *pt. s.* hurt, 3. 883.  
**Herte-blood**, heart's blood, A 2006, C 902.  
**Herteless**, *adj.* heartless, without heart, T. v. 1594; deficient in courage, B 4008.  
**Hertely**, *adv.* heartily, A 762; thoroughly, L. 33; earnestly, 3. 1226; truly, 3. 88.  
**Herte-rote**, *s.* root of the heart, depth of the heart, L. 1994.  
**Herte-spoon**, *s.* 'the concave part of the breast, where the ribs unite to form the *cartilago ensiformis*' (Tyrwhitt), A 2606.  
**Hert-hunting**, *s.* hunting of the hart, 3. 1313.  
**Herth**, *pr. s.* heareth, L. 327 a.  
**Hertly**, *adj.* heartily, honest, L. 2124; hearty, E 176, 502, F 5.  
**Heryinge**, *s.* praising, I 682; praise, B 1649; glory, T. iii. 48.  
**Heste**, *s.* command, commandment, behest, B 382; promise, F 1064; **Heeste**, commandment, I 845.  
**Hète**, *s.* heat, R. 508; passion, 4. 127; heat, *but put for surge*, B 1. m 7. 4.  
**Hete**, *v.* promise, vow, 6. 77; *pr. s. subj.* promise, A 2308; 1 *pr. s.* B 334; **Hette**, *pt. s.* 4. 185. See **Hote**.  
**Heterly**, *adv.* fiercely, L. 648.  
**Hèthen**, *adv.* hence (Northern), A 4043.  
**Hethenesse**, *s.* heathen lands, A 49, B 1112.  
**Hèthing**, *s.* contempt, A 4110. *Jeel. having*.  
**Hette**, *pt. s.* heated, inflamed, 5. 145.  
**Hette**, *pt. s.* promised, 4. 185. See **Hote**.  
**Hevo**, *v.* heave, lift, A 550; *ger.* to use exertion, labour, T. ii. 1289; *pr. s.* lifts up, B 5. m 5. 18; **Haf**, *pt. s.* heaved, A 3470; **Heef**, *pt. s.* lifted, B 1. p 1. 19.  
**Heved**, *s.* head, HF. 550; beginning, A. ii. 16. 3; **Hevedes**, *pl.* B 2032.  
**Heven**, *s.* heaven, A 519; the celestial sphere, B 3300; supreme delight, F 558; beautiful sight, T. ii. 637; **Hevenes**, *gen.* heaven's, D 1181, G 542.  
**Hevenish**, *adj.* heavenly, HF. 1395; of the spheres, 4. 30.  
**Hevieth**, *pr. pl.* weigh down, B 5. m 5. 16.  
**Hevy**, *adj.* heavy, R. 229; sad, 4. 12.  
**Hewe**, (1) *s.* hue, colour, complexion, A 394, 1364; outward appearance, mien, D 1622; pretence, C 421.

**Hewe**, (2), *s.* (household)-servant, domestic, E 1785. A.S. *hwa*.  
**Hewed**, *adj.* coloured, R 213.  
**Hey**, *s.* hay, A 3262; grass, B 3407.  
**Hey!** *interj.* hey! L 1213.  
**Heye**, *adj.* *def.* high, A. i. 16. 11.  
**Heyghte**, *s.* height, A. ii. 22. 8.  
**Heyne**, *s.* wretch, G 1319.  
**Hoynous**, *adj.* heinous, odious, T. ii. 1617.  
**Hoyre**, *adj.* hair, made of hair, C 736.  
**Heyre**, *s.* hair-shirt, G 131.  
**Heysugge**, *s.* hedge-sparrow, 5. 612.  
**Heyt**, *interj.* come up, D 1561.  
**Hider**, *adv.* hither, A 165.  
**Hidous**, *adj.* hideous, A 3520; terrible, horrible, dreadful, A 1978, B 4583; ugly, R 158.  
**Hidously**, *adv.* terribly, A 1701.  
**Hielde**, *pr. s. subj.* pour out, shed, B 2. in 2. 2 (Lat. *fundat*).  
**Hierdes**, female guardian, protectress, T. iii. 619. See *Herdese*.  
**Hight**, *Highte*; see *Hote*.  
**Highteth**, *pr. s.* adorns, gladdens, B 1. in 2. 25.  
**Hild**, *pl. s.* bent, inclined, 3. 393.  
**Hinde**, *s.* hind, 3. 427.  
**Hindre**, *v.* hinder, R 1039.  
**Hiindrete**, *superl.* hindmost, A 622.  
**Hipes**, *pl.* hips, A 472.  
**Hir**, (1), *pers. pron. dat. and acc.*, to her, her, A 126, B 162, &c.  
**Hir**, (2), *poss. pron.* her, A 120, B 164, &c.  
**Hir**, (3), *gn. pl.* of them; *hir* aller, of them all, A 586; *Hir* bothe, of both of them, B 221.  
**Hir**, (4), *poss. pron.* their, A 11, B 140, &c.; *Hir*, B 3536, &c.  
**Hir thankes**, with their good will, willingly, A 2114.  
**Hires**, *hens*, 5. 482, 588.  
**Hirnia**, *s.* hernia, I 423.  
**His**, *gen. masc.* his, A 47, 50, &c.; *neut.* its, 1. 178; T. iii. 1088, v. 1379; *in phr.* Mars his — of Mars, L 2593.  
**His thankes**, with his good will, willingly, A 2107.  
**Historial**, *adj.* historical, C 156.  
**Hit**, *pron. it*, 2. 117; *Hit* am I, it is I, 3. 186, L 314; *Hit* weren, they were, HF. 1322.  
**Hit**, *pr. s.* hides, B 512. *Hit* is a contracted form, equivalent to *hideth*.  
**Ho**, *interj.* hold! stop! B 3957.  
**Ho**, *s.* exclamation commanding silence, A 2533; stop, cessation, T. ii. 1081.  
**Hocheopot**, *s.* hotch-potch, mixture, B 2447.  
**Hoke**, *dat. of* Hook.

**Hoker**, *s.* scorn, frowardness, A 3965. A.S. *hōcor*.  
**Hokerly**, *adv.* scornfully, I 584.  
**Hold**, *s.* possession, B 4064; grasp, F 167; keeping, D 599; fort, castle, B 507.  
**Holde**, *v.* keep, preserve, D 1144; hold, keep, B 41; continue, go on with, T. ii. 965; restrain, 7. 309, 310; keep to (see *Proces*), F 658; Holden, *v.* hold, keep, F 763; keep, F 1163; think, consider, L 857; *do than holde herio*, keep to it then, 3. 754; *Holde up*, hold up, 2. 24; *Holde his pees*, hold his peace, B 4625; *Holde*, 1 *pr. s.* consider, deem, G 739; *Holdest*, 2 *pr. s.* accountant, L 326; *Halt*, *pr. s.* holds, 11. 16; T. v. 348; keeps, T. ii. 37; holds fast, T. iii. 1636; considers, G 921; esteems, D 1185; performs, 3. 621; remains firm, 10. 38; *Holt*, *pr. s.* holds, T. iii. 1374; *Holden*, 2 *pr. pl.* keep, L 2500; *Holde*, 2 *pr. pl.* esteem, deem, T. v. 1339; *Heeld*, 1 *pt. s.* considered, E 818; *Heeld*, *pt. s.* held, A 175; took part, A 3847; esteemed, C 625; ruled, B 3518; *Holden*, *pp.* esteemed, held, A 141; considered, E 205; observed, F 1587; esteemed, L 1709; bound, T. ii. 241; made to be, C 958; *Holde*, *pp.* esteemed, A 1307; *bet for thee have holde*, better for thee to have held, 5. 572; *Hold up*, *imp. pl.* hold up, A 783; *Holdeth*, *imp. pl.* keep, B 37; consider, A 1868.  
**Holdinge in hondes**, cajolery, HF. 602.  
**Holly**, *adv.* wholly, T. iii. 145.  
**Holm**, *s.* evergreen oak, A 2921.  
**Holour**, *s.* lecher, adulterer, D 254.  
**Holpe**, -n; see *Helpe*.  
**Holsom**, *adj.* wholesome, T. i. 947; healing, 5. 206.  
**Holt**, *s.* plantation, A 6.  
**Holt**, *pr. s.* holds, T. iii. 1374.  
**Holwe**, *adj.* hollow, G 1265.  
**Holwe**, *adv.* hollow, A 289.  
**Hom**, *adv.* homewards, F 635.  
**Homicyde** (1), *s.* man-slayer, E 1994.  
**Homicyde** (2), manslaughter, murder, C 644.  
**Hond**, *s.* hand, A 193, 399; *Beren him on h.*, make him believe, T. iv. 1404; *Bere on h.*, accuse (of), D 226; *Bar on h.*, made (thom) believe, D 380; *Bar him on h.*, assured him, T. iii. 1154; *Holden in h.*, retain, cajole, T. ii. 477; *Holde in h.*, T. iii. 773; delude with false hopes, 3. 1019.  
**Honest**, *adj.* creditable, A 246; honour-

- able, worthy, B 1751; seemly, decent, C 328; luxurious, E 2028.
- Honestee**, *s.* honour, L 1673; goodness, B 3157; honourableness, 2. 40; womanly virtue, C 77.
- Honestetee**, *s.* honour, E 422; modesty, I 429; neatness, I 431.
- Honestly**, *adv.* honourably, B 1434; richly, E 2026.
- Honge**, *v.* hang, A 2410; be hung, C 790; *do me h.*, cause me to be hanged, T. i. 833; 2 *pr. pl. subj.* hesitate, T. ii. 1242.
- Hony**, *s.* honey, A 2908; beloved one, A 3617.
- Honycomb**, a term of endearment, sweet one, A 3698.
- Hony-swete**, sweet as honey, E 1396.
- Hoodless**, *adj.* without a hood, 3. 1028.
- Hóok**, *s.* hook, T. v. 777; sickle, B 3. m. i. 3; crosier, D 1317.
- Hool**, *adj.* whole, T. i. 961; sound, D 1370; unwounded, F 1111; perfect, G 111, 117; restored to health, L 2468; entire, 3. 554.
- Hool**, *adj. as adv.* wholly, T. i. 1053; *al hool*, entirely, T. iii. 1013.
- Hoolly**, *adv.* wholly, R. 1163.
- Hoolnesse**, *s.* integrity, B 4. p. 6. 202.
- Hoolsome**, *adj.* wholesome, B 2285.
- Hoolsonnesse**, *s.* health, B 2303.
- Hoom**, *s. as adv.* home, homewards, L. 1619.
- Hoomlinesse**, *s.* domesticity, E 429; familiarity, B 2876.
- Hoomly**, *adj.* belonging to one's household, E 1785.
- Hoomward**, *adv.* homeward, T. iii. 681; Homward, A 2956.
- Hoor**, *adj.* hoary, white-haired, grey-headed, A 3878.
- Hoors**, *adj.*; see **Hors**.
- Hoost**, *s.* army, A 874.
- Hoôt**, *adj.* hot, L. 914; fervent, I 117; *as s.* 5. 380; *Hote*, *adj.* hot, 5. 266; voracious, 5. 362; (as epithet of Aries, which induced heat of blood), F 51.
- Hope**, *s.* expectation, G 870.
- Hope**, 1 *pr. s.* fear, A 4029.
- Hoper**, *s.* hopper, A 4036, 4039.
- Hoppe**, *v.* dance, A 4375.
- Hoppesteres**, *pl.* dancers; *used as adj.*, dancing, A 207.
- Hord**, *s.* hoard, treasure, C 775; store (of apples), A 3262; treasure-house, I 821; avarice, 13. 3.
- Hore**, *pl. of* **Hoar**, *adj.*
- Horn**, *s.* horn, T. ii. 642; (musical instrument, used metaphorically), H 90; *pl.* drinking-horns, A 2279; horns (of the moon), T. v. 652.
- Horoscopo**; *in horoscopo*, within that part of the sky considered as the ascendent, A. ii. 4. 14.
- Horowe**, *adj. pl.* foul, scandalous, 4. 206. Cf. A. S. *horug*, filthy.
- Hors**, *s.* hors, A 168; the 'horse,' a name for the little wedge that passes through a hole in the end of the 'pyn,' A. i. 14. 7 (Arabic *alpheraz*, the horse); **Hors**, *pl.* A 74, 598.
- Hors**, *adj.* hoarse, 3. 347; **Hoors**, T. iv. 1147. A. S. *hūs*.
- Horsly**, *adj.* like all that a horse should be, F 194.
- Hose**, *s.* hose, covering for the feet and legs, A 3933, G 726; **Hosen**, *pl.* A 456; **Hoses**, *pl.* A 3319.
- Hospitaliers**, *s. pl.* knights hospitallers, I 891.
- Hoste**, *s.* host (of an inn), keeper of a lodging, A 747. Often spelt *oste*.
- Hostel**, *s.* hostelry, HF. 1022.
- Hostelrye**, *s.* hotel, inn, A 23.
- Hostiler**, *s.* innkeeper, A 241; *pl.* servants at an inn, I 440.
- Hote**, *adj.*; see **Hoôt**.
- Hote**, *adv.* hotly, A 57, 1737.
- Hote**, *v.* command, promise; *also*, be called, R. 38; **Hoten**, *v.* be called, D 144; **Hote**, 1 *pr. s.* command, HF. 1719; **Hight**, *pt. s. as pr. s.* is called, L. 417; **Highten**, *pt. pl. as pr. pl.* are called, L. 423; **Hight**, *pt. s.* was named, L. 725; **Highte**, *pt. s.* was called, was named, R. 588, 745; 1 *pt. s.* was called, A 4336; 1 *pt. s.* promised, 17. 5; **Highte**, *pt. s.* promised, T. v. 1636; 2 *pt. pl.* promised, E 496; **Hatte**, *pt. s. as pr. s.* is called, is named, T. iii. 797; **Hatte**, *pt. pl.* were called, were named, HF. 1303; **Hette**, 1 *pt. s.* promised, 4. 185; **Heet**, *pt. s.* was named, HF. 1604; (who) was called, F 1388; **Het** (*for* **Heet**), 3. 200; **Hoten**, *pp.* called, A 3941; **Hight**, *pp.* promised, T. ii. 492; named, HF. 226. A. S. *hátan*. The parts of the verb show great confusion.
- Hottes**, *pl.* baskets carried on the back, HF. 1940. O. F. *hotte*.
- Hound**, *s.* dog, T. iii. 764.
- Houndfish**, *s.* dogfish, E 1825.
- Houped**, *pt. pl.* whooped, B 4590.
- Hous**, *s.* house, A 252, 343; *to hous*, to a reception by, L. 1546; **Hous** and **hoom**, house and home, H 229; **Hous** by **hous**, to each house in order, D 1765; a house-

- hold, F 24; a 'mansion' of a planet (in astrology), F 672; a 'house' or portion of the sky (in astrology), B 304. The whole celestial sphere was divided into twelve equal portions, called *houses*, by six great circles passing through the north and south points of the horizon; two of these circles being the meridian and the horizon. A *house*, when used for a 'mansion,' is a sign of the zodiac; thus Aries was the mansion of Mars.
- Housbonde**, *s.* husband, B 2241.
- Housbondrye**, *s.* economy, A 4077; household goods, D 288.
- Housed**, *pp.* made a recipient of holy communion, I 1027.
- Hove**, *v.* hover, dwell, T. iii. 1427; *pr. pl.* wait in readiness, hover, L. 1196; *pt. s.* waited about, T. v. 33.
- How**, *interj.* ho! A 3437, 3577.
- Howne**, savage (?), T. iv. 210. See **Here**.
- Howve**, *s.* hood, T. iii. 775; Sette his howve, set (awry) his hood, make game of him, A 3911.
- Humanitee**, *s.* kindness, E 92.
- Humbely**, *adv.* humbly, T. v. 1354.
- Humblely**, *adv.* humbly, T. ii. 1719; L. 156.
- Humblesse**, *s.* meekness, A 1781, B 165.
- Humbling**, *s.* low growl (lit. humming), HF. 1039.
- Hunne**, *ger.* to hum, T. ii. 1199.
- Hunte**, *s.* huntsman, A 2018, 2628.
- Hunter**, *s.* huntsman, A 1638.
- Hunteresse**, *s. fem.* female hunter, A 2347.
- Hurlest**, *2 pr. s.* dost hurl, dost whirl round, B 297.
- Hurt**, *pr. s.* hurteth, hurts, T. v. 350.
- Hurtleth**, *pr. s.* pushes, A 2616; *pr. pl.* dash together, L. 638.
- Husht**, *pp.* hushed, silent, L. 2682; **Hust**, *as imp. s.* be silent, A 3722.
- Hy**, *adj.* high, A 306; **Hye**, *dat.* HF. 1133; great, E 135; **Hye weye**, *dat.* (the) high way, main road, A 897.
- Hyde**, *v.* hide, A 1477, 1481; lie concealed, F 141; **Hydestow**, hidest thou, D 308; **Hit**, *pr. s.* hides, F 512; **Hidde**, *1 pt. s.* hid, F 595; **Hed**, *pp.* hidden, L. 208; **Hid**, *pp.* hidden, B 1598.
- Hye**, *adv.* high, aloft, HF. 905; L. 1200; loudly, 3. 305; proudly, T. ii. 401.
- Hye**, *v.* hasten, hie, A 2274, G 1151; *h. me*, make haste, G 1084; *ger.* to bring hastily, F 291; to hasten, HF. 1658; **Hy thee**, *imp. s. ref.* G 1295.
- Hyte**, *s.* haste; only in phr. *in hye*, in haste, T. ii. 88, 1712.
- Hyene**, *s.* hyæna, 10. 35.
- Hyér**, *adj.* higher, upper, HF. 1117.
- Hyne**, *s.* hind, servant, peasant, A 603, C 688. A. S. *hina*.
- Hyre**, *s.* hire, A 507; reward, 1. 103; payment, D 1008; ransom, T. iv. 506.

## I.

*I*, common prefix of past participles; see *Y*.

**Ichched**, *pp.* itched, A 3682.

**Ich**, *pron.* I, T. i. 678, iii. 1818.

**I-comen**, *pp.* come, T. iii. 1668.

**Idus**, *s. pl.* ides, F 47.

**Ignotum**, *s.* an unknown thing, G 1457.

*Lat. ignotum*, an unknown thing; comp.

*ignotius*, a less known thing.

**I-graunted**, *pp.* granted, T. iv. 665.

**I-halowed**, *pp.* view-hallooed (of the hart), 3. 379.

**Ik**, I, A 3867, 3888.

**Il**, *adj.* evil, A 4174. (A Northern word.)

**Il-hayl**, bad luck (to you), A 4089. (A Northern form.)

**Ilke**, *adj.* same, very, A 64, 175; *that ilke*, that same, B 3663; *ilke same*, very same, L. 779.

**Imaginatyf**, *adj.*; No-thing list him to been imaginatyf = it did not at all please him to imagine, he did not care to think, F 1094.

**Imagining**, *s.* plotting, A 1995; fancy, 18. 36.

**Imperie**, *s.* government, rank, B 2. p 6. 13.

**Impertinent**, *adj.* irrelevant, E 54.

**Impes**, *pl.* grafts, scions, B 3146. A. S. *imp*.

**Impetren**, *pr. pl.* impetrate, ask for, B 5. p 3. 225.

**Importable**, *adj.* insufferable, B 3792, F 1144.

**Impossible**, *adj.* impossible, T. i. 783; *as s.*, thing impossible, D 688.

**Impressen**, *v.* imprint, T. iii. 1543; imprint (themselves), find an impression, E 1578; *pr. pl.* make an impression (upon), G 1071.

**Impressioun**, *s.* remembrance, F 371; *pl.* notions, HF. 39.

**In**, *s.* dwelling, house, A 3547, 3622; inn, B 4216; lodging, B 1097.

**In**, *prep.* in, A 3, &c.; into, B 119; = come within, 20. 6; on, I 105; against, I 695.

**In manus tuas**, into Thy hands (I commend my spirit), A 4287.

**In principio**, in the beginning, A 254, B 4353. Part of St. John, i. 1.

**Inde**, *adj.* indigo, dark blue, R. 67.  
**Indeterminat**, *adj.* not marked upon the Astrolabe, A ii. 17. *rubric*.  
**Indifferently**, *adv.* impartially, B 5. p. 3. 142.  
**Induracioun**, *s.* hardening, G 855.  
**Inequal**, *adj.* unequal, A 2271; *Inequales*, *pl.* of varying length; *hours unequal*, *s.* hours formed by dividing the *duration of daylight* by twelve, A. ii. 8. 1.  
**Infect**, *adj.* of no effect, A 320; dimmed, B 4. m. 5. 12.  
**In-fere**, *adv.* together, B 328, D 924. *Orig. in fere*, in company.  
**Infortunat**, *adj.* unfortunate, unlucky, inauspicious, B 302.  
**Infortune**, *s.* misfortune, ill fortune, T. iii. 1626, iv. 185.  
**Infortuned**, *pp.* ill-starred, T. iv. 744.  
**Infortuning**, *s.* unlucky condition, A. ii. 4. 43.  
**Ingot**, *s.* a mould for pouring metal into, G 1206, 1209.  
**Inhelde**, *imp. s.* pour in, infuse, T. iii. 44.  
**Injure**, *s.* injury, T. iii. 1018.  
**In-knette**, *pt. s.* knit up, drew in, T. iii. 1088.  
**Inly**, *adv.* inwardly, intimately, extremely, greatly, T. i. 140; exquisitely, 3. 276.  
**In-mid**, *prep.* amid, HF. 923.  
**Immortal**, *adj.* immortal, T. i. 103.  
**Inne**, *dat. of In*, *s.*  
**Inne**, *adv.* in, within, T. i. 387, 821.  
**Inned**, *pp.* housed, lodged, A 2192.  
**Inobedience**, *s.* disobedience, I 391.  
**Inobedient**, *adj.* disobedient, I 392.  
**Inordinate**, *adj.* unusual, I 414.  
**Inpaciencie**, *s.* impatience, B 2734.  
**Inpatient**, *adj.* impatient, B 2730.  
**Inparfit**, *adj.* imperfect, B 3. p. 10. 18.  
**Inplitable**, *adj.* intricate, impracticable, B 1. p. 4. 90.  
**Impossible**, *s.* impossible thing, F 1009.  
**Inset**, *pp.* implanted, B 2. p. 3. 19.  
**Inspired**, *pp.* quickened, A 6.  
**Instable**, *adj.* unstable, E 2057.  
**Instance**, *s.* suggestion, T. ii. 1441; urgent request, E 1611.  
**Intendestow**, dost thou intend, T. v. 478.  
**Intervalle**, *s.* interval, B 2724.  
**In-til**, *prep.* unto, as far as, R. 624.  
**Into**, *prep.* unto, B 2423.  
**Intresse**, *s.* interest, 10. 71.  
**In-with**, *prep.* within, in, B 1794, 2159, E 870, 1394, 1586, 1944.  
**Ipcoras**, a kind of cordial drink, E 1807.  
 Named after Hippocrates.

**Ipoecrite**, *s.* hypocrite, R. 414.  
**Ire**, *s.* irritability, R. 314; quickness of temper, I 665; anger, A 1997.  
**Irous**, *adj.* angry, B 2315, D 2014.  
**Irregular**, *adj.* a sinner against his orders, I 782.  
**Is**, 1 *pr. s.* am (Northern), A 4031, 4045, 4202; 2 *pr. s.* art (Northern), A 4089.  
**Issest**, 2 *pr. s.* issuest, B 3. p. 12. 168.  
**Issue**, *s.* outlet, vent, T. v. 205.  
**It am I**, it is I, A 1736.  
**I-wis**, *adv.* certainly, truly, verily, 6. 48.

## J.

**Jade**, *s.* a jade, i. e. miserable hack, B 4002.  
**Jagounces**, *pl.* garnets (*or* rubies), R. 1117.  
**Jalous**, *adj.* jealous, A 1329.  
**Jalousye**, *s.* jealousy, A 3294.  
**Jambeux**, *s. pl.* leggings, leg-armour, B 2065. From F. *jambe*, the leg.  
**Jane**, *s.* a small coin of Genoa, B 1925, E 999.  
**Jangle**, *v.* chatter, *prate*, T. ii. 666.  
**Jangler**, *s.* story-teller, jester, babbler, A 560; talkative person, H 343.  
**Jangleresse**, *s.* (female) chatterbox, prattler, D 638.  
**Janglerye**, *s.* gossip, T. v. 755; talkativeness, B 2252.  
**Jangles**, *s. pl.* idle pratings, HF. 1960; disputes, arguments, D 1407.  
**Jangling**, *s.* chattering, idle talking, I 649.  
**Jape**, *s.* jest, trick, A 3390, 3799, 4201; jest, foolish conduct, D 1961; laughing-stock, HF. 414.  
**Jape**, *v.* jest, T. i. 929; *ger.* to jest, L. 1699; H 4; Japedest, 2 *pl. s.* didst jest, T. i. 508, 924; *pp.* tricked, A 1729.  
**Japerie**, *s.* jester, T. ii. 340; mocker, I 89.  
**Japerie**, *s.* buffoonery, I 651; jesting mood, E 1656.  
**Jape-worthy**, *adj.* ridiculous, B 5. p. 3. 148.  
**Jargon**, *s.* talk, E 1848.  
**Jargoning**, *s.* jargoning, chattering, R. 716.  
**Jaunyce**, *s.* jaundice, R. 305.  
**Jest**, *s.* jet, B 4051.  
**Jelous**, *adj.* jealous, suspicious, 4. 140.  
**Jet**, *s.* fashion, mode, A 682.  
**Jeopardyes**, *s. pl.* problems (at chess), 3. 666.  
**Jewerye**, *s.* Jewry, Jews' quarter, B 1679.  
**Jo**, *v.* take effect, come about, T. iii. 33.  
 O.F. *joer* (F. *jouer*).

**Jogelour**, *s.* juggler, D 1467; *pl.* R. 764.  
**Jogelrye**, *s.* jugglery, F 1265.  
**Jolif**, *adj.* joyful, merry, R. 109, A 3355; in good spirits, B 4264; jovial, R. 435; frisky, A 4154; pretty, R. 610.  
**Jolily**, *adv.* merrily, A 4370.  
**Jolitee**, *s.* sport, amusement, merriment, A 1807; joviality, jollity, mirth, R. 616; enjoyment, F 344; comfort, A 680; excellence, H 197; happiness, HF. 682.  
**Joly**, *adj.* full of merriment, D 456; jolly, joyous, R. 620; delightful, L 176; festive, B 1185. See **Jolif**.  
**Jolyer**, *adj. comp.* handsomer, F 927.  
**Jolyf**; see **Jolif**.  
**Jolynesse**, *s.* festivity, F 289; amusement, D 926.  
**Jolytee**; see **Jolitee**.  
**Jompre**, *imp. s.* jumble, T. ii. 1037.  
**Jordanes**, *pl.* chamberpots, C 305.  
**Jossa**, down here, A 4101. O.F. *jos*, down; *sa*, here.  
**Jouken**, *v.* slumber, T. v. 409. O.F. *jouquer, jouguier*, être en repos, jucher.  
**Journee**, *s.* day's work, R. 579; day's march, A 2738; journey, B 783.  
**Jowes**, *s. pl.* jaws, B i. p. 4. 107 (where the Latin text has *fucibus*); jaws, jowls, HF. 1786 (riming with *clowes*, claws).  
**Joynture**, *s.* union, B 2. p. 5. 51.  
**Jubbe**, *s.* vessel for holding ale or wine, A 4628, B 1260. (It held 4 gallons.)  
**Judicial**, *adj.* judicial, A. ii. 4. 59. *Judicial astrology* pretended to forecast the destinies of men and nations; *natural astrology* foretold natural events, such as the weather and seasons.  
**Juge**, *s.* judge, A 814; umpire, A 1712, 1804.  
**Juge**, *s.* judge; but an error for *jug*, a yoke, I 808. *Belial* is explained to mean 'absque iugo,' in the Vulgate.  
**Juge**, 1 *pr. s.* judge, decide, 5. 629; *pp.* HF. 357.  
**Jugement**, *s.* judgement, decision, A 778; opinion, B 1038; sentence, 5. 431.  
**Juggen**, *v.* judge, T. ii. 21; deem, T. v. 1203; *imp. pl.* judge ye, T. iii. 1312.  
**Juparte**, 2 *pr. pl.* jeopard, imperil, endanger, T. iv. 1566.  
**Jupartye**, *s.* jeopardy, peril, hazard, T. ii. 465, 772. O.F. *jeu parti* (Lat. *iocus partitus*), a divided game.  
**Just**, *adj.* just, exact, correct, D 2090.  
**Juste**, *v.* joust, tourney, tilt, A 96, 2604.  
**Justes**, *s. pl. as sing.* a jousting-match, A 2720.

**Justing**, *s.* jousting, L. 1115.  
**Justyse**, *s.* judge, B 665, C 289.  
**Justyse**, *s.* judgement, condemnation, 1. 142; administration of justice, C 587.  
**Juyse**, *s.* justice, judgement, B 795; sentence, A 1739. O.F. *juise*.

## K.

**Kalender**, *s.* calendar, almanack, A. i. 11. 1; hence, a complete record of examples, L. 542; *pl.* 1. 73.  
**Kalendes**, *i. e.* beginning, introduction, T. v. 1634. (Because the Kalends fall on the first of the month.)  
**Karf**, *pt. s. of Kerve*.  
**Kaynard**, *s.* dotard, D 235. O.F. *caignard, cagnard*, sluggard.  
**Kecche**, *v.* catch, clutch, T. iii. 1375.  
**Kēchil**, *s.* small cake, D 1747. O.E. *coecil*, small cake.  
**Keep**, *s.* caro, heed, notice (only in the phrase *take keep*); *take keep*, take notice, D 431.  
**Keep**, *imp. s.* take care! mind! A 4101.  
**Kek!** *interj.* (represents the cackle of a goose), 5. 499.  
**Kembe**, *ger.* to comb, R. 599; *pr. s.* E 2011; *Kembde*, *pt. s.* F 560; *Kempte*, *pt. s.* A 3374; *Kembd*, *pp.* combed, trimmed, A 2143.  
**Kempe**, *adj. pl.* shaggy, rough, A 2134. Cf. Icel. *kampr*, beard, moustaches, whiskers of a cat; and see *Camp*, *s.* (4) in the New E. Dict.  
**Ken**, *s.* kin, kindred, men, 3. 438. (A Kentish form.)  
**Kene**, *adj.* keen, eager, 21. 6; cruel, 10. 27; bold, B 3439; sharp, A 2876.  
**Kene**, *adv.* keenly, 6. 63; 11. 3.  
**Kenne**, *v.* discern, HF. 498.  
**Kepe**, *v.* take care (of), A 130; keep, preserve, L. 384; 1 *pr. s.* caro, L. 1032; intend, T. i. 676; regard, reck, A 2238; *I kepe han*, I care to have, G 1368; *pr. s. subj.* may (He) keep, F 889; *pt. s.* E 223; retained, A 442; took care of, A 415, 512, B 260; *imp. s.* take care! A 4101; *imp. pl.* keep ye, B 764.  
**Kepe**, *s.* heed (only in the phrase *take kepe* or *take keep*); *I take kepe*, 3. 6.  
**Keper**, *s.* keeper, *i. e.* prior, A 172.  
**Kerchief**, finely woven loose covering, 5. 272; kerchief, B 837.  
**Kers**, *s.* cress; thing of small value, A 3756.  
**Kerve**, *v.* carve, cut, T. ii. 325, F 158; *Karf*, *pt. s.* carved, A 100; out, B 3647.

3791; Corven, *pp.* cut, A 2696; carved, HF. 1295; slashed, A 3318.  
**Kerver**, *s.* carver, A 1899.  
**Kerving**, *s.* carving, A 1925; cutting, crossing over, A 1. 19. 4.  
**Kerving-toles**, *s. pl.* tools to cut with, T. i. 632.  
**Kesse**, *v.* kiss, E 1057; Keste, *pt. s.* F 350. (A Kentish form.) See Kissen.  
**Kevere**, *v.* to recover, T. i. 917; *pp.* covered, HF. 275, 352.  
**Keye**, *s.* G 1219; key (*in place of* rudder), B 3. p. 12. 80. Chaucer has translated *claw* (rudder), as if it were *clawe* (key).  
**Kitchens**, *pl.* kitchens, D 869.  
**Kid**, **Kidde**; see Kythen.  
**Kike**, *v.* kick, D 941.  
**Kimelin**, *s.* a large shallow tub, A 3548, 3621.  
**Kin**, *s.* kindred, R. 268; *some kin*, of some kind, B 1137; *alles kinnes*, of every kind, HF. 1530.  
**Kinde**, *s.* nature, R. 412, 1699; race, lineage, stock, D 1101; seed, I 965; the natural world, HF. 584; natural bent, F 608, 619; natural disposition, HF. 43; natural ordinance, 3. 494; kind, species, 5. 174; *of k.*, by nature, naturally, F 768; *pl.* sorts, HF. 204.  
**Kinden**, *adj.* kind, A 647; natural, HF. 834, 836.  
**Kinde**, *adv.* kindly, 7. 267.  
**Kindely**, *adj.* natural, HF. 842.  
**Kindely**, *adv.* by nature, D 402; naturally, HF. 832.  
**Kindenesse**, *s.* kindness, 4. 298; love, devotion, L. 665.  
**Kinges note**, the name of a tune, A 3217.  
**Kinrede**, *s.* kindred, B 2558; relations, A 1286; birth, A 2790; family, L. 2094.  
**Kirtel**, *s.* kirtle, A 3321. A *kirtle* usually means a short skirt with a body.  
**Kissen**, *v.* kiss, L. 761; Kiste, *pt. pl.* R. 788; *kist they been*, they have kissed each other, B 1074. See Kesse.  
**Kitte**, *pt. s.* cut, B 600, 1761.  
**Knakkes**, *s. pl.* tricks, I 652; contemptible ways, 3. 1033.  
**Knarre**, *s.* a thickset fellow, sturdy churl, A 549.  
**Knarry**, *adj.* gnarled, A 1977.  
**Knave**, *s.* boy, servant-lad, page, R. 886; man-servant, servant, L. 1807; peasant, D 1100; Knave child, male child, B 715.  
**Knaveish**, *adj.* rude, H 205.  
**Kneade**, *v.* knead, A 4094; Kneden, *pp.* kneaded, R. 217.  
**Knet**, **Knette**; see Knitte.

**Knettinge**, *s.* chain, B 5. p. 1. 39.  
**Knightly**, *adv.* bravely, L. 2085.  
**Knitte**, *ger* to knit, I 47; *a pr. s. refl.* joinest (thysself), art in conjunction, B 307; Knit, *pp.* L. 89; conjoined, 5. 381; agreed, F 1230; wedded, F 986; joined in love, 4. 50; Knet, *pp.* R. 1397.  
**Knittinges**, *pl.* connections, B 5. m. 3. 18.  
**Knobbes**, *pl.* large pimples, A 633.  
**Knoppe**, *s.* bud, R. 1702.  
**Knotte**, *s.* knot, gist of a tale, F 401, 407.  
**Knotteltes**, *adj.* without a knot, T. v. 769.  
**Knotty**, *adj.* covered with knots, A 1977.  
**Knowe**, *dat.* knee, T. ii. 1202.  
**Knowe**, *v.* know, A 382; Knowestow, thou knowest, A 3156; Knewe, *2 pt. s.* knewest, 10. 21; Knew, *pt. s.* A 240; Knewe, *1 pt. s. subj.* could know, F 466; Knewe, *pt. pl.* D 1341; Knewo, *pt. s. subj.* were to know, L. 282; Knowen, *pp.* known, L. 421; shewn, B 2702; Knowe, *pp.* known, L. 1382.  
**Knowing**, *s.* knowledge, R. 1699; consciousness, 6. 114.  
**Knowinge**, *adj.* conscious, B 3. p. 11. 168; Knowinge with me, i.e. my witnesses, B 1. p. 4. 50.  
**Knowlecheh**, *pr. s.* acknowledges, B 2964.  
**Knowleching**, *s.* knowing, knowledge, G 1432; cognition, B 5. p. 5. 3.  
**Konning**, *s.* cunning, skill, F 251.  
**Konninge**, *adj.* skilful, T. i. 302.  
**Kukkow**! *int.* cuckoo! 5. 499.  
**Kyken**, *pr. pl.* peep, A 3841; *pp.* gazed, A 3445. Icel. *kíkja*, Swed. *kika*.  
**Kyn**, *pl.* kine, cows, B 4021.  
**Kyndely**, *adj.* natural, 3. 761.  
**Kyndely**, *adv.* naturally, by nature, 3. 778.  
**Kyte**, *s.* kite (bird), A 1179.  
**Kythe**, *v.* shew, shew plainly, display, F 748; declare to be, 7. 228; shew, 10. 63; *pr. s.* shews, L. 504; Kidde, *pt. s.* shewed, T. i. 208; Kid, *pp.* made known, L. 1028; known, 9. 46; Kythed, *pp.* shown, G 1054; Kythe, *pr. s. subj.* may shew, B 636; Kyth, *imp.* s. shew, T. iv. 538; display, T. iv. 610; HF. 528; Kytheth, *imp. pl.* 4. 298.

## L.

**Laas**; see Las.  
**Labbe**, *s.* blab, tell-tale, A 3509.  
**Labbing**, *pres. part.* blabbing, babbling, L. 2428.  
**Label**, *s.* the narrow revolving rod or

- rule on the front of the astrolabe, A. i. 22. 1.
- Laborous**, *adj.* laborious, D 1428.
- Lacche**, *s.* snare, springe, R. 1624.
- Lace**; see **Las**.
- Laced**, *pp.* laced up, A 3267.
- Lacerte**, *s.* a fleshy muscle, A 2753.
- Lache**, *adj.* lazy, dull, B 4. p 3. 132.
- Lachesse**, *s.* laziness, I 720.
- Lacing**, *s.* lacing; with *laymeres l.*, with the fastening up of straps, A 2504.
- Lad**, **Ladde**; see **Lede**.
- Lade**, *ger.* to load, cover, T. ii. 1544.
- Lady**, *gen.* lady's, A 88, 695.
- Laft**, **Lafte**; see **Leve**.
- Lak**, *s.* want, defect, lack, 3. 958; blame, dispraise, L. 298 a; **Lakke**, *dat.* lack, want, 5. 87, 615; loss, F 430; *acc.* fault, E 2199.
- Lake**, *s.* a kind of fine white linen cloth, B 2048. The word probably was imported from the Low Countries, as *laken* is a common Dutch word for cloth or a sheet.
- Lakken**, *v.* find fault with, dispraise, blame, R. 284; *pr.* s. lacks, B 1437; *pr.* s. *impers.* lacks; *me lakket*, I lack, 2. 105.
- Lakking**, *s.* lack, stint, R. 1147.
- Lambish**, *adj.* gentle as lambs, 9. 50.
- Lampe**, *s.* lamina, thin plate, G 764. *F. lame*, a thin plate, *Lat. lamina*.
- Lange**, *adj.* long (Northern), A 1175.
- Langour**, *s.* weakness, 1. 7; slow starvation, R. 214; B 3597; languishing, R. 304; sickness, F 1101.
- Languishe**, *v.* fail, HF. 2018.
- Lapidaire**, a treatise on precious stones, HF. 1352.
- Lappe**, *s.* fold, lappet, or edge of a garment, F 441, G 12; lap, A 686; a wrapper, E 585.
- Lappeth**, *pr.* s. enfolds, embraces, 4. 76.
- Large**, *adj.* large, A 472, 753; great, I 705; wide, broad, R. 1351; liberal, bounteous, R. 1168; *at his l.*, free (to speak or to be silent), A 2288; free to move, HF. 745; *at our l.*, free (to go anywhere), D 322.
- Large**, *adv.* liberally, 1. 174.
- Largely**, *adv.* fully, A 1908; in a wide sense, I 804.
- Largenesse**, *s.* liberality, I 1051.
- Largesse**, *s.* liberality, R. 1150; bounty, B 2465; liberal bestower, 1. 13.
- Las**, *s.* lace, snare, entanglement, L. 600; net, A 2389; **Laas**, *lace*, i. e. thick string, A 392; band, G 574; *lace* (i. e. laces), R. 843; **Lace**, snare, entanglement, 18. 50.
- Lasse**, *adj.* comp. less, R. 118; lesser, A 1756; smaller, B 2262; less (time), A 3519; *lasse and more*, smaller and greater, i. e. all, E 67; *the lasse*, the lesser, R. 187.
- Lasse**, *adv.* less, 3. 927; *the las*, the less, 3. 675.
- Last**, *s.* pl. lasts, i. e. burdens, loads, B 1628. A. S. *hlæst*, a burden, load, a ship's freight.
- Laste**, *adj.* last, 10. 71; *atte l.*, at last, 3. 364; lastly, A 707.
- Laste**, *v.* endure, 4. 226; **Last**, *pr.* s. lasts, E 266; **Laste**, *pt.* s. lasted, B 1826; delayed, L. 791.
- Late**, *adj.* late; *bet than never is late*, G 1410; *til now late*, till it was already late, 3. 45.
- Late**, -n, let; see **Lete**.
- Lathe**, *s.* barn (Northern), HF. 2140; A 4088. Icel. *hlaða*.
- Latis**, *s.* lattice, T. ii. 615.
- Latitude**, *s.* (1) breadth, A. 1. 21. 43; (2) the breadth of a climate, or a line along which such breadth is measured, A. ii. 39, 42; (3) *astronomical*, the angular distance of any body from the ecliptic, measured along a great circle at right angles to the ecliptic, A. pr. 110; (4) *terrestrial*, the distance of a place N. or S. of the equator, E 1797.
- Latoun**, *s.* latten, a compound metal, like pinchbeck, containing chiefly copper and zinc, A 699.
- Latrede**, *adj.* tardy, dawdling, I 718. A. S. *latræde*.
- Latter**, *adv.* more slowly, I 971.
- Laude**, *s.* praise, honour, HF. 1575; *pl.* lauds, a service held at 2 or 3 a.m., A 3655.
- Laugh**, *v.* laugh, A 474; **Laugheth** of smiles on account of, A 1494; **Lough**, *strong pt.* s. laughed, R. 248; **Laughede**, *weak pt.* pl. R. 863.
- Launce**, *v.* rear, HF. 946.
- Launcegay**, *s.* a kind of lance, B 1942, 2011. Originally of Moorish origin.
- Launcheth**, *pr.* s. pushes, lets slide, D 2145.
- Launde**, *s.* a grassy clearing (called *dale* in 5. 327), 5. 302; glade, plain surrounded by trees, A 1691.
- Laure**, *s.* laurel-tree, HF. 1107.
- Laureat**, *adj.* crowned with laurel, B 3886, E 31.
- Laurer**, *s.* laurel-tree, 5. 182.
- Laurer-crowned**, laurel-crowned, 7. 43.
- Lauriol**, *s.* spurge-laurel, *Daphne Laureola*, B 4153.



- Laus**, *adj.* loose, B 4. p 6. 147.  
**Laven**, *ger.* to exhaust, B 4. p 6. 14;  
**Laved**, *pp.* drawn up, B 3. m 12. 125.  
*A. S. laflan.*  
**Lavender**, *s.* laundress, L. 358.  
**Laverokkes**, *pl.* sky-larks, R. 662.  
**Lavours**, *pl.* basins, D 287.  
**Laxatif**, *adj.* *as* a looseness, A 2736; *s.* laxative, B 4133.  
**Lay** (1), *s.* song, lay, B 1959; *Layes*, *pl.* songs, F 710, 712, 947.  
**Lay** (2), *s.* law; hence belief, faith, T. i. 340; creed, L. 335.  
**Layneres**, *pl.* straps, thongs, A 2504.  
*O. F. lawiere*; mod. *E. lanyard*.  
**Layser**, *s.* leisure, T. ii. 227.  
**Lazar**, *s.* leper, A 242.  
**Leche**, *s.* physician, A 3904, C 916.  
**Lechecraft**, *s.* art of medicine, T. iv. 436;  
*skill of a physician*, A 2745.  
**Lecher**, *s.* healer, B 4. p 6. 238.  
**Lechour**, *s.* lecher, B 1935.  
**Lede**, *v.* lead, T. i. 259; carry, T. iv. 1514;  
*lead*, take, L. 2021; draw, R. 1608;  
*govern*, B 434; *lead* (his life), R. 1321;  
*lead*, R. 1129; *Lede*, *ger.* to lead, spend, F 744;  
*to guide*, R. 400; *Let*, *pr. s.* leads, T. ii. 882; *Ladde*, *pt. s.* led, R. 581;  
*brought*, 7. 39; *carried*, L. 114; *conducted*, B 3747; *continued*, R. 216;  
*Ladden*, *pt. pl.* led, R. 1310; *Ledden*, *pt. pl. g. 2*; *Ladde*, *pt. pl. B* 3920; *Lad*, *pp.* led, L. 1108, 1948; *brought*, A 2620;  
*conducted*, A 4402; *carried*, L. 74.  
**Leden**, *adj.* leaden, G 728.  
**Ledene**, *s.* (*dat.*) language, talk, F 435, 478.  
**Leed**, *s.* lead (metal), HF. 739, 1448, 1648;  
*a copper*, or caldron, A 202.  
**Leef**, *adj.* lief, A 1837; dear, R. 103; precious, G 1467; lief, pleasing, T. v. 1738;  
*pleasant*, R. 1688; *you so leef*, so desired by you, C 760; *that leef me were*, which I should like, HF. 1909; *Leve*, *def.* dear (one), A 3393; *vocative*, HF. 816; *Lefe*, *adj. fem. voc.* HF. 1827; *Leve*, *pl.* dear, T. iv. 82, v. 592.  
**Leef**, *adj. as s.* what is pleasant; *for l. ne looth*, for weal nor for woe, L. 1639;  
*what is dear* (to him), T. iv. 1585; *beloved one*, lover, lady-love, T. iii. 3.  
**Leef**, *s.* leaf, L. 72; *Leves*, *pl.* leaves, R. 56; (*of a book*), D 790.  
**Leefful**; see *Leveful*.  
**Leefsel**, *s.* the 'bush' or leafy bundle (*as a sign*), at a tavern-door, I 411; *Levesel*, *arbores* of leaves, A 4060. Cf. *Swed. löfsal*, a hut made of green boughs.
- Leek**, *s.* leek, R. 212; a thing of no value, G 795.  
**Leen**, *imp. s. of Lene*.  
**Leep** (léép), *pt. s. of Lèpe*.  
**Lees** (lèès), *s.* leash, G 19; snare, 7. 233.  
**Lees**, *adj.* untrue, R. 8.  
**Lees** (lèès), *s.* deceit, fraud; *a shrewed lees*, a wicked fraud, L. 1545; *withouten lees*, without deceit, vorily, HF. 1464.  
**Lees**, *pt. s. of Lese*.  
**Leeste**, *adj. sup.* least, B 2513; *atte l. weye*, at the very least, A 1121.  
**Leet**, *pt. s. of Leta*.  
**Lef**, *imp. s. of Leve* (leave).  
**Lefe**, *adj. fem. voc.* dear, HF. 1827.  
**Lefful**; see *Leveful*.  
**Legge**, -n; see *Leye*, v.  
**Leide**, 1 *pt. s. of Leye*.  
**Leigh**, *pt. s. of Lye* (2).  
**Lekes**, *pl.* leaks, A 634.  
**Lemes**, *pl.* flames, B 4120. A. S. *lëoma*.  
**Lemman**, *s. masc.* (male) lover, sweet-heart, A 4240, 4247; *fem.* (female) lover, lady-love, A 3278, 3280; concubines, L. 1003.  
**Lendes**, *pl.* loins, A 3237, 3304. A. S. *lenden*, *pl.* lendenu.  
**Lene**, *adj.* lean, thin, R. 218, 444; weak, T. ii. 132.  
**Lene**, *ger.* to lend, give, A 611; *Lene*, *imp. s.* lend, B 1376; *Loen*, *imp. s.* give, A 3082. A. S. *lënan*.  
**Lene**, *v.* lean, incline, B 2638.  
**Leng**, *adv.* longer; *ever l. the wers*, the worse, the longer it lasts, A 3872.  
**Lenger**, *adj.* longer, L. 450, 2025.  
**Lenger**, *adv.* longer, B 374, 2122, 3709; *ever the l.*, the longer, the more, 7. 129; *ever l. the more*, E 687.  
**Lengest**, *adv. sup.* longest, 5. 549.  
**Lente**, *s.* Lent-season, D 513.  
**Lenvoy**, *s.* l'envoy, i. e. the epilogue or postscript addressed to the hearers or readers, E 1177 (*rubric*).  
**Leonesse**, *s.* lioness, L. 805.  
**Leonyn**, *adj.* lionlike, B 3836.  
**Leos**, *s.* people, G 103, 106. Gk. *laós*.  
**Leoun**, *s.* lion, L. 627, 829; *Léon*, the sign Leo, F 265.  
**Lepárt**, *s.* leopard, A 2186; *Libardes*, *pl.* R. 894.  
**Lepe**, *v.* run, A 4378; leap, L. 2008; *Lepe up*, e. leap up, HF. 2150; *Léép*, *pt. s.* leapt, A 2687.  
**Lere**, *s.* flesh, skin, B 2047. Properly the muscles, especially the muscles of the thigh, which special sense is perfectly suitable here. A. S. *lira*, flesh, muscle.  
**Lere**, *ger.* (1) to teach, 7. 98; v. teach, T. iv.

- 441; (2) to learn, T. v. 161; *Lere*, *ger.* to learn, find out, D 909; *Lere*, *pr. pl.* (1) teach, 5. 25; (2) learn, F 104; *Lered*, *pp.* (2) learnt, T. iii. 406.
- Lered**, *adj.* instructed, learned, C 283; A.S. *lærð*.
- Lerne**, *v.* learn, A 308, D 994; *Lerned* of, taught by, G 748. (Chaucer here uses the word wrongly, as in mod. provincial English.)
- Lese**, *a. dat.* pasture, T. ii. 752; HF. 1768. A.S. *læs*.
- Lese**, *v.* lose, A 1215, 1290; *Lese* me, *v.* lose myself, be lost, 5. 147; *Lees*, *pt. s.* lost, L. 945; *Leseth*, *imp. pl.* B 19; *Loren*, *pp.* lost, L. 1048; *Lorn*, *pp.* lost, T. i. 373, iii. 1076, iv. 1613; *forlorn*, wasted, R. 466.
- Lesing**, *a.* falsehood, lie, HF. 2080; G 479; *Lesinges*, *pl.* lies, deceits, R. 2; *lying* reports, HF. 2123.
- Lesinge**, *a.* loss, I 1056; *Lesing*, A 1707; *for lesinge*, for fear of losing, B 3750.
- Lessoun**, *a.* lesson, lection, A 700.
- Lest**, *a.* pleasure, 3. 908; delight, A 132; desire, E 619; inclination, HF. 287; *Lestes*, *pl.* desires, HF. 1738. A Kentish form; for *lust*.
- Lest**, *pr. s. impers.* (it) pleases, L. 1703; (it) pleases (me), D 360; *Thoe lest*, it pleases thee, 5. 114; *Lestoth*, (it) pleases, L. 480a; *Leste*, *pt. s. impers.* (it) pleased, T. v. 517; *pers.* was pleased, T. iii. 452; *Leste*, *pr. s. subj.* (it) may please, L. 1338; As yow *leste*, as it may please you, L. 449; (it) would please, F 380; Her *leste*, it should please her, 5. 551. Kentish forms.
- Leste**, *adj. superl.* least, T. i. 281; *at the l.*, at least, 3. 973; *atte l.*, at least, B 38; *Leste*, as *s.*, the least one, 3. 283; *at the leeste weye*, at any rate, E 966.
- Let**, *pr. s. of* Iedo.
- Lete**, *v.* let, B 3524; *let*, leave, A 1335; give up, let go, T. v. 1688; forsake, T. iv. 1199; let alone, leave, D 1276; quit, 1. 72; give up, lose, G 406; omit, depart from, 5. 391; *Lote of*, *ger.* to leave off, 18. 52; *Leten*, *v.* let, L. 2107; give up, R. 1690; forsake, T. iv. 1556; *Leten*, *ger.* to let go, T. i. 262; *Late*, *v.* let, T. iii. 693; *Laten*, *v.* let, A 3326; *Lete*, 1 *pr. s.* leave, 7. 45; *Let*, *pr. s.* lets go, repels, 5. 151; *Let*, *pr. s.* lets, permits, T. iv. 200; *Lete*, 2 *pr. pl.* abandon, B 2505; *Léet*, *pt. s.* let, A 128; let go, A 1206; allowed, HF. 243; left off, A 3311; left, A 508; caused, permitted, B 373; caused, B 2194; caused (to be), B 959; *leet . . . secche*, commanded (men) to fetch, D 2064; *leet don cryen*, caused to be proclaimed, F 45; *leet make*, caused to be made, B 3349; *leet binde*, caused to be bound, B 1810; *Let*, *pt. s.* caused, L. 2624; *let calle*, caused to be called, L. 1684; let, 5. 279; *Lete*, *pt. pl.* let, B 3898; *Leto*, *pt. s. subj.* were to let, T. iii. 1762; *Leet*, *imp. s.* let, C 731; *Lat*, *imp. s.* let, 1. 79, 84; let alone, give up, T. ii. 1500; *Lat be*, let be, do away with, A 840; let me alone, A 3285; give up, HF. 992; *Lat do*, cause, C 173; *Lat take*, take, G 1254, H 175; *Lat see*, let us see, A 831; *Lat goon*, let slip (the dogs), L. 1213; *Laten blood*, pp. let blood, A 4346. A.S. *lætan*.
- Lette**, *a.* hindrance, T. i. 361; delay, T. iii. 235.
- Lette**, *v.* hinder, T. ii. 732; prevent, L. 742; oppose, stay, B 3306; cause delay, B 1117; wait, B 1440; tarry, B 4224; stop, desist, B 1279; cease, R. 279; *Letten*, *ger.* to put obstacles in the way (of), to decline (from), A 1317; *Let*, *pr. s.* prevents, B 3. p. 10. 152; *Lette*, *pr. s. subj.*; *lette him no man, god forbede*, God forbid that any should hinder him, T. iii. 545; *Letted*, *pt. s.* hindered, A 1891; was hindered, B 2591; *Letteth*, *imp. pl.* hesitate, T. ii. 1136.
- Lette-game**, *a.* 'let-game,' one who hinders sport, T. iii. 527.
- Lettres**, *pl.* letters, (also as *sing.* a letter), B 736; 5. 19.
- Lettrure**, *a.* learning, B 3486; book-lore, B 3686.
- Letuarie**, *a.* clectuary, remedy, C 307. *pl.* clectuaries, A 426. *Lat. clectuarium*.
- Leve**, dear; see *Leef*.
- Leve**, *a.* leave, B 1637, D 908; permission, L. 2281; *bisayde hir leve*, without her leave, T. iii. 622.
- Leve** (1), *v.* leave, E 250; let alone, G 714; let go, 3. 1111; go away, 5. 153; leave alone, T. i. 688; *ger.* to leave off, T. i. 686; to forsake, G 287; *Leve*, 1 *pr. s.* leave, 2. 50; *Levoth*, *pr. s.* remains, 3. 701; *Lafte*, 1 *pt. s.* left, C 762; *Lefte*, left off, F 670; *Laffen*, *pt. pl.* L. 168; *Left*, *pp.* omitted, I 231; *Left*, *pp.* left, L. 1260; *Leef*, *imp. s.* leave, T. iv. 852; leave (it) alone, T. v. 1518; *Lef*, *imp. s.* forego, D 2089; *Leve*, *imp. s.* leave, A 1614; *Levoth*, *imp. pl.* leave, C 659. A.S. *læfan*.
- Leve** (2), *v.* believe, 5. 496; L. 10; *ger.* to be believed, HF. 708; *Levastow*, be-

- lievest thou, G 212; Leveth, *imp. pl.* believe, 6. 88. A.S. *lǣfan, lǣfan*.
- Leve** (3) *ger.* to allow, L. 2280; *god leve*, God grant, L. 2083, 2086. A.S. *lǣfan, lǣfan*.
- Leveful**, *adj.* allowable, A 3912; permissible, D 37; Leefful, allowable, I 41, 917; Leful, permissible, T. iii. 1020.
- Levene**, *s.* flash of lightning, D 276.
- Lever**, *adj. comp.* liefer, rather; *me were lever*, I had rather, T. i. 1034, iii. 574; *me nis lever*, L. 191; *thee were l*, thou hadst rather, B 2339; *him was l*, A 203; *him were l*, L. 2413; *have I l*, I would rather, T. ii. 471; F 1360; *hadde I l*, D 168; *hath l*, F 692; *hadde l*, L. 1536; *had hir l*, she would rather, E 444; *him had be l*, he would rather, A 3541.
- Lèvesel**; see Leefsel.
- Lovest**, *sup.* dearest, most desirable, HF. 87.
- Lewed**, *adj.* ignorant, A 502, 574; unlearned, C 283; unskilled, rude, HF. 1096; wicked, foolish, F 1494; wanton, E 2129. A.S. *lǣwed*.
- Lewedly**, *adv.* simply, HF. 866; ignorantly, B 47; ill, G 430.
- Lewednesse**, *s.* ignorance, ignorant behaviour, D 1928.
- Ley**, *lied*; *pt. s. of* Lye.
- Leye**, *v.* lay, 4. 205; lay, cause to lie, T. iii. 659; lay *a* wager, HF. 674; pledge, T. iii. 1605; *Leyn, ger.* to lay up, to hoard, R. 184; *Leggen, ger.* to lay, A 3269; *Legge, v.* A 3937; *Leyth, pr. s.* A 4229; *Leith, pr. s.* D 2138; *Leye, 1 pr. pl.* lay out, expend, G 783; *Leyn, pr. pl.* lay, H 222; *Leyde, pt. s.* 3. 394; *Leyde, 2 pt. pl.* L. 2501; *Leyden forth, pt. pl.* brought forward, B 213; *Leyd, pp. laid*, A 3262; placed, R. 1184; overlaid, R. 1076; *I was leyd*, I had laid myself down, L. 208; *Leyd, pp. laid*, A 81; fixed, 3. 1146; set, 3. 1036; *Ley on*, lay on, A 2558.
- Leyser**, *s.* leisure, R. 462; A 1188; do-liberation, B 2766; opportunity, A 3293.
- Leyt**, *s.* flame (of a candle), I 954. A.S. *lēget, lǣget*, M.E. *leit*, lightning.
- Libardes**, *pl.* leopards, R. 894.
- Libel**, *s.* written declaration, D 1595.
- Licentiat**, *adj.* one licensed by the pope to hear confessions, independently of the local ordinaries, A 220.
- Liohe**, *adj.* like, R. 1073; similar, 7. 76; *it liche*, like it, F 62.
- Liche**, *adv.* alike, HF. 80.
- Liche-wake**, *s.* watch over a corpse, A 2958.
- Licorysē**, *s.* liquorice, R. 1368.
- Licour**, *s.* moisture, A 3; liquor, T. iv. 520; Licour, juice, C 452.
- Lief**, *adj.* dear, A 3501; Liof to, glad to, given to, A 3510; cherished, E 470; *goode leef my wyf*, my dear good wife, B 3084; *hadde as lief*, would as soon, D 1574; *as a dear one*, B 4069.
- Lift**, *adj.* left (said of the left hand or side); R. 163.
- Lige**, *adj.* liege, C 337; Lige man, vassal, L. 379; Liges, *s. pl.* vassals, L. 382; *pl.* subjects, B 240. F. *lige*, from O.H.G. *ledic* (G. *ledig*), free. A liche lord was a free lord; in course of time his subjects were called *liges*, from confusion with Lat. *ligare*, to bind.
- Ligeaunce**, *s.* allegiance, B 895.
- Liggen**, *v.* lie, B 2101; *Ligginge, pres. pt.* lying, T. iv. 29; *Ligging*, A 1011.
- Light**, *adj.* lightsome, joyous, R. 77; 3. 1175; active, nimble, R. 812; easy, 3. 526; wearing but few clothes (*also*, fickle), 21. 20; *Lighte, pl.* light (of weight), 5. 188; easy, A. pr. 36.
- Lighte**, *adv.* brilliantly, R. 1109.
- Lighte**, *ger.* (1) to make light, rejoice. T. v. 634; to render cheerful, T. i. 293; alleviate, T. iii. 1082; (2) *ger.* to feel light, to be glad, F 306, 914; *Lighte, pt. s.* lighted; *either in the sense* (1) lightened, made light, made happy, or (2) illuminated, B 1661.
- Lighte**, *v.* alight, descend, HF. 508; *pt. s.* alighted, B 786.
- Lighten**, *v.* shine, I 1037; *Lighted, pp.* brightened, 1. 74; *Light, pp.* illuminated, L. 2506; *Lighte, imp. s.* illumine, G 71.
- Lightly**, *adv.* lightly, F 390; readily, 4. 205; quickly, I 534; easily, T. ii. 289; carelessly, I 1023; joyfully, A 1870.
- Lightned**, *pp.* enlightened, illuminated, F 1050.
- Lightnesse** (1), *s.* brightness, 5. 263.
- Lightnesse** (2), *s.* agility, A 3383.
- Lightsom**, *adj.* gay, R. 936.
- Ligne**, *s.* line, T. v. 1481.
- Ligne-aloes**, wood of the aloe, T. iv. 1137. (Properly a compound, i.e. *ligne-aloes*; where *aloes* is a plural form.)
- Likorous**, *adj.* lecherous, H 189; wanton, A 3244, 3345, E 214; gluttonous, C 540; greedy after indulgence, D 466; eager, F 1119; very vile (Lat. *nequissimi*), B 3. p. 4. 31.
- Likorousnesse**, *s.* lecherousness, D 611; licentiousness, I 430; greediness, I 377; eagerness, I 741; appetite, C 84.

- Lilting-horne**, *s.* horn to be played for a lilt, HF. 1223.
- Linnaille**; see **Lymaille**.
- Lime**, *s.* limb, 3. 499; **Limes**, *pl.* R. 830.
- Limitacoun**, *s.* limit, D 877.
- Limitour**, *s.* limitor, a friar licensed to beg for alms within a certain limit, A 209, D 874.
- Linage**, *s.* lineage, race, A 1110; family, D 1135; noble family, R. 258; high birth, B 3441; kinsfolk, B 2192; kindred, B 999; consanguinity, L. 2602.
- Lind**, *s.* lime-tree, A 2022.
- Lipsed**, *pt.* *s.* lisped, A 264.
- Lisse**, *s.* comfort, T. v. 550; joy, T. iii. 343; assuaging, HF. 220; solace, 3. 1040; alleviation, F 1238. A.S. *liss*.
- Lissen**, *v.* alleviate, T. i. 702; soothe, 6. 6; **Lissed**, *pp.* relieved, F 1170. A.S. *lissian*.
- List** (1), *s.* pleasure, T. iii. 1303; will, D 633.
- List** (2), *s.* ear, D 634. A.S. *hlust*.
- List**, *pr.* *s.* *impers.* it pleases (*usually with dat.*), A 1021, B 521; *me list right evyl*, I was in no mind to, 3. 239; *you list*, it pleases you, 11. 77; **List**, *pr.* *s.* *pers.* is pleased, **plenses**, T. i. 518, 797; wishes, A 3176; **Listeth**, *pr.* *s.* *impers.* (it) pleases, T. ii. 700; *pers.* pleases, is pleased, HF. 511; likes, F 689; **Listen**, 2 *pr.* *pl.* are pleased, T. iii. 1810; **Listen**, *pr.* *pl.* list, choose, B 2234; **Listen** *tre*, choose to write, L. 575; **Liste**, *pt.* *s.* *impers.* (it) pleased, L. 332; *her liste*, it pleased her, she cared, 7. 100; *him liste*, he wanted, 4. 92; *hem liste*, (it) pleased them, F 851. A.S. *lystan*.
- Listes**, *pl.* *in sing. sense*, lists, a place enclosed for tournaments, A 63.
- Listes**, *s.* *pl.* wiles; *in his l.*, by means of his wiles, 1. 85.
- Listeth**, *imp.* *pl.* listen ye, B 1902.
- Litarge**, *s.* litharge, ointment prepared from protoxide of lead, A 629; protoxide of lead, G 775.
- Lutargie**, *s.* lethargy, B 1. p. 2. 22.
- Lito**, *adj.* little, I 295; *as s.*, a little, T. i. 291; *adv.* little, T. iv. 1330.
- Lit stere**, *s.* dyer, 9. 17. Icel. *lita*, to dye.
- Lith**, *s.* limb (*viz.* of herself), B 4065. A.S. *li*.
- Litherly**, *adv.* ill, A 3299. A.S. *lȳder*, evil.
- Livere** (1), *s.* liver, D 1839.
- Livere** (2), *s.* liver (one who lives), B 1024.
- Liveree**, *s.* livery, A 363.
- Livinge**, *s.* life-time, 7. 188; manner of life, C 107; state of life, G 322.
- Lixt**, liest; see **Lye** (2).
- Lode**, *s.* load, A 2918.
- Lodemenage**, *s.* pilotage, A 403. **Lodemanager** is the hire of a pilot, for conducting a ship from one place to another.
- Lodesmen**, *s.* *pl.* pilots, L. 1488.
- Lode-sterre**, *s.* polar star, lodestar, A 2059.
- Lofte**, *dat.* upper room, L. 2700; *on lofte*, in the air, HF. 1727; aloft, B 277.
- Logge**, *s.* resting-place, B 4043.
- Logging**, *s.* lodging, B 4185.
- Loke**, *v.* (*weak*) look up, D 317.
- Loken**, *ger.* to look, A 1783; *v.* behold, R. 812; **Loked**, *pt.* *s.* looked, A 289; **Lokeden**, *pt.* *pl.* L. 1972; *imp.* *s.* see, HF. 893; take heed, D 1587; **Loke** he, let him take heed, I 134; **Loketh**, *imp.* *pl.* behold, G 1329; search ye, C 578.
- Loken**, *pp.* of *strong verb* (*Lonken*), locked up, B 4065.
- Loking**, *s.* look, gaze, 3. 870; countenance, B 2332; glance, L. 240; glance (of the eye), A 2171; aspect, 4. 51; examining, 5. 110; appearance, R. 290; looks, F 285.
- Lokkes**, *pl.* locks of hair, A 81, 677.
- Loller**, *s.* a loller, a lollard, B 1173. **Loller** (one who is sluggish) was confused with the name **Lollard**.
- Lomb**, *s.* lamb, L. 1798.
- Lond**, *s.* land, A 194, 400, 579; country, B 3548; upon **lond**, in the country, A 702.
- Lone**, *s.* *dat.* loan, B 1485; gift, grace, D 1861.
- Long**, *prep.*; the phrase *wher-on . . long* = *long on wher*, along of what, G 930; Long on, along of, because of, († 922).
- Long**, *adj.* (*before a vowel*), tall, R. 817; *pl.* tall, high, R. 1384; long, A 93.
- Longe**, *adv.* long, A 286; for a long time, L. 2261.
- Longe** (1), *v.* desire. long for, L. 2260; yearn, T. ii. 546; **Longen** (2), *v.* belong, A 2278; *pr.* *s.* belongs, R. 754; (it) concerns, T. ii. 312; *pr.* *pl.* belong, F 1131; *pt.* *s.* befitted, R. 1222; Longing for, suitable for, F 39.
- Longes**, *pl.* lungs, A 2752.
- Longitude**, *s.* the distance between two given meridians, A. ii. 39. 19; the length or extent of a 'climate', in a direction parallel to the equator, or rather a line along which to measure this length; A. ii. 39. 28. The longitude of a star is measured along the zodiac; that of a town, from a fixed meridian.

**Loos**, *s.* praise, renown, B 2834, 3036. O.F. *los*.  
**Loos**, *adj.* loose, A 4064, 4138; Lous, free, HF. 1286.  
**Looth** (*looth*), *adj.* loath, odious, A 486; hateful, A 393; *me were l.* it would displease me, B 91; *as s.*, what is hateful, misery, L. 1639.  
**Loothly**, *adj.* hideous, D 1100.  
**Loppe**, *s.* a spider, A. i. 3. 6.  
**Loppewebbe**, *s.* cobweb, A. i. 21. 3.  
**Lordeth**, *pr. s.*, rules over, 4. 166.  
**Lordings**, *s. pl.* sirs, C 329, 573.  
**Lore**, *s.* teaching, L. 2450; advice, T. i. 1090; lesson, T. i. 645, 754; instruction, B 342; learning, B 761; study, G 842; profit, 5. 15; doctrine, A 527. A.S. *lār*.  
**Lore**, *pp. of Lese*.  
**Lorel**, *s.* worthless man, abandoned wretch, D 273.  
**Loren**, *pp. of Lese*.  
**Lorer**, *s.* laurel, R. 1379.  
**Lorn**, *pp. of Lese*.  
**Los** (1), *s.* loss, A 2543; occasion of perdition, D 720.  
**Los** (2), *s.* praise, renown, fame, L. 1514; report, L. 1424; *til her loses*, in praise of them, HF. 1688. O.F. *los*.  
**Losengere**, *s.* flatterer, R. 1050; *pl. R.* 1056. O.F. *losengeur*.  
**Losengerie**, *s.* flattery, I 614.  
**Losenges**, *pl.* lozenges, HF. 1417; small diamond-shaped shields, R. 893.  
**Lost**, *s.* loss, B 2. p. 4. 185.  
**Loth**, *adj.* loath, 3. 8; displeasing, R. 233.  
**Lothar**, *adj. comp.* more hateful, L. 191.  
**Lothest**, *adj. superl.* most loath, F 1313.  
**Lotinge**, *pres. part.* lurking, G 186. A.S. *lutian*, to lurk.  
**Loude**, *adv.* loudly, A 171.  
**Lough**, *pt. s. of Laughe*.  
**Louke**, *s.* accomplice, A 4415.  
**Loured**, *pp.* frowned, HF. 409.  
**Lous**, *adj.* loose, free, HF. 1286.  
**Lousy**, *adj.* full of lice, miserable, D 1467.  
**Louie**, *v.* bow, do obeisance, T. iii. 683; *ger.* to bow down, B 3352; 1 *pt.* s. stooped, bent, R. 1554.  
**Love**, *s.* love, A 475; *fem.* lady-love, 4. 31; *voc.* O my love, A 672; *masc.* lover, L. 862.  
**Lovedayes**, *pl.* days for settling disputes by arbitration, A 258; HF. 695.  
**Love-drury**, *s.* affection, B 2085. The latter part of the word is O.F. *drurie*, *druerie*, love, passion.  
**Loveknotte**, *s.* looped ornament, A 197.  
**Loves**, *s. pl.* loaves, B 503.

**Lovyere**, *s.* lover, A 80.  
**Lowenesso**, *s.* lowliness, I 1080.  
**Lowly**, *adj.* humble, A 99.  
**Luce**, *s.* luce, pike, A 350.  
**Lucra**, *s.* lucro, gain, G 1402; *lucre of vilanye* = vile gain, B 1681.  
**Lufsom**, *adj.* lovely, T. v. 911; lovable, T. v. 405.  
**Lulleth**, *pr. s.* lulls, soothes, B 839.  
**Luna**, *s.* the moon, G 826; a name for silver, G 1440.  
**Lunarie**, *s.* lunary, moon-wort, G 801.  
**Lure**, *s.* a hawk's lure, D 1340; *pl.* enticements, L. 1371.  
**Lussheburghes**, *pl.* spurious coin, B 3152. Named from the town of *Luxembourg*.  
**Lust**, *s.* desire, R. 1653; amusement, R. 1287; pleasure, R. 616; delight, 1. 106; will, desire, wish, B 188; interest in a story, F 402; *pl.* delights, 3. 581. A.S. *lust*.  
**Lusteth**, *pr. s. impers.* (it) pleases, L. 996; *Lust, pr. s. pers.* pleases, E 1344; *impers.* (it) pleases, E 322; *Luste, pt. s. pers.* desired, G 1444; *Luste, pt. s. impers.* it pleased, G 1235.  
**Lustier**, more joyous, G 1345.  
**Lustihede**, *s.* cheerfulness, 3. 27; delight, H 274; enjoyment, F 288, vigour, L. 1530.  
**Lustily**, *adv.* gaily, merrily, R. 1319.  
**Lustinesse**, *s.* pleasure, jollity, A 1939; vigour, R. 1282.  
**Lusty**, *adj.* pleasant, gay, A 80; jocund, F 272; lusty, H 41; joyous, R. 581; happy, R. 1303; joyful, A 1513; vigorous, L. 1038.  
**Luxures**, *s. pl.* lusts, B 3. p. 7. 12.  
**Luxurie**, *s.* lechery, B 925, C 484.  
**Lyard**, *adj.* grey, D 1563.  
**Lycorys**, *s.* liquorice, A 3690.  
**Lye** (1), *v.* lie, remain, 10. 52; *Lye, ger.* to lodge, D 1780; *Lye . . by, v.* lie beside, B 3470; *Lye upright, lie on one's back, lie dead*, R. 1604; *Lystow, thou liest*, H 276; *Lyth, pr. s.* lies, is, remains, R. 782; *lies, 3.* 146, 181; (he) lies, B 614; (that) lies, D 1829; remains, resides, B 3654; *lies (dead)*, 3. 143; *Lyth therto, belongs here, is needed*, 3. 527; *Lay, 1 pt. s.* lodged, A 20; was, A 538; *Layo, pt. s. subj.* would lie, T. iv. 1560; *Ly, imp. s. T. ii.* 953.  
**Lye** (2), *v.* tell lies, lie, A 763; Lixt, 2 *pr. s.* liest, D 1618, 1761; *Ley, strong pt. s.* lied, T. ii. 1077; *Lyod, weak pt. s.* lied, A 659. A.S. *lōgan*.

**Lye** (3), *v.* blaze, D 1142. A.S. *lǣge*, *s.* flame.  
**Lyer**, *s.* liar, B 2256.  
**Lyes**, *s. pl.* lees, drags, HF. 2130.  
**Lyes**, *pl.* (1) lees; *or* (2) lies, D 302. Perhaps a double meaning is intended.  
**Lyf**, *s.* life, A 71, 2776; **Lyves**, *gen.* life's, 6. 60; of my life, 3. 920; Our present worldes lyves space, the space of our present life in the world, 5. 53; **Lyves** day, lifetime, L. 1624; **Lyve**, *dat.* L. 59; On lyve, alive, L. 1792; in his time, D 43; Upon lyve, alive, T. ii. 1030; Of lyve, out of life, T. v. 1561; Bringe of lyve, cause to die, T. ii. 1608; My lyve, in my life, T. ii. 205; By thy lyf, during thy life, B 1621; Thy lyf, during thy lifetime, 17. 10; His lyve, in his life, L. 1099; Hir lyve, in their life, D 392; **Lyves**, *pl.* B 3284.  
**Lyfode**, *s.* means of living, I 685. Mod.E. *livelihood*.  
**Lyfly**, *adv.* in a lifelike way, A 2087.  
**Lyke**, *v.* please, T. i. 431; *ger.* HF. 860; to be liked, R. 1357; **Lyketh**, *pr. s.* pleases, E 1031; *impers.* (it) pleases, E 311, 845; *us l. you*, it pleases us with respect to you, E 106; **Lyke**, *pr. s. subj.* may please, D 1278; *thee l. nat.* it may not please you, L. 400; **Lyked**, *pt. s. impers.* pleased, R. 1312.  
**Lyking**, *s.* pleasure, C 455; delight, B 3499.  
**Lyking**, *adj.* pleasing, R. 868; pleasant, R. 1316; thriving, R. 1564.  
**Lyklihed**, *s. dat.* likelihood, E 448.  
**Lyklinesse**, *s.* probability, 22. 15.  
**Lykly**, *adj.* likely, like, 16. 32.  
**Lykne**, *1 pr. s.* compare, 3. 636.  
**Lyknesse**, *s.* parable, A 2842.  
**Lym**, *s.* lime, F 1149; quicklime, L. 649.  
**Lymaille**, *s.* filings of any metal, G 1162; **Lymail**, G 1164; **Limaille**, G 853.  
**Lyme**, *ger.* to cover with birdlime, T. i. 353.  
**Lymer**, *s.* hound held in leash, 3. 365.  
**Lymrod**, *s.* lame-twig, B 3574.  
**Lyne**, *s.* line, T. i. 1068; fishing-line, 4. 24; line of descent, D 1135; *as lyne right*, straight as a line, T. iii. 228.  
**Lyned**, *pp. lined*, A 440.  
**Lyne-right**, *adj.* in an exact line, exactly in a line with, A. i. 21. 31.  
**Lyoun**, *s.* lion, T. iii. 1780; *v.* 830; **Lyouns**, *pl. R.* 804. See **Lion**.  
**Lyst**, *2 pr. s.* liest, reclined, T. ii. 991; **Lystow**, liest thou, H 276.  
**Lytagye**, *s.* lothargy, T. i. 730.  
**Lyte**, *adj.* small, little, R. 532; slight,

I 689; **Iyte**, *s.* a little, L. 29, 535; **Lyte**, *pl.* little, A 494.  
**Lyte**, *adv.* little, 3. 884; *a* little, E 935; in a small degree, G 632, 699; *l. and l.*, by little and little, D 2235.  
**Lythe**, *adj.* easy, soft, HF. 118.  
**Lythe**, *ger.* to alleviate, cheer, T. iv. 754.  
**Lyve**; see **Lyf**.  
**Lyvely**, *adv.* in a lively way, 3. 905.  
**Lyves**; see **Lyf**.  
**Lyves**, *adv.* in life; hence, *as adj.* living, alive, T. iv. 252; *no lyves creature*, no living creature, T. iii. 13.

## M.

**M'**, sometimes put for **Me** (before a vowel); *as in* masterte for *mo asterte*.  
**Ma fey**, my faith! T. iii. 52.  
**Maad**; *pp. of* **Make**.  
**Maat**, *adj.* dejected, B 2. p. 4. 42.  
**Mad**, *pp. made*, L. 286. See **Make**.  
**Maddo**, *v.* go mad, 4. 253; *ger.* to be furious, T. i. 479.  
**Mader**, *s.* madder, 9. 17.  
**Magik**, *s.* magic, A 416.  
**Magistrat**, *s.* magistracy, B 3. p. 4. 36.  
**Maheym**, *s.* maiming, I 625. Mod. E. *maim*.  
**Maille**, *s.* mail, ringed armour, E 1202.  
**Maister**, *s.* master, B 1637; doctor, D 2184; doctor (of divinity), D 1638; (as a term of address), 17. 1; one in authority, A 261.  
**Maisterful**, *adj.* masterful, T. ii. 756.  
**Maister-strete**, *s.* main street, L. 1965.  
**Maister-temple**, *s.* chief temple, L. 1016.  
**Maister-toun**, *s.* chief town, L. 1591.  
**Maister-tour**, *s.* chief tower, F 220.  
**Maistow**, mayest thou, HF. 699.  
**Maistresse**, *s.* mistress, L. 88; governess, C 106.  
**Maistrye**, *s.* mastery, great skill, A 3383; mastery, F 747, 764; control, B 3689, C 58; superiority; *for the maistrye*, as regards authority, A 165; victory, B 3582; specimen of skill, HF. 1074; art, elegance, R. 842; a masterly operation (cf. F. *coup de maître*), G 1060.  
**Majestee**, *s.* his real majesty :: his royal majesty, i. e. high treason, B 1. p. 4. 162.  
**Make**, *s.* mate, D 270, H 186; equal, match, A 2556; wedded companion, wife, B 700; bride, E 1882; husband, D 85.  
**Make**, *v.* make, A 184; compose, write, L. 69; *ger.* to compose, to write (about), R. 41; pretend to, counterfeit, T. ii. 1522; cause (it), T. ii. 959; **Makestow**.

2 *pr.* s. B 371; *Maketh*, *pr.* s. causes, A 3035; *Maken*, *pr.* pl. make, utter, A 9; *Maked*, *pt.* s. made, A 526; *Makeden*, *pt.* pl. T. iv. 121; *Made*, *pt.* s. *subj.* may have made, 4. 227; *Made* . . . brought, caused to be brought, HF. 155; *Maked*, *pp.* made, A 1247; composed, 5. 677; *Maad*, *pp.* made, A 394; *Mad*, *pp.* 3. 415. *Makelees*, *adj.* peerless, T. i. 172. *Making*, s. poetry, composition, L. 74, 413, 483. *Malapert*, *adj.* forward, T. iii. 87. *Male* (1), s. bag, wallet, A 694, 3115. *Male* (2), s. male, D 122. *Malefice*, s. evil contrivance, I 341. *Malencolyk*, *adj.* melancholy, A 1375. *Malgre*, *prep.* in spite of, 4. 220. *Malison*, s. curse, I 443; cursing, I 619. *Malliable*, *adj.* malleable, such as can be worked by the hammer, G 1130. *Malt*, *pt.* s. melted, HF. 922. *Maltalent*, s. ill-will, ill-humour, resentment, R. 273, 330. *IJan*, s. A 167, 209, 223; (used indefinitely) one, B 43, D 2002; hero, B 3331; servant, I 772; *Mannes*, *gen.* of mankind, T. ii. 417; *Men*, *pl.* men, people, 18. 26; A 178; *sing.* (unemphatic form of man), one (with *sing.* verb), A 149, 232, C 675, G 392. *Manace*, *ger.* to threaten, E 1752. *Manasingo*, s. threatening, A 2035. *Mandement*, s. summons, D 1346. *Maner*, s. manor, place to dwell in, 3. 1004. *Manere*, s. manner, A 858, D 1220; deportment, A 140; disposition, L. 251; manner, way, 3. 1130; ease of behaviour, 3. 1218; goodly courtesy of manner, 4. 294; *of manere*, in his behaviour, F 546. *Maner*, way, 3. 433; manner, kind, sort (used without of following), as in maner doctrine, B 1689; *pl.* kinds, R. 1406. *Manhede*, s. manliness, A 1285. *Mannish*, *adj.* manlike, T. i. 284; human, B 2454; unwomanly, B 782. *Mannish*, *adv.* like a man, boisterously, E 1536. *Mansioun*, s. dwelling, A 1974; (a term in astrology), F 50; mansion (of the moon), F 1235; *pl.* daily positions or 'stations' of the moon, F 1130. A mansion of a planet is the sign (or signs) of the zodiac in which the planet was thought to be peculiarly at home. A mansion of the moon refers to its position day by day in the sky. *Mansuete*, *adj.* courteous, T. v. 194. *Mansuetude*, s. meekness, I 654. *Mantelet*, s. short mantle, A 2163.

*Manye*, s. mania, A 1374. *Mappemounde*, map of the world, 12. 2. *Mapul*, s. maple-tree, A 2923. *Marble-stoon*, s. piece of marble, R. 1462. *Marchal*, s. marshal, E 1930. *Marchandyse*, s. barter, I 777. *Marchant*, s. merchant, A 270. *Marcial*, *adj.* warlike, T. iv. 1669. *Marcien*, *adj.* devoted to Mars, D 610. *Mareys*, s. marsh, D 970; *Mareys*, *pl.* marshes, B 2. p 7. 42. *Marie*, *interj.* marry, i. e. by St. Mary, G 1062. *Mark* (1), s. mark, fixed spot, L. 784; sex, race, D 696; sign, I 98. *Mark* (2), s. a piece of money, of the value of 13s. 4d. in England, G 1026; *pl.* Mark, C 300. *Market-beter*, s. swaggerer in a market, A 3036. *Markis*, s. a marquis, E 64; *gen. sing.* marquis's, E 994. *Markisesse*, s. a marchioness, E 283. *Martyre*, s. martyrdom, T. iv. 818. *Martyreth*, *pr.* s. torments, A 1562. *Mary*, s. marrow, pith, C 542. *Mary-bones*, s. *pl.* marrow-bones, A 380. *Mase*, s. maze, labyrinth, L. 2014; bewilderment, T. v. 468; bewildering position, B 4283. *Mased*, *adj.* bewildered, B 526; stunned with grief, 7. 322. *Masednesse*, s. amaze, E 1061. *Maselyn*, s. a bowl made of maplewood, B 2042. *Massedayes*, *pl.* massdays, B 4041. *Masse-peny*, s. penny for a mass, D 1749. *Mast*, s. mast, i. e. the fruit of forest-trees, acorns and beech-nuts, 9. 7, 37. *Masty*, *adj.* fattened, sluggish, HF. 1777. *Lit.* 'fattened on mast.' *Mat*, *adj.* dejected, A 955; exhausted, T. iv. 342; dead, L. 126; defeated utterly, B 935. *Mate*, *interj.* checkmate! 3. 660; *adj.* exhausted, 7. 176. *Materes*, *pl.* materials (of a solid character), G 779. *Matrimoine*, s. matrimony, A 3095, E 1573. *Maugre*, *Maugree*, in spite of; as in *maugre al thy might*, A 1607; *maugres hir eyen two*, A 1796; *maugree thynne yin*, D 315; *m. her*, L. 1772; *m. Philistiens*, B 3238; *m. my heed*, in spite of all I can do, 3. 1201; *m. thyn heed*, B 104; *m. his heed*, A 1169; *m. her (hir) heed*, L. 23. 6.

- D 887; *m. your heed*, in spite of all you can do, B 4602.
- Maumet**, *s.* idol, I 860.
- Maumetrye**, *s.* Mahometanism, idolatry, B 236. *Maumet* is a corruption of Mahomet or Muhammed; our ancestors wrongly held the Mahometans to be idolaters.
- Maunciple**, *s.* manciple, A 544. An officer who purchases victuals for an inn or college.
- Mavis**, *s.* song-thrush, R. 619.
- Mawe**, *s.* maw, stomach, B 486.
- May**, *s.* maiden, B 851.
- Mayde child**, girl, B 1285.
- Maydenheed**, *s.* maidenhood, virginity, D 883.
- Mayle**, *s.* mail-armour, T. v. 1559.
- Mayntene**, *v.* maintain, R. 1144; uphold, A 1778.
- Mayster-hunte**, *s.* chief huntsman, 3. 375.
- Maystres**, *s. pl.* masters, B 3. m. 2. 12.
- Maystrie**, *s.* masterly act; No maystrie. an easy matter, L. 400.
- Maze**, *2 pr. pl.* are in a state of bewilderment, E 2387.
- Mechel**, *adj.* much; *for as mechel*, for as much, A. pr. 6.
- Mede** (1), *s.* mead (drink), B 2042. See **Meeth**.
- Mede**, *s.* (2), mead, meadow, A 89.
- Medeleth**, *pr. s.* mingles, L. 874.
- Medeling**, *s.* admixture, B 1. p. 4. 279.
- Medewe**, *s.* meadow, R. 128.
- Mediatours**, *s. pl.* go-betweens, I 967.
- Medle**, *v.* mingle, H.F. 2102; meddle, take part in, G 1184; dye (*miscere*), B 2. m. 5. 10; Medly, *v.* mingle, mix, B 2. m. 5. 7; *imp. pl.* meddle, G 1242.
- Medlee**, *adj.* of a mixed colour, A 328.
- Meed**, *s.* reward, L. 1662; Méde, meed, reward, A 770; *to medes*, for my meed, for my reward, T. ii. 1201.
- Meel-tyd**, *s.* meal-time, T. ii. 1556.
- Meeth**, *s.* mead, A 3261, 3378; Meth, A 2279.
- Megre**, *adj.* thin, R. 218, 311.
- Meinee**; see **Meynee**.
- Meke**, *1 pr. s.* humble, B 2874.
- Meke**, *adv.* meekly, 7. 267.
- Melancolious** (*accented mélancólious*), *adj.* melancholy, H.F. 30.
- Melancolye**, *s.* melancholy, 3. 23.
- Mele**, *s.* meal (of flour), A 3995.
- Melle**, *s.* mill, A 3923, 4242.
- Melte**, *v.* melt, T. iv. 367; Malt, *pt. s.* H.F. 922; Molte, *pp.* H.F. 1145, 1149.
- Memorial**, *adj.* which serves to record events, 7. 18.
- Memórie**, *s.* memory, G 339; remembrance, A 3112, B 3164.
- Men**, *pl. of* Man; also a weakened form of Man, in the sense of 'one,' or 'some one'; used with a singular verb. See **Man**.
- Mendinants**, *pl.* mendicant friars, D 1907, 1912.
- Mene**, *adj.* middle, B 3. m. 9. 28; *mene whyle*, mean while, G 1262; of middle size, T. v. 806; **Mene**, *adj. pl.* intermediate, 7. 286.
- Mene**, *s.* means, way, 11. 36; middle course, T. i. 689; instrument, E 1671; mediator, 1. 125; go-between, T. iii. 254; intermediary, I 990; the mean, L. 165; *pl.* means, instruments, D 1484.
- Meneliche**, *adj.* moderate, B 1. p. 6. 111.
- Menen**, *ger.* to say, H.F. 1104; to signify, B 3941; *1 pr. s.* intend, A 703; **Menestow**, meanest thou, G 309; **Mente**, *1 pt. s.* meant, intended, B 4614; purposed, 18. 50; declared, 7. 160; **Ment**, *pp.* intended, 5. 158.
- Mene-whyte**, mean time, D 1445.
- Mening**, *s.* intent, F 151.
- Menivere**, *s.* miniver, a fine fur, R. 227.
- Menstralcies**, *pl.* mintrelsies, H.F. 1217.
- Mente**, *pt. t. of* Menen.
- Mentes**, *pl.* plants of mint, R. 731.
- Mercenarie**, *s.* hireling, A 514.
- Merciabile**, *adj.* merciful, B 1878, 3013.
- Mercy**, *s.* 1. 7; (have) mercy, 1. 36; *graunt mercy*, much thanks, 10. 29.
- Mere**, *s.* mare, A 541; Mare, A 4055.
- Meridian**, *adj.* at the moment of southing, southern, A. pr. 93.
- Meridie**, *s.* midday, A. ii. 44. 48.
- Meridional**, *adj.* southern, F 263.
- Merier**, *adj.* pleasanter, sweeter, B 2024, 4041.
- Meritorie**, *adj.* meritorious, I 831.
- Merk**, *s.* image, F 880.
- Merken**, *v.* brand, B 1. p. 4. 139.
- Merlion**, *s.* merlin, small hawk, 5. 339.
- Mermaydens**, sirens, R. 680, 682.
- Morashy**, *adj.* marshy, D 1710.
- Merveille**, *s.* marvel, B 2736.
- Merveillous**, *adj.* marvellous, B 1643.
- Mery**, *adj.* merry, gay, R. 580; pleasant, A 235, 757; pleasant to hear, B 1186; Meriemen, followers, B 2029.
- Mes**; at good mes, at a favourable distance, so as to have a fair shot, R. 1453. O.F. *mes*.
- Meschaunce**, *s.* misfortune, A 2009; evil



- occurrence, T. i. 92; a miserable condition, B 3204; unfortunate conduct, C 80; ill luck, B 4623; ill luck (to him), B 896; *with m.*, with a mischief, H 193.
- Meschief**, *s.* misfortune, A 493, B 3513; trouble, mishap, A 2551; tribulation, H 76.
- Mesel**, *s.* leper, I 624. O.F. *mesel*.
- Meselrie**, *s.* leprosy, I 625.
- Message**, *s.* (1), *messago*, T. iii. 401; errand, B 1087; (2) messenger, B 144, 333.
- Messenger**, *s.* messenger, A 1491.
- Messagerye**, *s.* a sending of messages (personified), 5. 228.
- Messenger**, *s.* messenger, HF. 1568.
- Messe**, *s.* mass, B 1413.
- Messuage**, *s.* dwelling-house, A 3979.
- Meste**, *pl.* most, i.e. highest in rank, greatest, E 131; *at the m.*, at most, T. v. 947.
- Mester**, *s.* service, office, occupation, A 1340. O.F. *mester*; Lat. *ministerium*.
- Mesurable**, *adj.* moderate, A 435; modest, I 936.
- Mesurably**, *adv.* moderately, B 2795.
- Measure**, *s.* moderation, 3. 881; measure, E 256; plan, 5. 305; *by m.*, not too much, 3. 872; moderately, R. 543; *over m.*, immeasurably, 5. 300; *out of m.*, immoderately, B 1607; *without m.*, beyond measure, 3. 632.
- Mesuring**, *s.* measure, R. 1349.
- Met**, *s.* measure of capacity, I 799.
- Metamorphoseos**, *gen. s.* (the book) of Metamorphosis; it should be *pl. Metamorphoseon*; B 93.
- Mete**, *adj.* meet, befitting, 3. 316; fit, L. 1043; *pl.* meet, A 2291.
- Mete**, *s.* equal, 3. 486.
- Mete**, *s.* meat, food, A 136, 1900; meat, L. 1108; repast, T. ii. 1462; eating, A 127.
- Mete**, *v.* meet, L. 148; find, 5. 698; to meet together, B 1873; *Meteth*, *pr. s.* meets (*men* being singular = one), A 1524; *Mette*, *pt. pl.* met, E 390; *Metten*, *pt. pl.* HF. 227; *wel met*, D 1443.
- Mete**, *v.* dream, T. iii. 1559, iv. 1396, v. 249; *Met*, *pr. s.* 5. 104, 105; *Mette*, *i. pt. s.* 5. 95; *Me mette*, *i. pt. s. refl.* I dreamt, R. 26; *pt. s. impers.* 3. 276; *Met*, *pp.* B 4445.
- Mete**, *i. pr. s.* (I) measure, A. ii. 41. 8.
- Metely**, *adj.* well-proportioned, R. 822.
- Meth**, *s.* mead (drink), A 2279.
- Meting** (1), *s.* meeting, L. 784.
- Meting** (2), *s.* dream, 3. 282.
- Meve**, *v.* move, stir, T. i. 472; *to him moved*, urged against him, L. 344.
- Mewe**, *s.* mew, i.e. coop wherein fowls were fattened, A 349; properly, a coop for hawks when moulting, F 643; hiding-place, T. iii. 602.
- Mewet**, *adj.* mute, T. v. 194.
- Mexcuse**, *for* Me excuse, excuse myself, 16. 36.
- Meynee**, *s.* household, B 1238; company, R. 1305; followers, suite, retinue, retainers, household-servants, R. 615, 634; household, menials, A 1258; army, troop, B 3532; assembly, HF. 933; *Meinee*, retinue, I 437; troop, A 4381; *Meiny*, crew, L. 2201. O.F. *meinee*, *mainee*, household.
- Meyntenance**, *s.* demeanour, 3. 834.
- Michel**, *adj.* much, A. ii. 23. 30.
- Mid**, *adj.* middle, 3. 600.
- Middel**, *s.* waist, R. 1042.
- Midel**, *adj.* neither tall nor short, 7. 79.
- Mikel**, *adj.* great, 7. 99; much, L. 1175.
- Mile-wey**, *s.* a space of 5°, which answers to twenty minutes of time, the average time for walking a mile; hence the term, A. i. 7. 11.
- Milksop**, *s.* a piece of bread sopped in milk; hence, a weak, effeminate man, B 3100.
- Milne-stones**, *pl.* mill-stones, T. ii. 1384.
- Minde**, *s.* remembrance, T. ii. 602; memory, B 527; *in m.*, in remembrance, F 109, 607.
- Ministres**, *pl.* officers, B 4233.
- Ministreh**, *pr. s.* administers, governs, B 3. m 6. 3.
- Minna**, *imp. s.* remember, mention, 16. 48.
- Minstralcye**, *s.* minstrelsy, E 1718; musical instrument, H 113; sound of music, F 268.
- Mintinge**, *pres. pt.* intending, B i. m 2. 3.
- Miracle**, *s.* wonder, A 2675; legend, B 1881; *pleyes of m.*, miracle-plays, D 558.
- Mirour**, *s.* mirror, R. 567, 1585.
- Mirre**, *s.* myrrh, A 2938.
- Mirthe**, *s.* pleasure, amusement, R. 601; *Mirthe*, Sir, *Mirth* (personified), R. 733.
- Mirtheles**, *adj.* sad, 5. 592.
- Mis**, *adj.* wrong, amiss, T. iv. 1348; bad, HF. 1975; blameworthy, G 999.
- Mis**, *s.* wrong, evil, L. 266 a.
- Mis**, *adv.* amiss, wrongly, T. i. 934.
- Mis**, *i. pr. s.* lack, have not, 6. 47.
- Misaccounted**, *pp.* miscounted, T. v. 1185.
- Misaunter**, *s.* misadventure, misfortune, T. 766.

- Misadventure**, *s.* misadventure, mishap, B 616; mischief, R. 422.  
**Misavvyse**, *pr. pl. refl.* not unadvisedly, D 230.  
**Misbibleve**, *s.* suspicion, G 1213.  
**Misbilleved**, infidels, I. 146.  
**Misboden**, *pp.* offered (to do you) evil, insulted, A 909.  
**Misborn**, *pp.* misbehaved, B 3067 (lit. 'borne amiss').  
**Miscarie**, *v.* go amiss, A 513.  
**Mischaunce**, *s.* ill luck, R. 1548; mischance, R. 251; misfortune, L. 1826; to mischaunce, i.e. to the devil, T. ii. 222, v. 359; *how m.*, how the mischief, T. iv. 1362.  
**Mischief**, *s.* misfortune, L. 1278; danger, 4. 58; harm, R. 253.  
**Misconceyvet**, *pr. s.* misunderstands, E 2410.  
**Miscounting**, *s.* fraudulent reckoning, R. 106.  
**Misdemeth**, *pr. s.* misjudges, E 2410.  
**Misdeparteth**, *pr. s.* parts or divides amiss, B 107.  
**Misdooth**, *pr. s.* ill-treats, B 3112.  
**Misdrawinges**, *s.* *pl.* way of drawing aside, B 3. p. 12. 107.  
**Misericorde**, *s.* (there is) mercy, pity, T. iii. 1177; pity, B 2608.  
**Miserie**, *s.* misery, B 3167.  
**Misese**, *s.* trouble, I. 806; discomfort, I. 177; *pl.* injuries, B 1. p. 4. 73.  
**Misesed**, *pp.* vexed, I. 806.  
**Misfille**, *pt. s. subj.* it went amiss (with), A 2388.  
**Misforyaf**, *pt. s.* misgave, T. iv. 1426.  
**Misgoon**, *pp.* gone astray, I. 80.  
**Misgovernance**, *s.* misconduct, B 3202.  
**Misgyved**, *pp.* misconducted, B 3723.  
**Mishap**, *s.* ill luck, B 3435.  
**Mishappe**, *v.* meet with misfortune, B 2886; *pr. s. subj.* (it) may happen ill for, A 1646.  
**Mishappy**, *adj.* unhappy, B 2758.  
**Misknowinge**, *s.* ignorance, B 3. m. 11. 27.  
**Mislay**, *pt. s.* lay in an uncomfortable position, A 3647.  
**Misleddden**, *pt. pl.* misconducted, T. iv. 48.  
**Misledinges**, *pl.* misleading ways, B 3. p. 8. 2.  
**Mislyketh**, *pr. s.* displeases, L. 1203.  
**Mislyved**, *pp.* of ill life, treacherous, T. iv. 330.  
**Mismetre**, *pr. s. subj.* scan amiss, T. v. 1796.  
**Mis-sat**, *pt. s.* was not where it should be, 3. 941; misbecame, R. 1194.  
**Misse**, *v.* fail, D 1416; draw to an end, 5. 40; *pt. s.* was wanting (to), T. iii. 445; *pp.* missing, T. iii. 537.  
**Mis-set**, *pp.* misplaced, 3. 1210.  
**Misseye**, 1 *pr. s.* speak amiss, 7. 317; *pr. s.* slanders, I. 379; *missayd* or *do*, said or done wrong, 3. 528.  
**Misspeke**, 1 *pr. s. subj.* speak wrongly, A 3139.  
**Mistaketh**, 2 *pr. pl.* transgress, trespass, R. 1540.  
**Mister**, *s.* trade, handicraft, occupation, A 613; need, R. 1426; Mester, occupation, A 1340; *what m. men*, men of what occupation, what sort of men, A 1710. See Mester.  
**Misterye**, *s.* ministry, profession, I. 895. From Lat. *ministerium*.  
**Mistihede**, *s.* mystery, 4. 224.  
**Mis-torneth**, *pp.* turn aside, B 3. p. 3. 9.  
**Mistyrde**, *v.* be unlucky, B 2886.  
**Miswanderinge**, *adj.* straying (Lat. *deutus*), B 3. p. 2. 27.  
**Miswent**, *pp.* gone amiss, T. i. 634.  
**Mis-weyes**, *s. pl.* by-paths, B 3. m. 11. 3.  
**Miteyn**, *s.* mitten, glove, C 372.  
**Mixen**, *s.* dunghill, I. 911.  
**Mo** (*mòb*), *adj.* more, A. pr. 27; more (in number), A. 576, 849; besides, L. 917; others, E 2113; another, E 1039; (others) besides, E 2263; many others besides, D 663; *tymes mo*, at other times, E 449; *othere mo*, others besides, G 1001; *na mo*, no more, none else, B 695.  
**Mo**, *adv.* more, any longer, D 864; *never the mo*, never *mo*, never, D 691, 1099.  
**Mochel**, *adj.* great, L. 1966; much, G 611.  
**Mochel**, *adv.* much, B 3959.  
**Mochel**, *s.* size, 3. 454, 861.  
**Modor**, *s.* mother, B 276; the thickest plate forming the principal part of the astrolabe (Lat. *mater* or *rotula*), A. i. 3. 1; *Modres*, *gen.* B 1783; *Modres*, *pl.* C 93.  
**Moebale**, *adj.* moveable, A. i. 21. 80.  
**Mooble**, *s.* moveable goods, personal property, T. iv. 1380, 1460; *pl.* G 540.  
**Moedes**, *s. pl.* moods, strains (of music), B 2. p. 1. 50.  
**Moevable**, *adj.* fickle, B 4. m. 5. 32; *as s.* The first *mo*, the 'primum mobile,' A. i. 17. 50.  
**Moevabletee**, *s.* mobility, B 4. p. 6. 126.  
**Moeve**, *ger.* to stir up, B 2218; *v.* move, I. 133.  
**Moevere**, *s.* mover, A 2987.  
**Moevinge**, *s.* moving, motion, A. pr. 99;

**Moiste** moving, the 'primum mobile,' A. I. 17. 45.  
**Moiste**, *pl.* supple, A 457.  
**Moiste**, *adj.* as *s.* moisture, R. 1564.  
**Mokereres**, *s. pl.* misers, B 2. p 5. 18.  
**Mokre**, *v.* hoard up, T. iii. 1375.  
**Molestie**, *s.* trouble, B 3. p 9. 105.  
**Mollificacioun**, *s.* softening, G 854.  
**Molte**, *pp.*; see *Melte*.  
**Monche**, *v.* munch, T. i. 914.  
**Mone**, *s.* moon, A 2077; i.e. position or 'quarter' of the moon, A 403; *Mone*, *gen.* B 2070; *Mones*, *gen.* F 1154.  
**Mone**, *s.* moan, complaint, A 1366, F 920.  
**Mone**, *v. refl.* to lament, T. i. 98.  
**Monstre**, *s.* prodigy, F 1344; *pl.* B 3302.  
**Montaigne**, *s.* mountain, B 24.  
**Mood**, *s.* anger, A 1760; thought, C 126.  
**Moon**, *s.* moan, lamentation, complaint, L. 1169, 1799.  
**Moorne**, *1 pr. s.* mourn, A 3704.  
**Moorninge**, *s.* mourning, plaint, A 3706.  
**Moot**, *s. pl.* notes on a horn, 3. 376.  
**Moot**, *1 pr. s.* must, shall, B 1853; *pr. s.* must, ought to, A 232; is to (go), B 294; *Mot*, *1 pr. s.* may, 4. 267; must, have to, B 227; *Most*, *2 pr. s.* B 104; *Mot*, *pr. s.* must, has to, L. 388, 1945; *Mote*, *2 pr. pl.* may, T. ii. 402; *Moten*, must, L. 343; *Mote* (or *Moot*), *pr. s. subj.* may, HF. 102; L. 843; is sure to, L. 1632; *Moot* (or *Mote*) I goon, may I still go, may I still retain the power to walk, F 777; So *moot* (or *mote*) I thee, as I may thrive, as I hope to thrive, C 309; As ever *mote* I, A 832; Foul *moot* thee falle, ill may it befall thee, H 40; *Moot* (or *Mote*) thou, mayst thou, B 1626; *Moste*, *1 pl. s.* must (go), B 282; *Moste*, *pl. s.* must, 4. 250; had to, B 886; ought to (be), F 38; was made to, B 3700; *Mosten*, *pl. pl.* should, L. 99; *Moste*, *pl. s. subj.* might, L. 1573; *us mote*, we must resolve to, G 946.  
**Moral**, *adj.* excellent in character, T. iv. 1672.  
**Moralitee**, *s.* moral tale, I 38; moral writing, I 1088.  
**Mordre**, *s.* murder, R. 1136; *m. wol out*, B 4242.  
**Mordre**, *ger.* to murder, kill, L. 1536.  
**Mordrer**, *s.* murderer, 5. 353, 612.  
**Mordring**, *s.* murdering, A 2001.  
**More**, *adj.* greater, B 2396, E 1231; larger, HF. 500; More and lesse, all alike, every one, B 959; More and more, HF. 532; *with-outen more*, without further trouble, T. iv. 133.

**More**, *adv.* more, A 219; in a greater degree, B 3745.  
**More**, *s.* root, T. v. 25. A.S. *moru*.  
**Mormal**, *s.* sore, gangrene, A 386.  
**Morne**, *s.* morning; *morne* milk, morning-milk, A 358, 3236.  
**Morsel**, *s.* morsel, bit, A 128; *m. breed*, morsel of bread, B 3624.  
**Morter**, *s.* mortar, 9. 15; a metal bowl for holding wax, with a wick for burning, T. iv. 1245.  
**Mortifye**, *v.* kill; used of producing change by chemical action, G 1431; *pp.* deadened, I 233.  
**Mortreux**, *pl.* thickened soups or pot-tages, A 384. (Also spelt *mortreues*; thus *x* is for *s.*)  
**Morwen**, *s.* morning, morrow, T. ii. 1555; *Morwe*, L. 49, 108; fore part of a day, T. iv. 1308; *by the morwe*, early in the morning, A 334.  
**Morweninge**, *s.* morning, A 1062; dawn-ing, 4. 26.  
**Morwe-song**, *s.* morning-song, A 830.  
**Morwe-tyde**, *s.* morning-hour, E 225; *in the m.*, in the morning, B 4206.  
**Mosel**, *s.* muzzle, A 2151.  
**Most**, *2 pl. s.* oughtest (to), 8. 3; *Mosto*, *pt. s.* must, ought (to), A 2088; must (go), HF. 187; had to go, T. v. 5; was obliged to, T. iii. 540; must, might, E 2102; *pt. s. subj.* might, L. 1594; *Moston*, *pt. pl.* must, might, T. ii. 1507; could, HF. 2094.  
**Moste**, *adj. sup.* greatest, F 199; chief, D 1041; chiefest, F 361.  
**Mote** (1), *s.* atom, T. iii. 1603; *Motes*, *pl.* specks of dust, D 868.  
**Mote** (2), *s.* motion (Lat. *motus*), A. ii. 44. 22. The 'mene mote' or mean motion is the average motion of a planet during a given period.  
**Motre**, *ger.* to mutter, T. ii. 541.  
**Mottlee**, *s.* motley array, A 271.  
**Motthes**, *s. pl.* moths, B 2187.  
**Motyf**, *s.* motive; hence idea, notion, B 628, E 1491.  
**Moulen**, *v.* grow mouldy, B 32; *pp.* A 3870.  
**Mountance**, *s.* amount, value, quantity, A 1570; amount (of time), L. 307; length, T. ii. 1707; value, H 255.  
**Mourdaunt**, *s.* chape, or metal tag, at the end of a girdle, R. 1094. (Not 'the tongue of a buckle'.)  
**Moustre**, *s.* pattern, 3. 912.  
**Moveresse**, *s.* a fomentress of quarrels. B. 149.

**Mowe**, *s.* grimace, T. iv. 7; *pl.* HF. 1806.  
**Mowen**, *v.* be able; *mowen shewen*, become evident, B 5. p. 4. 163; *Mowen, ger.* to have power, T. ii. 1594; *May*, 1 *pr. s.* may, B 89; *can*, B 231; *Maystow*, mayest thou, A 1918; *Mowe*, 1 *pr. pl.* *can*, B 2939; *may*, HF. 1735; *Mowen*, 2 *pr. pl.* *can*, 19. 25; *Mowe*, 2 *pr. pl.* *may*, L. 92; *can*, 3. 552; *Mowen, pr. pl.* are able to, D 1722; *Mowe, pr. pl.* *may*, *can*, A 2909; *Mowe*, 2 *pr. s. subj.* *mayest*, G 460; *Mighte, pl. s.* might, A 169, &c.; 1 *pt. s. subj.* *could*, E 638.  
**Mowinge**, *s.* ability, B 4. p. 4. 32.  
**Mowled**, *pp.* decayed, A 3870.  
**Moysoun**, *s.* crop, growth, R. 1677. O.F. *moison*; Lat. acc. *mensuram*.  
**Moyste**, *adj.* fresh, new, B 1954, C 315.  
**Moysty**, *adj.* now (applied to ale), H 60.  
**Muable**, *adj.* changeable, T. iii. 822.  
**Muchel**, *adj.* much, great, A 2352; a great deal of, F 349; *in so m.*, in so much, B 2644; many, G 673.  
**Muchel**, *adv.* greatly, A 258; much, F 1129.  
*Mulur est hominis confusio*, woman is man's confusion, B 4354.  
**Mullok**, *s.* a heap of refuse, A 3873; confused heap of materials, G 938, 940.  
**Multiplicacioun**, *s.* multiplying, i. e. the art of alchemy, G 849.  
**Multiplye**, *v.* to make gold and silver by the arts of alchemy, G 669.  
**Murmuracioun**, *s.* murmuring, I 499.  
**Murmuringe**, *s.* murmur, A 2432.  
**Murthe**, *s.* mirth, joy, E 1123.  
**Murye**, *adj.* merry, A 1386.  
**Muscle**, *s.* mussel, D 2100.  
**Muse**, *s.* muse, poetic faculty, 16. 38.  
**Muse, ger. to consider, T. iii. 563; *pr. s.* gazes into, R. 1592; *pp.* gazed, R. 1645.  
**Musice**, Music, B 2. p. 1. 49.  
**Musyke**, music, 5. 62; Musik, B 4483.  
**Muwe**, *s.* mew, pen (for hawks), cage, T. i. 381; *in muwe*, cooped up, T. iv. 406.  
**Muwe**, *v.* change, T. ii. 1258.  
**Mye**, *s.* mile, HF. 1038; *fyve m.*, five miles, G 555.  
**Mynde**, *s. dat.* mind, recollection, 3. 15; *acc. reason*, 2. 34; 3. 511; *have minde upon*, remember, 19. 26.  
**Myne**, *v.* undermine, T. iii. 767.  
**Mynour**, *s.* one who mines, A 2465.  
**Myrie**, *adj.* merry, A 1499.  
**Myrie**, *adv.* merrily, A 3575.  
**Myrier**, *adv. comp.* merrier, R. 876.  
**Mys**, *pl.* mice, B 2. p. 6. 37.**

**Myte** (1), *s.* mite, thing of no value, A 1558.

**Myte** (2), mite, insect; *pl.* D 560.

N.

**N'**, for ne, not; as in *nacheveth for ne acheveth*, and the like.

**Na**, no (Northern), A 4175.

**Na mo**, i. e. no more, none else, B 695.

**Nacheveth**, for ne acheveth, achieves not, T. v. 784.

**Nadde**, *pt. s.* (for ne hadde), had not, R. 457.

**Naddre**, *s.* adder, E 1786.

**Nadir**, *s.* the point of the ecliptic exactly opposite to that in which the sun is situate, A. ii. 6. 1; see l. 12.

**Nadstow**, 2 *pt. s.* haddest thou not, didst thou not, A 4088.

**Naille**, *imp. s.* 3 *p.* let it nail, let it fasten, E 1184.

**Naiteth**, *pr. s.* refuses, B 1. m. 1. 25.

**Nake**, 2 *pr. pl.* make naked, B 4. m. 7. 70;

**Naked**, *pp.* as *adj.* naked, A 1056, I 105; bare, HF. 133; destitute, void, weak, († 486; simple, plain, A. pr. 30.

**Nakers**, *pl.* kettle-drums, A 2511. From the Arabic.

**Nale**; *atte nale*, at the ale, at the ale-house, D 1349.

**Nam**, (for ne am), 1 *pr. s.* am not, A 1122, B 2710; *nam but deed*, am only a dead man, 3. 204.

**Nam**, *pt. s.* took, G 1297.

**Name**, *s.* good name, reputation, L. 1812; title, B 3. p. 6. 36.

**Namely**, *adv.* especially, A 1268, 2709.

**Namo** (for na mo), no more in number, A 101, 544; none other, no one else, D 957.

**Namore**, *adv.* no more, A 98.

**Napoplexye**, for Ne apoplexye, nor apoplexy, B 4031.

**Nappeth**, *pr. s.* naps, slumbers, nods, H 9.

**Narette**; see Arette.

**Nart**, (for ne art), art not, G 499.

**Narwe**, *adj.* small, B 4012; *pl.* A 625; close, closely drawn, D 1803.

**Narwe**, *adv.* narrowly, closely, A 3224; tightly, L. 600; carefully, E 1588.

**Nas**, (for ne was), was not, A 251, 288; *I nas but*, I was simply, 2. 21.

**Nassayeth**, for ne assayeth, attempts not, T. v. 784.

**Nat**, *adv.* not, A 74; *Nat but*, only, merely, L. 1899; quite, L. 2091.

**Nat**, (for ne at), nor at, B 290.

**Nat** *forth*, *adv.* notwithstanding, B 2165.  
**Natal**, *adj.* who presides over nativities, T. iii. 150.

**Nath** (*for ne hath*), *pr. s.* hath not, A 923.

**Natheles**, nevertheless, A 35.

**Nature**, *s.* nature, A 11; kind, race, 5. 615; seed, I 577.

**Naturel**, *adj.* natural, A 416. A 'day natural' is a period of 24 hours.

**Naught**, *adv.* not, B 1701; not so, G 269.

**Nave**, *s.* nave (of a wheel), D 2266.

**Naxe**, (*for ne axe*), ask not, T. v. 594.

**Nay**, *adv.* nay, no, G 1339; (*opposed to yea*), E 355; (answers a direct question), B 710; surely not! 3. 1309; *as s.* nay, untruth, 3. 147; It is no nay, there is no denying it, B 1956.

**Nayte**, *v.* withhold, deny, I 1013.

**Ne**, *adv. and conj.* not, A 70; nor, A 179, 526; *ne . . . ne*, neither . . . nor, A 603; (when used with a verb, a second negative is often added).

**Nece**, *s.* niece, B 1290.

**Necesseden**, *pt. pl.* compelled, B 3. m. 9. 8.

**Nedde**, *s.* adder; *pl.* L. 699.

**Nede**, *s.* need, extremity, B 102, 658, 2360; extremity, difficult matter, B 2917; peril, B 3576; *at nede*, at need, 1. 112; *for nede*, if needful, R. 1123; *s. adj.* needful, A 304; *pl.* matters of business, B 174, 1266; necessities, T. ii. 954; needs, G 178; *for nedes*, for very need, 3. 1201.

**Nede**, *adv.* necessarily, of necessity, R. 1441, 1473.

**Nede**, *v.* be necessary, B 871; **Nedeth**, *pr. s.* (it) is necessary, (it) needs, A 462; *what n.*, what is the need of, A 849; **Nededé**, *pt. s. impera.* (there) needed, A 4020, 4161; *us neded*, we should need, T. iv. 1344.

**Nedely**, *adv.* of necessity, necessarily, B 4435.

**Nedes**, *adv.* needs, necessarily, of necessity, L. 1298.

**Nedes-cost**, *adv.* of necessity, A 1477, L. 2697.

**Needly**, *adv.* necessarily, B 3 p. 9. 87. See **Nedely**.

**Neen**, no (Northern), A 4185, 4187.

**Neer**, *adv. comp.* nearer, A 839, 968; *neer and neer*, A 4304; *as pos. adv.* near, A 1439; *fer or neer*, far or near, T. i. 451.

**Neet**, *pl.* neat, cattle, A 597.

**Negardye**, *s.* nigardliness, 10. 53.

**Neghen**, *v.* draw nigh, L. 318.

**Neigh**, *adj.* near, nigh, B 2558.

**Neigh**, *adv.* nearly, T. i. 60.

**Neighebour**, *s.* neighbour, A 535.

**Neighen**, *v.* draw near, T. ii. 1555.

**Neither** *other*, (*in*) neither the one nor the other, B. s. m. 3. 53.

**Nekke-boon**, *s.* neck-bone, B 1839; neck, I 906; nape of the neck, B 669.

**Nel**, 1 *pr. s.* will not, T. ii. 726.

**Nempnen**, *v.* name, B 507.

**Nenvye**, *for ne envye*, *imp. s.* envy not, T. v. 1789.

**Ner**, *adv. comp.* nearer, 3. 888; T. i. 448;

**Nere**, 3. 38; *ner and ner*, B 1710; **Ner** the les, nevertheless, 4. 130.

**Nercothikes**, *pl.* narcotics, A 1472.

**Nere** (*for ne were*), 2 *pt. s.* wast not, 4. 112; *pt. pl.* were not, A 875, D 1944; 1 *pt. s. subj.* should not (I) be, T. ii. 400; **Nere**, *pt. s. subj.* would not be, should not be, A 1129; were not, B 3984; were it not, B 132; were it not (*for*), 1. 24, 180.

**Nere**, *adv.* nearer, R. 1454.

**Nerf**, *s.* nerve, i. e. sinew, T. ii. 642.

**Nescapest** (*for Ne escapest*), escapest not, L. 2643.

**Nest**, *s.* D 1691; *wikked nest*, i. e. *mau ni*, or Mauny (referring to Sir Oliver Mauny), B 3573; *pl.* HF. 1516.

**Net-herdes**, *gen.* neat-herd's, B 2746.

**Nether**, *adj.* lower, A 3852.

**Netherest**, *adj. superl.* lowest, i. e. outermost, A. i. 18. 7.

**Nevene**, *v.* name, G 821; *herd hir name* n. heard (him) name her name, T. i. 876; *pr. pl. subj.* may mention, G 1473.

**Never**, *adv.* never, A 70; *n. dide but*, never did aught that was not, 4. 297; *n. the neer*, none the nearer, G 721.

**Neveradel**, *adv.* not a bit, C 670.

**Never-mo**, *adv.* never oftener, never (with two exceptions), A. ii. 31. 5; never, 3. 1125.

**Newew**, *s.* nephew, L. 1442; grandson, L. 2659.

**Newe**, *adv.* newly, freshly, afresh, A 365, 428; *of newe*, new, fresh, T. ii. 20;

**Newe and nowe**, again and again, T. iii. 116; continually, C 929.

**Newed**, *pt. s.* had something fresh in it, 3. 906; *pp.* renewed, B 3036.

**Newefangel**, *adj.* fond of novelty, F 618, H 193.

**New-fangelnesse**, *s.* fondness for novelty, L. 154; F 610.

**Newe-thought**, *s.* Inconstancy, R. 982.

- Nexste**, *adj. sup.* nearest, A 1413; easiest, T. i. 697.
- Ney**, *adj.* nigh, A. ii. 3. 78.
- Nigard**, *adj.* niggardly, R. 1172.
- Nigard**, *s.* miser, niggard, B 4105.
- Nigardye**, *s.* miserliness, B 1302.
- Nighte**, *ger.* to grow dark, become night, T. v. 515.
- Nighter-tale**, *s.*; *byn.*, in the night-time, A 97. This expression seems to have resulted from a confusion of Icel. *ā nǫttar-peli*, in the dead of night, with Icel. *nǫttar-tal*, a tale or number of nights.
- Night-spel**, *s.* night-spell, night-incantation, A 3480.
- Nigromanciens**, *s. pl.* necromancers, I 603.
- Nil**, 1 *pr. s.* will not, 3. 92, 1125; will (I) not, shall (I) not, T. v. 40, 43, 44; desire not, dislike, E 646; Nillo, 1 *pr. s.* will not, G 1463; Nil, *pr. s.* will not, B 972; will not (have), 3. 586; will (she) not, 3. 1140; Nilt, 2 *pr. s.* wilt not, T. ii. 1024; Niltow, thou wilt not, T. i. 792.
- Nillinge**, *s.* refusing, B 5. p. 2. 23.
- Nin**, *for* Ne in, nor in, E 1511, F 35.
- Nis**, *for* ne is, is not, 2. 77; Ther nis no more but, all that remains is that, L. 847.
- Niste**, 1 *pt. s.* knew not, F 502; *pt. s.* knew not, A 3414, 4225.
- Noble**, *s.* a gold coin, A 3256; *pl.* HF. 1315. (Worth os. 8d.)
- Nobledest**, *pt. s.* 2 *p.* ennobled, didst ennobel, G 40. A translation of Dante's *nobilitasti*.
- Noblesse**, *s.* nobleness, R. 780; noble cheer, T. v. 439; nobility, D 1167; (title of respect), B 2956; magnificence, B 3438; high honour, B 3208; nobility, rank, R. 1034; worthy behaviour, B 185, 248.
- Nobley**, *s.* nobility, dignity, splendour, HF. 1416; noble rank, T. iv. 1670; assembly of nobles, G 449; state, F 77.
- Nof** (*for* Ne of), nor of, D 571, 660.
- Noght**, *adv.* not, A 107; by no means, in no respect, A 1226; Noght but for, only because, D 645.
- Noght**, *s.* nothing, G 542; N. worth, worth nothing, H 200.
- Noisen**, 2 *pr. pl.* ery aloud, B 3. m. 6. 10.
- Nokked**, *pp.* notched, R. 942.
- Nolde**, 1 *pt. s.* would not, did not want, 5. 90; (I) should not desire, G 1374; Noldest, 2 *pt. s.* wouldst not, 3. 482; Noldestow, if thou wouldst not, T. iii. 1264; Nolde, *pt. s.* would not, 1. 51; would not (have), A 1024.
- Nombre**, *s.* number, A 716; amount, sum, A. ii. 24. 5.
- Nombred**, *pp.* counted in, T. iii. 1269.
- Nomen**, *pp.* taken, T. v. 514; put, R. 408; Nome, *pp.* L. 822, 1018, 1777. *Pp.* of *nimen*.
- Nones**, *for* the, for the nonce, for the occasion, for this occasion, A 379, 523, 545, 879; on the spur of the moment, T. i. 561; for the time, T. ii. 1381; With the nones, on the condition, HF. 2009, L. 1540. Originally *for then ones*, for the once; where *then* is the dat. of the def. article (A. S. *þām*).
- Nonne**, *s.* nun, A 118; Nonnes Preest, Nun's Priest, B 4617.
- Nonnerye**, *s.* nunnerie, A 3946.
- Noon**, none, no, A 318, 449; *or noon*, or not, or no, D 2069.
- Noot**, 1 *pr. s.* know not, L. 2660; Not, L. 193; Nost, knowest not, 3. 1137; Nostow, thou knowest not, HF. 1010; Noot, *pr. s.* knows not, C 284; Not, 4. 214. A. S. *nāt*.
- Norice**, *s.* nurse, B 4305.
- Norice**, *v.* nourish, foment, B 2204; *pp.* brought up, E 399.
- Norissing**, *s.* nutriment, A 437; growth, A 3017; Nourishinge, bringing up, E 1040; *pl.* refectiōns, B 4. p. 6. 38, sustenance, B 1. p. 6. 93 (Lat. *fomentum*).
- Noriture**, *s.* nourishment, T. iv. 768.
- Nortelrye**, *s.* education, A 3967.
- Northren**, northern, A 1987.
- Norture**, *s.* instruction, good manners, R. 179.
- Nory**, *s.* pupil (lit. foster-child), B 3. p. 11. 233; Norry, B 1. p. 3. 14.
- Nose-thirles**, *pl.* nostrils, A 557, I 209.
- Noskinnes**, *for* Noneskinnes, of no kind, HF. 1794. From *nones*, gen. of *noon*, none; and *kinnes*, gen. of *kin*.
- Nost**, Nostow, Not; see **Noot**.
- Not but**, only, 4. 121; T. iii. 1636.
- Nota**, i. e. observe, A. ii. 26. 33.
- Notabilitee**, *s.* notable fact, B 4399.
- Notable**, *adj.* notorious, remarkable, B 1875.
- Notaries**, *s. pl.* scribes, I 797.
- Note**, *s.* (1) note (in music), A 235, B 1737, musical note, peal, HF. 1726; tune. 5. 677; *byn.*, according to musical notes, by note, R. 669; in concord, all at once, T. iv. 585.
- Note**, *s.* (2), employment, business, task, job, A 4068. A. S. *notu*.

**Noteful**, *adj.* useful, A. pr. 120.  
**Notemuge**, *s.* nutmeg, B 1953.  
**Notes**, *s. pl.* nuts, R. 1360.  
**Not-head**, *s.* crop-head, a head with hair cropped short, A 109.  
**Neither**, neither, 7. 253; neither (of them), L. 192.  
**Nothing**, *adv.* in no respect, in no degree, not at all, A 2505; *for n.*, by no means, D 1121.  
**Notificacions**, *pl.* hints, B 5. m 3. 23.  
**Notifie**, *pr. pl.* indicate, I 430; *pp.* proclaimed, B 256.  
**Nouchis**, *s. pl.* jewelled ornaments, jewels (properly, setting for jewels), clasps, HF. 1350; Nowches, E 382. E. *ouch*.  
**Nought**, *adv.* not, T. ii. 575, 673; not at all, 3. 3; B 2262.  
**Noumbre**, *s.* number, 3. 440.  
**Noumbre**, *v.* number, 3. 439; *pp.* counted in, T. iii. 1269.  
**Noun-certeyn**, *s.* uncertainty, 18. 46; T. i. 337.  
**Noun-power**, *s.* impotence, B 3. p 5. 22.  
**Nouthe**, now, T. i. 985; *as nouthe*, at present, A 462.  
**Novelrye**, *s.* novelty, T. ii. 756.  
**Now**, *adv.* now, A 715; *for now*, for the present, 7. 343; *now and now*, from time to time, occasionally, F. 430.  
**Nowches**; see **Nouchis**.  
**Noyous**, *adj.* troublesome, HF. 574. Short for *anyous*.  
**Ny**, *adj.* near, B 2562; *Nye*, *def.* the one who is near, A 3392.  
**Ny**, *adv.* nigh, nearly, B 2735; *as ny as*, as close to, A 588; *wel ny*, almost, A 1330.  
**Ny**, *prep.* nigh, B 550.  
**Nyce**, *adj.* foolish, B 3712, 4505; ignorant, R. 1257; foolish, weak, B 1083, G 493; ludicrous, A 3855; scrupulous, A 398.  
**Nycely**, *adv.* foolishly, T. v. 1152.  
**Nycoete**, *s.* folly, G 463; simplicity, A 4046; foolish behaviour, pleasure, D 412; scrupulousness, T. ii. 1288.  
**Nye**; see **Ny**.  
**Nyfls**, *pl.* mockeries, pretences, D 1760. Lit. 'snifflings'; O.F. *nifler*, to sniff.

## O.

**O** (ô), one, A 304, 363; a single, B 5. p 6. 158; one and the same, T. ii. 37; one continuous and uniform, HF. 1100. See **Oon**.  
**Obeisant**, *adj.* obedient, E 66, I 264.  
**Obeisaunce**, *s.* obedience, E 24, 502;

obedient act, E 230; obedient farewell, L. 2479; *in your o.*, in obedience to you, 2. 84; *unto her o.*, in obedience to her, L. 587; **Obeisaunces**, *pl.* acts of dutiful attention, L. 149; observances, L. 1268.  
**Obeising**, *adj.* yielding, L. 1266.  
**Objecte**, *adj.* presented, B 5. p 5. 5.  
**Obligacioun**, *s.* bond, 15. 2, **Obligaciouns**, *pl.* sureties, B 3018.  
**Oblige**, *v.*; *o. to you*, lay an obligation on you (to make me), T. iv. 1414.  
**Obsèques**, *pl.* funeral rites, A 993.  
**Observaunce**, *s.* respect, A 1045; homage, 7. 218; observance, L. 1608; ceremony, T. ii. 112; heed, I 747; *pl.* customary attentions, F 956; duties, L. 150.  
**Observe**, *v.* favour, B 1821; *pr. s.* takes heed, I 303.  
**Occasioun**, *s.* cause, L. 994.  
**Occident**, *s.* west, B 297.  
**Occidentale**, *adj.* western, A. i. 5. 9.  
**Occupy**, *v.* take up, F 64; *pr. s.* follows close upon, T. iv. 836; dwells in, B 424; *imp. s.* hold to, B 4. p 7. 103.  
**Octogamy**, *s.* marrying eight times, D 33.  
**Of**, *prep.* of, A 2, &c.; by, R. 1260; concerning, about, F 1179; during, B 510; for, 13. 19; off, from, 3. 964; on account of, B 2208; as to, as regards, in respect of, F 425; as to, 3. 966; upon, 5. 555; over, B 2947; with, A 2055; some, A 146; *of a purpos*, on purpose, deliberately, B 2273; *of al my lif*, in all my life, 5. 484; *of grace*, by his favour, out of his favour, E 178; *fulfild of*, filled with, 7. 42.  
**Of**, *adv.* off, away, 5. 494; (come) off, I iv. 1106; off, A 2676; *com of*, be quick, have done, A 3728.  
**Offensioun**, damage, A 2416.  
**Offertorie**, *s.* offertory, A 710.  
**Office**, *s.* office, employment of a secular character, A 292; employment, B 3446; duty, 5. 236; property, D 1144; place of office, D 1577; *with o.*, by the use of (Lat. *officio*), B 1. p 1. 3; *houses of o.*, servants' offices, E 264.  
**Of-newe**, *adv.* newly, again, R. 1613; lately, E 938.  
**Of-showve**, *v.* repel (lit. shove off), A 3912.  
**Of-taken**, *pp.* taken away, B 1855.  
**Ofte**, *adj.* *pl.* many; *Ofte sythes*, oftentimes, A 485; *Ofte tyme*, often, A 52; *Tymes ofte*, E 226.  
**Ofter**, *adv. comp.* oftener, E. 215.  
**Of that**, *conj.* because, L. 815.

**Of-thowed**, *pp.* thawed away, HF. 1143.  
**Oght**, *s.* aught, anything, F 1469; anything of value, G 1333; *as adv.* ought, at all, B 1792.  
**Oghte**; see **Owen**.  
**Oke**, **Okes**; see **Ook**.  
**Olifaunts**, *s. pl.* elephants, B 3. p. 8. 29.  
**Oliveres**, *s. pl.* olive-trees, R. 1314; olive-yards, B 3226.  
**Olyve**, *s.* olive-tree, 5. 121.  
**Omelines**, *s. pl.* homilies, I 1088.  
**On**, *prep.* on, A 12; in, F 921; at, T. iii. 32; of, T. iii. 18; as regards, E 1424; against, T. ii. 865; towards, 4. 298; binding on, 10. 43; *hir on*, upon her, 3. 1217; *on eve*, in the evening, E 1214; *on reste*, at rest, F 379.  
**On**, one; see **Oon**.  
**Onde**, *s.* envy, R. 148. A.S. *anda*.  
**Oneden**, *pl. pl.* united, I 193; *pp.* united, complete, D 1968.  
**Ones**, *adv.* once, B 588; *united* in design, C 696; *at ones*, at once, A 765.  
**On-lofte**, *adv.* aloft, up in the air, in the sky, 5. 203, 683; above ground, E 229.  
**On-lyve**, *adv.* alive, F 932. Lit. 'in life.'  
**Oo**, one; see **Oon**.  
**Ook**, *s.* oak, A 1702; **Oke**, *dat.* 3. 447; (*collectively*), oaks, R. 1384.  
**Oon**, one, R. 624; always the same, the same, one and the same, B 2142; united, agreed, T. ii. 1740; alone, unwedded, D 66; the same, i.e. of small consequence, 3. 1295; the same thing, alike, F 537; *oon the faireste*, one of the fairest, E 212; *in oon*, in the same state, unchangeably; *ever in oon*, ever alike, always in the same manner, E 602; continually, D 209; *oon and oon*, one by one, A 679; *after oon*, equally good, A 341; *that oon*, one thing, T. iv. 1453; the one, C 666; *many oon*, many a one, A 317, E 775; *jelle at oon*, came to one agreement, T. iii. 565; *many on*, many a one, D 680; *everich on*, every one, B 1164; **Oo**, one, G 207; a single, R. 1236; one and the same, 3. 1293.  
**Ooned**, *pp.* united, B 4. p. 6. 81.  
**Open-ers**, *s.* fruit of the medlar, A 3871.  
**Open-headed**, with head uncovered, D 645.  
**Opie**, *s.* opium, A 1472; **Opies**, *pl.* opiates, L. 2670.  
**Opned**, *pp.* opened, T. iii. 469.  
**Opposen**, *v.* oppose; *o. me*, lay to my charge, D 1597.  
**Oppresse**, *v.* suppress, 10. 60; violate, F 1411; *ger.* to put down, G 4.

**Oppressioun**, *s.* oppression, wrong, L. 2592; tyranny, 10. 19; violation, L. 1868.  
**Or**, *conj.* ere, G 314.  
**Or**, *prep.* before, R. 864.  
**Or**, *conj.* or, A 91, &c.; Or . . . or, either . . . or, R. 261.  
**Oratorie**, *s.* closet for prayers, A 1905.  
**Ordal**, *s.* ordeal, T. iii. 1046.  
**Orde**, *dat.* point, L. 645. A.S. *ord*. And see **Word**.  
**Ordenee**, *adj.* well-ordered, B 4. p. 1. 46.  
**Ordenely**, *adv.* conformably, in order, B 4. p. 6. 313.  
**Ordenour**, *s.* ruler, B 3. p. 12. 102.  
**Ordeyned**, *pp.* provided, A 2553; appointed, F 177; prepared, G 1277; ordered, I 336; (= ordeynee), *pp.* regulated, T. i. 892.  
**Ordinaat**, *adj.* orderly, E 1284.  
**Ordinaty**, *adj.* methodically, I 1045.  
**Ordinaunce**, *s.* arrangement, A 3012; provision, B 250; orderly arrangement, A 2567; consideration, 18. 38; order, B 2303; resolve, B 2258; command, 10. 44.  
**Ordred**, *pp. as adj.* ordained, I 782.  
**Ordure**, *s.* filthiness, I 841; rubbish, T. v. 385.  
**Ore**, *s.* grace; *thyn o.*, (I pray for) thy grace, A 3726. A.S. *ar*.  
**Ore**, *s.* ore (of metal), D 1064. A.S. *or*.  
**Ores**, *s. pl.* oars, L. 2308.  
**Orfrays**, *s.* gold embroidery, gold braid, fringe with golden threads, R. 462, 869, 1076. A.F. *orfrais*, O.F. *orfrois*.  
**Organs**, *s. pl.* 'organs,' the old equivalent of organ, G 134.  
**Orgon**, *pl. as sing.* organ (Lat. *organa*), B 4041.  
**Orient**, *s.* east, A 1494.  
**Oriental**, *adj.* eastern; (hence) of superior quality, L. 221.  
**Orisonte**, *s.* horizon, T. v. 276.  
**Orisoun**, *s.* prayer, A 2372.  
**Orizon**, *rectum*, or right horizon, A. ii. 26. 35. This means the horizon of any place situate on the equator, which could be represented by a straight line upon a disc of the astrolabe.  
**Orloge**, *s.* clock, 5. 350; B 4044.  
**Orphelin**, *adj.* orphaned, B 2. p. 3. 33.  
**Orpiment**, *s.* orpiment, G 759, 774, 823. 'Orpiment', trisulphide of arsenic'; Webster.  
**Oruscupum**, i. e. horoscope, A. ii. 3. rubric.  
**Osanne**, i. e. Hosannah, B 642.  
**Ost**, *s.* host, army, L. 1906.



- Ostelments**, *s. pl.* furniture, household goods, B 2. p 5. 135. (*L. supellectilis*). Cf. F. *outil*.
- Ostesse**, *s.* hostess, B 4. m 3. 23.
- Otes**, *s. pl.* (of) oats, D 1903.
- Other**, *adj.* second, R. 953, 976; the other, A 417; *what o.*, what else, T. i. 709, *that o.*, the other, F 406; Other, *pl.* others, R. 1304; Other, *pl.* other, A 794; others, HF. 2151; *gen. pl.* others', HF. 2153; Others, *gen. sing.* each other's (lit. of the other), C 476.
- Other**, *conj.* or, 3. 810; Other . . or, either . . or, G 1149.
- Other-whyle**, *adv.* sometimes, B 2. p 1. 120.
- Ouche**, *s.* nouch, clasp, D 743. See *Nouchis*.
- Ought**, *s.* anything, 3. 459; *as adv.* at all, T. ii. 208; *in ought that*, in as far as, T. iii. 1241.
- Oughtestow**, oughtest thou, L. 1957.
- Oule**, *s.* owl, D 1081.
- Oules**, *pl.* awls; spiked irons for tormenting men, D 1730. A.S. *awel*.
- Ounces**, *pl.* small portions, A 677; ounces, G 756.
- Ounded**, *pp.* wavy, T. iv. 736.
- Oundinge**, *s.* adornment with waved lines, I 417.
- Oundy**, *adj.* wavy, HF. 1386. F. *onde*.
- Out**, *adv.* out, A 45, &c.; *used for come out*, HF. 2139; go out, T. iv. 210; fully, T. iii. 417; *mordre wil out*, murder will out, B 1766; Out and out, entirely, T. ii. 739.
- Out**, *interj.* alas! A 3825; Out! harrow! B 4570.
- Out of**, *prep.* without, C 157; out of, A 452.
- Out-breke**, *v.* break out, break silence, 2. 12.
- Out-breste**, *v.* burst out, T. iv. 237.
- Out-bringe**, *v.* utter, L. 1835.
- Outcast**, *pp.* cast out, T. v. 615.
- Out-caught**, *pl. s.* drew out, B 1861.
- Out-drawe**, *pp.* drawn out, T. iv. 1226.
- Oute**, *adv.* away, T. v. 553; out, i. e. uttered, D 977.
- Outen**, *v.* put out, utter, exhibit. G 834; utter, E 2438; Oute, *1 pr. s.* utter, offer, D 521. A.S. *utan*.
- Outereste**, *adj. superl.* uttermost, farthest, B 2. m 6. 17.
- Outerly**, *adv.* utterly, entirely, E 335.
- Outfleyinge**, *s.* flying out, HF. 1523.
- Out-hees**, *s.* outcry, hue and cry, alarm, A 2012.
- Outher**, *conj.* either, R. 250.
- Outerwhyle**, *adv.* sometimes, B 2733, 2857.
- Outlandish**, *adj.* foreign, 9. 22.
- Outrage**, *s.* excess (*luxu*), B 2. m 5. 5; cruelty, injustice, A 2012.
- Outrageous**, *adj.* excessive, B 2180; immoderate, I 743; violent, rampant, R. 174; excessively bold, R. 1257.
- Outrageously**, *adv.* excessively, A 3908.
- Outrance**, *s.* great hurt, excessive injury, 24. 26.
- Outraye**, *v.* lose temper, E 643. O. F. *outrier*, to surpass.
- Outrely**, *adj.* utterly, B 4419; entirely, B 2943, 3072; decidedly, B 2210.
- Out-ringe**, *v.* ring out, T. iii. 1237.
- Out-rood**, *pl. s.* rode out, T. v. 604.
- Out-rydere**, *s.* rider abroad, A 166. The name of a monk who rode to inspect granges, &c.
- Out-springe**, *v.* come to light, T. i. 745; Out-sprong, *pl. s.* spread abroad, C 111.
- Out-sterte**, *pl. pl.* started out, B 4237.
- Out-straighte**, *pl. s.* stretched out, R. 1515.
- Out-taken**, *pp.* excepted, B 277.
- Out-twyne**, *1 pr. pl.* twist out, utter, 12. 11.
- Out-wende**, *v.* proceed, HF. 1645.
- Over**, *prep.* above, R. 1475; beyond, D 1601; besides, F 137; Over hir might, to excess, C 408.
- Over**, *adj.* upper, A 133; Overest, *superl.* uppermost, A 290.
- Over-al**, *adv.* everywhere, A 216, 249, 1207; in all directions, T. i. 928; on all sides, D 264; in every way, E 2129; throughout, E 1048; Over al and al, beyond every other, 3. 1003.
- Over-blowe**, *pp.* past, L. 1287.
- Overcaste**, *v.* overcast, sadden, A 1536.
- Overcomer**, *s.* conqueror, B 1. m 2. 15.
- Overdoon**, *pp.* carried to excess, G 645.
- Over-gilt**, *adj.* worked over with gold, R. 873.
- Over-goon**, *v.* pass away, T. i. 846; overspread, B 2. p 7. 42.
- Overkerveth**, *pr. s.* cuts across, crosses, A. i. 21 90.
- Overlad**, *pp.* put upon, B 3101. Lit. *led over*.
- Overlade**, *v.* overload, L. 621.
- Overlight**, *adj.* too feeble, B 4. m 3. 34.
- Over-loked**, *pp.* perused, 3. 232.
- Overlyeth**, *pr. s.* lies upon, I 575.
- Over-passeth**, *pr. s.* surpasses, B 5. p 6 117.

**Over-raughte**, *pt. s.* reached over, hence, urged on, T. v. 1018.  
**Over-shake**, *pp.* shaken off, 5. 681.  
**Overshote**, *pp.*; *had overshote* hem, had over-run the scout, 3. 383.  
**Over-skippte**, 1 *pt. s.* skipped over, omitted, 3. 1208.  
**Oversloppe**, *s.* upper-garment, G 633. Cf. *Icel. yfirstloppr*, an upper garment. See *Sloppes*.  
**Oversprede**, *v.* spread over, cover, E 1799; *Over-sprat*, *pr. s.* over-spreadeth, T. ii. 767; *Overspradde*, *pt. s.* covered, A 2871.  
**Overspringe**, *pr. s. subj.* overpass, F 1060.  
**Overtake**, *v.* overtake, attain to, G 682; *Overtook*, 1 *pt. s.* caught up, 3. 360.  
**Overte**, *adj.* open, HF. 718.  
**Overthrowe**, *v.* be overturned, be ruined, HF. 1640.  
**Over-throwinge**, *adj.* overwhelming, B 1. m 2. 2; headlong (*Lat. praecipiti*), B 2. m 7. 1; headstrong (*Lat. praecipiti*), B 1. m 6. 25, revolving, B 3. m 12. 43.  
**Overthrowinge**, *s.* falling down, B 2755; *pl.* destruction (*Lat. ruinis*), B 2. m 4. 17.  
**Overthwart**, *adv.* across, A 1991; opposite, T. iii. 685; askance, R 202.  
**Overtymeliche**, *adv.* untimely, B 1. m 1. 18.  
**Over-whelveth**, *pr. s.* overturns, turns over, agitates, B 2. m 3. 17.  
**Owen**, *v.* owe, own, possess; *Oweth*, *pr. s.* owns, possesses, C 301; *Oweth*, *pr. s. refl.* it is incumbent (on him), L. 360 a; *Oghte*, 1 *pt. s.* ought, 4. 216; *Oughtestow*, 2 *pt. s.* oughtest thou, T. v. 545; L. 1957; *Oghte*, *pt. s. impers.* it were necessary, B 2183; *him oghte*, he ought, L. 377; it became him, B 1097; *hir oghte*, became her, E 1120; *us oghte*, it behaved us, we ought, 1. 119; *hem oghte*, they ought, († 1340; *us oghte* (*subj.*), it should behave us, we ought, E 1150; *Oghte*, *pt. s.* owed, L. 589; *ought*, A 505; *Owed*, *pp.* due, B 4. p 5. 18.  
**Owene**, *adj. def.* own, C 834; *myn owene woman*, independent, T. ii. 750; *his owne hand*, with his own hand, A 3624.  
**Owh**, *interj.* alas, B 1. p 6. 25.  
**Owher**, *adv.* anywhere, A 653.  
**Oxe**, *s. ox*, C 354; *Oxes*, *gen.* E 207; *Oxen*, *pl.* A 887.  
**Oxe-stalle**, *s.* ox-stall, E 398.  
**Oynement**, *s.* ointment, unguent, A 631.  
**Oynons**, *pl.* onions, A 634.

## P.

**Pass**, *s.* pace, step, L. 284; *goon a pass*, go at a footpace, C 866.  
**Pass**, *v.* pass, go, A 1602; *pass*, T. i. 371; *go away*, 15. 9; *pass away*, A 175; *surpass*, go beyond, T. iii. 1272; *walk*, T. v. 1791; *overstep*, HF. 392; *come*, HF. 720; *p. of*, pass over, T. ii. 1:68; *of this thing to p.*, to pass this over in review, HF. 239; *to pace of*, to pass from, B 205; 1 *pr. s.* pass over (it), go on, HF. 1355; *proceed*, go on, A 36; 1 *pr. s. subj.* depart, F 494; 2 *pr. s. subj.* go, D 911.  
**Paillet**, *s.* pallet, T. iii. 229.  
**Paire**, *s.* pair, A 473; *set*, A 159; *as pl.* pairs, 5. 238. (*Pair*, in the sense of 'set,' is applied to many things of the same kind and size.)  
**Paisible**, *adj.* peaceable, 9. 1.  
**Palasye**, *s.* palsy, R. 1098.  
**Pale**, *s.* perpendicular stripe, HF. 1840.  
**Palestral**, *adj.* athletic, pertaining to wrestling, T. v. 304.  
**Paleth**, *pr. s.* renders pale, B 2. m 3. 3.  
**Paleys**, or **Paleis** - *chambres*, *pl.* palace-chambers, 9. 41.  
**Paleys-gardyn**, palace-garden, T. ii. 508.  
**Paleys-ward**, to, toward the palace, T. ii. 1252.  
**Paleys-yates**, *pl.* gates of the palace, 4. 82.  
**Palinge**, *s.* adorning with (heraldic) pales, or upright stripes, I 417.  
**Palis**, *s.* palisade, stockade, B 1. p 6. 41; *paling*, rampart, B 1. p 3. 86. O.F. *palis*, *paleis*.  
**Palled**, *pp.* pale, languid, H 55.  
**Pan**, *s.* brain-pan, skull, A 1165.  
**Panade**, *s.* kind of knife, A 3939, 3960.  
**Panier**, *s.* panner, E 1568; *pl.* baskets for bread, HF. 1939.  
**Panne**, *s.* pan, A 3944.  
**Panter**, *s.* bag-net for birds, L. 131; *pl.* nets, R. 1021. O.F. *pantiere*.  
**Papejay**, *s.* popinjay, B 1559, 1957, E 2332; applied in England to the green woodpecker (*Geococcyx viridis*).  
**Paper**, *s.* account-book, A 4404.  
**Paper-whyte**, *adj.* white as paper, L. 1108.  
**Papingay**, *s.* popinjay, R. 81. See **Papejay**.  
*Par amour*; see **Paramour**.  
*Par cas*, by chance, C 885.  
*Par companye*, for company, A 3839, 4167.  
**Paradys**, *s.* paradise, R. 443.

- Parage**, *s.* kindred, birth, D 250; rank, D 1120.
- Paraments**, *pl.* mantles, splendid clothing, A 2501. See **Parentments**.
- Paramour**, (for *par amour*), *adv.* for love, B 2033; longingly, B 1933; with devotion, A 1155; **Paramours**, passionately, T. v. 332; A 2112; with excessive devotion, L 260 a; by way of passionate love, T. v. 158; *for p.*, for the sake of passion, E 1450; *for paramours*, for love's sake, A 3354.
- Paramour**, *s.* (1) concubine, wench, D 454; *pl.* A 3756; lovers, **paramours**, T. ii. 236; **Paramour** (2), love-making, A 4372.
- Paraunter**, perhaps, L 362.
- Paraventure**, peradventure, perhaps, F 955.
- Parcel**, *s.* part, F 852; small part, 2. 106.
- Parchemin**, *s.* parchment, B 5. m 4. 14.
- Pardee**, (F. *par Dieu*), a common oath, A 563, 3084; **Pardieux**, T. i. 197.
- Pardoner**, *s.* seller of indulgences, A 543, C 318.
- Paregal**, *adj.* fully equal, T. v. 840.
- Parentments**, *s. pl.* rich hangings or ornaments, (applied to a chamber), L 1106; F 269. See **Paraments**.
- Parentele**, *s.* kinship, I 908.
- Parfey**, by my faith, in faith, HF. 938.
- Parfit**, *adj.* perfect, A 72, 422.
- Parfitly**, *adv.* perfectly, R. 771; wholly, B 2381.
- Parfourne**, *v.* perform, B 2402; **Parfourne**, *ger.* to fulfil, B 3137; *p.* up, complete, D 2261.
- Parfourninge**, *s.* performance, I 807.
- Parishens**, *pl.* parishioners, A 482.
- Paritorie**, *s.* pelliory, *Parietaria officinalis*, G 581.
- Parlement**, *s.* (1) deliberation, decision due to consultation, A 1306; (2) parliament, T. iv. 143; *p.* of **Bridides**, Parliament of Birds, I 1086.
- Parodie**, *s.* period, duration, T. v. 1548. (A curious confusion of *parodie* (so pronounced) with *period*.)
- Parsoneres**, *s. pl.* partners, partakers, B 5. p 5. 101.
- Parten**, *v.* share, T. i. 589; *ger.* To p. with, participate in, L. 465; 1 *pr.* *s.* part, depart, T. i. 5; **Parteth**, *pr.* *s.* departs, L. 359; **Parted**, *pp.* dispersed, T. i. 960; gone away, taken away, L. 1110.
- Parteners**, *s. pl.* partners, partakers, I 968.
- Parting-felawes**, *s. pl.* fellow-partakers, I 637.
- Part-les**, *adj.* without his share, B 4. p 3. 44.
- Partrich**, *s.* partridge, A 349.
- Party**, *adv.* partly, A 1053.
- Partye**, *s.* portion, A 3008; partial umpire, taker of a side, A 2657; portion, T. ii. 394.
- Parvys**, *s.* church-porch, A 310.
- Pas**, *s.* pace, B 399; step, D 2162; distance, R. 525; foot-pace, A 825; grade, degree, 4. 134; grade, I 532; passage, B 2635; *a pas*, at a footpace, T. ii. 627, v. 60; F 388; *pl.* paces, yards, A 1890; *thousand pas*, a mile, B. i. p. 4. 272.
- Passage**, *s.* period, R. 406.
- Passant**, *pres. pl.* *as adj.* surpassing, A 2107.
- Passen**, *ger.* to surpass, exceed, conquer, A 3089; overcome, L. 162; outdo, G 857; *pr.* *s.* passes away, F 404; **Paste**, *pl.* *s.* passed, T. ii. 658; passed by, T. ii. 398; **Passing**, *pres. pl.* surpassing, A 2885; *pp.* past, spent, E 610; surpassed, 7. 82; passed by, 5. 81; overblown, gone off, R. 1682.
- Passing**, *adj.* excellent, F 929; extreme, E 1225.
- Passioun**, *s.* suffering, B 1175; passion, 1. 162; passive feeling, impression, B 5. m 4. 52.
- Pastee**, *s.* pasty, A 4346.
- Patrimoine**, *s.* patrimony, I 790.
- Patroun**, *s.* patron, 4. 275; protector, 7. 4; pattern, 3. 910.
- Pawmes**, *pl.* palms (of the hand), T. iii. 1114.
- Pax**, *s.* the 'esculatorium,' or 'paxbrede,' a disk of metal or other substance, used at Mass for the 'kiss of peace,' I 407.
- Pay**, *s.* pleasure, 5. 271; *more to pay*, so as to give more satisfaction, 5. 474.
- Paye**, *v.* pay, A 806; *pt.* *s.* A 539; *pp.* satisfied, pleased, 9. 3; *holde her payd*, think herself satisfied, 3. 269.
- Payen**, *adj.* pagan, A 2370.
- Payens**, *s. pl.* pagans, L. 786.
- Payndemayn**, *s.* bread of a peculiar whiteness, B 1915. *Lat. panis Domini-cus.*
- Payne**, *s.* pain; *dide his payne*, took pains, F 730.
- Payre**, *s.* a pair, R. 1386; **Paire**, *pl.* pairs, R. 1608.
- Pece**, *s.* piece, 5. 149; *pl.* pieces, T. i. 833.
- Peches**, *pl.* peaches, R. 1374.
- Peock**, *s.* peacock, 5. 356.

- Peacock-arwes**, *pl.* arrows with peacocks' feathers, A 104.
- Pecunial**, *adj.* pecuniary, D 1314.
- Pees**, *s.* pence, A 532, 1447; *in p.*, in silence, B 228.
- Pees**, peace! hush! be still! B 836.
- Pekke**, *s.* peck (quarter of a bushel), A 4010.
- Pekke**, *imp.* *s.* peck, pick, B 4157.
- Pel**, *s.* peel, small castle, HF. 1310. O.F. *pel*; from Lat. acc. *pālum*.
- Pelet**, *s.* pellet, stone cannon-ball, HF. 1643.
- Pensant**, *s.* a penitent, one who does penance, B 3154.
- Pencil** (1), *s.* pencil, brush, A 2049.
- Pencil** (2), *s.* small banner, sleeve worn as a token, T. v. 1043. Short for *penoncel*.
- Pénible**, *adj.* painstaking, B 3400; *Penible*, careful to please, E 714; *Penýble*, inured, D 1846.
- Penitauncer**, *s.* a confessor who assigns a penance, I 1008.
- Penitence**, *s.* penance, I 101, 126.
- Penne**, *s.* pen, quill, L. 2357.
- Penner**, *s.* pen-case, E 1879.
- Penoun**, *s.* pennon, ensign or small flag borne at the end of a lance, A 978.
- Pens**; see *Peny*.
- Peny**, *s.* penny, R. 451; money, A 4119; *Penyes*, *pl.* pence, R. 189; *Pens*, *pl.* pence, C 376.
- Per cas*, by chance, L. 1967.
- Per consequens*, consequently, D 192.
- Peraventure**, *adv.* perhaps, HF. 304; C 915.
- Percen**, *v.* pierce, B 2014; *pr.* *s.* pierces with his gaze, 5. 331.
- Perche**, *s.* perch (for birds to rest on), A 2204; wooden bar, R. 225; a horizontal rod, A. ii. 23. 44. Lat. *pertica*.
- Percinge**, *s.*; for *percinges* = to prevent any piercing, B 2052.
- Perdurable**, *adj.* everlasting, eternal, B 2699; *Perdurables*, *adj. pl.* everlasting, I 811.
- Perdurabletee**, *s.* immortality, B. 2. p. 7. 61, 103.
- Pece**, *s.* peer, equal, B 3244, F 678.
- Peregryn**, *adj.* peregrine, i.e. foreign, F 428.
- Pece-jonette**, *s.* a kind of early-ripe pear, A 3248.
- Peres**, *pl.* pears, R. 1375, E 2331.
- Perfit**, *adj.* complete, A. i. 18. 4.
- Perfitly**, *adv.* perfectly, A. pr. 21.
- Perfourne**, *ger.* to perform, B 2256; be equivalent to, A. ii. 10. 16.
- Peril**, *s.* B 2672; *in p.*, in danger, 4. 108; *upon my p.*, (I say it) at my peril, D 561.
- Perisse**, *v.* perish, I 254.
- Perle**, *s.* pearl, L. 221.
- Perled**, *pp.* fitted with pearl-like drops, A 3251.
- Perrée**, *s.* jewellery, precious stones, gems, B 3495, 3550.
- Perrée**, *s.* jewellery, A 2936; *Perrie*, HF. 1393.
- Pers**, *adj.* of Persian dye, light-blue, R. 67.
- Pers**, *s.* stuff of a sky-blue colour, A 439, 617.
- Perséverance**, *s.* endurance, T. i. 44; constancy, 3. 1007.
- Persévere**, *v.* continue, D 148; *pr.* *s.* lasts, C 407.
- Perséveringe**, *s.* perseverance, G 117.
- Persly**, *s.* parsley, A 4350.
- Persónie**, *s.* person, figure, T. ii. 701; *Persoun*, person, A 478.
- Pert**, *adj.* forward, tricky, A 3950. Short for *apert*.
- Pertinacie**, *s.* pertinaciousness, I 391.
- Pertinent**, *adj.* fitting, B 2204.
- Pertourbe**, *ger.* to perturb, T. iv. 561.
- Perturbacioun**, *s.* trouble, B. i. p. 1. 98.
- Perturbinge**, *s.* perturbation, D 2254.
- Pervenke**, *s.* periwinkle, R. 903; *Pervinke*, R. 1432.
- Pesen**, *pl.* peas, L. 618.
- Possible**, *adj.* calm, B. i. p. 5. 3.
- Pestilence**, *s.* the (great) pestilence, A 442, C 679; curse, B 4600, D 1264.
- Peter**, *interj.* by St. Peter, B 1404, G 665.
- Payne**, *s.* pain of torture, A 1133; T. i. 674; *in the p.*, under torture, T. iii. 1502; care, F 509; toil, G 1398; penalty, B 3041; endeavour, R. 765; penance, B 2939; upon *p.*, under a penalty, E 586.
- Payne**, *v.* *refl.* take pains, endeavour, B 4495; put (myself) to trouble, HF. 246; *Payne*, 1 *pr.* *s.* *refl.* take pains, C 330, 305; *Peyned hir*, *pt.* *s.* *refl.* took pains, A 139, E 976; *Peyned hem*, *pt.* *pl.* *refl.* R. 107.
- Poynte**, *v.* paint, C 12; colour highly, HF. 246; smear, L. 875; *do p.*, cause to be painted, 3. 259; *pt.* *s.* F 560; *Peynted*, *pp.* painted, L. 1029; *Poynt*, *pp.* R. 248.
- Peyntour**, *s.* painter, T. ii. 1041.
- Peynture**, *s.* painting, C 33.
- Peyre**, *s.* pair, A 2121; a set (of similar things), D 1741.
- Peyzible**, *adj.* tranquil, B. 3. m. 9. 51. (L. *tranquilla*.)

- Peytrell**, *s.* poitral, breast-piece of a horse's harness; properly, the breast-plate of a horse in armour, G 564; *pl.* I 433. A. F. *peitrel*, Lat. *pectoralis*.
- Phitonesses**, *pl.* pythonesses, witches, HF. 1261.
- [**Physices**, *gen.* of physics, or natural philosophy, B 1189. Lat. *physices*, *gen.* of *physicæ*, natural philosophy. (I propose this reading.)]
- Pich**, *s.* pitch, A 3731, I 854.
- Piètee**, *s.* pity, T. iii. 1033, v. 1598.
- Piètois**, *adj.* piteous, sad, T. iii. 1444; sorrowful, T. v. 451; merciful, F 20.
- Pigges-nye** (lit. pig's eye), a dear little thing, A 3268.
- Pighte**, *pt. s. refl.* pitched, fell, A 2689; *pt. s. subj.* should pierce, should stab, i. 163 (but this is almost certainly an error for *prikhte*, *pt. s. subj.* of *prikke*).
- Piked**, *pt. s.* stole, L. 2407.
- Pikerel**, *s.* a young pike (fish), E 1419.
- Pilche**, *s.* a warm furred outer garment, 20. 4.
- Pile**, *ger.* to pillage, plunder, I 769; *v.* rob, despoil, D 1362.
- Piled**, *pp.* deprived of hair, very thin, A 627; bare, bald (lit. peeled), A 3935.
- Pileer**, *s.* pillar, HF. 1421.
- Pilled**, *pp.* robbed, L. 1262.
- Pilours**, *pl.* robbers, pillagers, A 1007, 1020.
- Pilwe**, *s.* pillow, E 2004.
- Pilwe-beer**, *s.* pillow-case, A 694.
- Piment**, *s.* sweetened wine, A 3378.
- Pin**, *s.* pin, small peg, F 127, 316; fastening, brooch, A 196; thin wire, A. ii. 38. 8; Hangeth on a joly pin, is merry, E 1516.
- Pinche**, *v.* find fault (with), pick a hole (in), A 326; Pinchest at, 2 *pr. s.* blamest, 10. 57; *pp.* closely peated, A 151.
- Piper**, *s. as adj.* suitable for pipes or horns, 5. 178.
- Pissemyre**, *s.* pismire, ant, D 1825.
- Pistel**, *s.* epistle, E 1154; message, sentence, D 1021.
- Pit**, *pp.* put (Northern), A 4088.
- Pitaunce**, *s.* pittance, A 224.
- Pitee**, *s.* pity, i. 68; Pite were, it would be a pity (if), 3. 1266.
- Pith**, *s.* strength, R. 401; D 475.
- Pitous**, *Pitous*, *adj.* compassionate, A 143; merciful, C 226; pitiful, A 953; plaintive, R. 89, 497; mournful, R. 420; piteous, sad, sorrowful, A 955; pitiable, B 3673; Pitouse, *fem.* full of compassion, L. 2582.
- Pitously**, *adv.* piteously, B 1059; pitiaibly, B 3729; sadly, A 1117.
- Place**, *s.* place, A 623; manor-house (residence of a chief person in a small town or village), B 1910, D 1768.
- Placebo**, *verses* of the dead, so called from the initial word of the antiphon to the first psalm of the office (see Ps. cxiv. 9 in the Vulgate version), I 617; a song of flattery, D 2075.
- Plages**, *s. pl.* regions, B 543; quarters of the compass, A. i. 5. 12.
- Plain**, *adj.*; see **Playn**.
- Plane**, *s.* plane-tree, A 2922.
- Planed**, *pl. s.* planed, made smooth, D 1758.
- Plante**, *s.* slip, cutting, D 763; piece of cut wood, R. 929.
- Plastres**, *s. pl.* plasters, F 636.
- Plat**, *adj.* flat, certain, A 1845; *Platte*, *dat.* flat (side of a sword), F 162, 104.
- Plat**, *adv.* flat, B 1865; plainly, B 886; fully, T. ii. 579.
- Plate**, *s.* plate-armour, 9. 49; stiff iron defence for a hauberk, B 2055; the 'sight' on the 'rewle', A. i. 13. 2.
- Plated**, *pp.* covered with metal in plates, HF. 1345.
- Platly**, *adv.* flatly, plainly, T. iii. 786, 881.
- Plaunte**, *s.* plant, F 1032.
- Plaunte**, *imp. s.* plant, T. i. 664.
- Playen me**, *v. refl.* to amuse myself, R. 113.
- Playing**, *s.* sport, R. 112.
- Playn**, *adj.* smooth, even, R. 800; *in short and pl.*, in brief, plain terms, E 577; Plain, flat, H 229.
- Playn**, *s.* plain, B 24.
- Plede**, *ger.* to di pute, B 2559.
- Pleding**, *s.* pleading, 3. 615.
- Pledoures**, *pl.* pleaders, lawyers, R. 108.
- Plee**, *s.* plea, 5. 485; *pl.* suits, 5. 101.
- Plegges**, *s. pl.* pledges, B 3018.
- Plainedest**, 2 *pl. s.* didst complain, B 4. p. 4. 168.
- Plainte**, *s.* complaint, lament, B 66.
- Plenère**, *adj.* plenary, full, L. 1607.
- Plontee**, *s.* plenitude, fulness, I 1080; abundance, R. 1434.
- Plentevous**, *adj.* plentiful, A 344.
- Plentevously**, *adv.* plenteously, B 2. p. 2. 86.
- Plesaunce**, *s.* pleasure, C 219, D 408; delight, A 2409; pleasant thing, 3. 773; pleasure, will, A 1571; kindness, E 1111; pleasing behaviour, F 509; pleasantness, L. 1373; happiness, L. 1150; amusement, F 713; will, delight, B 149.

- Pleasant**, *adj.* pleasant, satisfactory, pleasing, A 138, 222.
- Plesen**, *v.* please, A 610, F 707.
- Plesinges**, *adj. pl.* pleasing, B 711.
- Plesure**, *s.* pleasure, 6. 126.
- Plète**, *ger.* to plead, bring a law-suit, T. ii. 1468.
- Pletinges**, *pl.* law-suits, B 3. p. 3. 67.
- Pley**, *s.* play, sport, A 1125; dalliance, 4. 178; jesting, I 539; delusion, 3. 648; *pl.* games, T. v. 304; plays, D 558, funeral games, T. v. 1490.
- Pleye**, *v.* amuse oneself, B 3524, 3660; *ger.* to play, be playful, be amused, A 772; to amuse (myself), B 3990; to amuse (ourselves), L 1405; play (on an instrument), A 236; 1 *pr.* *s.* jest, B 3151; 1 *pr.* *pl.* play, B 1423; *pr.* *pl.* F 900; *pl.* *s.* played, rejoiced, T. i. 1013; was in play, 3. 875; Pleyd, *pp.* 3. 618.
- Pleyinge**, *s.* amusement, sport, A 1061.
- Pleyinge**, *adj.* playful, B 3. m. 2. 27.
- Pleyn** (1), *adj.* full, A 2401; complete, A 315, 337.
- Pleyn** (2), *adj.* plain, clear, L 328, honest, 5. 528; plain, i. e. open, A 987, as *s.* plain (fact), A 1091; *pl.* smooth, 5. 180.
- Pleyn** (3), *adv.* full, T. v. 1818; entirely, A 327.
- Pleyn** (4), *adv.* plainly, A 790; openly, E 637.
- Pleyne**, *v.* complain, lament, B 1067; *refl.* 6. 50, v. to whinny (as a horse), 7. 157; *pl.* upon, cry out against, L 2525. 1 *pr.* *s.* make complaint, L 2512; *pl.* said by way of complaint, L 326 a.
- Ployning**, *s.* complaining, lamenting, 3. 560.
- Pleynly**, *adv.* plainly, openly, (or, fully), A 1733.
- Pleynthe**, *s.* plaint, complaint, 2. 47; Pl. of Kynde, Complaint of Nature, 5. 316.
- Plighte** (1), *pl.* *s.* plucked, drew, T. ii. 1120; pulled, B 15; *pp.* plucked, torn, D 700. The infin. would be *plucken*, variant of *plukken* or *plukken*.
- Plighte** (2), 1 *pr.* *s.* plight, pledge, F 1537; *pl.* *s.* L 2460; *pp.* pledged, C 702.
- Plomet**, *s.* plummet, heavy weight, A. ii. 23. 42.
- Plom-rewle**, *s.* plummet-rule, A. ii. 38. 10.
- Plough-harneys**, *s.* harness for a plough, i. e. parts of a plough, as the share and coulter, A 3762.
- Ploumes**, *s. pl.* plums, R. 1375.
- Ploungen**, *ger.* to plunge, bathe, B 3. p. 2. 48.
- Ploungy**, *adj.* stormy, rainy, B 1. m. 3. 9.
- Plowman**, *s.* ploughman, E 799.
- Plukke**, *v.* pluck, pull, T. iv. 1403.
- Plye**, *v.* ply, mould, E 1430; bend, E 1169.
- Plyght**, *pp.* plighted, T. iii. 782.
- Plyt**, *s.* plight, T. ii. 712, 1731; condition, B 2338; position, T. ii. 74; Plyte, *dat.* mishap, wretched condition, 5. 294; plight, 23. 19; state, G 952.
- Plyte**, *ger.* to fold, T. ii. 1204, *pl.* *s.* turned backwards and forwards, T. ii. 697.
- Poeplish**, popular, T. iv. 1677.
- Poesye**, *s.* poetry, T. v. 1790.
- Poinant**, *adj.* poignant, I 130, 131.
- Point**, **Poynt**, *s.* point, A 114; position, I 921; in *point*, on the point of, about to, B 331, 910, at *point*, ready, T. iv. 1638; in *good p.*, in good case, A 200; *fro p. to p.*, from beginning to end, B 3652; *p. for p.*, in every detail, E 577.
- Point-devys**; at *p.*, with great neatness, exactly, carefully, HF. 917; A 3689, F 560.
- Pointel**, *s.* style, i. e. stylus, writing implement, B 1. p. 1. 3.
- Poke**, *s.* bag, A 3780, 4278.
- Poked**, *pl.* *s.* incited, T. iii. 116; nudged, A 4169.
- Pokets**, *s. pl.* little bags, G 808.
- Pokkes**, *s. pl.* pocks, pustules, C 358.
- Pol** (1), *s.* pole, long stick; Pole, *dat.* L 2202.
- Pol** (2), *s.* pole (of the heavens), A. i. 14. 9.
- Polax**, *s.* pole-axe, L 642.
- Polcat**, *s.* polecat, C 855.
- Polcye**, *s.* public business, C 000.
- Pollax**, *s.* pole-axe, A 2544.
- Polut**, *pp.* polluted, B. i. p. 4. 281.
- Polýve**, *s.* pulley, F 184.
- Pomel**, *s.* round part, top, A 2680.
- Pomely**, *adj.* marked with round spots like an apple, dappled, A 610; Pomelygris, dapple-gray, G 550.
- Pomgarnettes**, *s. pl.* pomegranates, R. 1356.
- Pompe**, *s.* pomp, A 525.
- Pool**, *s.* pole (of the heavens), A. i. 18. 20.
- Pope-Holy**, i. e. Hypocrisy, R. 415.
- Popelote**, *s.* poppet, darling, A 3254.
- Popet**, *s.* puppet, doll; spoken ironically, and really applied to a corpulent person, B 1891.
- Popinjay**, *s.* popinjay, R. 913.
- Popler**, *s.* poplar-tree, A 2921; (collectively) poplar-trees, R. 1385.
- Popped**, *pl.* *s.* *refl.* tricked herself out, R. 1019.
- Popper**, *s.* small dagger, A 3931.

**Poraille**, *s.* poor people, A 247.  
**Porche**, *s.* Porch, B 5. m 4. 1.  
**Pore**, *adj.* poor, L 388.  
**Porisme**, *s.* corollary, B 3. p 10. 166.  
**Porphûrie**, *s.* a slab of porphyry used as a mortar, G 775.  
**Port** (1), *s.* port, carriage, behaviour, A 69; bearing, mien, L 2453.  
**Port** (2), *s.* haven, T. i. 526, 969.  
**Portatif**, *adj.* portable, 3. 53.  
**Porthors**, *s.* portesse, breviary, B 1321.  
     From *porter*, to carry, *hors*, abroad.  
**Portours**, *pl.* porters, T. v. 1139.  
**Portreiture**, *s.* drawing, picture, R. 827;  
     set of drawings, A 1968; picturing, HF. 131.  
**Portreie**, *v.* pourtray, depict, 1. 81;  
     Portrayed, *pp.* painted in fresco, R. 140; full of pictures, R. 1077.  
**Portreying**, *s.* a picture, A 1918.  
**Pose**, *s.* a cold in the head, A 4152, H 62.  
     *A.S. ge-pose.*  
**Pose**, *1 pr.* s. put the case, (will) suppose, A 1162.  
**Positif**, *adj.* positive, fixed, A 1167.  
**Positioun**, *s.* supposition, hypothesis, B 5. p 4. 48.  
**Possessioners**, *s. pl.* men who are endowed, D 1722.  
**Possessioun**, *s.* great possessions, wealth, F 686; endowments, D 1926.  
**Posseth**, *pr.* s. pusheth, tosseth, L. 2420.  
**Post**, *s.* support, A 214; pillar, A 800.  
**Postum**, *s.* imposthume, abscess, B 3. p 4. 14.  
**Potage**, *s.* broth, B 3623, C 368.  
**Potent**, *s.* crutch, R. 368; staff, D 1776.  
**Potestat**, *s.* potentate, D 2017.  
**Pothecarie**, *s.* apothecary, C 852.  
**Pouche**, *s.* pocket, A 3931; *pl.* money-bags, A 368.  
**Poudre**, *s.* dust, HF. 536; powder, G 760; gunpowder, HF. 1644.  
**Poudred**, *pp.* besprinkled, R. 1436.  
**Poudre-marchaunt**, *s.* the name of a kind of spice, A 381.  
**Pounage**, *s.* pannage, swine's food, 9. 7.  
**Pound**, *pl.* pounds, A 454.  
**Poune**, *s.* pawn at chess, 3. 661.  
**Pounsoned**, *pp. as adj.* stamped, pierced, I 421.  
**Pounsoninge**, *s.* punching of holes in garments, I 418.  
**Pouped**, *pt. pl.* blew hard, puffed, B 4589;  
     *pp.* blown, H 90.  
**Poure**, *ger.* to pore, look closely, A 185;  
     to pore over (it), R. 1640; *1 pr. pl.* (we) pore, gaze steadily, G 670.

**Poured**, *pp.* poured, R. 1148.  
**Pouring**, *s.* pouring (in), T. iii. 1460.  
**Pous**, *s.* pulse, T. iii. 1114.  
**Poustee**, *s.* power, B 4. p 5. 13.  
**Povertee**, *s.* poverty, 3. 410; **Povérte**, *s.* poverty, T. iv. 1520; **Pövert**, poverty, R. 450; **Povért**, C 441.  
**Povre**, *adj.* poor, R. 466, A 225.  
**Povre**, *adj. as s.* poor, hence poverty, 10. 2.  
**Povre**, *adv.* poorly, E 1043.  
**Povrelliche**, *adj.* poorly, in poverty, E 213, 1055.  
**Povrely**, *adv.* in poor array, A 1412.  
**Povrest**, *adj. superl.* poorest, C 449, E 205.  
**Poynaunt**, *adj.* pungent, A 352, B 4024.  
**Poynt**, *s.* sharp point, 7. 211; very object, aim, A 1501; point, bit (of it), part, R. 1236; a stop, G 1480; *19 p.*, on the point, T. iv. 1153; *in p. is*, is on the point, is ready, 1. 48; *fro p. to p.*, in every point, 5. 461; *to the p.*, to the point, 5. 372; *at p. devys*, exact at all points, R. 830; to perfection, exquisitely, R. 1215; *pl. tags*, A 3322.  
**Poynte**, *ger.* to describe, T. iii. 407; *pr. pl. stab*, R. 1058; *pp.* pointed, R. 944.  
**Poyntel**, *s.* style for writing, D 1742.  
**Practisour**, *s.* practitioner, A 422.  
**Praktike**, *s.* practice, D 187.  
**Praye**, *s.* prey, 1. 64.  
**Praye**, *pr. pl.* petition, make suit, I 785.  
**Praying**, *s.* request, prayer, R. 1484.  
**Preamble**, *s.* D 831.  
**Preambulacioun**, *s.* preambling, D 837.  
**Precedent**, *adj.* preceding, A. ii. 32. 4.  
**Preche**, *v.* preach, A 481, 712; **Prechestow**, thou prechest, D 366.  
**Prechour**, *s.* preacher, R. 165.  
**Preciousnesse**, *s.* costliness, I 446.  
**Predestinee**, *s.* predestination, T. iv. 966.  
**Predicacioun**, *s.* preaching, sermon, B 1179.  
**Preef**, *s.* proof, assertion, D 247; experience, L. 528 a; test, proof, G 968; the test, H 75.  
**Prees**, *s.* press, crowd, B 393, 646; the throng of courtiers, 13. 4; press of battle, 9. 33; *in p.*, in the crowd, 5. 603.  
**Proesseth**, *pr. s.* throngs, A 2580.  
**Prefectes**, *gen.* prefect's, G 369. Lit. 'an officer of the prefect's (officers).'  
**Preferre**, *pr. s. subj.* precede, take precedence of, D 96.  
**Preignant**, *pres. pt.* plain, convincing, T. iv. 1179.  
**Preisen**, *ger.* to praise, (worthy) of being praised, R. 70; *v.* appraise, estimate, R. 1115; prize, esteem, R. 1693.

**Praiseres**, *s. pl.* praisers, B 2367.  
**Preisunge**, *s.* honour, glory, I 949.  
**Prelât**, *s.* prelate, A 204.  
**Premisses**, *pl.* statements laid down, B 3. p. 10. 121.  
**Prenostik**, *s.* prognostic, prognostication, 10. 54.  
**Preute**, *s.* print, D 604.  
**Prenten**, *ger.* to imprint, T. ii. 900.  
**Préntis**, *s.* apprentice, A 4365.  
**Prentishood**, *s.* apprenticeship, A 4400.  
**Prescience**, *s.* foreknowledge, A 1313.  
**Prese**, *ger.* to press forward, T. i. 446; *v.* hasten, 2. 19.  
**Presence**, *s.* 1. 19; *in pr.*, in a large assembly, E 1207.  
**Present**, *adv.* immediately, 5. 424.  
**Presentarie**, *adj.* ever-present, B 5. p. 6. 78.  
**Presented**, *pp.* brought, L 1207.  
**Presenting**, *s.* offering, L 1135.  
**Presently**, *adv.* at the present moment, B 5. p. 6. 123.  
**President**, *s.* the one who presided in parliament, T. iv. 213.  
**Presoun**, *s.* prison, T. iii. 380.  
**Press**, *s.* throng, T. i. 173; *Presse*, *dat.* instrument exercising pressure, A 81; mould, A 263; *on presse*, under a press, in a suppressed state, down, T. i. 550; press, a cupboard with shelves (for linen, &c.), A 3212.  
**Prest**, *s.* priest, B 1166.  
**Prest**, *adj.* ready, prepared, prompt, 5. 307; *pl.* prompt, T. iv. 661.  
**Pretende**, *v.* attempt to reach, seek (after), T. iv. 922.  
**Preterit**, *s.* past time, B 5. p. 6. 48.  
**Pretorie**, *s.* the Roman imperial body-guard, the Pretorian cohort, B 1. p. 4. 94.  
**Preve**, *s.* proof, B 4173; experimental proof, A. ii. 23 *rubric*; *at p.*, (when it comes) to the proof, T. iii. 1002; *at p.*, in the proof, T. iv. 1659; *armes prove*, proof of fighting power, T. i. 470.  
**Preve**, *v.* prove, C 169; bide the test, G 645; succeed when tested, G 1212; *Preved*, *pp.* proved to be so, T. i. 239; tested, G 1336; approved, E 28; exemplified, E 826; shewn, F 481.  
**Prevete**, *s.* secret place, recess, T. iv. 1111.  
**Prevey**, *adj.* secret, B 4. p. 3. 122.  
**Providence**, *s.* seeing beforehand, B 5. p. 6. 131.  
**Prevy**, *adj.* privy, unobserved, 3. 382; not confidential, HF. 285.  
**Preye**, *ger.* to beseech, T. ii. 1369; to pray, 2. 20; *Preyde*, *pt. s.* B 391;

*Preyeden*, *pt. pl.* D 895; *Preyed*, *pp.* E 773.  
**Preys**, *s.* praise, B 3837.  
**Pricasour**, *s.* a hard rider, A 189.  
**Prighte**, *pt. s.* pricked, F 418 (*inferior* MSS. have *pighte*). No doubt, the reading *pighte* in 1. 163 should also be *pighte*. See *Priken*.  
**Priken**, *v.* incite, urge, T. iv. 633; *Prik*, 1 *pr. s.* spur, rouse, 5. 389; *Priketh*, *pr. s.* excites, A 11, 1043; spurs, D 656; pricks, aches, D 1594; *Prighte*, *pt. s.* F 418 (see above); *Priked*, *pt. s.* spurred, B 1064.  
**Priking**, *s.* hard riding, A 191, A 2599.  
**Prikke**, *s.* point, HF. 907; sting, I 468; a small mark, a peg, A. ii. 42. 4; a dot, A. ii. 5. 20; piercing stroke, A 2606; point, critical condition, B 119.  
**Principals**, *adj. pl.* cardinal, A. ii. 31. 17.  
**Principio**, *in*, in the beginning (St. John, i. 1), A 254.  
**Pris**, *s.* prize, A 2241.  
**Privee**, *adj.* secret, A 3295; private, I 102; intimate, R. 600; closely attendant, E 102; *privee man*, private individual, B 2. p. 3. 77.  
**Privee**, *adv.* secretly, F 531; *Privee* and *apert*, secretly and openly, D 1114; *pr. neap.*, neither secretly nor openly, D 1136.  
**Privee**, *s.* privy, C 527, E 1954.  
**Prively**, *adv.* secretly, A 652; unperceived, R. 784.  
**Privete**, *s.* privacy, R. 1294; secrecy, B 548; secrets, secret, D 531, 542, 1637; private affairs, A 1411; private apartment, A 4334; *privy parts*, B 3905.  
**Privy**, *adj.* secret, L 1267, 1780.  
**Proces**, *s.* process, B 2605; proceeding, F 1345; process of time, F 829; argument, B 3. p. 10. 62; matter, T. ii. 485; L. 1914; story, HF. 251; occurrence of events, B 3511; *dat.* course (of time), 3. 1331.  
**Procoutour**, *used for* Procurator, proctor, D 1596.  
**Proeve**, *s.* proof, B 5. p. 4. 83.  
**Proeve**, 1 *pr. s.* approve, B 5. p. 3. 28; *pr. s.* shews, B 2. m. 1. 17.  
**Professioun**, *s.* profession of religion, D 1925; oath of profession (as a monk), B 1345.  
**Proferestow**, dost thou offer, T. iii. 1461.  
**Profre**, *s.* offer, L 2079.  
**Prohome**, *s.* proem, prologue, E 43.  
**Prolaciouns**, *s. pl.* utterances, B. 2. p. 1. 50.  
**Prolle**, 2 *pr. pl.* prowl about, search widely, G 1412.



**Pronounced**, *pp.* announced, T. iv. 213.  
**Proporcionables**, *adj. pl.* proportional, B 3. m 9. 20.  
**Proporcioned**, *pp.* made in proportion, F 192.  
**Proporcionels**, *s. pl.* proportional parts, F 1278.  
**Propre**, *adj.* own, T. iv. 83; especial, B 2175; peculiar, D 103; well-grown, A 3972; well-made, A 3345; comely, A 4368; handsome, C 309; *Propres*, *pl.* own, B 1. m 6. 20; *of propre kinde*, by their own natural bent, F 610.  
**Proprely**, *adv.* fitly, A 1549; literally, I 285; naturally, D 1191; appropriately, A 720.  
**Proprete**, *s.* peculiarity, 10. 69; characteristic, B 2364; peculiar possession, T. iv. 392.  
**Prose**, *v.* write in prose, 16. 41.  
**Prospectyves**, *s. pl.* perspective-glasses, lenses, F 234. Chaucer here makes the usual distinction between reflecting mirrors and refracting lenses.  
**Prospre**, *adj.* prosperous; *prospre fortunes*, well-being, B 1. p 4. 62.  
**Protastacioun**, *s.* protest, A 3137.  
**Prove**, *v.* test, A. ii. 23, *rubric*; *Proveth*, *pr. s.* proves, F 455.  
**Proverbed**, *pp.* said in proverbs, T. iii. 293.  
**Provost**, *s.* prefect, B 1. p 4. 64; chief magistrate, B 1806.  
**Provostrie**, *s.* praetorship, B 1. p 4. 90.  
**Prow**, *s.* profit, advantage, B 1598, 4140, C 300, G 609.  
**Prowesse**, *s.* prowess, T. i. 438; excellence, D 1129; profit, B 4. p 3. 71.  
**Proyneth**, *pr. s.* prunes, i.e. trims, makes (himself) neat, E 2011. O.F. *proignier*.  
**Prydeles**, *adj.* without pride, 6. 29.  
**Prye**, *ger.* to pry, peer, T. ii. 404; to gaze, A 3458; *v. spy*, T. ii. 1710.  
**Pryme**, *s.* prime (of day), usually 9 a.m. A 2189, 2576, 3554; *fully pr.*, the end of the first period of the day (from 6 a.m. to 9 a.m.), B 2015; *pr. large*, past 9 o'clock, F 360; *passed pr.*, past 9 o'clock, D 1476; *half way pryme*, half way between 6 and 9 a.m., half-past seven, A 3906.  
**Pryme face**, *s.* the first glance, T. iii. 919.  
**Prymerole**, *s.* primrose, A 3268.  
**Prys**, *s.* price, value, R. 1134; worth, excellence, F 911; praise, E 1026; esteem, F 934; glory, L. 2534; reputation, D 1152; renown, A 67, 237; prize, I 355.  
**Pryse**, *ger.* to esteem, to be esteemed, R. 887.

**Pryved**, *pp.* deprived, exiled, 1. 146.  
**Pryves**, *adj.* secret, A 2460.  
**Puffen**, *ger.* to blow hard, HF. 1806.  
**Pulle**, *s.* a bout at wrestling, a throw, 5. 164.  
**Pulle**, *v.* pluck, T. i. 210; to draw, T. ii. 657; *pulle a finche*, pluck a finch, cheat a novice, A 652; *a pulled hen*, a plucked hen, A 177.  
**Pultrye**, *s.* poultry, A 508.  
**Puplisshen**, *pr. pl.* are propagated, B 3. p 11. 135.  
**Purchacen**, *ger.* to procure, acquire, I 742, 1066; gain, I 1080; win, 21. 19; buy, A 608; *pr. pl.* promote, B 2870; *imp. s.* 3 p. may (He) provide, B 873; *Purchase*, *imp. pl.* provide (for yourself), T. ii. 1125.  
**Purchas**, *s.* proceeds, gifts acquired, A 256; gain, D 1451, 1530.  
**Purchasing**, *s.* conveyancing, A 320; acquisition of property, D 1449.  
**Purchasour**, *s.* conveyancer, A 318.  
**Pure**, *adj.* very (lit. pure), A 1279; utter, 3. 1209; *the p. deth*, death itself, 3. 583.  
**Pure**, *adv.* purely, 3. 1010.  
**Pured**, *pp. as adj.* pure, F 1560; very fine, D 143.  
**Purified**, *pp.* ornamented at the edge, trimmed, A 193.  
**Purgacioun**, *s.* discharge, D 120.  
**Purgen**, *ger.* to purge, B 4143; *pl. s.* expiated, B 4. m 7. 4 (Lat. *pluit*); *pp.* cleansed (by baptism), G 181.  
**Purpos**, *s.* purpose, R. 1140; design, A 1084; *to purpos*, to the subject, 5. 20, *it cam him to p.*, he purposed, F 606.  
**Purposen**, *v.* purpose, I 87; *pr. pl.* propose, T. iv. 1350.  
**Purple**, *adj.* purple, T. iv. 800.  
**Purple**, *s.* purple, R. 1071; purple raiment, I 933.  
**Purs**, *s.* purse, A 650.  
**Pursevauntes**, *s. pl.* pursuivants, HF. 1321.  
**Pursuit**, *s.* continuance, perseverance, T. ii. 959; continuance in pursuit, T. ii. 1744; appeal to prosecute, D 890.  
**Purtreye**, *v.* draw, A 96; *pl. s.* E 1000.  
**Purtreyour**, *s.* draughtsman, A 1890.  
**Purveyable**, *adj.* with provident care, B 3. m 2. 5.  
**Purveyaunce**, *s.* providence, A 1252, 1666; foresight, D 566, 570; equipment, B 247; provision, A 3566, F 904; pre-arrangement, T. iii. 533; *unto his p.*, to provide himself with necessaries, L. 1501.  
**Purveyen**, *v.* provide, B 2532; *pr. s.* fore-

- sees, T. iv. 1066; *p. of*, provided with, D 591.
- Purveyinge, *s.* providence, T. iv. 986.
- Put, *s.* pit, T. iv. 1540.
- Puterie, *s.* prostitution, I 886.
- Putours, *s. pl.* pimps, procurers, I 886.
- Putten, *v.* put, lay, 7. 344; *v.* suppose, B 2667; Put, *pr. s.* puts, I 142; Put him, puts himself, L. 652; Putte, *pt. s.* B 1630; set, L. 675; *p. up*, put away, 2. 54.
- Pye, *s.* magpie, A 3950, B 1399.
- Pye, *s.* pie, pastry, A 384.
- Pyk, *s.* pike (fish), 12. 17.
- Pyke, *v.* (1) peep, T. iii. 60; *ger. (2)* to pick at, T. ii. 1274; *pr. s. (3)* makes (himself) tidy or smooth, E 2011.
- Pykepura, *s.* pick-purse, A 1098.
- Pyled, *pp.* peeled, bare, bald, A 4106.
- Pyn, the pin which passes through the central hole in the Astrolabe and its plates, A. i. 14. 1.
- Pyn, *s.* pine-tree, R. 1379.
- Pyne, *s.* pain, torment, T. v. 6; hurt, 5. 135; toil, HF. 147; place of torment, HF. 1512; suffering, A 1324, 2382; woe, torment, B 3420; the passion, B 2126. A. S. *pin*.
- Pyne, *ger.* to torture, A 1746; *pr. s.* pines away, 7. 205; grieves, bemoans, I 85; *pp.* examined by torture, B 4240.
- Pyne, *s.* pipe, musical instrument, B 2005; *pl.* pipes, tubes, A 2752.
- Pypen, *v.* pipe, whistle, A 1838; play on the bag-pipe, A 3927; Pypen, make a piping noise, T. v. 1433; play upon a pipe, A 3876; *pp.* faintly uttered, HF. 785; *pres. pl.* piping (hot), hissing, A 3370.
- Pyrie, *s.* pear-tree, E 2217, 2325. A. S. *pyrige*.
- Q.
- Quaad, *adj.* evil, Flemish, A 4357; Quad, bad, B 1628. Du. *kwaad*.
- Quaille, *s.* quail, E 1206.
- Quake, *v.* tremble, shiver, R. 462; quake, A 3614; shake, T. iii. 542; Quook, *pt. s.* quaked, A 1576, 1762; Quaked, *pp.* B 3811; Quaketh, *imp. pl.* quake, fear, T. ii. 302.
- Quaking, *s.* fear, 7. 214.
- Quakke, *s.* a state of hoarseness, A 4152.
- Qualm, *s.* pestilence, A 2014; evil, plague, R. 357; foreboding of death, T. v. 382.
- Quappe, *v.* heave, toss (lit. shake, palpitate), L. 1767; beat repeatedly, L. 865; palpitate, T. iii. 57.
- Quarter-night, the time when a fourth part of the night is gone, 9 R. M., A 3516.
- Quayles, *gen. pl.* quails, 5. 339.
- Queinte, *adj.* curious, B 1426.
- Quek! *int.* quack! 5. 499, 594.
- Quelle, *v.* kill, C 854; *pr. pl.* strike, T. iv. 46.
- Queme, *v.* please, T. 695; *pr. pl.* subserve, T. ii. 803.
- Quenche, *v.* put a stop to, T. iii. 846; be quenched, I 341; Queynte, *pt. s.* was quenched, A 2334, 2337; Queynt, *pp.* extinguished, A 2321, 2326.
- Queene, *s.* queen, R. 1266.
- Querele, *s.* quarrel, I 618; *pl.* complaints, B 3. p. 3. 67.
- Quern, *s.* hand-mill, 9. 6; *dat.* B 3264.
- Questemongerers, *s. pl.* questmen, jurymen, I 797.
- Questio, *quid iuris*, the question is, how stands the law, A 647.
- Questioun, *s.* dispute, A 2514; problem, D 2223.
- Queynte, *adj.* strange, 3. 1330; curious, dainty, R. 65; adorned, R. 1435; well-devised, HF. 228; neat, R. 98; sly, A 3275; curiously contrived, HF. 126; F 234; hard to understand, 3. 531; graceful, R. 610.
- Queynte, *adv.* artfully, HF. 245.
- Queynte, *s.* pudendum, A 3276, D 332, 444.
- Queynteliche, *adv.* curiously, cunningly, HF. 1923; daintily, R. 569; strangely, R. 783.
- Queyntise, *s.* finery, I 932; art, I 733; ornament, R. 840.
- Qui cum patre, D 1734, I 1092. The formula used at the end of a sermon.
- Qui la. who's there? B 1404.
- Quik, *adj.* alive, F 1336; lively, A 306; ready, I 658.
- Quiken, *v.* quicken, revive, T. i. 443; *ger.* to grow, T. i. 295; to make alive, quicken, G 481; *ger.* to take life, burst forth, HF. 2078; *pt. s.* burst into flame, A 2335; *pp.* endowed with life, F 1050.
- Quikkest, *adj. superl.* liveliest, busiest, F 1502.
- Quiknesse, *s.* life, 3. 26.
- Quinible, *s.* shrill treble, A 3332.
- Quirboilly, *s.* boiled leather, B 2065.
- Quissahin, *s.* cushion, T. ii. 1229.
- Quistroun, *s.* scullion, kitchen-drudge, R. 886. O. F. *coistron*.
- Quit, -te; see Quyts.
- Quitly, *adv.* freely, wholly, A 1792.
- Quod, *pt. s.* said, A 1234.
- Quoniam, pudendum, D 608.
- Quook, *pt. s.* of Quake.

**Quyte**, *v.* requite, reward, repay, recompense, give in return, R. 1542; 5. 112; 10. 75; HF. 670; free, ransom, A. 1032; *ger.* to remove, free, 7. 263; *quyte with*, to requyte with, A. 3119; *hir cost for to quyte*, to pay for her expenses, B. 3564; *quyte hir while*, repay her time, i. e. her trouble, B. 584; *pt. s.* repaid, R. 1526; *pt. pl.* released, T. iv. 205; Quit, *pp.* rewarded, requited, HF. 1614; set free, G. 66; discharged, quit, F. 1758; *as adj.* free, F. 1534.

## R.

**Raa**, *s.* roe (Northern), A. 4086.  
**Baby**, Rabbi, D. 2187.  
**Rad**, -do; see Rede.  
**Radevore**, *s.* piece of tapestry, L. 2352. From *F. ras de Vore*, serge from La Vaur.  
**Raffles**, *s. pl.* raffles, I. 793.  
**Raft**, -e; see Reve.  
**Rage**, *s.* passion, R. 1613; craving, R. 1657; madness, 3. 731; L. 599; violent grief, F. 836; violent rush, fierce blast, A. 1985.  
**Rage**, *v.* romp, toy wantonly, A. 257, 3273, 3958.  
**Ragerye**, *s.* wantonness, E. 1847; passion, D. 455.  
**Raked**, *pp.* raked, B. 3323. Literally, the sentence is—'Amongst hot coals he hath raked himself'; the sense is, of course, 'he hath raked hot coals around himself.'  
**Rakel**, *adj.* rash, T. i. 1067; hasty, T. iii. 1437.  
**Rakelnesse**, *s.* rashness, H. 283.  
**Rake-stele**, *s.* handle of a rake, D. 949. See Stele.  
**Raket**, *s.* the game of rackets, T. iv. 460.  
**Rakle**, *v.* behave rashly, T. iii. 1642.  
**Ram**, *s.* ram, L. 1427; (as prize at a wrestling-match), A. 548; Aries, the first sign in the zodiac, A. 8.  
**Rammish**, *adj.* ramlike, strong-scented, G. 887.  
**Rampeth**, *pr. s.* (lit. ramps, romps, rears, but here) rages, acts with violence, B. 3994. We should now say—'She flies in my face.'  
**Rancour**, *s.* ill-feeling, ill-will, malice, R. 1261.  
**Ransaked**, *pt. s.* ransacked, came searching out, 4. 28.  
**Rape**, *s.* haste, 8. 7. Icel. *hrap*.  
**Rape**, *v.*; in phrase *rape and renne*, corrupted from an older phrase *repen and rinen* (A. S. *hrepian* and *hrinan*), i. e.

handle and touch, clutch and seize, G. 1422.  
**Rascaille**, *s.* mob, T. v. 1853.  
**Rated**, *pt.* reproved, scolded, A. 3463. Short for *arated*, variant of *aretted*; see *Arette*.  
**Rathe**, *adv.* soon, HF. 2139; early, A. 3768.  
**Rather**, *adj. comp.* former, T. iii. 1337.  
**Rather**, *adv.* sooner, 3. 562; more willingly, A. 487; *the r.*, the sooner, 2. 82.  
**Raughte**; see *Reche*.  
**Raunson**, *s.* ransom, A. 1024.  
**Rave**, *2 pr. pl.* are mad, T. ii. 116.  
**Raven**, *s.* the constellation Corvus, HF. 1004.  
**Ravines**, *s. pl.* rapines, thefts, I. 793.  
**Ravinour**, *s.* plunderer, B. 4. p. 3. 117.  
**Ravishho**, *v.* snatch away, B. 2. m. 7. 32; *go r.*, go and ravish, T. iv. 530; *pp.* rapt, E. 1750; overjoyed, F. 547; *part. pres.* snatching away, B. 4. m. 6. 39.  
**Ravishshing**, *adj.* swift, violent, B. i. m. 5. 4; enchanting, 5. 198; destroying, B. i. m. 5. 60 (Lat. *rapidos*).  
**Ravyne**, *s.* ravening, greediness, 5. 336; ravin, prey, 5. 323; Ravines, thefts, I. 793. O.F. *ravine*, L. *rapina*.  
**Ravysdest**, *2 p. s. pt.* didst draw (down), B. 1659.  
**Rayed**, *pp.* striped, 3. 252.  
**Real**, *adj.* royal, regal, T. iii. 1534; L. 214, 284, 1605.  
**Bealte**, *s.* royalty, sovereign power, 10. 60.  
**Reaume**, *s.* realm, kingdom, L. 2091.  
**Rebekke**, *s.* old woman, dame, D. 1573.  
**Rebel**, *adj.* rebellious, A. 833, 3046.  
**Rebelling**, *s.* rebellion, A. 2450.  
**Rebounde**, *v.* return, T. iv. 1666.  
**Rebuked**, *pp.* snubbed, I. 444.  
**Recche** (1), *v.* reckon, care, heed, 5. 593; *is nought to r.*, no matter for, T. ii. 434; *pr. s.* recks, cares, A. 2497; *Reccho* of it, care for it, *pr. pl.* F. 71; *it recche*, *pr. s. subj.* may care for it, T. iv. 630; *Roghte*, *pt. s.* recked, cared, regarded, 3. 887; *impera.* he cared, L. 605; *Roughte*, *pt. s.* recked, cared, T. i. 496.  
**Recche** (2), *pr. s. subj.* interpret, expound, B. 4086.  
**Recchelesse**, *adj.* careless, reckless, R. 340; regardless, HF. 668.  
**Recchelesnesse**, *s.* recklessness, I. 111, 611.  
**Recetit**, *s.* receipt, i. e. recipe for making a mixture, G. 1353.  
**Rechased**, *pp.* headed back, 3. 379.  
**Reche**, *v.* reach, give, hand over, 3. 74;

- Baughte**, *pt. s.* reached, A 3696; reached up to, A 2915; reached (out, or forward), A 136; proceeded, T. ii. 446; **Reighte**, *pt. s.* reached, touched, HF. 1374.
- Reclaiming**, *s.* enticement, L. 1371.
- Reclayme**, *v.* reclaim (as a hawk by a lure), i. e. check, H 72.
- Recomaunde**, *v.* recommend, T. ii. 1070.
- Recomende**, *ger.* to commit, G 544.
- Recomforte**, *ger.* to comfort again, T. ii. 1672.
- Recompensacioun**, *s.* recompense, HF. 665.
- Reconciled**, *pp.* re-consecrated, I 965.
- Reconforte**, *v.* comfort again, A 2852, B 2168.
- Record**, *s.* report, D 2049; testimony, 3. 934.
- Recorde**, *v.* witness, bear in mind, A 1745; remember, T. v. 445; (to) record, recording, 5. 609; **Recorde**, *1 pr. s.* bring (it) to your remembrance, A 829.
- Recours**, *s.* recourse, B 2632; resort, T. ii. 1352; *wol have my r.*, will return, F 75; *pl.* orbits, B 1. m 2. 14.
- Recovere**, *v.* regain, T. iv. 406.
- Recoverer**, *s.* recovery, 22. 3. O. F. *recouirer*, *recoverer*.
- Reddour**, *s.* violence, vehemence, 10. 13.
- Rede**, *v.* read, A 709; advise, counsel, L. 2217; interpret, 3. 279; **Ret**, *pr. s.* advises, T. ii. 413; **Redeth**, *pr. s.* advises, T. iv. 573; **Redde**, *pt. s.* read, D 714, 721; interpreted, 3. 281; **Raalde**, *pt. s.* read, T. ii. 1085; D 791; advised, 5. 570; **Red**, *pp.* read, 3. 224; **Rad**, *pp.* read, B 4311.
- Rede**, *dat.* counsel, T. iv. 679; see **Reed**.
- Rede**, *adj.* 1001; see **Reed**.
- Rede**, *adj.* made of reed; referring to a musical instrument in which the sound was produced by the vibration of a reed, HF. 1221.
- Rede**, *s.* red (i. e. gold), T. iii. 1384; the blood, B 356; red wine, C 526, 562.
- Redelees**, *adj.* without counsel; not knowing which way to turn, 2. 27.
- Redely**, *adv.* soon, HF. 1392; readily, truly, HF. 1127.
- Redoute**, *v.* fear, B 1. p 3. 21.
- Redoutinge**, *s.* reverence, A 2050.
- Redresseth**, *pr. s.* amends, I 1039; *pr. pl.* *refl.* erect (themselves) again, rise again, T. ii. 969; **Redressed**, *pt. s.* reasserted, vindicated, F. 1436; **Redresse**, *imp. s.* reform, 1. 129; **Redressed**, *pp.* roused, B 4. p 2. 139.
- Reducen**, *v.* sum up, B 3. p 8. 61.
- Bedy**, *adj.* ready, A 21, 352; dressed, F 387; at hand, 2. 104.
- Reed**, *s.* counsel, advice, plan, A 1216, 3527; profit, help, remedy, 3. 203; counsel, adviser, A 665; *I can no r.*, I know not what to do, 3. 1187; *without reed*, helpless, 3. 587; *to rede*, for a counsel; *best to rede*, best for a counsel, best to do, T. iv. 679 (not a verb).
- Reed**, *adj.* red, A 153; (of the complexion), 3. 470; **Rede**, *adj. d. f.* red, A 957; *indef. (rare)*, L. 2589; **Rede**, *pl.* 1. 89.
- Reed**, *s.* redness, L. 533.
- Reed**, *imp. s.* read, H 344.
- Reednesse**, *s.* redness, G 1097.
- Rees**, *s.* great haste, T. iv. 350.
- Refect**, *pp.* restored, B 4. p 6. 414.
- Refere**, *v.* return, T. i. 266; **Referred**, *pp.* brought back, B 3. p 10. 180.
- Refiguringe**, *pres. pt.* reproducing, T. v. 473.
- Refreininge**, *s.* refrain, burden, R. 749.
- Refreyden**, *v.* grow cold, T. v. 577; *Refreyd*, cooled down, 12. 21.
- Refreyn**, *s.* refrain, T. ii. 1571.
- Refreyna**, *v.* bridle, curb, I 385.
- Refresshing**, *s.* renewing, I 78.
- Reft**, -e; see **Rave**.
- Refus**, *pp. as adj.* refused, rejected, T. i. 570.
- Refut**, *s.* place of refuge, refuge, 1. 14; safety, 1. 33.
- Regals**, *pl.* royal attributes, L. 2128.
- Regalye**, *s.* rule, authority, 2. 65.
- Regard**; *to the r. of*, in comparison with, B 2. p 7. 126; *at r. of*, 5. 58.
- Registre**, *s.* narrative, A 2812.
- Regne**, *s.* kingdom, dominion, realm, A 866; dominion, 1. rule, A 1624.
- Regnen**, *pr. pl.* reign, 4. 50.
- Reherce**, *v.* rehearse, repeat with exactitude, A 722; *ger.* to enumerate, I 239; recount, B 89.
- Rehersaille**, *s.* enumeration, G 852.
- Rehersing**, *s.* rehearsal, A 1650; recital, L. 1185.
- Reighte**, *pt. s.* reached, touched, HF. 1174. *Pt. t. of reche*.
- Reines**, *s. pl.* rain-storms, HF. 967.
- Rejoye**, *v.* rejoice, T. v. 395.
- Rejoyse**, *ger.* to make rejoice, 1. 101; feel glad, T. v. 1165.
- Rekene**, *ger.* to reckon, A 401.
- Rekening**, *s.* reckoning, account, 3. 699; A 600.
- Reketh**, *pr. s.* reeks, smokes, L. 2612.
- Rekever**, *1 pr. s.* (for future), (I) shall retrieve, do away, HF. 354.

- Rakke**, 1 *pr. s.* care, C 405; E 1090; *pr. s. impers.* (it) recks (him), lie cares, L. 365; *you r.*, *you reek*, 7. 303; *what r. me*, what do I care, D 53.
- Rekne**, *v.* reckon (also 1 *pr. s.*), A 1933.
- Relayes**, *s. pl.* fresh sets of hounds, reserve packs, 3. 362.
- Relees**, *s.* release, 1. 3; ceasing; *out of relees*, without ceasing, G 46.
- Relente**, *v.* melt, G 1278.
- Relessedest**, 2 *pt. s.* forgavest, I 309; *Relessed*, *pt. s.* forgave, B 3367.
- Relesing**, *s.* remission, I 1026.
- Relve**, *ger.* to raise up, relieve, T. v. 1042; *pp.* restored, I 945; *Releved*, *pp.* revived, L. 128; recompensed, A 4182; made rich again, G 872.
- Relevinge**, *s.* remedy, I 804.
- Religioun**, *s.* religion, A 477; state of religion, life of a nun, R. 429; a religious order, B 3134; the religious orders, B 3144.
- Religious**, *adj.* belonging to a religious order, B 3150; devoted to a religious order, T. ii. 759; *as s.*, a monk or nun, I 891.
- Relik**, *s.* relic, L. 321.
- Reme**, *s.* realm, B 1306.
- Remede**, *s.* remedy, T. i. 661.
- Remedies**, *pl.* (Ovid's) *Remedia Amoris*, 3. 568.
- Remembre**, *v.* remember, I 135; *pr. pl.* remind, F 1243; *pr. s.* recurs to the mind, 4. 150; Remembringe him, calling to remembrance, T. ii. 72.
- Remenant**, *s.* remainder, rest, A 888.
- Remeve**, *v.* remove, T. i. 691.
- Remorde**, *pr. s. subj.* cause (you) remorse, T. iv. 1491; *pr. s.* vexes, plagues, troubles, B 4. p. 6. 293.
- Remora**, *s.* remorse, T. i. 554.
- Remounted**, *pp.* comforted, B 3. p. 1. 9.
- Remuable** (1), *adj.* changeable, variable, T. iv. 1682.
- Remuable** (2), *adj.* capable of motion (Lat. *mobilibus*), B 5. p. 5. 37.
- Remuen**, *v.* remove, B 2. p. 6. 55. (Lat. *amovebis*.)
- Ren**, *s.* run, A 4079.
- Renably**, *adv.* reasonably, D 1509.
- Rende**, *v.* rend, T. iv. 1493; *Rent*, *pr. s.* rends, tears, L. 646 a; *Rente*, *pt. s.* tore, A 990.
- Rending**, *s.* tearing, A 2834.
- Renegat**, *s.* renegade, apostate, B 932.
- Reneye**, *v.* deny, renounce, abjure, B 376, 3751.
- Reneyinge**, *s.* denying, I 793.
- Renged**, *pp.* ranged, placed in rows, R. 1380.
- Renges**, *pl.* ranks, A 2594.
- Renne** (1), *v.* run, I 721; *ger.* A 3890; *pr. s.* runs, D 76; is current, E 1986; approaches quickly, T. ii. 1754; goes easily, A. i. 2. 1; arises, L. 503; spreads, L. 1423; *renneth for*, runs in favour of, B 125; *Ronnen*, *pt. pl.* ran, A 2925, 3827; *Ronnen*, *pp.* advanced, lit. run, R. 320; *is r.*, has run, has found its way (into), HF. 1644.
- Renne** (2), *v.*; only in the phrase, rape and ronne, G 1422. See **Rape**.
- Renomed**, *pp.* renowned, B 3. p. 2. 124.
- Renomee**, *s.* renown, L. 1513.
- Renoun**, *s.* renown, fame, 2. 88.
- Renovelances**, *s. pl.* renewals, HF. 694.
- Renovelle**, *v.* renew, B 3035; are renewed, I 1027.
- Rente**, *s.* revenue, income, A 256; payment, tribute, 3. 765; *to r.*, as a tribute, T. ii. 830.
- Repair**, *s.* resort, repairing, B 1211, D 1224.
- Repaire**, *ger.* to go home, B 1516; to repair, find a home, T. iii. 5; to go back (to), HF. 755; *v.* return, F 589.
- Reparaciouns**, *pl.* reparations, makings up, HF. 688.
- Repentaunce**, *s.* penitence, A 1776.
- Repentaunt**, *adj.* penitent, A 228.
- Répenting**, *s.* repentance, L. 147.
- Repeyre**, *v.* repair, return, T. v. 1571.
- Repleccioun**, *s.* repletion, B 4027.
- Repleet**, *adj.* replete, full, B 4147.
- Replenissed**, *pp.* filled, I 1079.
- Replicacioun**, *s.* reply, A 1846; involution, B 3. p. 12. 170.
- Replye**, *v.* object, E 1609.
- Reporte**, *v.* relate, tell, C 438.
- Reportour**, *s.* reporter, A 814. (The host is so called because he receives and remembers the tales; they were all addressed to him in particular. Thus 'reporter' has here almost the sense of 'umpire'.)
- Reprehencioun**, *s.* reproof, T. i. 684.
- Reprehende**, *v.* reproach, T. i. 510; *pr. pl.* blame, criticize, B 3. p. 12. 134.
- Repressed**, *pp.* kept under, L. 2591.
- Reprevable**, *adj.* reprehensible, C 632; *r. to.*, likely to cast a slur on, 15. 24.
- Reprove**, *s.* reproof, B 2413; shame, C 595; reproach, E 2206.
- Repreve**, *v.* reproach, F 1537; reprove, H 70.
- Reproved**, *pp. as adj.* blamed, accuse<sup>d</sup>.

- R. 1135; Reproved, *pp.* stultified, B 2. p 5. 127.
- Repugnen**, *ger.* to be repugnant (to), B 5. p 3. 6.
- Requerable**, *adj.* desirable, B 2. p 6. 32.
- Requeren**, *v.* entreat, seek, B 297; ask, D 1052; *pp.* necessitated, T. iii. 405.
- Resalgar**, *s.* realgar, G 814. '*Realgar*, a combination of sulphur and arsenic, of a brilliant red colour as existing in nature; red orpiment'; Webster.
- Resceived**, *pp.* received; wel rescived, favourably situated with respect to other planets, &c.; A. ii. 4. 51.
- Rescous**, *s.* a rescue, help, T. iii. 1242; A 2643.
- Rescove**, *v.* (to) rescue, save, T. iii. 857; rescue, T. v. 231.
- Rescowing**, *s.* rescuing, I 805.
- Rese**, *ger.* to shuke, A 1086.
- Résemblable**, *adj.* alike, R. 085.
- Resolven**, *pp.* *pl.* flow out, B 5. m 1. 1; Resolved, *pp.* dissolved, melted, B 2. p 7. 164.
- Resonable**, *adj.* talkative, 3. 534.
- Resort**, *s.* resource, T. iii. 134.
- Resoun**, *s.* reason, right, A 37, 847; argument, speech, sentence, T. i. 796.
- Resouneth**, *pr.* *s.* reasons, A 1278.
- Resport**, *s.* regard, T. iv. 86, 810.
- Respyt**, *s.* delay, B 948; respite, delay, reprieve, G 541; *without more respyt*, without delay, forthwith, R. 1488; *out of more respyt*, without any delay, without any hesitation, T. v. 117.
- Respyte**, *ger.* to hesitate, 7. 250.
- Reste**, *s.* rest, repose, F 355; *at reste*, at rest, fixed, T. ii. 760; *at his reste*, as in its home, 5. 376; *to reste*, (gone) to rest, A 30; *Restes*, *pl.* times of repose, T. ii. 1722.
- Reste**, *v.* remain (with), T. iii. 1435; rest, repose, T. ii. 126.
- Restelees**, *adv.* restlessly, R. 370.
- Resurreccioun**, *s.* resurrection, i.e. re-opening (of the daisy), L. 110.
- Ret**, *for* Redeth, *pr.* *s.* advises, T. ii. 413.
- Retenne**, *s.* retinue, troop of retainers, suite, A 2502; E 270; *at his r.*, among those retained by him, D 1355.
- Rethor**, *s.* orator, B 4397, F 38.
- Rethorien**, *adj.* rhetorical, B 2. p 1. 46.
- Rethorien** (*written* Retorien), *s.* orator, B 2. p 3. 61.
- Retorneth**, *pr.* *s.* brings back, B 5. p 6. 301; *pres. pt.* revolving, T. v. 1023.
- Retourninge**, *s.* return, A 2095.
- Retracciouns**, *s.* *pl.* retractions, things which I withdraw, I 1085.
- Retreteth**, *pr.* *s.* reconsiders, B 5. m 3. 57.
- Retrograd**, *adj.* moving in a direction contrary to that of the sun's motion in the ecliptic, A. ii. 4. 53.
- Reule**, *s.* rule, A 173.
- Roulen**, *v.* rule, B 4234; Roule hir, guide her conduct, E 327.
- Reuthe**, *s.* ruth, 1. 127.
- Reve**, *s.* reeve, steward, bailiff, A 542, 3860.
- Reve**, *ger.* to rob (from), T. iv. 285; to take away, G 376; *to r. no man fro his lyf*, to take away no man's life, L. 2692; *Reven*, *ger.* to roave, plunder, I 758; to bereave, T. i. 188; *Revethe*, *pr.* *s.* forces away, 5. 86; *Raift*, *pl.* *s.* bereft, D 858; *reft*, B 3288; *Reite*, *pl.* *s.* bereft, HF. 457; *Raift*, *pp.* torn, reft, T. v. 1258; taken from, L. 2550; bereaved, F 1017.
- Revel**, *s.* revelry, sport, A 2717; minstrelsy, A 4402.
- Revelour**, *s.* (the) Reveller, A 4371; a reveller, A 4391.
- Revelous**, *adj.* fond of revelry, B 1104.
- Reverberacioun**, *s.* vibration, D 2234.
- Reverdye**, *s.* rejoicing, R. 720. O.F. *reverdie*, 'feuillee, verdure; joie, allégresse'; Godefroy.
- Reverence**, *s.* respect, A 141; respectful manner, A 305; tear, I 204; *thy r.*, the respect shewn to thee, B 116.
- Revers**, *s.* reverse, contrary, 18. 32.
- Revesten**, *pr.* *pl.* clothe again, T. iii. 353.
- Revoken**, *ger.* to recall, T. iii. 1118.
- Revolucioun**, *s.* revolving course (orbit), 4. 30.
- Reward**, *s.* regard, attention, T. ii. 1133, v. 1736; *having r. to*, considering, 5. 426; *take r. of*, have regard, I 151.
- Rewde**, *adj.* plain, unadorned, A. pr. 49.
- Rowe**, *s.* row, line, A 2860; *by rewe*, in order, D 506.
- Rewe**, *ger.* to have pity, A 282; be sorry, T. ii. 455; do penance for, G 447; *pr.* *s.* *impers.* makes (me) sorry, I am sorry, A 3462, B 4287.
- Rewel-boon**, *s.* (probably) ivory made from the teeth of whales, B 2068.
- Rewful**, *adj.* lamentable, sad, L. 1838; sad (one), B 854.
- Rewfulleste**, *adj.* *sup.* most sorrowful, A 2886.
- Rewfully**, *adv.* sadly, T. iii. 65.
- Rewle**, *s.* the revolving long and narrow

- plate or rod used for measuring and taking altitudes, A. i. 1. 6; it revolves at the back of the Astrolabe; *pl. rules*, A. pr. 44.
- Rewledest**, *s. pr. s. didst control*, B. i. p. 4. 238.
- Rewliche**, *adj. pitiable*, B. 2. p. 2. 67.
- Rewme**, *s. realm*, R. 495.
- Rewthe**, *s. ruth, pity*, E 579; a pitiful sight, E 562.
- Rewtheless**, *adj. ruthless, unpitying*, 5. 613; 6. 31.
- Reye**, *s. rye*, D 1746.
- Reyes**, *pl. round dances*, HF. 1236. Mid. Du. *reye*, 'a round daunce'; Hexham.
- Reyn**, *s. rain*, A 492; storm of rain, A 3517.
- Reyne**, *s. rein*, A 4083.
- Reyne**, *v. rain down*, T. v. 1336; rain, 4. 287. See **Ron**.
- Reynes**, *s. pl. loins*, I 863.
- Reysse**, *ger. to build up*, D 2102; *r. vp.* to exact, 'realise', D 1390.
- Reysed**, *pp. gone on a military expedition*, A 54. O.F. *reise*, 'expédition militaire, incursion sur une terre ennemie'; Godefroy.
- Rhetorice**, *Rhetoric*, B. 2. p. 1. 48.
- Riban**, *s. as pl. ribbons*, HF. 1318.
- Ribaninges**, *pl. silk trimmings, borders*, R. 1077.
- Ribaudye**, *s. ribaldry, ribald jesting*, A 3866, C 324.
- Ribible**, *s. rebeck, lute with two strings*, A 4396.
- Ribybe**, *s. term of reproach for an old woman*, D 1377.
- Riche**, *adj. pl. rich people*, A 248.
- Richely**, *adv. richly*, F 90.
- Richesse**, *s. riches, wealth*, D 1110, 1118; *Richesses*, *pl. wealth, riches*, B 2560.
- Rideled**, *pp. plaited, gathered in (at the neck, or waist)*, R. 1235, 1243. 'Ridele, plisse'; Godefroy.
- Riden**, *pt. pl. and pp. rode, ridden*.
- Riet**, 'rete', A. i. 3. 5. The 'rete' or 'net' is the circular plate with many openings which revolves within the 'mother.'
- Right**, *adj. straight, upright*, R. 1701; *right*, 1. 75; voc. own, F 1311.
- Right**, *adv. just, exactly*, A 257, 535; wholly, C 58; even, B 2173; *Right that*, that very thing, 3. 1307.
- Right**, *s. 1. 21*; *by right*, justly, B 44; *by alle r.*, in all justice, T. ii. 763; *at alle rightes*, in all respects, fully, A 1100.
- Rightful**, *adj. perfect; rightful age*, (in) her prime, R. 405; just, 1. 31; *righteous*, 5. 55; lawful, I 744.
- Rightwis**, *adj. righteous, just*, L. 905.
- Rightwisnesse**, *s. righteousness*, C 637, D 1909; justice, 14. 8.
- Rikne**, *imp. s. reckon, compute*, A. ii. 27. 10. See **Bekene**.
- Rinde**, *s. rind, bark*, T. iv. 1139; hard skin, T. ii. 642.
- Ring**, *s. ring*, F 83; *concourse*, L. 1887; *tyk r.*, i.e. in ringlets, A 2165.
- Ringe**, *v. make to resound*, A 2431; *ring*, resound, T. ii. 233; *Rong*, *pt. s. rang*, 5. 492; *Ronge*, *pp. T. ii. 805*.
- Riot**, *s. riotous conduct, gaming*, A 4395, 4392.
- Riote**, *v. riot, gamble*, A 4414.
- Risen**, *pp. of Ryse*.
- Risshe**, *s. rush*, T. iii. 1161.
- Rist**, *pr. s. of Ryse*.
- Rit**, *pr. s. of Rydo*.
- Riveer**, *s. river*, B 1927.
- Robbour**, *s. robber*, B 3818.
- Roche**, *s. rock*, F 50; *pl. HF. 1035*.
- Rode**, *s. complexion*, A 3317, B 1917.
- Rode**, *s. nom. rood, cross*, HF. 57.
- Rode-beem**, *s. rood-beam*, D 496. (A beam across the entrance to the choir of a church, supporting a rood or cross.)
- Rody**, *adj. ruddy*, F 385, 391.
- Roes**, *pl. of Roo*.
- Roggeth** (*ruggeth*), *pr. s. shakes*, L. 2708. Icel. *rugga*.
- Roket**, *s. rochet, tunic*, R. 1240, 1242, 1243. An outer garment, usually of fine white linen.
- Rokke**, *s. rock*, L. 2195.
- Rokken**, *ger. to rock*, A 4157.
- Rolle**, *s. roll*, C 911.
- Rollen**, *ger. to roll, revolve*, T. ii. 650; *pt. s. revolved*, D 2217; *pp. much talked of*, T. v. 1061.
- Romaunce**, *s. romance*, T. iii. 980.
- Rombed**, *pt. s. fumbled, moved about with his hands, groped about*, G 1322.
- Rombed**, *pt. s. buzzed, muttered*, B 3725.
- Romen**, *v. roam, wander*, A 1009; *Romed*, *pt. s. A 1065, 1069; pp. gone*, L. 1589.
- Rön**, *pt. s. rained*, T. iii. 640, 677. A. S. *rān*, *pt. s. rained*.
- Rond**, *adj. round, circular*, A. ii. 38. 1.
- Rong**, -e; see **Ringe**.
- Ronges**, *pl. rungs, rounds of a ladder*, A 3625. A. S. *hrung*.
- Bonne**, -n; see **Renne**.
- Roo**, *s. roe*, 5. 195; *Roes*, *pl. roes*, R. 1401.
- Rood**, *pt. s. of Ryde*.

- Roof**, *pt. s. of Ryve*.  
**Roon**, *s. rose-bush*, R. 1674. Halliwell gives *roan*, a clump of whins, as a Northumberland word; and we find the spelling *ranes* in the allit. Morte Arthure, 923.  
**Roos**, *pl. s. of Ryse*.  
**Roost**, *s. roast meat*, A 206.  
**Ropen**, *pp. reaped*, L. 74.  
**Rore**, *s. uproar*, T. v. 45.  
**Rore**, *ger. to roar*, T. iv. 373; *pr. s. re-sounds*, A 2881.  
**Roring**, *s. loud lament*, E 2364.  
**Rose**, *s. rose*, R. 1700; *ger. of the rose*, A 1038.  
**Rose-leef**, *s. rose-leaf*, R. 905.  
**Rose-garland**, *s. garland of roses*, HF. 135.  
**Rosen**, *adj. made of roses*, R. 845; *Rosene*, *adj. def. rosy*, B 2. m 8. 6.  
**Roser**, *s. rose-bush*, R. 1651, 1659; I 858.  
**Rosé-reed**, *adj. red as a rose*, G 254.  
**Roste**, *v. roast*, A 383; *pp.* A 147.  
**Rosy hewed**, of rosy hue, T. ii. 1198.  
**Rote**, *s. (1) root*, A 2, 423; the *radix*, fundamental principle, G 1461; source, B 358; i.e. foot, E 58; *on rote*, firmly rooted, T. ii. 1378; *herte rote*, bottom of the heart, D 471; (2) root, the tabulated number written opposite a given fixed date, A. ii. 44. 2; the 'epoch' of a nativity, B 314.  
**Rote**, *s. rote*; *by rote*, by rote, by heart, A 327, B 1712.  
**Rote**, *s. a musical stringed instrument*, a kind of fiddle, of Celtic origin; said to be a fiddle with three strings, A 236. O. F. *rote*, from O. H. G. *hrutta*, *rotla*, Low Lat. *chrotta*; of Celtic origin, from O. Irish *crot* (Gael. *cruit*, W. *croth*); whence also E. *croud*.  
**Roteless**, *adj. rootless*, T. iv. 770.  
**Roten**, *adj. rotten*, A 3873; corrupt, filthy, I 139.  
**Roten-herted**, *adj. rotten-hearted*, I 689.  
**Rotie**, *pr. s. subj. render rotten*, A 4407.  
**Roughte**; see *Reocche*.  
**Rouketh**, *pr. s. cowers, crouches*, is huddled up, A 1308.  
**Roule**, *v. gad* (lit. roll), D 653.  
**Roum**, *adj. roomy, spacious*, A 4126.  
**Roum**, *s. room, spare*, L. 1999.  
**Roumer**, *adj. larger*, A 4145.  
**Rouncy**, *s. a hackney, nag*, A 390.  
**Rounde**, *adv. roundly*, i.e. easily, with an easy (not jerky) motion, B 2076; melodiously, C 331.  
**Rounded**, *pt. s. stood out in a rounded form*, A 263.  
**Roundel**, *s. roundel, roundelay*, a kind of poem, A 1529; a small circle, HF. 791, 798.  
**Roundnesses**, *pl. orbs, orbits*, B 4. m 6. 52.  
**Roune**, *v. whisper*, B 2025; *ger.* D 1572; *pt. s.* HF. 2044. A. S. *rūnian*.  
**Route**, *s. company, rout, troop, band, train*, A 622, 889, 2153; *number*, R. 1667; *flock*, R. 909; *pl.* T. ii. 620.  
**Rcute** (1), *v. roar*, T. iii. 743; *murmur*, HF. 1038; *ger. to snore*, s. 172; *pr. s. snores*, A 3647. A. S. *hrūtan*.  
**Route** (2), *v. assemble in a company*, B 540.  
**Routhe**, *s. pity, ruth, compassion, mercy*, F 1261, 1349; *lamentation*, L. 669; a pity, a sad thing, A 914.  
**Routheless**, *adj. ruthless, pitiless*, B 863.  
**Routing**, *s. snoring*, A 4166, 4214; *whizzing noise*, HF. 1933.  
**Rowe**, *s. row*, s. 975; *line*, HF. 448; *by r.*, in a row, T. ii. 970; *Rowes*, *pl. rays, beams* (of light), 4. 2.  
**Rowe**, *adv. roughly, angrily*, G 861.  
**Rowed**, *pp. rowed*, T. i. 969.  
**Rowm**, *adj. roomy, large, wide*, A. i. 2. 3.  
**Rowne**, *ger. to whisper*, T. iii. 568.  
**Rowthe**, *s. ruth, pity*, 3. 465; *sorrow*, 3. 97.  
**Royaltee**, *s. royalty*, E 928.  
**Royleth**, *pr. s. meanders, wanders*, B 1 m 7. 10.  
**Roynce**, *s. roughness*, R. 553.  
**Roynous**, *adj. rough*, R. 988.  
**Rubbe**, *v. rub out*, R. 8. 6.  
**Rubee**, *s. ruby*, HF. 1362.  
**Rubible**, *s. ribibe, rebeck*, A 3331.  
**Rubifying**, *s. rubefaction, reddening*, G 797.  
**Rubriche**, *s. rubric*, D 346.  
**Ruby**, *s. ruby*, 12. 4. Rubies, *pl.* 4. 246.  
**Ruddok**, *s. redbreast, robin*, 5. 349.  
**Rude**, *adj. harsh*, R. 752; *poor*, E 916; *inhospitable*, H 170; of humble birth, D 1172.  
**Rudeliche**, *adv. rudely*, A 734.  
**Rudenesse**, *s. boorishness*, T. iv. 1677; *rusticity*, E 397.  
**Ruggy**, *adj. rough*, A 2883.  
**Rule**, *imp. pl. regulate, order*, I 592; *pp. as adj. well-mannered*, L. 163.  
**Rum**, *ram, ruf*; nonsense words, to imitate alliteration, I 43.



**Rumbel**, *s.* rumbling noise, A 1979; rumour, E 997.

**Rumbleth**, *pr. s.* moves to and fro with an indistinct murmuring noise, HF. 1026.

**Rumblinge**, *s.* noise, D 2133.

**Rused**, *pt. s.* roused herself, rushed away, 3. 381.

**Russhing**, *pres. pt.* rushing, A 1641.

**Ruste**, *ger.* to rust, A 502; *pr. s. subj.* rust, A 500.

**Rusty**, *adj.* rusty, A 618; besmirched as with rust, R. 159.

**Ryal**, *adj.* royal, 1. 144; Rial, 2. 59.

**Ryde**, *v.* ride, A 27, 94, 102; ride at anchor, L. 968; Ryden, *ger.* (with out), to go on expeditions, A 45; Ryde, *ger.* (with out), to ride abroad to inspect, B 1255; (see Outrydere); Rydestow, ridest thou, D 1386; Rit, *pr. s.* rides, A 974; Rôdd, *pt. s.* rode, A 169; Riden, 1 *pt. pl.* (we) rode, A 825; *pt. pl.* C 968; Riden, *pp.* ridden, B 1090.

**Ryding**, *s.* jousting, or riding in procession, A 4377.

**Rym**, *s.* rime (usually misspelt rhyme), B 2115, 2118; Ryme, *dat.* HF. 623; a tale in verse, B 1899; verse, D 1127; *pl.* B 96. A. S. *rim*.

**Ryme**, *v.* describe in verse, put into rime (or rhyme), A 1459, B 2122.

**Rymeyed**, *pp.* rimed, or rhymed, F 711; see above.

**Ryming**, *s.* riming, or rhyming, verse-making, B 2120; the art of riming, B 48.

**Ryot**, *s.* riotous living, C 465.

**Ryotour**, *s.* roysterer, C 602.

**Rys**, *s.* spray, branch, twig, R. 1015; A 3324. A. S. *hris*.

**Ryse**, *ger.* to rise, A 33; to get up, F 375; Rist, *pr. s.* rises, A 3688, 4193; arises, T. i. 944; Rôds, 1 *pt. s.* rose, 2. 17; *pt. s.* A 823; Risen, *pp.* A 1065; Riseth, *imp. pl.* I 161.

**Ryve**, *ger.* to pierce, T. v. 1560; *v.* thrust, L. 1793; pierce, C 828; tear, E 1236; Rôdf, *pt. s.* rove, rived, pierced, L. 661, 1351. Icel. *rífa*.

## S.

**Sable**, *s.* sable, black, 4. 284.

**Sachels**, *s. pl.* bags, B 1. p. 2. 81.

**Sacrement**, *s.* the eucharist, I 582.

**Sacrifye**, *v.* do sacrifice, L. 1348.

**Sacrifyse**, *s.* sacrifice, L. 1310.

**Sacrilege**, *s.* I 801; sorcery, B 1. p. 4. 282.

**Sad**, *adj.* stable, firm, I 129, 310; staid, A 2985; sober, E 220, 237; fixed, constant, unmoved, settled, E 693, 754; sad, R. 211; devoted, 23. 9; trusty, H 275; serious, grave, 3. 918; calm, settled, G 397; staid, L. 1581, 1876; earnest, HF. 2089; Sadde, *pl.* grave, E 1002; steady, 3. 860; discreet, B 135; sure, H 258.

**Sadel**, *s.* saddle, L. 1199.

**Sadel-bowe**, *s.* saddle-bow, A 2691.

**Sadly**, *adv.* firmly, A 2602; discreetly, B 1266; steadfastly, I 121; carefully, D 2164; firmly, tightly, E 1100; unstintingly, B 743.

**Sadnesse**, *s.* soberness, staidness, E 1591; patience, E 452.

**Saffron with**, *ger.* to tinge with saffron, to colour, C 345.

**Saffroun**, *s.* like saffron -- of a bright yellowish colour, B 1920.

**Sak**, *s.* sack, R. 457; Sakkes, *pl.* bags, L. 1118.

**Sakked**, *pp.* put in a sack, A 4070.

**Sal**, *pr. s.* shall (Northern), A 4042.

**Sal armoniak**, *s.* sal ammoniac, G 798, 824. Lat. *sal armeniacum*, Armenian salt. *Sal ammoniac*, chloride of ammonium. The word *armeniaceum* certainly answers to the Lat. *Armeniacum* in the old treatises. Yet the right spelling is *ammoniæ*.

**Sal peter**, *s.* saltpetre, G 808. Lat. *sal petra*, rock-salt; nitrate of potassa; -- called also nitre.

**Sal preparat**, *s.* prepared salt, G 810.

**Sal tartre**, *s.* salt of tartar, G 810. 'Salt of tartar, carbonate of potash; . . . first prepared from cream of tartar'; Webster.

**Salwe**, *v.* salute, I 407; *pr. s.* B 1284; Salewed, *pp.* F 1310.

**Salowe**, *adj.* sallow, R. 355. (But read *salowe*.)

**Salto**, *adj. def.* salt, L. 1462.

**Saluing**, *s.* salutation, A 1649.

**Saluwe**, *ger.* to salute, T. iii. 1785; Salned, 1 *pt. s.* L. 315.

**Salvacioun**, *s.* salvation, 4. 213; security, B 2361.

**Salve**, *s.* salve, cure, T. iv. 944; *pl.* healing remedies, A 2712.

**Salwes**, *pl.* willow-twigs, osiers, D 655.

**Samit**, *s.* samite, a rich and glossy silk material, T. i. 109; robe made of samite, R. 836, 873.

**Sang**, *s.* song (Northern), A 4170.

**Sangwin**, *s.* stuff of a blood-red colour, A 439.

**Sangwyn**, *adj.* very ruddy, A 2168; blood-red, A 333.  
**Sans**, *prep.* without, B 501.  
**Sapphires**, *s. pl.* sapphires, B 3658.  
**Sapience**, wisdom, B 2184; *pl.* kinds of intelligence, G 338.  
**Sarge**, *s.* serge, A 2568.  
**Sarpulera**, *s. pl.* sacks made of coarse canvas, B 1. p 3. 82. Cf. *F. serpillière*.  
**Sarsinesshe**, *adj.* Saracenic, R. 1188.  
 If *sarsinesshe* can be taken as a sb., it may refer to *sarnet*.  
**Sat**; *pt. s. of* Sitte.  
**Satin**, *s.* satin, 3. 253.  
**Satisfaccioun**, *s.* penance, I 87; restitution, I 108.  
**Sauf**, *adj.* safe, safely kept, G 950; in safety, 4. 197.  
**Sauf**, *prep.* save, except, A 2180.  
**Saufly**, *adv.* safely, with safety, B 2173, 4198.  
**Saugh**, *pt. s. of* See.  
**Saule**, *s.* soul (Northern), A 4187.  
**Sauna**, *prep.* without; *sauna faille*, without fail, certainly, HF. 188, 429. See **Sans**.  
**Sauter**, *s.* psalter, R. 411.  
**Sautrye**, *s.* psalter, a kind of harp, A 296, 3213, 3205, II 208.  
**Savacioun**, *s.* salvation, T. ii. 381, 563; *without any savacioun*, without saving any, HF. 208.  
**Save**, *s.* sage (the plant), A 2713.  
**Save**, *prep. and conj.* save, except, A 683, Save your grace, by your leave, B 2260.  
**Saven**, *ger.* to save, keep, 1. 117; *pr. s. subj.* may (He) save, A 3108; *pp.* kept inviolate, F 531.  
**Save-garde**, *s.* safe-conduct, T. iv. 139.  
**Saveour**, *s.* saviour, 19. 16.  
**Saveren**, *pr. pl.* mind, care for, I 820.  
**Savinge**, *prep.* except, A 2838.  
**Savoringe**, *s.* taste, I 207.  
**Savorous**, *adj.* pleasant, R. 84.  
**Savory**, *adj.* pleasant, T. 1. 405.  
**Savour**, *s.* savour, D 2196; pleasantness, F 204; pleasure, 10. 20; smell, G 887; scent, R. 925; interest, T. ii. 269; *pl.* odours, 5. 274.  
**Savoure**, *v.* taste, D 171; *pr. pl.* mind, care for, I 820; *imp. s.* have relish for, 13. 5.  
**Savoured**, *adj.* perfumed, R. 547.  
**Savouringe**, *s.* tasting, I 959.  
**Savourly**, *adj.* enjoyably, A 3735.  
**Sawoefleem**, *adj.* covered with pimples (due to an excess of humour called *salsa phlegma*), A 625.

**Sawe**, *s.* saying, speech, A 1163; word, B 2925; discourse, G 691.  
**Sawe**, *Say*; see **S3e**.  
**Sayde**, said; see **Seye**.  
**Saylours**, *pl.* dancers (who leap in dancing), R. 770. 'Sailleur, Sailleor, sauteur, danseur'; Godefroy.  
**Scabbe**, *s.* scab, R. 553; a disease of sheep, C 358.  
**Scalded**, *pp.* burnt, A 3853.  
**Scale**, *s.* scale, or rather, double scale, for measuring both by *umbra recta* and *umbra versa*, A. i. 12. 3.  
**Scalle**, *s.* scab, 8. 3.  
**Scalled**, *pp.* having the scall, scabby, scurfy, A 627.  
**Scantitee**, *s.* scantiness, I 431.  
**Scantnesse**, *s.* scarcity, I 420.  
**Scapen**, *v.* escape, T. v. 908.  
**Scarlet-reed**, *adj.* scarlet-red, B 4351.  
**Scarmishing**, *s.* skirmish, L. 1910.  
**Scarmyche**, *s.* skirmish, T. v. 1508.  
**Scars**, *adj.* parsimonious, B 2789.  
**Scarsetee**, *s.* scarcity, B 2790.  
**Scarsly**, *adv.* parsimoniously, A 583.  
**Scattered**, *pp.* scattered, G 914.  
**Scathe**, *s.* scathe, harm, misfortune, 'a pity,' A 446; *Polymites to sc.*, to the harm of, T. v. 938.  
**Scatheles**, *adv.* harmlessly, R. 1550.  
**Science**, *s.* science, knowledge, 5. 25; learned writing, B 1666; wisdom, I 229.  
**Sclat**, *s.* slate, 11. 34.  
**Sclaundre**, *s.* slander, HF. 1580; ill-fame, disgrace, E 722; scandal, I 137.  
**Sclave**, *s.* slave, T. iii. 391.  
**Slendre**, *adj.* slender, slight in make, A 587; thin, B 3147; poor, B 4024.  
**Scoochouns**, *pl.* escutcheons, painted shields, R. 893.  
**Scoole**, *s.* school, B 1685, 1694; manner, fashion, A 125, 3329; discipline, T. i. 614; 'the schools,' D 2186.  
**Scoole-matere**, *s.* subject for disputation in the schools, D 1272.  
**Scoler**, *s.* scholar, A 260.  
**Scolering**, *s.* young scholar, note to D 44; line 6.  
**Scoole-termes**, *pl.* school-terms, E 1560.  
**Scoleward**; to scoleward = toward school, B 1730.  
**Scoleye**, *ger.* to study, A 302.  
**Scomes**, *s. pl.* foam, lather, B 4. m 7. 61. Lit. 'scuma.'  
**Score**, *imp. s.* notch, ent, mark, B 1606.  
**Scorkleth**, *pr. s.* scorches, shrivels, B 2. m 6. 28.  
**Scorned**, *pt. s.* 3. 927; jested at, B 4277.

**Scorning**, *s.* scorn, T. i. 105.  
**Scorpion**, *s.* E 2058; sign of Scorpio, HF. 948.  
**Scot**, a horse's name, A 616, D 1543.  
**Scourges**, *s. pl.* whips, plagues, E 1157.  
**Scourging**, *s.* correction, 4. 42.  
**Scrippe**, *s.* scrip, bag, D 1737.  
**Scripture**, *s.* writing, inscription, (on a ring), T. iii. 1369; passage of writing, L. 1144; *pl.* manuscripts, A 2044.  
**Scrit**, *s.* writing, deed, E 1697; T. ii. 1130.  
**Scrivenish**, *adv.* like a scrivener, T. ii. 1026.  
**Scriveyn**, *s.* scribe, 8. 1.  
**Seche**, *ger.* to seek, i.e. to be sought for (it was easily had), A 784; to seek out, D 909.  
**Secree**, *adj.* secret, trusty, 5. 395; secret, B 2251; able to keep secrets, D 946.  
**Secrees**, *adv.* secretly, F 1109.  
**Secree**, *s.* a secret, B 3211; Secree of secree, secret of secrets, Lat. Secreta Secretorum (the name of a book), G 1447.  
**Secreenesse**, *s.* secrecy, B 773.  
**Secretly**, *adv.* secretly, E 703.  
**Secte**, *s.* sect, company, E 1171; religion, faith (lit. 'following'), F 17.  
**Seculer**, *s.* a layman, B 4640.  
**Sede**, *v.* bear seed, 7. 306.  
**See**, *s.* sea, A 59; *fulle see*, high tide, A. ii. 46. 4.  
**See**, *s.* seat, HF. 1361; seat of empire, B 3339; *pl.* seats HF. 1210.  
**See**, *v.* see, L. 2560; *ger.* to see, look, F 366; to look (upon), 3. 1177; *as fut.* shall see, 4. 190; Seestow, seest thou, HF. 911; Say, 1 *pt. s.* saw, T. v. 992; Say, *pt. s.* saw, B 4304; Sey, *pt. s.* B 1, 7; Seigh, 1 *pt. s.* saw, A 193; Seigh, *pt. s.* A 1066, F 850; Saugh, 1 *pt. s.* saw, A 764; *pt. s.* A 850, 1400; Sy, *pt. s.* G 1381; Sawe, 2 *pt. s.* sawest, B 848; Saugh, 2 *pt. pl.* G 1106 (with *ye*); Sawe, *pt. pl.* B 218; Seye, *pt. pl.* saw, T. iv. 720; Seyen, *pt. pl.* G 110; Syen, *pt. pl.* B 2879, 4568; Sye, *pt. pl.* E 1804; *pr. s. subj.* may (he) behold or protect, B 156; Sawe, *pt. s. subj.* were to see, A 144; Seyn, *pp.* seen, B 1863; Seye, *pp.* D 552.  
**Seed-foul**, *s.* birds living on seeds, 5. 512.  
**Seek**, *adj.* sick, ill, L. 2409, 2436; *def.* A 424; Seke, *def.* as *s.* man in a fever, 5. 104; Seke, *pl.* A 18, 245.  
**Seel** (1), *s.* bliss, A 4239. A. S. *sæl*.  
**Seel** (2), *s.* seal, B 882.

**Seemlinesse**, *s.* dignity of bearing, L. 1041.  
**Seemly**, *adj.* delicate, pleasing, 12. 11; seemly, L. 2074.  
**Seestow**, seest thou, HF. 911.  
**Seet**, *pt. s.* sat (false form, due to *pl. sæten*), A 2075.  
**Seetes**, *pl.* seats, A 2580.  
**Seeth**, *pt. s.* seethed, boiled, E 227.  
**Sege**, *s.* throne, B 1. p. 4. 285; siege, L. 1696.  
**Seggen**, 1 *pr. pl.* say, T. iv. 194.  
**Seigh**, *pt. s.* of See.  
**Sein**, *ger.*; That is to sein, that is to say, A. pr. 26.  
**Saints**, *adj. fem.* holy, D 1824.  
**Seintuarie**, *s.* sanctuary, I 781; a consecrated object, C 953.  
**Seistow**, sayest thou, A 1125.  
**Seith**, *pr. s.* says, A 178.  
**Seke**; see Seek, *adj.*  
**Seke**, *v.* search through, B 60; seek, B 1633; *ger.* A 13, 510; to seek, i.e. a matter for search, G 874; Sekestow, seekest thou, T. iii. 1455; Seken to, 1 *pr. pl.* press towards, 2. 91; 2 *pr. pl.* search through, B 127; Soghte, 1 *pt. s.* sought, A. ii. 45. 11; *pt. s. subj.* were to examine, C 488.  
**Sekernes**, *s.* security, 7. 345.  
**Sekirly**, *adv.* certainly, L. 163 a.  
**Selds**, *adj. pl.* few, E 146.  
**Selde**, *adv.* seldom, A 1539, B 2343; Selden, B 2594; Seld, B 2343.  
**Seled**, *pp.* sealed, B 736.  
**Seles**, *pl.* seals, T. iii. 1462.  
**Solily**, *adv.* happily, B 2. p. 4. 96.  
**Soliness**, *s.* happiness, T. iii. 813.  
**Selle**, *s. dat.* boarding, A 3822. A Kentish form; M. E. *sulle*, *sulle*; A. S. *sylt*. (*Flote* = ground beneath the boards.)  
**Sells**, *v.* sell, F 1563; barto, A 278; *for to selle*, for sale, D 414; *to selle*, for sale, A 3821; Solde, *pt. s. subj.* were to sell, R. 452.  
**Selly**, *adj.* wonderful (MSS. *sely*), HF. 513. A. S. *sælic*, *sældic*, strange.  
**Sely**, *adj.* happy, T. iv. 503; kind, 4. 89. good, B 1702; holy, B 682; innocent, simple, A 3404; poor, pitiable, T. i. 871; wretched, A 3896; hapless, L. 1254, 1336. A. S. *sælig*.  
**Semblaible**, *adj.* like, B 2294.  
**Semblaunce**, *s.* likeness, R. 425; appearance, R. 145.  
**Semblaunt**, *s.* appearance, semblance, look, E 928, F 516; *in htr s.*, apparently, R. 863.

**Seme**, *v.* appear, seem, F 102; *ger.* to seem (to), T. i. 747; *pr. pl.* F 869; *pt. s.* (there) seemed, A 2970; *impers.* (it) seemed, A 39, E 296; *him* *semed*, it seemed to them, they supposed, F 56; *the peple* *semed* = it seemed to the people, the people supposed, F 201.

**Semelihede**, *s.* seemliness, comeliness, R. 1130; gracefulness, R. 777.

**Semely**, *adj.* seemly, comely, A 751.

**Semely**, *adv.* becomingly, A 123.

**Semes**, *s. pl.* seams, I 622.

**Semicope**, *s.* half-cope, short cope, A 262.

**Seming**, *s.* appearance, 3. 944; *to my s.*, as it appears to me, B 1838.

**Semisoun**, *s.* half-sound, i. e. suppressed sound, A 3697.

**Senatorie**, *s.* senatorial rank, B 3. p. 4. 93.

**Senatour**, *s.* senator, L. 584.

**Sencer**, *s.* censor, A 3340.

**Sencinge**, *pres. pt.* censuring, perfuming with incense, A 3341.

**Sendal**, *s.* a thin silk, A 440.

**Sendo**, *v.* send, B 144; *Sent*, *pr. s.* E 1151; *Sende*, *pt. s.* sent, A 4136; *Sente*, *pt. s.* B 3927; *Sendeth*, *imp. pt.* send ye, C 614; *Sente*, *pt. s. subj.* would send, B 1091.

**Sene**, *adj.* visible, manifest, apparent, A 134, 924, F 645. *A.S. gesene, gesyne*, *adj.* evident, visible.

**Sene**, *ger.* to behold, to see, L. 1034; to look at, L. 2649; to look on, D 1245; to seem, L. 224; *on to sene*, to look on, L. 2425.

**Senge**, *v.* singe, D 349; *Seynd*, *pp.* broiled, B 4015.

**Sengle**, *adj.* single, unmarried, E 1667.

**Senith**, *s.* (1) the zenith, A. i. 18. 4, 22. 6; (2) the point where a given azimuth-circle meets the horizon, A. i. 19. 12; the point of sunrise, A. ii. 31. 13.

**Sensibilitees**, *s. pl.* perceptions, B 5. m. 4. 8.

**Sensible**, *adj.* perceptible by the senses, B 5. p. 4. 212.

**Sent**, -e; see **Sende**.

**Sentement**, *s.* feeling, fancy, T. ii. 13; susceptibility, T. iii. 43; passion, L. 69.

**Sentence**, *s.* meaning, drift, E 2288; contents, C 190; subject, B 1753; opinion, B 113, 3992; decision, 5. 530; meaning, sentiment, instruction, A 306, 798; tenor, theme, H.F. 1100; decision, speech, 5. 383; judgement, order, I 17; verdict, G 366; general meaning, I 58.

**Septemtrioun**, *s.* north, B 3657.

**Septentrional**, *adj.* northern, A. ii. 40. 30; *Septentrionalis*, *pl.* A. ii. 40. 36.

**Sepulcre**, *s.* tomb, D 498.

**Sepulture**, *s.* mode of burial, T. v. 299; burial, L. 2553; tomb, A 2854.

**Serchen**, *v.* search, B 2597; *pr. pl.* go about, haunt, D 867.

**Sereyns**, *s. pl.* sirens, R. 684.

**Sergeaunt of the Lawe**, sergeant-at-law, A 309.

**Serie**, *s.* process, argument, A 3067.

**Sermone**, *ger.* to preach, speak, C 879.

**Sermoning**, *s.* argument, A 3091; talk, A 3597.

**Sermoun**, *s.* discourse, L. 2025; T. ii. 965; tale, T. ii. 1115; *pl.* writings, B 87.

**Sorvage**, *s.* servitude, thralldom, A 1946, B 368.

**Servant**, *s.* lover, A 1814; servant, D 1501.

**Servisable**, *adj.* willing to serve, A 99; serviceable, E 1911; useful, E 779.

**Servitour**, *s.* servant, D 2185.

**Servitude**, *s.* servitude, E 798.

**Servyse**, *s.* service, serving, A 250; religious service, T. i. 315; musical performance, 3. 302.

**Sese**, *pr. s. subj.* seize, 5. 481; *pp.* caught, 4. 240; seized, possessed, T. iii. 415.

**Sesoun**, *s.* season, F 1034; prime, R. 1678.

**Sestow**, *seest* thou, T. iii. 46.

**Sets**, *s.* seat, throne, B 3715, I 162.

**Sets**, -n; see **Sitte**.

**Setswale**, *s.* zedoary, setwall. R. 1370. See **Cetewale**.

**Sethe**, *v.* seethe, boil, A 383.

**Sette**, *ger.* to set, place, L. 540; *setten a myte*, care a mite, T. iii. 900; *Sette*, 1 *pr. s.* suppose, T. ii. 367; B 2681; *Sette cas*, imagine the case, B 3041; 2 *pr. pl.* esteem, T. ii. 432; *Sette*, 1 *pr. s. subj.* set, A 3911; *Set*, *pr. s.* setteth, sets, 2. 101; D 1982; cares, T. iii. 832; puts, 3. 635; *Sette*, 1 *pt. s.* counted, regarded, D 659; *Sette me*, placed myself, L. 115; *setts nat a kers*, accounted not worth a cress, A 3756; *Sette at nought*, counted as nothing, F 821; *Sette him*, sat down, C 207; *Sette hir*, sat, B 329; *Sette her on knees*, knelt down, B 638; *Sette hem*, seated themselves, L. 301; C 775; *Sette hem adoun*, set themselves, G 396; *Set*, *pp.* placed, A 132, 2528; put, B 440; *set*, R. 846; appointed, 4. 52; E 774; wholly devoted, 6. 100; *wel set*, seemly, 3. 828; *set the wrightes cappe* = made a fool of him, A 3143; *Set*, *imp. s.* stake (as at dice), T. iv. 622.

**Seur**, *adj.* sure, B 2642, 2953.

**Seur**, *adv.* surely, T. iii. 1633.

**Seurly**, *adv.* surely, B 2913.

**Seurtee**, *s. surety*, A 1604, B 243.  
**Sewe**, *v. follow*, 25. 12; *ensue*, B 2619, 2602; *pt. s. pursued*, B 4527.  
**Sewas**, *s. pl. lit. juices, gravies*; used here for seasoned dishes, delicacies, F 67.  
**Sewing**, *adj. conformable, in proportion, similar*, 3. 959. Lit. 'following.'  
**Sexte**, sixth, HF. 1727.  
**Sexteyn**, *s. sacristan*, B 3216.  
**Sey**, 1 *pt. s. saw*, 3. 1089; *Seyn*, *pp. seen*, B 172, 624. See *Sae*.  
**Seye**, *v. say*, A 738; *to be told*, B 706; *to seyn*, A 284; *for to seye*, *to say*, A 468; *this is to seyn*, A 181; *that is to seyn*, A 797; *Seistow*, *sayest thou*, B 110; *as who seyth*, like one who says, i. e. so to speak, T. v. 883; *Seggen*, 1 *pr. pl. say*, T. iv. 104; *Seydestow*, *saidest thou*, G 334; *Seyd*, *pp. B 49*; *Seyeth*, *imp. pl. say ye*, A 1868.  
**Seyl**, *s. sail*, A 696, 3532.  
**Seyn**, *pp. seen*, B 1863, 4471.  
**Seynd**, *pp. singed*, i. e. broiled, B 4035.  
**Seynt**, *s. saint*, 3. 1319; *Seynt* (*dissyllabic*), A 120, 509, 687, D 1564; *Seynte*, *saint (or holy)*, A 1721.  
**Seyst**, 2 *pr. s. sayest*, B 109; *Seystow*, 2 *pr. s. sayest thou*, A 3400.  
**Shaar**, *s. a plough-share*, A 3763.  
**Shad**, *-de*; see *Shede*.  
**Shadwe**, *s. shadow*, B 7, 10; *shade*, 3. 426; *scene*, B. 2. p. 3. 89; *Shadowe*, *reflection*, R. 1529.  
**Shadwed**, *pp. shadowed, shaded*, A 607.  
**Shaft**, *s. wooden part of an arrow*, A 1362; *pl. shafts of spears*, A 2605.  
**Shal**, 1 *pr. s. owe*, T. iii. 1649; *owe (to)*, T. iii. 791; *shall (do so)*, F 688; *mnst*, A 853; *am to be*, 2. 53; *am to (go)*, G 303; *Shalt*, 2 *pr. s. must go*, D 1636; *Shaltow*, 2 *pr. s. shalt thou*, A 3575; *Shal*, *pr. s. shall be*, T. v. 813; *is to be*, HF. 82; *must, is to*, A 187; *must (come)*, T. iv. 1106; *will*, L. 1276; *must (do so)*, R. 387; *owes*, F 750; *Sholde*, 1 *pt. s. should*, B 56; *ought (to have done so)*, 3. 1200; *Sholdestow*, *shouldst thou*, 10. 60; *wouldst thou*, D 1944; *Sholde*, *pt. s. should*, A 184; *ought to*, B 44; *had to*, E 515; *was to*, B 3891; *would*, B 3627; *Shul*, 1 *pr. pl. must*, have to, B 351; *mnst*, B 1900; *Shullen*, 2 *pr. pl. shall*, B 4652; *Shullen*, *pr. pl. must*, A 3014.  
**Shale**, *s. shell*, HF. 1281.  
**Shalmes**, *pl. shawms*, HF. 1218.  
**Shame**, *s. A 503*; *Shame of his degree*, i. e. lest it should shame his condition

(as husband), F 752; *Shames deth*, shameful death, B 819, E 2377.  
**Shamen**, *v. put to shame*, F 1565; *thee shameth*, it shames thee, thou art ashamed, B 101.  
**Shamfast**, *adj. modest, shy*, A 2055, C 55; *shame-faced, ashamed*, R. 467.  
**Shamfastnesse**, *s. modesty*, A 840; *sense of shame*, I 985.  
**Shap**, *s. A 1880*; *privy member*, I 423.  
**Shapen**, *v. plan, devise*, A 3403; *find means (to do)*, A 809; *pr. s. intends*, L. 1289; *Shape*, *pr. pl. dispose*, B 2980; *Shapen hem, intend*, F 214; *Shóóp*, *pt. s. befel*, T. ii. 61; *devised, planned*, T. i. 207; *made, gave*, L. 2569; *prepared for*, E 198; *plotted*, B 2543; *created*, E 903; *contrived*, R 946; *Shoop mo*, 1 *pt. s. ref.* addressed myself, 2. 20; *prepared myself*, L. 180; *Shoop him*, *pt. s. ref.* got ready, L. 625; *determined*, F 809; *Shopen*, *pt. pl. made ready*, B 2095; *Shapen*, *pp. determined*, A 1108; *destined*, A 1392; *shaped*, L. 2014; *planned*, B 951; *prepared*, B 249; *appointed*, B 253; *disposed (themselves)*, B 142; *built*, 7. 357; *cut out*, T. iii. 734; *Shape*, *pp. destined, ordained*, A 1225; *allotted*, T. ii. 282; *created*, B 3000; *imp. pl. ref.* dispose yourself, B 2307.  
**Shaply**, *adj. fit*, A 372; *likely*, T. iv. 1452.  
**Sharpe**, *adv. sharply*, B 2073.  
**Shave**, *v. shave*, A 3326; *Shaven*, *pp. cut smooth*, R. 941; *Shave*, *pp. shaven*, A 588.  
**Shaving**, *s. a thin slice*, G 1239.  
**Shawe**, *s. wood*, A 4367, D 1386.  
**She**, *she*, A 446; *Sho . . . she, one woman and another*, T. ii. 1747.  
**She-ape**, *s. female ape*, I 424.  
**Shedeth**, *pr. s. sheds*, I 577; *Shedde*, *pt. s. shed*, B 3447; *Shadde*, *pt. s. poured*, B 3021; *Shad*, *pp. distributed*, B. 1. m. 1. 18.  
**Sheef**, *s. sheaf*, A 104; *Sheves*, *pl. HF.* 2140.  
**Sheep**, *s. a sheep*, A 506; *a meek person*, D 432.  
**Sheld**, *s. shield*, A 2122; *pl. French crowns (coins worth 3s. 4d.)*, A 278; *Sheeld*, *pl. B 1521*.  
**Sholde**, *pr. s. subj. may he shield*, HF. 88.  
**Shonde**, *v. disgrace*, T. iv. 1577; *ruin*, B 927; *render contemptible*, T. v. 803; *reproach*, T. v. 1060; *destroy*, HF. 1010; *Shent*, *pr. s. ruins*, I 848; *defiles*, I 854; *Shente*, *pt. s. harmed, injured*, B 4031; *Shente*, *pt. s. subj. should destroy*, T. ii. 357; *Shent*, *pp. spoil*, T. ii. 37; *defeated*, L. 652; *scolded*, B 1731.

**Shendshiye**, *s.* shame, I 273.  
**Shene**, *adj.* bright, A 115; glistening, R. 127; fair, R 258; beautiful, B 692, F 1045. A. S. *scēne*, *scýne*.  
**Shene**, *adv.* brightly, 4. 87.  
**Shepe**, *s.* hire, I 568. See **Shipe**.  
**Shepne**, *s.* stable, shed, A 2000. A. S. *scypn*. See **Shipnes**.  
**Shere**, *s.* pair of shears, A 2417.  
**Shere**, *ger.* to shear, cut, B 3257.  
**Shering-hokes**, *pl.* shearing-hooks, contrivances for severing ropes in a sea-fight, L. 641.  
**Sherte**, *s.* shirt, A 1566; chemise, T. iv. 96.  
**Shet**, *pp.* of **Shette**.  
**Shete**, *s.* sheet, G 879; *pt.* A 4140.  
**Sheten**, *v.* shoot, I 714; **Sheteth**, *pr.* *s.* shoots, R. 900.  
**Sheter**, *s.* *as adj.* fit for shooting, (lit. shooter), 5. 180.  
**Shethe**, *s.* sheath, R 2066.  
**Shette**, *v.* shut, enclose, T. iii. 1540; shut, close, D 1141; **Shette**, *pt.* *s.* shut, A 3409; closed, fastened up, T. ii. 1090; **Shetten**, *pt.* *pl.* shut up, enclosed, T. i. 148; **Shet**, *pp.* shut, R. 520.  
**Sheves**, *pl.* sheaves, HF. 2140.  
**Sheweth**, *pr.* *s.* manifests, appears, B 2386; appears as, is shewn, A. i. 7. 9.  
**Shifte**, *v.* provide, distribute, ordain, D 104; assign, G 278.  
**Shilde**, *pr.* *s.* subj. shield, T. ii. 1019, defend, B 2098; torbid, A 3427.  
**Shimering**, *s.* glimmer, A 4297.  
**Shine**, *s.* shin, A 386.  
**Shined**, *pt.* *s.* shone, L. 2194.  
**Ship**, *s.* 1. 16; **Shipe**, *dat.* (into the) ship, (into the) ark, A 3540.  
**Shipe**, *s.* hire, pay, reward, 7. 191; **Shepe**, hire, I 568. A. S. *scipe*, stipendium.  
**Shipman**, *s.* sailor, skipper, A 388.  
**Shipnes**, *pl.* stables, sheds, D 871. See **Shopno**.  
**Shirreve**, *s.* sheriff, A 359. Lit. 'shire-reeve.'  
**Shiten**, *pp.* defiled, dirty, A 504.  
**Shitting**, *s.* shutting, R. 1598.  
**Shivere**, *s.* thin slice, D 1840.  
**Shiveren**, *pr.* *pl.* break, A 2005.  
**Sho**, shoe, A 253.  
**Shod**, *pp.* provided with shoes, HF. 98.  
**Shode**, *s.* parting of the hair, A 3310; the temple of the head, A 2007.  
**Shof**, *pt.* *s.* pushed, T. iii. 487.  
**Shoken**, *pt.* *pl.* shook, R. 363.  
**Sholder-bone**, *s.* shoulder-blade-bone, C 350.

**Shonde**, *s.* disgrace, HF. 88; B 2098.  
**Shoo**, *s.* shoe, D 492; **Shoos**, *pl.* A 457; **Shoon**, *pl.* B 1922.  
**Shoof**, *pt.* *s.* 1 *p.* shoved, pushed, R. 534; *pt.* *s.* drove, L. 2412.  
**Shoon** (shóon), *pl.* of **Shoo**.  
**Shoon** (shóon), *pt.* *s.* of **Shyne**.  
**Shorn**, *pp.* shaven, B 3142.  
**Shorte**, *v.* shorten, D 1261; to **shorte** with *your weye*, to shorten your way with, A 791.  
**Shortly**, *adv.* briefly, A 30.  
**Short-sholdred**, *adj.* short in the upper arm, A 549.  
**Shot**, *s.* a missile, B 4539; arrow, A 2544.  
**Shot-windowe**, *s.* a window containing a square division which opens on a hinge, A 3358, 3695.  
**Shour**, *s.* shower, T. iv. 751. onset, conflict, T. iv. 47; *pl.* assaults, T. i. 470. Cf. E. 'a shower of darts.'  
**Showing**, *s.* shoving, pushing, H 53.  
**Shredde**, *pt.* *s.* shred, cut, E 227.  
**Shrewe**, *s.* scoundrel, accursed wretch, D 284; shrew, peevish woman, E 1222, 2428; planet having an evil influence, A. ii. 4. 54; evil one, G 917.  
**Shrewe**, *adj.* evil, wicked, G 995.  
**Shrewe**, 1 *pr.* *s.* beshrew, curse, B 4616.  
**Shrewed**, *adj.* evil, wicked, bad, L. 1545; accursed, D 54.  
**Shrewedly**, *adv.* cursedly, D 2238.  
**Shrewednesse**, *s.* wickedness, evil, B 2721; cursedness, D 734; *pl.* evil deeds, I 442.  
**Shrifte-fadres**, *pl.* father-confessors, D 1442.  
**Shrighthe**, *pt.* *s.* shrieked, A 2417; *pp.* T. v. 320.  
**Shrimpes**, *pl.* small creatures, dwarfs, B 3145.  
**Shroud**, *s.* robe, R. 64.  
**Shrouded**, *pp.* clad, R. 55.  
**Shryked**, *pt.* *pl.* shrieked, B 4500.  
**Shryking**, *s.* shrieking, T. v. 382.  
**Shryned**, *pp.* enshrined, C 955; canonised (ironically), 21. 15.  
**Shryve**, *ger.* to confess, I 129.  
**Shulder-boon**, *s.* blade-bone, I 603.  
**Shuldres**, *pl.* shoulders, R. 328.  
**Shull**, **Shullen**, **Shulds**; see **Shal**.  
**Shyne**, *ger.* to shine, 10. 62; **Shóon**, *strong* *pt.* *s.* shone, A 108; **Shynede**, *weak* *pt.* *s.* shone, L. 1119; **Shined**, L. 2194.  
**Sib**, *adj.* related, akin, B 2565.  
**Sicamour**, *s.* sycamore, HF. 1278.  
**Sioer**, *s.* strong drink, B 3245.  
**Sigh**, 1 *pt.* *s.* saw, R. 818.

**Sight**, *pt. s. of Syke*.  
**Signet**, *s. signet-ring*, T. ii. 1087.  
**Signification**, *s. signification*, R. 995;  
*significance*, HF. 17; *prediction*, R. 16.  
**Significavit**, *a writ of excommunication*,  
 A. 662.  
**Sik**, *adj. sick*, ill, A. 1600.  
**Siker**, *adj. sure*, A. 3049, B. 4353; *safe*,  
 G. 864; *certain*, G. 1047; *sure*, *steady*,  
 D. 2069; *in security*, 17. 28.  
**Siker**, *adv. uninterruptedly*, T. iii. 1237;  
*surely*, T. ii. 991.  
**Sikered**, *pp. assured*, L. 2128.  
**Sikerer**, *adj. surer*, *more to be trusted*,  
 B. 4043.  
**Sikerly**, *adv. certainly*, *surely*, *truly*,  
 A. 137.  
**Sikernesse**, *s. security*, *safety*, *confi-*  
*dence*, B. 425; *state of security*, T. ii.  
 773.  
**Sikly**, *adv. ill*, *with ill will*, E. 625.  
**Silver**, *s. money*, A. 232, 713.  
**Silver**, *adj. silvery*, A. 1496.  
**Similitude**, *s. comparison*; *hence*, *pro-*  
*position*, *statement*, G. 431; *sympathy*,  
*likeness*, F. 480; *one like himself*, A. 3228.  
**Simphonie**, *s. a kind of tabor*, B. 2005.  
**Simple**, *adj. modest*, R. 1014; *innocent*,  
 3. 861.  
**Simplease**, *s. Simplicity (personified)*, R.  
 954.  
**Sin**, *conj. and adv. since*, 4. 273.  
**Singe**, *v. sing*, A. 236; **Singestow**, *singest*  
*thou*, H. 244; **Song**, *1 pt. s. sang*, 3. 1158;  
**Songe**, *2 pt. s. didst sing*, H. 294; **Song**,  
*pt. s. A. 1055; Songen*, *pt. pl. sang*, F. 55;  
**Songe**, *pt. s. subj. were to sing*, 3. 929;  
**Songen**, *pp. sung*, T. v. 645; **Songe**, *pp.*  
*A. 266; recited*, T. v. 1797.  
**Singularitees**, *s. pl. separate parts*, *par-*  
*ticulars*, B. 5. m. 3. 45.  
**Singular**, *adj. particular*, B. 2. p. 7. 64;  
*single*, I. 300; *a single*, G. 997; *private*,  
 B. 2625; *singular profite*, *special advan-*  
*tage*, HF. 310.  
**Singularly**, *adv. singly*, B. 4. p. 6. 77.  
**Sinne**, *s. sin*, A. 561.  
**Sinwes**, *s. pl. sinews*, I. 690.  
**Sippe**, *v. sip*, *taste*, D. 176.  
**Sire**, *sir*, *my master*, A. 355; **Sires**, *gen.*  
*sire's*, *father's*, i. e. *Saturn's*, E. 2265.  
**Sis cink**, i. e. *six-five*, *a throw with two*  
*dice*, B. 125.  
**Sisoures**, *pl. scissors*, HF. 690.  
**Sit**, *pr. s. sits*; *see Sitte*.  
**Site**, *s. situation*, HF. 1114; E. 199.  
**Sith**, *conj. since*, A. 930; *Sith that*, *since*,  
 F. 930, H. 120.

**Sith**, *adv. afterwards*, O. 869; *then*, L.  
 302.  
**Sithen**, *conj. since*, B. 2947; *Sithen that*,  
*since*, A. 2102.  
**Sithen**, *adv. since*, *ago*, A. 1521; *since*  
*then*, R. 1641; *since*, T. iii. 244; *after-*  
*wards*, A. 2617; *then*, *next*, L. 304; *goon*  
*s. a greet whyle*, *a great while ago*, L.  
 427; *gon s. longe whyle*, *long ago*, T. i.  
 718.  
**Sithes**, *pl. times*, A. ii. 42. 9.  
**Sitte**, *v. sit*, A. 94; *Sit*, *pr. s. sits*, *dwells*,  
 A. 1599, 3641; *befits*, *suits*, B. 1353; *is*  
*fitting*, T. i. 246; *gret it sit*, *it is un-*  
*becoming*, E. 460; **Sat**, *pt. s. sat*, A. 469;  
*affected*, T. iv. 231; *suited*, L. 1735;  
*became*, R. 750; *sat on knees*, *knelt*, 3.  
 106; *hit sat me sore*, *it was very painful*  
*for me*, 3. 1220; T. iii. 240; **Seet**, *pt. s.*  
*sat (false form, due to pl. seten)*, A. 2075,  
*Seten*, *pt. pl. sat*, A. 2893; **Sete**, *pt. s.*  
*subj. would befit*, T. i. 985, ii. 117; *were*  
*to sit*, 3. 436; *was sitting*, 3. 501; **Seten**,  
*pp. sat*, D. 420; *dwelt*, A. 1452; *wel sittinge*,  
*well suited*, R. 986.  
**Sittingest**, *sup. adj. most fitting*, 5. 551.  
**Sive**, *s. sieve*, G. 940.  
**Sixto**, *sixth*, D. 45, F. 906.  
**Skant**, *adj. scanty*, *sparing*, *niggardly*, i.  
 175.  
**Skarmish**, *s. skirmish*, T. ii. 611.  
**Skars**, *adj. scarce*, 9. 36.  
**Skathe**, *s. harm*, T. iv. 207.  
**Skile**, *s. reason*, *cause*, HF. 726; *gret sk.*,  
*good reason*, E. 1152; *reasonable claim*,  
 L. 1392; *pl. reasons*, *arguments*, HF.  
 867.  
**Skilful**, *adj. reasonable*, L. 385; *discern-*  
*ing*, B. 1038.  
**Skilfully**, *adv. reasonably*, *with reason*,  
 G. 320; *particularly*, 4. 155.  
**Skilinge**, *s. reason*, B. 4. p. 6. 155.  
**Skinketh**, *pt. s. pours out*, E. 1722.  
**Skippe**, *ger. to skip*, *jump*, T. i. 218;  
*v. dance*, A. 3259; *leap*, E. 1672; *pass*  
*over*, L. 622; **Skapte**, *pt. s. leapt*, F. 1402.  
**Skulle**, *s. skull*, A. 3935, 4306.  
**Skye**, *s. cloud*, HF. 1600.  
**Slake**, *v. assuage*, R. 317; *slacken*, *abate*,  
 F. 841; *desist (from)*, E. 705; *cease*,  
 E. 137; *end*, E. 802; **Slake of**, *omit*, L.  
 619; **Slake**, *pr. s. subj. grow slack*, *wane*,  
 T. ii. 291; **Slakede**, *pt. s. subj. should*  
*relax*, B. 2. m. 8. 18.  
**Slakke**, *adj. slow*, A. 2901; *daf. slack*,  
 E. 1849.  
**Slakker**, *adj. pl. slacker*, *more tardy*,  
 B. 1603.

**Sleds**, *s. pl.* sledges, vehicles, B 4. p. 1. 78. Pl. of *sled*.  
**Slee**, *v.* A 661; **Sleen**, *ger.* to slay, A 1222;  
**Slee**, *1 pr. s. as fut.* shall slay, B 2002;  
**Sleeth**, *pr. s.* slays, A 1118; **Slowe**, *2 pt. s.* didst slay, T. iv. 506; **Slow**, *pt. s.* slew, B 627; extinguished, B 3922;  
**Slough**, *pt. s.* 7. 56; **Slawe**, *pp.* slain, A 943; **Slawen**, *pp.* E 544; **Slayn**, *pp.* slain, A 63.  
**Sleep**, *pt. s. of* Slepe.  
**Sleere**, *s.* slayer, A 2005.  
**Sleet**, *s.* sleet, L. 1220; F 1250.  
**Sleigh**, *adj.* sly, artful, A 3201.  
**Sleighly**, *adv.* cunningly, T. v. 83.  
**Sleighte**, *s.* trickery, T. iv. 1459; trick, B 2386; sleight, T. ii. 1512; contrivance, E 1102; plan, E 2131; dexterity, A 1948; cunning, L. 1382; skill, G 867; *pl.* plans, T. iv. 1451; devices, tricks, E 2421.  
**Slely**, *adv.* slyly, i. e. skilfully, A. ii. 29. 20.  
**Slepe**, *s.* sleep, F 347; *on slepe*, asleep, L. 209.  
**Slepe**, *v.* sleep, 3. 3; **Slepestow**, sleepest thou, A 4169; **Sleep**, *1 pt. s.* slept, HF. 119; **Sleep**, *pt. s.* A 98; **Slepte**, *weak pt. s.* E 224; **Slepe**, *pt. pl.* 3. 166, 177.  
**Sleeping**, *s.* sleep, B 4202.  
**Sleeping-tyme**, *s.* time to sleep, 6. 54.  
**Slepy**, *adj.* sleep-bestowing, A 1387.  
**Slewthe**, *s.* sloth, I 388.  
**Sleye**, *pt. sly*, subtle, T. iv. 972.  
**Sleyly**, *adv.* slyly, T. ii. 1185; subtly, T. ii. 462.  
**Slider**, *adj.* slippery, A 1264.  
**Slighte**, *s.* sleight, cunning, C 131.  
**Slike**, *adj.* sleek, L. 542.  
**Slingo-stones**, *pl.* stones from a sling, T. ii. 941.  
**Slinke**, *ger.* to slink, T. iii. 1535.  
**Slippe**, *v.* slip, L. 623.  
**Slit**, *pr. s. of* Slyde.  
**Slitten**, *v.* pierce, F 1260.  
**Slivere**, *s.* a slice, portion, T. iii. 1013.  
**Slo**, *s.* sloe, R. 928; **Sloo**, A 3246.  
**Slogardye**, *s.* sluggishness, sloth, laziness, A 1042.  
**Slombrestow**, slumberest thou, T. i. 730.  
**Slombry**, *adj.* sleepy, I 724.  
**Slomeringe**, *s.* slumber, T. ii. 67.  
**Slong**, *pt. s.* threw, flung, H 306. *Pt. t. of* slinging.  
**Sloo**, *s.* sloe, A 3246; **Slo**, R. 928.  
**Sloppes**, *s. pl.* loose garments, I 422.  
**Slough**, *s.* slough, mire, H 64.  
**Slough**, *pt. s.* slew, A 980; see **Slee**.  
**Slouthe**, *s.* sloth, T. ii. 959.  
**Slow**, *s.* slough, D 1565; **Slough**, H 64.

**Slow**, *pt. s. of* Slepe.  
**Slowh**, *pt. s.* slew, B 4. m 7. 43.  
**Sluggy**, *adj.* sluggish, I 706.  
**Sluttish**, *adj.* slovenly, G 636.  
**Sly**, *adj.* L. 1369; *sly* (one), A 3940; **Slye**, *def.* cunning, crafty, 7. 48; skilful, F 672; *pl.* artfully contrived, F 230.  
**Slyde**, *v.* slide, T. v. 351; pass, go away, E 82, F 924; **Slit**, *pr. s.* passes away, 5. 3; G 682; **Slydinge**, *pres. pt. as adj.* moving, i. e. unstable, T. v. 825.  
**Slyk** (for **Slyke**?), *adj.* sleek, D 351.  
**Slyk**, *adj.* such (Northern), A 4130, 4170.  
**Slyly**, *adv.* sagaciously, A 1444.  
**Smal**, *adj.* small, A 153; *a smal*, a little, 6. 113.  
**Smal**, *adv.* little, D 592; *but smal*, but little, F 71; high (of musical notes), 12. 11.  
**Smalish**, *adj.* smallish, R. 826.  
**Smart**, *adj.* brisk (said of a fire), G 768.  
**Smatre**, *pr. pl. refl.* taste slightly, I 857.  
**Smert**, *adj.* smart, quick, R. 831; brisk, G 708; *pl.* painful, 3. 507.  
**Smerte**, *s.* pain, smart, F 480, 856, 974; anguish, A 3813.  
**Smerte**, *adv.* smartly, sharply, A 149; sorely, E 629.  
**Smerte**, *ger.* to smart, L. 502; **Smert**, *pr. s.* pains (me), 1. 152; **Smerte**, *pt. s. subj.* (it) may pain, A 1394; **Smerte**, *pt. s. subj.* felt pain, T. ii. 930; **Smerte**, *pt. s. subj. impers.* (it) might give pain to, A 230.  
**Smit**, *-en*; see **Smyte**.  
**Smithed**, *pt. s.* forged, A 3762.  
**Smitted**, *pp.* smutted, i. e. besmirched, sullied with dishonour, T. v. 1545.  
**Smoking**, *pres. pt.* reeking with incense or perfume, A 2281.  
**Smokless**, *adj.* without a smock, E 875.  
**Smoky**, *adj.* smoke-like, T. iii. 628.  
**Smoot**, *pt. s. of* Smyte.  
**Smoterliche**, *adj.* smirched in reputation, A 3963.  
**Smothe**, *adj.* smooth, A 690.  
**Smothe**, *adv.* smoothly, A 676.  
**Smyler**, *s.* smiler, flatterer, A 1099.  
**Smyte**, *v.* strike, A 1220; **Smyten**, *of*, smite off, L. 1817; **Smyteth**, *pr. s.* knocks, L. 393; **Smit**, *pr. s.* smites, E 122; **Smoot**, *pt. s.* smote, struck, A 149; **Smiten**, *pp.* struck, T. ii. 1145.  
**Snewed**, *pt. s.* abounded, A 345.  
**Snibben**, *v.* reprove, chide, lit. 'snub.' A 523; *pp.* reprimanded, A 4401.  
**Snorteth**, *pr. s.* snorts, A 4163; *pt. s.* was drawn together (as in sniffing), R. 157.  
**Snow**, *s.* R. 558; argent (in heraldry),



- white, B 3573; *pl.* snow-storms, HF. 967.
- Snowish**, *adj.* snowy, white, T. iii. 1250.
- So**, *adv.* so, A 102; such, B 2205; in such a way, such, T. iii. 1579; so, i.e. pray (with verb in subj. mood), T. iii. 1470; So as, as well as, as far as, 4. 161; so have I Joye, as I hope to have bliss, 3. 1065.
- So**, *conj.* provided that, L. 1319; So as, whereas, B 4. p. 3. 40; So that, provided that, C 186.
- Sobrelly**, *adv.* gravely, F 1585; Soberly, sadly, with a melancholy look, A 289.
- Sobrenesse**, *s.* sobriety, I 834.
- Socour**, succour, help, A 918, F 1357; *do you s.*, help you, 4. 292.
- Socouren**, *v.* aid, T. iii. 1264.
- Socours**, *s.* help, L. 1341.
- Soden**, *pp.* sodden, boiled, I 900.
- Sodein**, *adj.* prompt, forward, T. v. 1024.
- Sodeinly**, *adv.* suddenly, F 1015.
- Softs**, *adj.* soft, A 153; gentle, slow, B 399; mild, D 1412.
- Softs**, *adv.* softly, A 2781; gently, C 252; tenderly, B 275; timidly, 3. 1212.
- Softly**, *adv.* softly, F 636; quietly, G 408; in a low tone, L. 2126.
- Softneth**, *pr. s.* assuages, L. 50.
- Sojourns**, *v.* dwell, T. v. 1350; tarry, R. 381; remain, D 987.
- Soken**, *s.* toll, A 3987. A. S. *sōcn*.
- Sokingly**, *adv.* gradually, B 2766. 'Sokingly, *idem* quod esly', Prompt. Parv.
- Sol**, Sol (the sun), G 826.
- Solas**, *s.* amusement, A 798; solace, I 206; comfort, F 802; consolation, T. ii. 460; relief, B 1772; diversion, B 1004; pleasure, B 3964; playfulness, R. 844; joy, T. I. 31; ease, L. 1966.
- Solde**, *pt. s.* of Selle.
- Solempne**, *adj.* festive, grand, E 1125; cheerful, A 209; important, A 364; illustrious, B 387; superb, F 61; public, I 102.
- Solempnely**, *adv.* pompously, with pomp, A 274.
- Solempnitee**, *s.* pomp, A 870; outward show, C 244; due ceremony, E 1709.
- Soleyn**, *adj.* sole, solitary, 3. 982; unmated, 5. 607, 614.
- Solsticioun**, *s.* the solstice, or point of the ecliptic most remote from the equator, A. i. 17. 9.
- Som** (sum), *indef. pron.* some, A 640, B 1182; one, a certain man, G 922; one, 3. 305; another, 5. 476; *som shroues is*, some one (at least) is wicked; G 997; Som . . . som, one . . . another, A 3031; Somme, *pl.* some, B 2139; some (of them), L. 1050.
- Somdel**, *adv.* somewhat, B 4011; a little, L. 1183; in some measure, A 3911.
- Somer**, *s.* summer, A 394; Someres game, summer-game, athletic exhibition, D 648.
- Somer-sesoun**, *s.* spring, early summer, B 3. p. 8. 43.
- Somme**, *pl.* some, T. iv. 995; see Som.
- Somme**, *s.* sum, F 1220; chief point, upshot, L. 1559; *pl.* sums of money, B 1407, G 675.
- Somme**, *v.*; see Sompne.
- Somnour**, *s.* summoner, apparitor, an officer who summoned delinquents before the ecclesiastical courts, A 543.
- Somonce**, *s.* summons, D 1586.
- Sompne**, *v.* summon, D 1577; Somne, *v.* D 1347.
- Somnolence**, *s.* somnolence, I 706.
- Somtyne**, *adv.* once, A 65, 85; sometimes, B 1667; some day, B 110.
- Sond**, *s.* sand, B 509, 4457.
- Sonde**, *s.* message, B 388, 1049; sending, I 625; gifts, B 1049; visitation, B 760, 826; trial, B 902; message (or messenger), G 525.
- Sonded**, *pp.* sanded, T. ii. 822.
- Sondry**, *adj.* various, A 14, 25.
- Sone** (sun), *s.* son, A 70, 336.
- Sone**, *adv.* soon, A 1022; speedily, D 1264.
- Sone-in-lawe**, *s.* son-in-law, E 315.
- Sonest**, *adv.* superl. soonest, B 3716.
- Song**, -e, -en; see Singe.
- Sonne**, *s.* sun, A 7, 30.
- Sonne-beem**, *s.* sunbeam, D 868.
- Sonnish**, *adj.* sun-like, golden, T. iv. 736, 816.
- Soor**, *s.* sore, wound, A 1454.
- Soor**, *adj.* wounded, grieved, A 2695; sore, F 1571; sad, T. v. 639.
- Soot**, *s.* soot, an emblem of bitterness, T. iii. 1194.
- Sooth**, *adj.* true, L. 14; *as adv.* truly, C 636.
- Sooth**, *s.* truth, A 284; Sothe, G 662; Sothe, *dat.* B 1939.
- Soothfastnesse**, *s.* truth, B 4518.
- Soothly**, *adv.* truly, A 117.
- Sooty**, *adj.* begrimed with soot, B 4022.
- Sop**, *s.* sop (of toasted bread), E 1843; Sop in wyn, wine with bread soaked in it, A 334.
- Soper**, *s.* supper, A 348; Sopeer, F 1189.
- Sophistrye**, *s.* evil cunning, L. 137.

**Sophyme**, *s.* a sophism, trick of logic, F 5; *pl.* deceits, F 554.  
**Sore**, *adv.* sorely, A 148; *bar so sore*, bore so ill, E 85.  
**Sore**, *ger.* to soar, HF. 531; to mount aloft, F 123.  
**Sorer**, *adv.* more sorely, L. 502.  
**Sorest**, *adv.* most sorely, 5. 404.  
**Sormounte**, *ger.* to surpass, R. 667; *pr. s.* rises above, T. iii. 1038.  
**Sort**, *s.* lot, T. ii. 1754; destiny, chance, A 844; kind, A 4381; divination, T. i. 76.  
**Sorted**, *pl. s.* allotted, T. v. 1827.  
**Sorwe**, *s.* sorrow, grief, A 951; mourning, B 2171; sympathy, compassion, F 422; *with sorwe*, with ill luck to you, D 308.  
**Sorwestow**, thou sorrowest, B i. p. 6. 80; *pr. s.* I 85; *pr. pl.* A 2824.  
**Sorweful**, *adj.* sorrowful, L. 1832.  
**Sorwefulleste**, *adj.* most sorrowful, E 2098.  
**Sorwefully**, *adv.* sadly, A 2978.  
**Sorwing**, *s.* sorrow, 3. 606.  
**Sory**, *adj.* sorrowful, mournful, A 2004, 2010; sad, B 2890, unlucky, B 1949; ill, C 876; miserable, H 55.  
**Sory**, *adv.* sorely, B 2. p. 4. 100.  
**Soster**, *s.* sister, A 3486.  
**Sote**, *adj.* sweet, A 1, B 2348.  
**Sote**, *adv.* sweetly, L. 2612.  
**Sotel**, *adj.* subtle, cunning, 18. 43.  
**Soteltee**, subtlety, skill, 18. 77.  
**Soth**, *adj.* true, B 169; Sooth, L. 14.  
**Sothe**, *s.* truth, A 845. See Sooth.  
**Sother**, *adj. comp.* truer, G 214.  
**Sothfastnesse**, *s.* truth, B 2365; certainty, I 380.  
**Sothly**, *adv.* verily, soothly, A. pr. 23.  
**Soth-sawe**, *s.* true saying, truth, HF. 2089; *pl.* HF. 670.  
**Sotil**, *adj.* subtle, cunning, L. 1556, 2559; subtly woven, A 1054; thin, A 2030.  
**Sotilly**, *adv.* skillfully, R. 1119; cleverly, R. 772.  
**Sotted**, *adj.* besotted, befooled, G 1341.  
**Souded**, *pp.* confirmed, B 1704.  
**Sought**, -e; see Seke.  
**Souke**, *ger.* to suck, A 4157; to embezzle, A 4416; *pp.* been at the breast, E 450.  
**Scul**, *adj.* sole, single, F 2080.  
**Soule**, *s.* soul, A 656, 781.  
**Soulfre**, *s.* sulphur, HF. 1508.  
**Soun**, *s.* sound, musical sound, A 674, E 271; vaunt, L. 267; *pl.* sounds, A 2512.  
**Sound**, *adj.* unhurt, L. 1619; *pl.* in strong health, T. iii. 1526.

**Sounde**, *ger.* to heal, make sound, 7. 242; v. heal, R. 966.  
**Sounne**, *ger.* to sound, to utter, T. ii. 573; imitate in sound, speak alike, F 105; Sounen, *v.* sound, hence, tend, redound, T. i. 10,6; Souneth, *pr. s.* tends (towards), relates, (to), T. iii. 1414; is consonant (with), B 3157; makes (for), H 195; Sounen, *pr. pl.* tend, I 1068; *pl. s.* inclined, T. iv. 1676; *pres. pt.* accordant with, in agreement with, A 275; Souninge in, tending to, A 507.  
**Sounded**; *beste s.*, best-sounding, T. ii. 1031.  
**Soupe**, *v.* sup, T. ii. 944.  
**Souper**, *s.* supper, T. ii. 947.  
**Souple**, *adj.* pliant, A 203.  
**Sourdeth**, *pr. s.* arises, I 475.  
**Soure**, *adj.* bitter, cruel, B i. p. 4. 88.  
**Soure**, *adv.* sourly, bitterly, B 2012.  
**Soures**, *s. pl.* sorrels, bucks of the third year, 3. 429.  
**Sourmounteth**, *pr. s.* surmounts, rises above, T. iii. 1038.  
**Sours**, *s.* source, origin, T. v. 1591; E 40; a springing aloft, HF. 544; swift upward flight, D 1938, 1941.  
**Souter**, *s.* cobbler, A 3904.  
**Soutiltee**, *s.* device, D 576.  
**Souvenance**, *s.* remembrance, 24. 14.  
**Soveraynetee**, *s.* sovereignty, E 114, F 751; supremacy, D 818.  
**Sovereyn**, *adj.* supreme, very high, A 67; chief, B 1339; sovereign, D 1048; superior, A n. 28. 39 (a technical term, applied to the western signs of the zodiac); *as s.* lord, 1. 69; master, G 500; Sovereyne, *fem.* 5. 422; Sovereyns, *pl.* superiors, I 302, 402.  
**Sovereynly**, *adv.* royally, B 2462; chiefly, B 4552.  
**Sovereyntee**, *s.* supremacy, D 1038.  
**Sowdan**, *s.* sultan, B 177.  
**Sowdanesse**, *s.* sultaness, B 358.  
**Sowe**, *v.* sew up, T. ii. 1201, 1204; *pp.* sewn, A 685.  
**Sowen**, *v.* sow, B 1182; Sowen, *pp.* R. 1617; Sowe, *pp.* T. i. 385.  
**Sowle**, *s.* soul, life, T. ii. 1734.  
**Sowled**, *pp.* endued with a soul, G 329.  
**Sowne**, *v.* sound, play upon, A 565; sound, T. iii. 189; Sowneth, *pr. s.* sounds, I 160; signifies, A. i. 21. 62; *pr. pl.* play, F 270; Sowneth, *pr. pl.* tend (to), are consonant (with), F 517; Sounded, *pt. pl.* tended, B 3348. See Sounne.  
**Space**, *s.* room, T. i. 714; space of time, A 87; while, C 239; opportunity, spare time, A 35; course, A 176.

**Spak**, *pt. s.* spake, A 124; see **Speke**.  
**Span**, *pt. s.* spun, L 1762.  
**Spanne**, *s.* span, A 155.  
**Span-newe**, *adj.* span-new, T. iii. 1665.  
*Lit. 'newly spun.'*  
**Spare**, *v.* spare, refrain, A 192; cease, 5.  
 699; *pp.* passed over, L 2602.  
**Sparhawk**, *s.* sparrow-hawk, B 1957.  
**Sparinge**, *s.* moderation, I 835.  
**Sparkle**, *s.* small spark, B 2095.  
**Sparow**, *s.* sparrow, 5. 351.  
**Sparre**, *s.* wooden beam, A 990, 1076.  
**Sparth**, *s.* battle-axe, A 2520.  
**Sparwe**, *s.* sparrow, A 626.  
**Spaynel**, *s.* spaniel, D 267.  
**Spece**, *s.* species, sort, I 407; *pl.* kinds, A 3013, I 865.  
**Speche**, *s.* speech, L 1084; discourse, A 307; talk, A 783, D 1020; address, 3. 1131; oratory, F 104.  
**Special**, *adj.* special; *in special*, especially, in particular, A 444, 1017.  
**Spectacle**, *s.* eye-glass, D 1203.  
**Spede**, *ger.* to succeed, C 134; **Spede me**, *v.* be quick, 5. 385; **Spede**, *pr. s. subj.* speed, prosper, A 769; **Spedde**, *pt. s.* hastened, moved quickly, A 3649; made to prosper, B 3876; *pt. s. refl.* hastened, A 1217; *1 pt. s. refl.* L 200; *pp.* terminated, determined, 5. 101; accomplished, G 157.  
**Speed**, *s.* help, T. ii. 9; success, T. i. 17; *for comune spede*, for the good of all, 5. 507.  
**Speedful**, *adj.* advantageous, B 727.  
**Speere**, *s.* sphere, F 1283.  
**Speke**, *v.* speak, 3. 852; **Spekestow**, *speakest thou*, G 473; **Spak**, *1 pt. s.* spake, L 97; *pt. s.* 3. 503; **Spoken**, *pt. pl.* 3. 350; **Spaken** (*better Spoken*), *pt. pl.* spake, T. i. 565; **Speke**, *pt. s. subj.* might speak, T. ii. 1119; **Spoken**, *pp.* A 31.  
**Speking**, *s.* speech-making, oratory, 5. 488; speaking, H 335.  
**Spelle**, *s. dat.* a story, B 2083.  
**Spence**, *s.* battery, D 1931.  
**Spending-silver**, *s.* silver to spend, money in hand, G 1018.  
**Spere**, *s.* spear, A 114; *as nigh as men may casten with a spere*, a spear's cast, HF. 1048.  
**Spere**, *s.* sphere, orbit, 4. 137; 16. 11.  
**Sperhawk**, *s.* sparrowhawk, B 4647.  
**Sperme**, *s.* seed, B 3199.  
**Sperred**, *pp.* barred, T. v. 521.  
**Spete**, *v.* spit, T. ii. 1617; **Spetten**, *pt. pl.* I 270.  
**Spewe**, *v.* vomit, B 2607.

**Spewing**, *s.* vomit, I 138.  
**Spicerye**, *s.* mixture of spices, B 2043.  
**Spille**, *v.* spill, drop, T. v. 880; kill, L 1574; destroy, ruin, E 503; perish, 6. 121; *ger.* to destroy, T. v. 588; *to sp. labour*, to lose labour, H 153; *doth me sp.*, causes me to die, 6. 14; **Spillestow teres**, lettest thou tears fall (Lat. *manas*), B 1. p 4. 4; *pp.* killed, B 857; lost, 1. 180; ruined, D 1611; confounded, D 388.  
**Spirit**, *s.* A 2809; **Spirites**, the (four) spirits in alchemy (sulphur, sal ammoniac, quicksilver, arsenic), G 820; vital forces, 3. 489.  
**Spitous**, *adj.* malicious, R. 979; inhospitable, 22. 13.  
**Spitously**, *adv.* spitefully, D 223; vehemently, A 3476.  
**Spoke**, *pp.* of **Speke**.  
**Sponne**, *2 pt. pl.* did spin, T. iii. 734.  
**Spoon**, *s.* spoon, F 602; **Spones**, *pl.* C 908.  
**Spore**, *s.* spur, A 2603; *pl.* A 473.  
**Sporne**, *ger.* to spurn, kick, 13. 11; *pt. s.* spurns, treads, T. ii. 797; *pt. s.* tripped himself up, A 4280.  
**Spot**, *s.* defect, E 2146.  
**Spousaille**, *s.* espousal, wedding, E 115, 180.  
**Spoused**, *pp.* wedded, E 3. 386.  
**Spouted**, *pp.* vomited, B 487.  
**Sprayned**; see **Springen**.  
**Sprede**, *v.* spread, open, 4. 4; *ger.* to expand, R 1679; **Spradde**, *pt. s.* spread, E 418, 722; covered, 7. 40; **Sprad**, *pp.* spread, A 2903; dispersed, 3. 874; **Spradde**, *pp. pl.* wide open, T. iv. 1422.  
**Spreynd**; see **Springen**.  
**Spring**, *s.* dawn, A. ii. 6. 6; first growth, R. 834; *pl.* merry dances, HF. 1235.  
**Springe**, *strong v.* spring up, grow, A 2018; rise, B 4068; spread abroad, 7. 74; *spring*, be carried, L 719; *ger.* to rise (as the sun), A 2522; to dawn, A 822; to arise, 1. 133; **Sprang**, *pt. s.* grew up, R. 1425; **Sprong**, *pt. s.* spread out, R. 1704; **Spronge**, *pp.* become famous, A 1437; grown, L. 1054; **Spronge amis**, alighted in a wrong place, HF. 2079.  
**Springen**, *weak v.* sprinkle, scatter, sow broadcast, B 1183; **Spreynd**, *pp.* sprinkled, B 422, 1830; **Sprayned**, *pp.* B 2. p 4. 132. A. S. **sprengan**.  
**Springers**, *s. pl.* sources, origins, I 387.  
**Springing**, *s.* source, E 49.  
**Spurne**, *v.* spurn, kick, F 616.  
**Spyce**, *s.* spice, R. 1367, 1371; *pl.* spicery, L. 1110; species, kinds, I 83, 102.

- Spyced**, *pp.* spiced, A 328; scrupulous, A 526, D 435.
- Spycerye**, *s.* collection of spices, mixture of spices, A 2935, B 136.
- Spyr**, *s.* spire, shoot, T. ii. 1335.
- Squames**, *s. pl.* scales, G 759.
- Squamous**, *adj.* squeamish, sparing (except rarely), A 3337.
- Squiereth**, *pr. s.* attends, accompanies, D 305.
- Squire**, *s.* a 'square,' a carpenter's instrument for measuring right angles, D 2090; *pl.* measuring-rules, A. i. 12. 3.
- Squyer**, *s.* squire, A 79.
- Stable**, *adj.* abiding, A 3004, 3009; firm, 3. 645; sure, E 1499; constant, 4. 281; steadfast, F 871.
- Stabliessed**, *pp.* established, A 2995.
- Stadie**, *s.* race-course, B 4. p. 3. 11.
- Staf**, *s.* staff, stick, L. 2000; (perhaps a bed-staff), A 4294, 4296; *Staves*, *gen. of* the shaft of a car, 7. 184.
- Staf-slinge**, *s.* a staff-sling, sling with a handle, B 2019.
- Stages**, *pl.* positions, HF. 122.
- Stak**, *pt. s.* stuck, T. iii. 1372; was fastened on, R. 458.
- Stakereth**, *pr. s.* staggers, L. 2687.
- Stal**, *pt. s.* of Stelen.
- Stalke**, *s.* stalk, A 1036; piece of straw, A 3919; *Stalkes*, *pl.* (Lat. *palmites*), B 1. m. 6. 15; stems, T. ii. 968; uprights of a ladder, A 3625.
- Stalke**, *v.* creep up (to), T. ii. 519; move stealthily, L. 1781; *pr. s.* walks stealthily, A 1479; moves slowly, A 3648.
- Stalle**, *s. dat.* ox-stall, T. v. 1469.
- Stamin**, *s.* a coarse harsh cloth, tamine, tannym, L. 2360; I 1052. O.F. *estamine*.
- Stampe**, *pr. pl.* bray in a mortar, C 5.8.
- Stanchied**, *pp.* stanchied, B 2. p. 2. 53.
- Stank**, *s.* lake, tank, pool, I 841. E. *tank*.
- Stant**, stands; see *Stonde*.
- Stapen**, *pp.* advanced, B 4011, E 1514 (in MS. E.).
- Stare**, *s.* starling, 5. 348.
- Starf**, *pt. s.* of *Sterve*.
- Stark**, *adj.* strong, E 1458; severe, B 3560.
- Startling**, moving suddenly, L. 1204.
- Staunchen**, *v.* satisfy, B 3. m. 3. 3.
- Stede**, *s.* place, HF. 731; in *stede of*, instead of, B 3308.
- Stede**, *s.* steed, A 2157.
- Stedfastnesse**, *s.* constancy, firmness, E 699; stability, 15. 7.
- Steer**, *s.* bullock, A 2149.
- Steked**, *pp.* stuck, L. 161 a.
- Stele**, *s.* lit. handle; i.e. the (cool) end, A 3785.
- Stelen**, *v.* steal, A 562; *Stelath*, *pr. s.* steals away, B 21; *Stal*, *pt. s.* stole, L. 796; came (or went) cunningly, HF. 418; went stealthily, B 3763; *stal away*, stole away, 3. 381; *Stole*, *pp.* stolen, A 2627.
- Stellifye**, *v.* make into a constellation, HF. 586, 1002.
- Stemed**, *pt. s.* shone, glowed, A 202. A.S. *stēman*.
- Stenten**, *v.* leave off, A 903; *ger.* to stay, A 2142; *v.* cease, leave off, B 3925; *Stente*, *2 pr. s. subj.* cease, 18. 61; *Stente*, *pt. s.* ceased, stopped, 3. 154; L. 1240; remained, L. 821; stayed, T. i. 273; *Stente*, *pt. pl.* ceased, T. i. 60; delayed, L. 633; *pp.* stopped, A 1368.
- Stepe**, *adj. pl.* glittering, bright, A 201, 753. A.S. *stēap*.
- Steppes**, *pl.* foot-tracks, L. 829, 2209.
- Stere**, *s.* helm, rudder, B 833; pilot, helmsman, guide, B 448; in *stere*, upon my rudder, T. v. 641.
- Stere**, *v.* steer, rule, T. iii. 910; 1 *pr. s.* steer, T. ii. 4; *pp.* controlled, L. 935.
- Stere**, *v.* stir, move, excite, T. i. 228; propose, T. iv. 1451; *pr. s.* stirs, HF. 817.
- Stereless**, *adj.* rudderless, B 439.
- Steresman**, *s.* steersman, HF. 436.
- Steringe**, *s.* stirring, motion, HF. 800.
- Sterlinges**, *pl.* sterling coins, C 007.
- Sterne**, *adj.* stern, E 465; violent, T. iii. 743.
- Sterre**, *s.* star, 5. 68, 300; constellation, HF. 599.
- Stert**, *s.* start, T. v. 254; at a *stert*, in a moment, A 1705.
- Sterto**, *v.* start, go quickly, T. ii. 1634; move away, T. iii. 949; pass away, B 335; leap, skip, R. 344; *Stert*, *pr. s.* rouses, HF. 681; *Sterto*, *1 pt. s.* departed, T. iv. 93; rushed, L. 811; leapt, A 952; went, T. ii. 1094; went at once, L. 600; *Sterting*, *pres. pt.* bursting suddenly L. 1741.
- Sterve**, *v.* die, A 1249; die of famine, O 451; *Starf*, *pt. s.* L. 1691; A 933, B 283; *Storven*, *pt. pl.* C 888.
- Stevens**, *s.* voice, sound, language, A 2562; rumour, talk, T. iii. 1723; time, moment, esp. of an appointment, A 1524; sound, L. 1219; meeting by appointment, 4. 52; *sette st.*, made appointment, A 4383.
- Stewe**, *s.* a fish-pond, A 350; a small room, closet, T. iii. 601; brothel, HF. 26.

- Stowe-dore**, *s.* closet-door, T. iii. 698.  
**Steyre**, *s.* degree (Lat. *gradus*), 4. 129;  
*Steyres*, *gen.* stairs, T. iii. 205.  
**Stiborn**, *adj.* stubborn, D 456, 637.  
**Stidefast**, *adj.* steadfast, B 2041.  
**Stif**, *adj.* strong, A 673; bold, R. 1270;  
 hard, D 2267.  
**Stiken**, *ger.* to stick, T. i. 207; *Stiked*,  
*pt. s.* stuck, B 509; fixed, B 2007; *Stikede*,  
*pt. s.* pierced, B 3897; *Stikked*, fixed,  
 L. 2202; *pp.* stabbed, B 439; *a stikred*  
*swyn*, a stuck pig, C 556.  
**Stikinges**, *s.* stickings, setting, I 954.  
**Stikked**, *pl.* palings, B 4038.  
**Stillatorie**, *s.* still, vessel used in distil-  
 lation, G 580.  
**Stille**, *adv.* quietly, L. 816; still, D 2200.  
**Stille**, *ger.* to silence, T. ii. 230.  
**Stingeth**, *pr. s.* pierces, L. 645.  
**Stinte**, *v.* leave off, A 1314; cease, G 883;  
 cause to cease, i. 63; end, E 747; *ger.* to  
 cease, B 2164; to stop, T. ii. 383; cease,  
 I 720; restrain, R. 1441; stop, avert,  
 L. 1647; *Stinte*, *i pr. s.* leave off telling,  
 HF. 1417; *pr. pl.* cease, I 93; *pt. s. subj.*  
 may cease, B 413; *Stinte*, *pt. s.* ceased,  
 A 2421; was silent, 3. 1299; *pt. pl.*  
 stopped (or *pr. pl.* stop), L. 204; *Stinte*,  
*pt. s. subj.* should cease, T. i. 848; *pp.*  
 stopped, T. iii. 1016; *stint thy clappe*,  
 hold your tongue, A 3144; *Stinteth*,  
*imp. pl.* stay, T. ii. 1729.  
**Stintinge**, *s.* ceasing, end, B 2. m. 7. 37.  
**Stiren**, *v.* stir, excite, B 2006.  
**Stiropes**, *s. pl.* stirrups, B 1103.  
**Stirte**, *pt. s.* started, D 1046; rushed, H  
 303; went quickly, E 2153.  
**Stith**, *s.* anvil, A 2026. Icol. *stedt*.  
**Stod**, -e; see **Stonde**.  
**Stok**, *s.* a block of wood, A. ii. 38. 6;  
 source, 14. 1; race, A 1551; *pl.* stumps,  
 A 2934; posts, T. iii. 589.  
**Stoke**, *ger.* to stab, thrust, A 2546.  
**Stokked**, *pp.* fastened in the stocks, T.  
 iii. 380.  
**Stole**, *s.* stool, frame for tapestry-work,  
 L. 2352; *pl.* chairs, D 288.  
**Stole**, *pp. of Stelen*.  
**Stomak**, *s.* stomach, T. i. 787; appetite,  
 D 1847; compassion, D 1441.  
**Stomblen**, *pr. pl.* stumble, A 2613.  
**Stonde**, *v.* stand, B 1050; be placed, A  
 745; be understood, be fixed, E 346; be  
 set in view (as a prize at a game), B  
 1931; *synt stonde*, finds standing, L.  
 1499; *Stont*, *pr. s.* stands, is, T. iii. 1562;  
*Stant*, *pr. s.* stands, B 618; consists, I  
 107, 1029; is, B 1304; *Stood*, *pt. s.* A 354;  
 stuck fast, D 1541; *Stonden*, *pp.* HF.  
 1928.  
**Stongen**, *pr. stung*, A 1079.  
**Stoon**, *s.* stone, A 774; precious stone,  
 gem, R. 1086.  
**Stoon-wall**, stone-wall, L. 713.  
**Stoor**, *s.* store, stock (of a farm), A 598;  
 store, D 2159; value, D 203.  
**Stopen**, *pp.* advanced, E 1514 (MS. E. has  
*stapen*).  
**Stoppen**, *v.* stop, T. ii. 804.  
**Store**, *s.* store, value, B 4344; possession,  
 L. 2337.  
**Store**, *ger.* to store, B 1463.  
**Store**, *adj. voc.* audacious, bold, E 2367.  
 Icol. *storr*.  
**Storial**, *adj.* historical, A 3179; *Storial*  
 sooth, historical truth, L. 702.  
**Storie**, *s.* history, legend of a saint (or  
 the like), A 709; history, E 1360; tale,  
 story, 7. 10; *pl.* books of history, T. v.  
 1044.  
**Storven**, *pt. pl. of Sterve*, died, C 888.  
**Stot**, *s.* a stallion, horse, cob, A 615;  
 heifer (a term of abuse), D 1630.  
**Stoude**, *s.* hour, time, while, A 1212,  
 4007; short time, B 1021; moment, L.  
 949; *in a stoude*, at a time, once, A  
 3992; *upon a stoude*, in one hour, T. iv.  
 625; *pl.* hours, seasons, T. iii. 1752.  
**Stoundemele**, at various times, from  
 time to time, T. v. 674.  
**Stoupe**, *ger.* to stoop, I 1311.  
**Stour**, *s.* battle, contest, R. 1270.  
**Stout**, *adj.* strong, A 545.  
**Straighter**, *adj.* more stretched out, more  
 expanded, R. 119.  
**Strake**, *v.* move, proceed, 3. 1312.  
**Strange**, *adj.* strange, foreign, A 13;  
 1161; not its own, A. ii. 19. 7. Every  
 star has its own degrees (of longitude  
 in the equator and ecliptic).  
**Strangenesse**, *s.* estrangement, B 1576.  
**Stranglen**, *pr. pl.* strangle, worry, I 768.  
**Strangling**, *s.* A 2458; *of str.*, caused by  
 strangling, L. 807.  
**Straught**, -e; see **Strecche**.  
**Strauge**, *adj.* strange, foreign, A 13;  
 unwonted, 7. 202; difficult, hard to  
 agree upon, F 1223; like a stranger, T.  
 ii. 1660; unfriendly, estranged, R. 1065;  
 distant, unbending, 5. 584; not well  
 known, A. ii. 17. *rub.*; [a strange star is  
 one that is not represented upon the  
 Rete of the Astrolabe]; *pl.* strangers, T.  
 ii. 411.  
**Straungely**, *adv.* distantly, T. v. 955.  
**Straw**, *s.* T. iii. 859; *as interj.* a straw! F 695.

**Strawen**, *v.* strew, L. 207; 2 *pr. s. subj.* F 613; *pp.* strewn, I 918.

**Strayto**, *s.* strait, B 464.

**Strecche**, *v.* stretch, B 4498; extend, T. ii. 341; reach, 7. 341; *Streighte*, *pt. s.* stretched, HF. 1373; *Straughte*, *pt. pl.* extended, A 2916; *Straughten*, *pt. pl.* stretched out, R. 1021; *Streight*, stretched out; *long str.*, stretched at full length, T. iv. 1163; *pp. as adv.* straight, T. ii. 599.

**Stree**, *s.* straw, A 2918; *pl.* 3. 718.

**Streem**, *s.* river, current, L. 2508; stream, A 464; ray (of light), 2. 04.

**Streen**, *s.* strain, i. e. stock, progeny, race, E 157.

**Streight**, *adj.* straight, 3. 957.

**Streight**, *adv.* straight, straightway, A 671.

**Streight**, *-e*; see **Streoche**.

**Streit**, *adj.* narrow, A 1984; scanty, R. 457; B 4179; strict, A 174; *pl.* scanty, small, D 1426. A.F. *estreit*.

**Streite**, *pp. as adj. def.* drawn, B 4547. (It here represents Lat. *strictus*.)

**Streite**, *adv.* closely, T. iv. 1689; strictly, L. 723; tightly, A 457.

**Streitnes**, *s.* smallness, A. i. 21. 55

**Stremeden**, *pt. pl.* streamed, T. iv. 247.

**Streng**, *s.* string, D 2067; *pl.* 5. 197.

**Stronger**, *adj. comp.* stronger, B 2410.

**Strongest**, strongest, T. i. 243.

**Strongest-feythed**, strongest in faith, T. i. 1007.

**Strengthe**, *s.* strength, A 84; force, 3. 351; *pl.* sources of strength, B 3248.

**Strepen**, *v.* strip, E 1058; *do str. me*, cause me to be stripped, E 2200.

**Strote**, *s.* street, T. ii. 612; *dat.* HF. 1049; street, road, way, 1. 70; B 1083.

**Streyne**, *v.* compress, T. iii. 1205; strain, press, E 1753; constrain, E 144; hold, confine, R. 1471; *ger.* to compress, T. iii. 1071; *Streyne*, *pr. pl.* strain (as through a sieve), C 538.

**Streyt**, *adj.* small, B 3. m. 2. 26.

**Strike**, *s.* hank (of flax), A 676.

**Strogelest**; see **Struggle**.

**Stroke**, *ger.* to stroke, T. iii. 1249.

**Strokes**, *pl. of* Strook.

**Strompetes**, *s. pl.* strumpets, B 1. p. 1. 54.

**Stronde**, *dat.* shore, L. 2189; *Strondes*, *pl.* shores, A 13.

**Strong**, *adj.* difficult, B 2035; *pl.* severe, A 1338, 2771.

**Stronge**, *adv.* securely, R. 241.

**Stroof**, *pt. s. of* Stryve.

**Strook**, *s.* stroke, A 1701; *Strokes*, *pl.* T. iii. 1067.

**Strouted**, *pt. s.* stuck out, A 3315.

**Strowe**, *v.* strew, L. 101 a.

**Stroyer**, destroyer, 5. 360.

**Strugle**, *v.* struggle, E 2374; *Strogelest*, 2 *pr. s.* C 829.

**Stryf**, *s.* quarrel, strife, A 1187, 2784; took stryf = 'took up the cudgels,' B 1. p. 4. 93.

**Stryk**, *s.* stroke, mark, A. ii. 12. 19.

**Stryke**, *v.* strike; *Stryken* out, strike out, D 1364; *Strike*, *pp.* struck, 11. 35.

**Stryve**, *v.* strive, struggle, 10. 30; oppose, E 170; *Stroof*, *pt. s.* strove, vied, A 1038.

**Stryvinge**, *s.* striving, strife, B 2674.

**Stubbel-goos**, *s.* fattened goose, A 4351.

**Stubbes**, *pl.* stumps, A 1978.

**Studie**, *s.* study, A 303; state of meditation, A 1530; Study, library, F 1207, 1214; *Studies*, *pl.* endeavours, B 3. p. 2. 93; desires, B 4. p. 2. 56.

**Studie**, *v.* study, A 184; *ger.* give heed, I 1000; *Studieth*, *pr. s.* deliberates, E 1955.

**Stuffed**, *pp.* filled, E 264.

**Sturdely**, *adv.* boldly, 4. 82.

**Sturdinesse**, *s.* sternness, E 700.

**Sturdy**, *adj.* cruel, hard, harsh, stern, E 698, 1049; firm, T. ii. 1380; D 2162.

**Sty**, *s.* pig-sty, D 1829.

**Stye**, *ger.* to mount up, B 4. p. 6. 414.

**Style** (1), *s.* a stile, a means to get over a barrier by climbing, C 712, F 106.

**Style** (2), *s.* style, mode of writing, F 105.

**Styves**, *pl.* stews, D 1332.

**Styward**, *s.* steward, B 914.

**Suasioun**, *s.* persuasiveness, B 2. p. 1. 45.

**Subdekne**, *s.* subdeacon, I 891.

**Subgit**, *adj.* subject, T. v. 1790; *Subget*, T. i. 231.

**Subgit**, *s.* subject, T. ii. 828; *pl.* servants, D 1090.

**Subjeccion**, *s.* (1), suggestion, (a thing subjected to the mind), I 351; (2), subjection, obedience, B 270; submission, 4. 32; subjection, governance, B 3656, 3742.

**Sublymatories**, *s. pl.* vessels for sublimation, G 791.

**Sublymed**, *pp.* sublimed, sublimated, G 774. 'Sublimate, to bring by heat into the state of vapour'; Webster.

**Sublyming**, *s.* sublimation, G 770.

**Submitted**, *pp.* subjected, B 5. p. 1. 44; *ye ben s.*, ye have submitted, B 35.

**Subtil**, *adj.* subtle, C 141; ingenious, A. pr. 60; skilful, L. 672; finely woven, 5. 272.

**Subtiltee**, *s.* subtlety, craft, secret knowledge, G 620; skill, craft, G 844; *pl.* tricks, E 2421.  
**Subtilly**, *adv.* craftily, A 610; subtly, F 222.  
**Subtiltee**, *s.* subtlety, F 140; specious reasoning, HF. 855; skill, B 4509; trick, D 1420.  
**Succedent**, *sb.* a 'succeedent' house, A. ii. 4. 48. The *succedent* houses are the *second*, *fifth*, *eighth*, and *eleventh*, as these are *about* to follow the most important houses, which are the *first*, *fourth*, *seventh*, and *tenth*.  
**Sucre**, *s.* sugar, T. iii. 1194.  
**Sucred**, *pp.* sugred, T. ii. 384.  
**Suffisaunce**, *s.* sufficiency, A 490; sufficient food, D 1843; enough, a competence, 10. 15; contentment, B 4029; 3. 703.  
**Suffisaunt**, *adj.* sufficient, good enough, A 1631; A. pr. 7; capable, L 2524; well endowed, L 1067.  
**Suffisauntly**, *adv.* sufficiently, A. pr. 43; available, B 2492.  
**Suffrable**, *adj.* patient, D 442.  
**Suffraunce**, *s.* longsuffering, B 2479; patience, E 1162; Suffrance, longsuffering, B 2654; permission, F 788.  
**Suffraunt**, *pres. pt.* as *s.* patient man, T. iv. 1584; as *adj.* patient, tolerant, 3. 1010.  
**Suffre**, *v.* suffer, permit, A 649; endure, 3. 412.  
**Suffyse**, *v.* suffice, B 3648; Suffyseth, (it) suffices, 12. 15; Suffyce, *imp.* *s.* be content (spend frugally), 13. 2.  
**Suggestioun**, *s.* a criminal charge, B 3607; hint, I 331.  
**Sugre**, *s.* sugar, B 2046.  
**Sukkenye**, *s.* short frock, tunic, R. 1232. O.F. *souquanie*; F. *souquenie* (Cotgrave).  
**Summitt3d**, *pp.* submitted, B 3. p 10. 15; subjected, B 4. p 6. 145.  
**Superfice**, *s.* surface, A. i. 21. 42; in the *s. of*, in the immediate neighbourhood of, A. i. 21. 32.  
**Superfuitee**, *s.* superfluity, excess, A 436; over-abundance, A. pr. 50.  
**Supplien**, *v.* supplicate, entreat, B 3. p 8. 11.  
**Supportacioun**, *s.* support, B 2332.  
**Supprysed**, *pp.* surprised, T. iii. 1184.  
**Surecote**, *s.* upper coat, A 617.  
**Surement**, *s.* pledge, F 1534.  
**Suretee**, *s.* security, D 903; careless confidence, 7. 215.  
**Surfeet**, *s.* surfeit, I 913.

**Surmounteth**, *pr. s.* surpasses, L. 123.  
**Surplys**, *s.* surplice, A 3323, G 558.  
**Surquidrie**, *s.* over-confidence, presumption, I 403; arrogance, T. i. 213. O. F. *surquiderie*.  
**Sursanure**, *s.* a wound healed outwardly, but not inwardly, F 1113.  
**Surveyaunce**, *s.* surveillance, C 95.  
**Suspecioun**, *s.* suspicion, T. ii. 561.  
**Suspicious**, *adj.* ominous of evil, E 540.  
**Suspect**, *adj.* suspicious, ominous of evil, E 541.  
**Suspect**, *s.* suspicion, B 2385.  
**Sustenance**, *s.* support, living, F 202.  
**Sustene**, *v.* sustain, support, F 861; maintain, 1. 22; endure, B 2654; uphold, preserve, B 160; hold up (herself), 7. 177.  
**Suster**, *s.* sister, L. 592, 986; Her suster love, love for her sister, L. 2365; Sustren, *pl.* T. iii. 733; Sustres, *pl.* B 4057.  
**Suwe**, *ger.* to follow, T. i. 379.  
**Suyto**, *s.* suit, array (of like kind), A 2873; Sute, uniform pattern, 3. 261.  
**Swa**, *so* (Northern), A 4040.  
**Swal**, *pt. s.* of Swelle.  
**Swalowe**, *v.* swallow, HF. 1036.  
**Swalwe**, *s.* swallow, A 3258.  
**Swappe**, *s.* a swoop, the striking of a bird of prey, HF. 543.  
**Swappe**, *ger.* to swap, strike, E 586; Swapte, *pt. s.* dashed, T. iv. 256; fell suddenly, E 1099; Swap, *imp. s.* strike off, G 366.  
**Swartish**, *adj.* as *adv.* dark, HF. 1647.  
**Swatte**, *pt. s.* of Swete.  
**Swayn**, *s.* servant-lad, young man, A 4027.  
**Sweigh**, *s.* motion, sway, B 296.  
**Swelleth**, *pr. s.* swells, A 2743; Swal, *pt. s.* D 967; up *swal*, was puffed up with anger, B 1720; Swollen, *pp.* proud, E 950.  
**Swelte**, *v.* die, T. iii. 347; Swelt, *pr. s.* dies, 4. 128; *pt. s.* died, E 1776; languished, fainted, A 1356.  
**Swelwe**, *v.* swallow, B 2808.  
**Sword**, *s.* sword, A 112.  
**Swere**, *v.* swear, A 454; Swoor, 1 *pt. s.* E 2312; Swore, 2 *pt. s.* L. 1378; Swöör, *pt. s.* swore, 7. 101; Sworen, *pt. pl.* swore, B 344; Sworn, *pp.* sworn (to the contrary), T. iv. 976; A 1089; sworn (to do it), G 681; bound by oath, F 18; sworn (it should not be so), D 640.  
**Swering**, *s.* swearing, C 631.  
**Swet3**, *adj.* sweet, A 5, 2427; as *s.* sweet one. love, 3. 832.

**Swete**, *s.* sweetness, 5. 161.  
**Swete**, *v.* sweat, G 579; **Swatte**, *pt. s.* sweated, B 1966.  
**Swete herte**, sweetheart, T. iii. 69.  
**Swets-Loking**, Sweet-Looking, R. 920.  
**Swetnesse**, *s.* sweetness, 1. 51; nourishment, 3. 415.  
**Swetter**, *adj. comp.* sweeter, R. 622, 768.  
**Swety**, *adj.* sweaty, 9. 28.  
**Swoven**, *s.* dream, R. 28; *pl.* dreams, R. 3.  
**Swovening**, *s.* dream, R. 26; **Sweveninges** (*pron.* swew ningez), R. 1.  
**Sweynte**, *pp. as def. adj.* tired out, slothful, HF. 1783. *Ip. of auenchen.*  
**Swich**, *adj.* such, A. 3, 243, 313; such a thing, B 4626; **Swich a**, such a, B 3921, **Swich ocn**, such a one, F 231.  
**Swimme**, *v.* swim, A 3550, L. 2450; **Swommen**, *pt. pl.* were filled with swimming things, 5. 128.  
**Swink**, *s.* labour, toil, A 188, 540.  
**Swinke**, *v.* toil, labour, T. v. 272; to cause to labour, HF. 16; *pr. pl.* work for, G 21; **Swonken**, *pp.* toiled, A 4235.  
**Swinker**, *s.* labourer, toiler, A 531.  
**Swire**, *s.* neck, throat, R. 325.  
**Swogh**, *s.* (1) songh, low noise, 5. 247; murmur, HF. 1031; sigh, groan, A 3619; rustling noise, blast, A 1979; whizzing noise, HF. 1941; **Swogh**, (2) swoon, D 799; **Swow**, grief, 3. 215.  
**Swollen**, *pp.* proud, E 950.  
**Swolow**, *s.* gulf, L. 1104.  
**Swolwe**, *v.* swallow, H 36.  
**Swommen**, *pr. pl.* were filled with swimming things, 5. 188.  
**Swonken**, *pp.* toiled, A 4235.  
**Swoot**, *s.* sweat, G 578.  
**Swote**, *adj.* sweet, A 2860, 3205; *pt. R.* 60. See **Sote**, **Swete**.  
**Swote**, *adv.* sweetly, T. i. 158.  
**Swough**, **Swow**; see **Swogh**.  
**Swoune**, **Swowne**, *v.* swoon, faint, T. ii. 574; **Swowned**, *pt. s.* swooned, A 2943; *pp.* A 913.  
**Swow**, *s.* swoon; hence, anguish, 3. 215.  
**Swowne**, *s.* swoon, F 1080; **Aswowne**, in a swoon, C 245.  
**Swowning**, *s.* swooning, C 246.  
**Swyn**, *s.* swine, boar, F 1254; hog, D 460.  
**Swynes-head**, *s.* pig's head (a term of abuse), A 4262.  
**Swythe**, *adv.* quickly, C 796; *as sw.*, as soon, T. v. 1384; as quickly as possible, immediately, B 637, G 936.  
**Swyve**, *v.* lie with, A 4178; *pp.* dishonoured, A 3850.

**Sy**, saw; *pt. t. of See*.  
**Sye**, *ger.* to sink down, T. v. 182.  
**Sye**, **Syen**, saw; see **See**.  
**Syk**, *adj.* sick, ill; for **syk**, on account of being sick, D 394; **Syke**, *def.* F 1100; *pt. sick persons*, T. iii. 61.  
**Syk**, *s.* sigh, F 498.  
**Syke**, *v.* sigh, T. iii. 1360; **Syke**, *ger.* to sigh (but perhaps read syte, i.e. to grieve, for the rime), T. ii. 884; **Syke**, *pr. s.* sighs, 5. 404; 22. 62 (men sigh); **Syked**, *pt. s.* sighed, A 2985; **Sight**, *pt. s.* sighed, B 1035.  
**Sykliche**, *adj.* sickly, T. ii. 1528.  
**Symonials**, *s. pl.* simoniacs, I 784.  
**Symonye**, *s.* simony, D 1309.  
**Syre**, *s.* master of the house, D 713; master, 5. 12.  
**Sys**, *num.* six (at dice), B 3851.  
**[Syte, v. to grieve; perhaps the right reading in T. ii. 884.]**  
**Sythe**, *s.* time, R. 80; **Sythe**, *pl.* (orig. a gen. pl.), A 1878; *ofte sythe*, oftentimes, E 233, G 1031; **Sythes**, *pl.* times, A 485.  
**Sythe**, *s.* scythe, L. 646.

## T.

**T'**, for **To**, frequently prefixed to verbs; as **tabyde**, tamende, &c.  
**Tae**, *v.* take (Northern), A 4129.  
**Tabard**, *s.* a herald's coat-of-arms, hence, (1) the same, as an inn-sign, A 20; (2) a ploughman's loose frock, A 541.  
**Tabernacles**, *pl.* shrines, HF. 123, 1190.  
**Table**, *s.* table, A 100; *table dormaunt*, permanent side-table, A 353; *tablet*, writing-tablet, 3. 780; *tablet*, plate, HF. 142; *table (of the law)*, C 639; one of the thin plates on which almanac-ters are engraved, A. ii. 21. 6; *at table*, at board, i.e. entertained as a lodger, G 1015; **Tables**, *pl.* tables (for calculation), F 1273; *dining-tables*, B 1442; *writing-tablets*, D 1741; *plates*, A. i. 14. 3; the game of 'tables' or backgammon, F 900.  
**Tabour**, *s.* small drum, D 2268.  
**Tabouren**, *pr. pl.* drum, din, L. 354.  
**Tabregge**, for **To** abregge, to abridge, shorten, T. iii. 295.  
**Tabreyde**, for **To** abreyde, to awake, T. v. 520.  
**Tabyde**, for **To** abyde, to abide, T. v. 33.  
**Tache**, *s.* defect, 21. 18. See **Tecches**.  
**Tacheve**, for **To** acheve, to achieve, L. 2111.



- Tacompte**, *for* To acompte, to reckon up, 22. 17.  
**Tacord**, *for* To accord, i. e. to agreement, H 98.  
**Tacorde**, *for* To acorde, to agree, 1. 27.  
**Tacoye**, *for* To acoye, to decoy, T. v. 782.  
**Taffata**, *s.* taffeta, A 440.  
**Taffraye**, *for* To affraye, to frighten, E 455.  
**Taillages**, *s. pl.* taxes, I 567.  
**Taille**, *s.* tally, an account scored upon two similarly notched sticks, A 570, B 1606.  
**Take**, *v.* seize, T. ii. 289; present, offer, G 223; *ger.* to take, A 34; Takestow, takest thou, G 435; Take me, 1 *pr. s.* betake myself, B 1985; Took, 1 *pt. s.* drew in, breathed in, B 1. p. 3. 3 (*Lat. hausi*); hit, D 792; *pt. s.* handed over, gave, B 1484; had, B 192; Toke, 2 *pt. s.* tookest, 3. 483; Toke, *pt. pl.* took, F 1240; received, F 356; Take, *pp.* taken, A 307; entrusted, I 880; brought, 1. 20; Tak, *imp. s.* receive, B 117; except as a result, A. ii. 25. 57; *tak kepe*, take heed, observe, B 3757; *tak she*, let her take, 5. 462; Taketh, *imp. pl.* take, 4. 9.  
**Takel**, *s.* tackle, archery-gear, arrows, A 106.  
**Tald**, *pp.* told (Northern), A 4207.  
**Tale**, *s.* tale, A 3126; story, A 36, 841; account, B 4308; enumeration, E 383; *I gan finde a tale to him*, I thought of something to say to him, 3. 536; *telle tale*, give an account of, A 330.  
**Tale**, *v.* tell a tale, talk, speak, T. iii. 1235; Talen, *ger.* to tell tales, A 772; *pr. s. subj.* talk about, I 378.  
**Talent**, *s.* inclination, wish, desire, B 2439; desire, appetite, C 540; longing, B 2. p. 1. 12.  
**Taling**, *s.* tale-telling, B 1624.  
**Talighte**, *for* To alighte, i. e. to alight, E 909.  
**Talle**, *adj.* docile, obsequious, 4. 38. (A rare sense.)  
**Tamende**, *for* To amende, to redress, E 441.  
**Tanoyen**, *for* To anoyen, to injure, B 492.  
**Tanswere**, i. e. to answer, D 1589.  
**Tapes**, *pl.* tapes, A 3241.  
**Tapicer**, *s.* upholsterer, maker of carpets, A 362.  
**Tapite**, *v.* cover with tapestry, 3. 260.  
**Tappe**, *s.* tap, A 3890, 3892.
- Tappestere**, *s.* female tapster, barmaid, A 241, 3336.  
**Tarditas**, *s.* slowness, I 718.  
**Tare**, *s.* tare, kind of weed, A 1570.  
**Tareste**, *for* To areste, to arrest, F 1370.  
**Targe**, *s.* target, shield, A 471; defence, 1. 176.  
**Tarion**, *v.* tarry, B 983; delay (used actively), F 73; 1 *pr. s.* tarry, T. iii. 1195; *pp.* delayed, T. ii. 1739.  
**Tarraye**, *for* To arraye, to array, arrange, E 961.  
**Tart**, *adj.* of sharp flavour, pungent, A 381.  
**Tartre**, *s.* tartar, G 813; *oille of Tartre*, (probably) cream of tartar, or bitartrate of potassium, A 630.  
**Taryinge**, *s.* tarrying, delay, A 821.  
**Tas**, *s.* heap, A 1005, 1000, 1020. O. F. *tas*.  
**Tassaille**, *for* To assaille, i. e. to assail, E 1180.  
**Tassaye**, *for* To assaye, to test, prove, try, E 454, 1075.  
**Tasseled**, *pp.* fringed, provided with tassels, R. 1070; A 3251.  
**Tassemble**, *for* To assemble, to bring together, D 80.  
**Tassoille**, *for* To assoille, i. e. to absolve, C 913.  
**Tassure**, *for* To assure, B 1241.  
**Tast**, *s.* taste, relish (for), 5. 100.  
**Taste**, *v.* try, test, L. 1003; *pt. s.* experienced, T. i. 639; *imp. s.* feel, G 503.  
**Taughte**, *pt. s.* of *Teche*.  
**Taverner**, *s.* innkeeper, C 685.  
**Tavyse**, *for* To avyse (me), to deliberate, B 1426.  
**Tawayte**, *for* to awayte, to dwell, remain, 25. 7.  
**Taylage**, *s.* taxation, 9. 54.  
**Tecches**, *pl.* evil qualities, defects, T. iii. 915; characteristics, HF. 1778.  
**Teche**, *v.* teach, instruct, A 308, *ger.* to show, R. 518; *Techen*, *v.* direct, B 4139; *ger.* to inform (him of), D 1326; *Taughte*, 1 *pt. s.* taught, told, D 1050.  
*Te deum*, the anthem so called, D 1866.  
**Teer**, *s.* tear, E 1104.  
**Tehee**, *interj.* (denoting) laughter, hee-hee! A 3740.  
**Telle**, *v.* tell, recount, relate, A 38; compute, 3. 440; *ger.* to tell, to be told, F 447; 1 *pr. s.* account, B 4344; *Telle* no tale, set no store, 5. 326; *Telles*, *pr. s.* (Northern form), tells, 3. 73; HF. 426; *Tolde*, 1 *pt. s.* counted, HF. 1380; accounted, D 203, 208; *pt. pl.* esteemed, T. i. 131; *herd told*, heard (it) told, T. i. 197; *Tolde*, *pp. pl.* told, B 56.

- Tembrace**, *for* To embrace, T. v. 224; E 1101.
- Temen**, *v.* bring; *temen us on bere*, bring us on our bier, let us die, HF. 1744.
- Temper**, *s.* mood, R. 346.
- Temperance**, *s.* temperance, moderation, F 785.
- Tempest**, *s.* storm, A 406; tempest (alluding to a passage in Statius), A 884.
- Tempest thee**, *imp. s.* violently distress thyself, 13. 8; 2 *pr. s. subj.* vex, perturb, B 2. p 4. 75.
- Tempestuous**, *adj.* tempestuous, T. ii. 5.
- Temple**, *s.* inn of court, A 67.
- Temprede**, *pl. s.* modulated, B 3. m 12. 22; *pp.* tempered, G 926. (In alchemy, to temper is to adjust or moderate heat.)
- Temps**, *s.* tense; *futur temps*, future tense, time to come, G 875.
- Temptour**, *s.* tempter, D 1055.
- Ten**, *ten*, A 454; *ten so wood*, ten times as mad, L. 735.
- Tenbrace**, to embrace, B 1891.
- Tencreasen**, to increase, E 1808.
- Tendure**, to endure, E 756, 811.
- Tendyte**, *for* To endyte, to compose, write, T. i. 6; to relate, A 1209.
- Tene**, *s.* vexation, A 3106; sorrow, grief, T. v. 240; cross, trouble, T. ii. 61. A.S. *tēna*.
- Tenour**, *s.* outline of the story, L. 929.
- Tenquere**, *for* To enquire, to ask, E 1543.
- Tenspyre**, *for* To enspyre, i. e. to inspire, G 1470.
- Tenthe**, tenth, HF. 63, 111; Tenthe some, company of ten, T. ii. 1249. (Sometimes *tenthe some* means 'ten in all'.)
- Tentify**, *adv.* attentively, carefully, E 334.
- Tercel**, *adj.* male (of an eagle), 5. 393, 449; *pl. s.* 540; *as s. male eagle*, 5. 405.
- Tercelet**, *s.* male falcon, 5. 529, 531, F 504, 621; *Tercelets*, *pl.* male birds of prey, 5. 659; male hawks, F 648.
- Tiercelet**, *m.* the tassell, or male of any kind of hawk, so teamed, because he is, commonly, a third part less than the female; Cotgrave.
- Tere**, *s.* tear, B 3251.
- Tere**, *v.* tear, B 1326; scratch, R. 325; Torn, *pp.* L. 2103.
- Terins**, *s. pl.* tarins, siskins, R. 665. F. *tarin*.
- Term**, *s.* set time, appointed time, T. v. 696; period, space of time, 'term,' a portion of the zodiac, being one-third of a 'sign,' or 10°, F 1288; (during the) term, A 1029; *terms of his lyve*, while he lives, G 1479; *in terme*, in set phrases, C 311; *pl.* pedantic phrases, A 323; legal jargon, R. 199; periods, A 3028; terms, C 51, F 1266.
- Termes-day**, *s.* appointed day, 3. 730.
- Termyne**, *v.* determine, express in 'good set terms,' 5. 530.
- Terrestre**, *adj.* earthly, E 1332.
- Terve**, *pr. s. subj.* flay, G 1274 (*so in MS. E.*); Terved (*not* Terved), *pp.* skinned, G 1171 (*so in MS. E.*). This is certainly the right word; in G 1171, read *terved* [not *torved*], and in G 1274, read *terve* [not *torne*]. See my letter in the Athenaeum, Mar. 24, 1894. *So in Havelok*, 603, for *timedred* read *tierveden* = *tierveden*, i. e. rolled back.
- Tery**, *adj.* tearful, T. iv. 821.
- Tescape**, to escape, F 1357.
- Tespye**, *for* To espye, to spy out, espy, B 1989, 4478.
- Testers**, *pl.* head-pieces, A 2499.
- Testes**, *s. pl.* vessels for assaying metals (Tyrwhitt), G 818.
- Testif**, *adj.* heady, headstrong, T. v. 802; A 4004.
- Tete**, *s.* teat, A 3704.
- Texpounden**, to expound, B 1716.
- Text**, *s.* text, quotation from an author, B 45; saying, A 177, 182; text (as opposed to a gloss), 3. 333.
- Textuel**, *adj.* well versed in texts, learned II 235; 1. 57.
- Teyd**, *pp.* tied, bound, E 2432.
- Teyne**, *s.* a thin plate of metal, G 1225, 1229. Lat. *tenua*.
- Th'**, *for* The; common, as in thabsence, *for* the absence.
- Thabsence**, the absence, A 1239.
- Thadversitee**, the adversity, E 756.
- Thakketh**, *pr. s.* strokes, pats, D 1559. A.S. *þaccian*.
- Thalighte**, *for* Thee alighte; *in thee alighte*, alighted in thee, B 1660.
- Thank**, *s.* expression of thanks, A 612; thanks, E 2388; *con th.*, owes thanks. A 1808; *his th.*, the thanks to him, L. 452; *my thanks*, by my goodwill, willingly, R. 1666; *his thanks*, of his free will, willingly, A 1626; *hir thanks*, of their own will, A 2114.
- Thanko**, 1 *pr. s.* thank, E. thee, thank thee for it.
- Thanne**, *adv.* then, D 20.
- then**, A 12; next, 5. 32.
- than**, before, G 899.
- Thar**, *pr. s.* *impers.*

- needful; *thar ye*, it is needful that ye, B 2258; *thar thee*, it is needful for thee, you need, or thou needst, D 329, 336, 1365, H 352; *him thar*, it is needful for him, he needs, T. ii. 1661; he must, A 4320; Thurte, *pt. s.*; *th. him*, he needed, R. 1080, 1324; *you thurste*, you would need, you need, T. iii. 572.
- Tharivaile, the arrival, the landing, HF. 451.
- Tharmes, the arms, armorial bearings, HF. 1411.
- Tharray, the array, A 716.
- Thasery, *for* The ascry, the alarm, T. ii. 611.
- Thassay, the assay, the endeavour, 5. 2.
- Thassege, the siege, T. iv. 1480; the besieging force, T. iv. 62.
- Thasemlee, the assembly, B 403.
- Thasemblinge, the assembling, B 2431.
- That, *rel. pron.* that which, whom, 3. 979; *that of*, from whom, 3. 964; That oon, the one, A 4013; That other, the other, A 4013; That, with reference to whom, G 236; *if that*, if, 3. 969, 971.
- Thaventayle, *for* The aventayle, the mouthpiece of a helmet, T. v. 1558.
- Thavision, *for* The avision, the vision, 3. 285.
- Thavys, the advice, A 3076.
- The, *def. art.* A 2, &c.
- The; *as in* The bet, by so much the better, 3. 668; The las, *by* so much the less, 3. 675.
- The, *for* Thee, *pers. pron.* F 676, &c.
- Théâtre, *s.* theatre, area for a tournament, A 1885.
- Theodom, *s.* success, B 1595.
- Thee, *v.* thrive, prosper, R. 1067; *never mot she thee*, may she never prosper, 5. 569; *mot he never thee*, may he never prosper, T. ii. 670; *lat him never thee*, let him never prosper, B 4622; *thou shalt never thee*, E 1388; *he shal never thee*, G 641; *also moot I thee*, as I may thrive, as I hope to prosper, D 1215, E 1226; *so moot I thee*, D 361; *as mote I thee*, T. i. 341; *so theeck*, for *so thee ich*, as I may thrive, as I hope to prosper, C 947, G 929; *so theeck*, for *so thee ik*, as I hope to prosper, A 3864.
- Theef, *s.* thief, robber, D 1338.
- Theefy, *adv.* like a thief, L. 1781.
- Theeffect, *for* The effect, the result, A 1189; the substance, pith, L. 1180, 2403; the matter, contents, 2. 56; the source, D 1451; the moral, B 2148; the sum (of the matter), A 2366.
- Thegle, the eagle, B 3573.
- Their, the air, D 1939.
- Thembassadors, the ambassadors, T. iv. 140, 145.
- Theme, *s.* text, thesis, C 333, 425.
- Themperour, the emperor, 3. 368.
- Then, *conj.* than, L. 1693, 20 2.
- Thencens, the incense, A 2277, 2038.
- Thenchauntements, *pl.* the enchantments, A 1944.
- Thenche, *v.* imagine, A 3253.
- Thencheson, *for* The encheson, the reason, cause, T. v. 632.
- Thencrees, the increase, A 275.
- Thende, the end, B 423, 965, 1269.
- Thengendring, the engendering, the process of production, HF. 968.
- Thengyn, the (warlike) engine, HF. 1934.
- Thenke, *v.* think of, 5. 311; *1 pr. s.* think, intend, E 641; Thenkestow, thinkost thou, T. iv. 849, 1088; Thoghte, *1 pt. s.* thought, 3. 448; Thenke on, think of, 16. 47.
- Thenne, *adj.* thin, A 4066.
- Thenne, *adv.* then, T. ii. 210.
- Thenne, *adv.* thence, D 1141.
- Thennes, *adv.* thence, i.e. away from that place, T. iv. 695; thence, R. 791; *as s.*, the place that, G 66.
- Thennes-forth, *adv.* thenceforth, B 1755.
- Thentencioun, the intention, G 1443.
- Thentente, *for* The entente, the design, B 930; the purpose, end, G 1306; the meaning, T. v. 1630.
- Thentree, the entrance, A 1981.
- Thenvious, *for* The envious, the spiteful, malicious, 3. 642.
- Theologie, *s.* theology, I 1043.
- Theorik, *s.* theory, theoretical explanation, A. pr. 98.
- Ther, *adv.* there, B 62, 1190, &c.; where, T. ii. 618; when, B 474; whither, at which, B 469; whereas, D 1213, G 724; wherefore, T. iii. 1437; wherever, D 128; as to which, T. ii. 588; wherefore (I pray that), D 1561.
- Ther-aboute, *adv.* about it, D 1837; therein, G 832; round it, A 937.
- Therafter, *adv.* afterwards, 3. 66.
- Ther-agayns, *prep.* against that, I 665; in reply, T. ii. 369.
- Ther-as, Ther as, there where, where, B 2381; there, I 162; whereas, D 1177; where that, A 34, 172; when that, L. 1277; Ther-as that, where, 1. 160; Ther that, where, F 267.
- Therbe, the herb, HF. 290.

- Ther-bifore**, *adv.* before that time, D 631; beforehand, E 689, 729.
- Ther-biforand**, *adv.* beforehand, A 2034; previously, A 3997.
- Therby**, by it, to it, D 984; into possession of it, F 1115; beside it, R. 1184.
- Ther-fore**, *adv.* therefore, A 189; for that purpose, A 809; on that account, L. 1863; on that point, E 1141; for it, L. 1391.
- Therfro**, therefrom, from it, HF. 895.
- Ther-inne**, therein, in it, B 1945, 3573.
- Ther-of**, *adv.* with respect to that, E 644; concerning that, 3. 1132; A 462; from that, 3. 1166; thereby, I 314; of it, 20. 8.
- Ther-on**, *adv.* thereupon, A 160; thereof, F 3.
- Ther-oute**, *adv.* out there, out in the open air, B 3362; outside there, G 1136.
- Therthe**, the earth, R. 1423.
- Therto**, *adv.* besides, moreover, D 1251; to it, 2. 100; likewise, R. 1262.
- Ther-upon**, *adv.* immediately, A 819.
- Ther-whyles**, whilst, B 5. p. 6. 250.
- Therwith**, *adv.* withal, for all that, 3. 954; moreover, F 931; thereupon, 3. 275; at the same time, B 3210.
- Ther-with-al**, thereupon, A 1078; there-with, with it, by means of it, A 566; beside it, besides, R. 226; at once, L. 148; thereat, L. 864.
- Theschaunge**, the exchange, T. iv. 146.
- Theschewing**, the avoiding (of anything), 5. 140.
- Thestat**, the estate, the rank, condition, A 716.
- Thewed**, *pp.*; *wel thewed*, of good disposition, 4. 180.
- Thewes**, *s. pl.* habits, natural qualities, E 409, 1542; good qualities, virtues, G 101; customs, habits, manners, T. ii. 723; morals, HF. 1834.
- Thexcellent**, the excellent, B 150.
- Thexcuse**, the excuse, D 1611.
- Thexecucion**, the execution, 10. 65.
- Thexpérience**, the experience, E 2238.
- Thider**, *adv.* thither, A 1263.
- Thider-ward**, *adv.* thither, A 2530.
- Thikke**, *adj.* thick, A 549; stout, plump, A 3973.
- Thikke**, *adv.* thickly, R. 1396.
- Thikke-herd**, *adj.* thick-haired, A 2518.
- Thikke-sterred**, *adj.* thickly covered with stars, A. ii. 23. 2.
- Thilke**, that, R. 660, &c.; such a, A 182; that same, A 1193; that sort of, I 50; *pl.* those, HF. 173.
- Thimage**, the image, L. 1760.
- Thing**, *s.* fact, C 156; property, wealth, R. 206; deed, legal document, A 325; *for anything*, at any cost, A 276; **Thing**, *pl.* things, L. 11, 2140; **Things**, *pl.* things, A 175; matters of business, B 1407; poems, L. 364; pieces of music, F 78; services, prayers, B 1281.
- Thingot**, the ingot, G 1233.
- Thinke**, *v.* seem, T. i. 405; **Thinketh**, *pr. s. impers.* (it) seems, B 1901; *me th.*, it seems to me, A 37, 2207; *how th. you.*, how does it seem to you, D 2204; **Thoghte**, *pt. s. impers.* (it) seemed, L. 1697; *me thoughte*, it seemed to me, A 385; *him th.*, it seemed to him, A 682; *us th.*, it seemed to us, A 785; *hir th.*, it seemed to her, D 965, 967.
- Thinne**, *adj.* thin, A 679; poor, feeble, 9. 36; E 1682; scanty, limited, G 741.
- Thirleth**, *pr. s.* pierces, 7. 211; *pp.* A 2710.
- This**, A 175, &c.; *contracted form* of this is, T. ii. 363, iii. 936, v. 151; **This is**, *pronounced* this, 5. 411, 620; A 1091, D 91; **Thise** (dhiiz), *pl.* (monosyllabic), A 701, B 59, &c.
- Tho**, *pl.* those, A 498, 1123, 2351, 3246.
- Tho**, *adv.* then, at that time, A 993, 3329, &c.; still, 3. 1054.
- Thoccident**, the occident, the west, B 3804.
- Thoffice**, the office, the duty, B 2863.
- Thoght**, *s.* anxiety, B 1779, E 80.
- Thoghtful**, *adj.* moody, I 677.
- Tholde**, *pl.* the old, D 857.
- Tholed**, *pp.* suffered, D 1546. *A. S. þolian*
- Thombe**, *s.* thumb, A 563.
- Thonder**, *s.* thunder, A 492.
- Thonder-dint**, *s.* stroke of lightning, D 276; -dent, thunder-clap, A 3807.
- Thonder leyt**, *s.* thunder-bolt, B 1. m. 4. 12; lightning, I 839.
- Thonke**, *i pr. s.* thank, E 380.
- Thonour**, the honour, B 1767, E 1449.
- Thorgh**, *prep.* through, 5. 127, 129.
- Thorient**, the orient, the east, B 3871, 3883.
- Thoriginal**, the original, L. 1558.
- Thorisonte**, the horizon, E 1797, F 1017.
- Thorisoun**, the orison, the prayer, A 2261.
- Thorpes**, *pl.* villages, 5. 350.
- Thorough-passen**, *pr. pl.* penetrate, B 4. m. 3. 49.
- Thought**, *s.* anxiety, T. i. 579.
- Thoumbe**, *s.* thumb, A. i. 1. 2.
- Thourgh-girt**, *pp.* struck through, T. iv. 627. *From M. E. gurdon*, to strike.

- Thral**, *s.* thrall, slave, subject, servant, B 3343, C 183, D 155.  
**Thral**, *adj.* enthralled, A 1552, I 137; **Thralle**, *pl.* enthralled, B 2751; **Thral**, *as pl.*, L 1940.  
**Thraldom**, *s.* slavery, B 286, 338.  
**Thralle**, *v.* subject, T. i. 235; subjugate, R. 882.  
**Thruste**, *pl.* *s.* thrust, T. ii. 1155.  
**Threde**, *v.* thread, R. 99.  
**Threed**, *s.* thread, A 2030; thread (of destiny), T. v. 7.  
**Threpe**, *i pr. pl.* (we) call, assert to be, C 826. A. S. *þrœpian*.  
**Threeshold**, *s.* threshold, A 3482.  
**Threste**, *v.* thrust, push, A 2612; *pl. pl.* vexed, T. iv. 254.  
**Threte**, *v.* threaten, L. 754.  
**Threting**, *s.* menace, G 698.  
**Thretty**, *adj.* thirty, F 1368.  
**Thridde**, third, A 1463, 2271.  
**Thrift**, *s.* success, welfare, T. ii. 847; profit, success, G 739, 1425; *good thrift bad*, prayed for the welfare (of), blessed, T. iii. 1249; *by my thrift*, if I succeed, T. ii. 1483.  
**Thriftiest**, most successful, T. i. 1081; most thriving, T. ii. 737.  
**Thriftily**, *adv.* carefully, A 105; profitably, A 3131; encouragingly, F 1174.  
**Thriftly**, *adj.* profitable (to the buyer), B 138; serviceable, D 238; provident, 7. 197.  
**Thringe**, *v.* press, T. iv. 66; **Throng**, *pl. s.* forced his way, 7. 55; thrust, E 2353.  
**Thriste**, *pl. s.* thrust, T. iii. 1574.  
**Thrittene**, thirteen, D 2259.  
**Thritty**, thirty, E 421.  
**Throf**, *pl. s.* of **Thryve**.  
**Throng**, *pl. s.* of **Thringe**.  
**Throp**, *s.* thorp, small village, E 199, 208.  
**Throstel**, *s.* thrush, song-thrush, 5. 364.  
**Throte**, *s.* throat, 3. 945.  
**Throte-bolle**, *s.* ball of the throat, 'the protuberance in the throat called Adam's apple,' A 4273.  
**Through-out**, quite through, 11. 3.  
**Throwe**, *s.* short space of time, while, period, B 953, 3326.  
**Throwe**, *grr.* to throw, T. ii. 971; **Threw**, *pl. s.* T. iii. 181; **Threwe**, *pl. pl.* R. 786; **Throwe**, *pp.* thrown, L. 1960; **Throwen**, *pp.* cast, HF. 1325; twisted, turned, T. iv. 1159.  
**Throwes**, *pl.* torments, T. v. 206; throes, T. v. 1201.  
**Thrustel**, *s.* thrush, B 1963.  
**Thrusteth**, *pr. s.* thirsts, yearns, L. 103.  
**Thrustle-ook**, *s.* male thrush, B 1959.  
**Thrye**, *adv.* thrice, T. ii. 89, 463.  
**Thryes**, *adv.* thrice, A 61, 463.  
**Thryve**, *v.* thrive, prosper, E 172; *ger.* G 1411; *so thr.* I, as I hope to thrive, D 1764; **Throf**, *pl. s.* flourished, B 3. m 4. 5.  
**Thryvinge**, *adj.* vigorous, B 5. m 4. 24 (*Lat. uigens*).  
**Thunwortheist**, the unworthiest, 22. 19.  
**Thurfte**, *pl. s.* *imper.* (with *you*), you would need, you need, T. iii. 572. See **Thar**.  
**Thurgh**, *prep.* through, 1. 27; by means of, A 920.  
**Thurgh-darted**, *pp.* transfixed with a dart, T. i. 325.  
**Thurghfare**, *s.* thoroughfare, A 2847.  
**Thurgh-girt**, *pp.* pierced through, A 1010.  
**Thurghout**, *prep.* throughout, F 46; all through, B 256, 464; quite through, C 655.  
**Thurgh-shoten**, *pp.* shot through, T. i. 325.  
**Thurrok**, *s.* sink, the lowest internal part of a ship's hull, I 363, 715. A. S. *þurroc*.  
**Thurst**, *s.* thirst, B 100.  
**Thursteth**, *pr. s.* thirsts, T. v. 1406; *pl. s.* *imper.* he was thirsty, B 3229.  
**Thurte**; see **Thar**.  
**Thwitel**, *s.* large knife, whittle, A 3933.  
**Thwyte**, *pl. pl.* whittle, cut up for, HF. 1938; **Thwiten**, *pp.* carved, whittled, R. 933.  
**Tid**, *pp.* of **Tyde**.  
**Tidifs**, *s. pl.* small birds, F 648. Cf. Eng. *titmouse*, *tillark*. See **Tydif**.  
**Tikel**, *adj.* unstable, A 248.  
**Tikelnesse**, *s.* instability, 13. 3.  
**Tikled**, *pl. s.* tickled, D 305.  
**Til** (*before a vowel*), *prep.* to, A 180; *as a Northern word (before a consonant)*, A 4110; **Til and fra**, to and fro (Northern), A 4039; *Iceil til*.  
**Til**, *conj.* until, A 1760; *til that*, A 1490, F 360.  
**Tilyere**, *s.* tiller, B 5. p. 1. 86.  
**Timber**, *s.* material, T. iii. 530.  
**Timbestere**, *s.* female timbral-player, tambourine-player, R. 769.  
**Timbres**, *s. pl.* timbrels, tambourines, R. 772.  
**Tipet**, *s.* tippet, cape, A 233.  
**Tiptoon**, *pl.* tiptoes, B 4497.  
**Tissew**, *s.* a band, T. ii. 639.  
**Tit**, *pr. s.* betides, T. i. 333. See **Tyde**.

**Titering**, *s.* hesitation, vacillation, T. ii. 1744.  
**Titlelees**, *adj.* without a title, usurping, H 223.  
**To** (tò), *s.* toe, A 2726; **Toon**, *pl.* B 4052; **Toos**, *pl.* B 4370.  
**To** (tòò), *prep.* to, A 2; gone to, A 30; (used after its case), G 1449; for, i. 184; as to, as for, L 2096; *him to*, for him, 3. 771; *to that*, until, 4. 239.  
**To**, *adv.* too, B 2129; moreover, beside, T. i. 540; overmuch, G 1423; *to badde*, too evil, very evil, L 2597.  
**To-** (1), *intensive prefix*, lit. in twain, asunder. A.S. *tō-*, G. *zer-*.  
**To-** (2), *prepositional prefix*, as in **To-forn**. A.S. *tō-*, G. *zu-*.  
**To-bete**, *v.* beat amain, T. v. 1762; beat severely, G 405.  
**To-breke**, *v.* break in pieces; *pr. s.* (it) breaks in pieces, R 277; breaks asunder, G 907; *is* violently broken, HF. 779; **To-broken**, *pp.* broken in pieces, destroyed, 16. 1; **To-broke**, *pp.* broken in half, D 277; severely bruised, A 4277.  
**To-breste**, *v.* burst in twain, T. ii. 608; *pr. s. subj.* may (she) break in twain, T. iv. 1546; may be broken in twain, i. 16; *pr. pl.* break in pieces, A 2611; **To-brosten**, *pp.* broken in twain, A 2691.  
**To-cleve**, *v.* cleave in twain, T. v. 613.  
**To-dashte**, *pt. s.* dashed violently about, R. 337; *pp.* much bruised, T. ii. 640.  
**Tode**, *s.* toad, I 636.  
**To-drawen**, *pr. pl.* allure, B 4. m. 3. 46; **To-drown**, *pt. pl.* tore in pieces, B i. p. 3. 42; **To-drawen**, *pp.* distracted, B i. p. 5. 76.  
**To-driven**, *pp.* scattered, L. 1280.  
**To-forn**, *prep.* before, F 268; *god to-forn*, in God's sight, T. i. 1049.  
**To-forn**, *adv.* in front, beforehand, B 5. p. 6. 300.  
**To-geder**, *adv.* together, 5. 555; **To-gider**, B 3222; **To-gidre**, A 824.  
**Toght**, *adj.* taut, D 2267.  
**To-go**, *pp.* dispersed, L. 653.  
**To-greve**, *v.* grieve excessively, T. i. 1071.  
**To-hangen**, *v.* put to death by hanging, HF. 1782.  
**To-hepe**, *adv.* (lit. into a heap), together, T. iii. 1764; L. 2009.  
**To-hewen**, *pr. pl.* hew in twain, A 2609; *pp.* cut through, T. ii. 638; **To-hewe**, *pp.* hewn in pieces, B 430.  
**Toke**, 2 *pt. s.* tookest, 3. 483; *pt. pl.* took, F 1240; received, F 356.

**To-laugh**, *pr. s.* laughs out, laughs excessively, T. ii. 1108. (Short for *to-laugheth*.)  
**Told**, -e; see **Telle**.  
**Tollen** (1), *v.* take toll, A 562.  
**Tollen** (2), *v.* attract, entice, B 2. p. 7. 18.  
**Tombesteres**, *s. pl. fem.* dancing girls. lit. female tumblers, C 477. A.S. *tumbian*, to tumble, dance.  
**Tomblinge**, *pres. pt. as adj.* fleeting, transitory, B 2. m. 3. 21 (Lat. *caducis*).  
**To-melte**, *v.* melt utterly, T. iii. 348.  
**Tonge**, *s.* tongue, 3. 930; A 265; *dat.* speech, language, 16. 21.  
**Tonged**, *pp.* tongued, 3. 927.  
**Tonges**, *s. pl.* tongues, I 555.  
**Tonne**, *s.* tun, barrel, cask, A 3894.  
**Tonne-greet**, *adj.* great as a tun, A 1994.  
**Toon**, **Toos**, *pl. of To*, *s.*  
**Tooth-ake**, *s.* toothache, R. 1098.  
**Top**, *s.* top, A 2915; top (of the mast), main-top, L. 639; tuft of hair, C 255; top (of the head), A 590; crown (of the head), T. iv. 996; Top and tail, beginning and end, HF. 880.  
**To-race**, *pr. pl. subj.* tear in pieces, E 572. Here *race* is probably short for *arace*, to tear up.  
**Tord**, *s.* piece of dung, B 2120, C 955.  
**To-rende**, *pr. pl. subj.* tear in pieces, T. ii. 790; **To-rente**, *pt. s.* distracted, T. iv. 341; rent asunder, B 3215; tore in pieces, L. 820; **To-rent**, *pp.* rent in pieces, C 102, E 1012.  
**Torets**, *pl.* small rings on the collar of a dog, A 2152. See **Turet**.  
**Tormenting**, *s.* torture, E 1038.  
**Tórméntóur**, *s.* tormentor, 10. 18; executioner, B 818.  
**Tormentrye**, *s.* torture, D 251.  
**Tormentyse**, *s.* torment, B 3707.  
**Torn**, *s.* turn, C 815.  
**Tornen**, *v.* turn, G 1403; return, A 1488.  
**Torney**, *s.* tourney, T. iv. 1669.  
**To-romblen**, *v.* rumble, crash, L. 1218.  
**Tortuos**, *adj.* lit. tortuous, i. e. oblique, applied to the six signs of the zodiac (Capricorn to Gemini), which ascend most rapidly and obliquely; Tortuous, B 302.  
**To-scattered**, *pp.* dispersed, D 1969.  
**To-shake**, *pp.* shaken to pieces, L. 962; tossed about, L. 1705.  
**To-shivered**, *pp.* been destroyed, 5. 493.  
**To-shrede**, *pr. pl.* cut into shreds, A 2609.  
**To-slitered**, *pp.* slashed with numerous cuts, R. 840.

- To-sterre**, *v.* start asunder, burst, T. ii. 980.
- To-stoupe**, *v.* stoop forwards, D 1560.
- To-swinke**, *pr. pl.* labour greatly, C 519.
- To-tar**, *pt. s.* tore in pieces, rent, B 3801.
- Totelere**, *subst. as adj.* tattling, tale-bearing, L. 353.
- To-tere**, *pr. pl.* rend, tear in pieces, C 474; **To-tar**, *pt. s.* rent, B 3801; **To-tore**, *pp.* G 635; **To-torn**, *pp.* much torn, 5. 110; defaced, T. iv. 358; dishevelled, R. 327.
- Tother**; *the tother* (*for* that other), the other, L. 325 a.
- To-trede**, *v.*; *al to-trede*, trample under foot, I 864.
- Toty**, *adj.* dizzy, A 4253. Spenser has *totty*; F. Q. vii. 7. 39.
- Touchinge**, *s.* touch, I 207.
- Tough**, *adj.* troublesome, pertinacious, in *phr.* *make it tough*, to behave in a troublesome, pertinacious, and forward manner, T. v. 101; *made it tough*, was captious, 3. 531; behaved pertinaciously, T. iii. 87.
- Toumbling**, *adj.* perishing, B 3. p. 9. 168. See **Tomblinge**.
- Toun**, *s.* town, A 217; farm, B 4138; neighbourhood, R. 446.
- Tour**, *s.* tower, F 176; tower (of London), A 3256; mansion (in astrology), 4. 113. (In B 2096, the sense is that his crest was a miniature tower, with a lily above it.)
- Touret**, *s.* turret, A 1909.
- Tourne**, *v.* turn, T. ii. 688; return, D 988.
- Tourneyinge**, *s.* tournament, R. 1206.
- Tourneyment**, *s.* tournament, B 1906.
- Tourning**, *s.* turning round, R. 761.
- Toute**, *s.* buttocks, backside, A 3812, 3853.
- Toverbyde**, *ger.* to survive, D 1260.
- Towaye**, *s.* towel, cloth, R. 161; Towaille, B 3935, 3943.
- Towne**; *out of t.*, away, T. iii. 570, 577, 1091.
- To-wonde**, *pt. s.* (*with substitution of the weak for the strong form, as in abreyde*), flew in pieces, became broken, 4. 102. The form *towond*, flew in pieces, occurs in Sir Ferumbas, 2568.
- To-yere**, *adv.* this year, HF. 84; D 168.
- Trace**, *s.* trace, steps, 14. 3; Traas, *pro-*cession, L. 285.
- Trace**, 1 *pr. pl.* go, 5. 54.
- Trad**, *pt. s.* of **Trede**.
- Tragedien**, *s.* writer of tragedy, B 3. p. 6. 3.
- Traisoun**, *s.* treason, B 4307.
- Traitoyre**, treachery, B 781.
- Traitour**, *s.* traitor, HF. 267.
- Translaten**, *ger.* to translate, L. 370; *pp.* changed, dressed afresh, E 385.
- Transmuwe**, *v.* transform, T. iv. 467; *pp.* T. iv. 830.
- Transporten**, *v.* extend, B i. p. 4. 241.
- Trappe**, *s.* trap, snare, A 145; trap-door, entrance, T. iii. 741.
- Trapped**, *pp.* furnished with trappings, A 2890.
- Trappe-dore**, *s.* trap-door, T. iii. 759.
- Trappures**, *pl.* trappings for horses, A 2499.
- Traunce**, *s.* trance, A 1572; half-conscious state, B 3906; brown study, D 2216.
- Traunce**, *ger.* to tramp about, T. iii. 690.
- Trave**, *s.* wooden frame for holding unruly horses, A 382. O. F. *træf*, from Lat. *acc. trabem*, beam.
- Travers**, *s.* 'traverse,' a curtain, screen, T. iii. 674; E 1817.
- Trayed**, *pt. s.* betrayed, HF. 390; L. 2486.
- Trays**, *s.* traces, T. i. 222; A 2139. O. F. *trais*, *pl.* of *trait*, a trace. The E. *traces* is a double plural.
- Traysen**, *ger.* to betray, T. iv. 438.
- Trayteresse**, *s.* fem. traitress, 3. 620, 813.
- Traytour**, *s.* traitor, A 1130; *gen. pl.* of traitors, hence traitorously, C 896.
- Trecherye**, *s.* treachery, trickery, B 4520.
- Trechoures**, *pl.* traitors, R. 197.
- Trede**, 1 *pr. pl.* tread, A 3022; **Tret**, *pr. s.* treads, D 2002; **Trad**, *pt. s.* trode, B 4368; **Troden**, *pt. pl.* HF. 2153; **Troden**, *pp.* stepped, C 712.
- Trede-foul**, *s.* treader of fowls, B 3135, 4641.
- Tragedie**, *s.* tragedy, sad story, T. v. 1786.
- Tregetour**, *s.* a juggler who used mechanical contrivances, HF. 1277; *pl.* F 1141.
- Trench**, *s.* a hollow walk, alley, F 392. F. *trancher*, to cut.
- Trenchant**, *adj.* cutting, sharp, A 3930.
- Trenden**, *v.* revolve, B 3. m. 11. 4.
- Trentals**, *pl.* (sets of) thirty masses for the dead, D 1717, 1724.
- Tresor**, *s.* treasure, wealth, B 442, C 779.
- Tresorere**, *s.* treasurer, 1. 107; 19. 18.
- Tresorie**, *s.* treasury, HF. 524.
- Trespas**, *s.* wrong, B 2547; transgression, L. 408, 463.
- Trespasours**, *s. pl.* offenders, B 2547

- Tresse**, *s.* a (three-fold) plait (of hair), R. 779; HF. 230; A 1049.
- Tresse**, *ger.* to dress (my) hair, to plait, R. 599; *pp.* plaited, D 344.
- Tressour**, *s.* head-dress, R. 568. Probably a 'caul,' or net of gold thread.
- Tret**, *pr.* *s.* of Trede.
- Tretable**, *adj.* tractable, docile, I 658; yielding, L. 411; inclinable, 3. 923; inclined to talk, 3. 533.
- Trete**, *v.* treat, T. iv. 58; treat of, tell, 5. 34; *ger.* to speak, converse, C 64; *pp.* explained, B 5. p. 1. 3.
- Tretee**, *s.* treaty, A 1288; discussion, F 1219; agreement, E 1892.
- Tretis**, *s.* treaty, B 233; account, T. ii. 1697; treatise, A. pr. 5; story, B 2147.
- Trsty**, *adj.* well-proportioned, long, A 152; well-fashioned, R. 1016; graceful, R. 932. O. F. *trctis*.
- Trewe**, *adj.* true, A 531; honest, L. 464; *pl.* the faithful, B 456.
- Trewe**, *adv.* correctly, 8. 4.
- Trewe**, *s.* truce, T. iii. 1779, iv. 58; Trewes, *pl.* the days of truce, T. v. 401.
- Trewe love**, *s.* true-love (probably a leaf of herb paris or some aromatic confection), A 3692.
- Trewely**, *adv.* truly, certainly, A 481.
- Trewer**, *adj.* truer, 6. 117.
- Trewer**, *adv.* more truly, 3. 927.
- Treweste**, *adj.* superl. truest, F 1539.
- Trey**, *num.* 'tray,' three, C 653.
- Triacle**, *s.* a sovereign remedy, B 479, C 314. O. F. *triacle*.
- Trickled**, *pt. pl.* trickled, B 1864.
- Trille**, *v.* turn, twirl, F 316. Cf. Swed. *trilla*, to turn round.
- Trip**, *s.* small piece, D 1747.
- Trippe**, *v.* dance, A 3328; *ger.* to trip, to move briskly with the feet, F 312.
- Trist**, *s.* trust, T. i. 154, iii. 403.
- Triste**, *s.* trust, station, T. ii. 1534.
- Triste**, *v.* trust, L. 333; *ger.* to trust (to), L. 1885.
- Tristicia**, sadness, I 725.
- Troden**; see Trede.
- Trogh**, *s.* trough, A 3627.
- Trompe**, *s.* trumpet, L. 635.
- Tromped**, *pt. s.* sounded the trumpet, E 1719.
- Trompes**, *pl.* trumpeters, 7. 30; A 2671.
- Tronchoun**, *s.* broken shaft of a spear, A 2615. O. F. *tronchon*.
- Trone**, *s.* throne, A 2529; throne (of God), heaven, C 842.
- Tropik**, *s.* the turning-point, a name for the solstitial points, A. i. 17. 13.
- Tropos**, *s.* a turning; but interpreted by Chaucer to mean 'agaynward,' i. e. backward, A. i. 17. 13.
- Trotteth**, *pr. s.* trots, i. e. goes, is, E 1538.
- Troublable**, *adj.* disturbing, B 4. m. 2. 12.
- Trouble**, *adj.* tempestuous, turbid, B 1. m. 7. 3; dull, H 279; disturbed, I 537; anxious, E 465; vexed, 6. 133.
- Troubly**, *adj.* cloudy, obscure, B 4. m. 5. 35.
- Trouthe**, *s.* truth, A 46; fidelity, L. 267; troth, promise, A 1610.
- Trowen**, *v.* believe, HF. 699; *i. pr. s.* trow, believe, imagine, A 155; Trowestow, dost thou think, B 1. p. 3. 24.
- Troyewardes**, to, towards Troy, T. i. 50.
- Trufes**, *s. pl.* trifles, I 715.
- Trumpen**, *v.* blow the trumpet, HF. 1243.
- Trussed**, *pp.* packed, A 681.
- Truwe**, *s.* truce, T. iv. 1312, 1314.
- Tryce**, *v.* pull, drag away, B 3715. Cf. E. *trice up* (nautical term).
- Trye**, *adj.* choice, excellent, B 2046.
- Tryne compass**, the threefold world, containing earth, sea, and heaven, G 45.
- Tubbe**, *s.* tub, A 3621.
- Tuel**, *s.* pipe, slender chimney, HF. 1649. O. F. *tuel*, F. *tuyau*.
- Tukked**, *pp.* tucked, A 621.
- Tulle**, *v.* entice, allure, A 4134.
- Tunge**, *s.* tongue, 1. 128.
- Turet**, *s.* the eye in which the ring of the astrolabe turned, A. i. 2. 1. Cotgrave has 'Touret, the little ring by which a Hawkes lunc or leash is fastened unto the Jesses.' See Toret.
- Turment**, *s.* torment, R. 274.
- Turmente**, *ger.* to vex, L. 871.
- Turne**, *ger.* to turn, A 2454; *v.* turn (in a lathe), A 3928; Turnen, *v.* return, L. 2619; *pp.* at an end, 3. 689.
- Turneyinge**, *s.* tournament, A 2557; mock tournament, R. 1407.
- Turtel**, *s.* turtle-dove, A 3706, E 2080.
- Turves**, *s. pl.* turf-plots, patches of turf, L. 204; E 2235.
- Tusked**, provided with tusks, F 1254.
- Tuskes**, *pl.* tusks, T. v. 1238.
- Tuwel**, *s.* hole, D 2148. See Tuel.
- Twelf**, twelve, C 30.
- Twelfmonth**, *s.* twelvemonth, year, A 651, D 909.
- Twelfte**, *adj.* twelfth, 4. 139.
- Tweye**, two, A 704, 792; Twey, B 2203; *tw.* and *tw.*, in pairs, A 898.
- Tweyfold**, *adj.* double, G 566.
- Tweyne**, twain, 2. 76; 4. 95.



**Twiggess**, *s. pl.* twigs, HF. 1936.  
**Twighte**, *pt. s.* twitched, drew quickly, T. iv. 1185; **Twight**, *pp.* distraught, (lit. twitched), T. iv. 572; pulled, D 1563. The infin. is *twicchen*.  
**Twinkeling**, *s.* twinkling, 4. 222; momentary blinking, E 37.  
**Twinkled**, *pt. pl.* twinkled, A 267; *pp.* winked, B 2. p 3. 79.  
**Twinne**, *v.* sever, part, T. iv. 1197; *tw.* from his wit, lose his mind, 7. 102; de-part, B 3195, F 577; *ger.* to separate, B 517; to depart (from), C 430.  
**Twinninge**, *s.* separation, T. iv. 1303.  
**Twiste**, *s.* (1) twist, tendril, T. iii. 1230; (2) twig, spray, E 2349.  
**Twiste**, *v.* wring, torment, F 566; 1 *pt. s.* tortured, D 494; *pt. s.* wrung, E 2005; **Twiste**, *pt. s. subj.* would compel, constrain, T. iii. 1769; **Twist**, *pp.* twisted, HF. 775.  
**Two so riche**, twice as rich, L. 2291. Cf. **Ten**.  
**Twyes**, *adv.* twice, A 4348; **Twye**, A. i. 16. 13.  
**Tyd**, *adv.* time, hour, T. ii. 1739; (*usually*) **Tyde**, R. 1452; season, F 142; **Tydes**, *pl.* tides, A 401.  
**Tyden**, *v.* befall, happen, B 337; *pr. s.* comes (to), (a Northern form) A 4175; **Tit**, *pr. s.* betides, T. i. 333; **Tid**, *pp.* happened, T. i. 907.  
**Tydif**, *s.* small bird, perhaps the titmouse, L. 154. See **Tidiffs**.  
**Tyme**, *s.* time, A 35, 44; *by tyme*, early, betimes, L. 452; *in good tyme*, 3. 370; **Tymes**, *pl.* hours, 5. 283; moments, R. 380; (*preceded by a number*) **Tyme**, *gen. pl.* times, T. i. 441.  
**Tyne**, *s.* barrel, 12. 9. O. F. *tine*.  
**Tyren**, *v.* tear, rend, B 3. m 12. 49; *pr. pl.* pull to pieces, T. i. 787.  
**Tytled**, *pp.* dedicated, I 894.

## U.

**Umbra extensa**, or *recta*, the lower part of the 'skale'; **Umbra versa**, the upper part of the same, A. i. 12. 8.  
**Umbreyde**, *pt. s.* upbraided, reproached, L. 1671.  
**Unagreeable**, *adj.* miserable, B 1. m 1. 32 (Lat. *ingratus*).  
**Unbityde**, *v.* fail to happen, B 5. p 4. 39.  
**Unbodie**, *v.* leave the body, T. v. 1550.  
**Unbokele**, *v.* unbuckle, F 555.  
**Unbrent**, *pp.* unburnt, B 1653.  
**Unbroyden**, *pp.* unbraided, T. iv. 817.

**Unbuxumnesse**, *s.* unsubmitiveness, 24. 27.  
**Uncireumscript**, *pp.* boundless, T. v. 1865.  
**Unconning**, *adj.* unskilful, 6. 75.  
**Unconninge**, *s.* ignorance, B 3066.  
**Unconvenable**, *adj.* unsuitable, I 431.  
**Uncouple**, *v.* to let loose, B 3692.  
**Uncouth**, *adj.* curious, A 2497; strange, HF. 1279 (where the text has *uncouth*, but read *uncouth*).  
**Uncouthly**, *adv.* uncommonly, strikingly, R. 584.  
**Uncovenable**, *adj.* unseemly, I 631; unfit (for good), B 4. p 6. 333.  
**Uncunninge**, *adj.* ignorant, B 1. p 1. 68.  
**Uncurteily**, *adv.* rudely, E 2363.  
**Unde fouled**, undefiled, B 2. p 4. 24.  
**Unde partable**, *adj.* inseparable, B 4. p 3. 62.  
**Undergrowe**, *pp.* of short stature, A 156.  
**Undermeles**, *pl.* undern-times, perhaps afternoons, D 875. See below.  
**Undern**, *s.* B 4412, E 260, 981. A particular time in the morning is here implied, either about 9 a.m., or somewhat later. (Also applied to signify mid-afternoon.)  
**Undernom**, *pt. s.* perceived, G 243; **Undernome**, *pp.* reproved, I 401.  
**Underput**, *pp.* subjected, B 1. p 6. 07.  
**Underpyghte**, *pt. s.* stuffed, filled underneath, B 789.  
**Underspore**, *v.* thrust (the staff) under, push beneath, A 3405.  
**Understonde**, *v.* understand, A 746; *pr. pl.* C 646; **Understode**, *pt. s. subj.* should understand, T. i. 1035; **Understonde**, *pp.* understood, T. v. 1186.  
**Undertake**, *v.* affirm, E 803; *ger.* to conduct an enterprise, A 405; warrant, R. 461; dare say, B 3516.  
**Undevocioun**, *s.* lack of devotion, I 723.  
**Undigne**, *adj.* unworthy, E 359.  
**Undo**, *ger.* to unfold, reveal, 3. 899; *v.* unfasten, T. iii. 741; *pr. s.* opens, A 3727.  
**Undoutous**, *adj.* undoubting, B 5. p 1. 32.  
**Uneschewably**, *adv.* inevitably, B 5. p 1. 135.  
**Uneschuable**, *adj.* inevitable, B 5. p 1. 105.  
**Unethe**, *adv.* scarcely; *wel unethe*, scarcely at all, HF. 2041.  
**Unethes**, *adv.* with difficulty, T. ii. 566.  
**Unfamous**, *adj.* lost to fame, HF. 1146.  
**Unfestlich**, *adj.* unfestive, jaded, F 366.  
**Ungiltif**, *adj.* guiltless, T. iii. 1018.

Un-grobbed, *adj.* not digged round, 9. 14.  
 Unhap, *s.* ill luck, T. i. 552.  
 Unhappily, *adv.* unluckily, T. v. 937.  
 Unhardy, *adj.* cowardly, A 4210.  
 Unhele, *s.* misfortune, sickness, C 116.  
 Unholsum, *adj.* ailing, weak, T. iv. 350.  
 Universe; *in universe*, universally, T. iii. 36.  
 Universitee, *s.* the universal, B 5. p 4. 187.  
 Unkinde, *adj.* unnatural, B 88; cruel, 5. 414.  
 Unkindely, *adv.* unnaturally, C 485.  
 Unkindenesse, *s.* unkindness, B 1057.  
 Unkonning, *adj.* unskilful, A 2303.  
 Unkorven, *adj.* uncut, unpruned, 9. 14.  
 Unkourth, *adj.* strange, T. ii. 151.  
 Unkunnige, *adj.* ignorant, R. 686.  
 Unlaced, *pp.* disentangled, B 3. p 12. 166.  
 Unleveful, *adj.* not permissible, I 593, 777.  
 Unloven, *ger.* to cease to love, T. v. 1698.  
 Unlust, *s.* disinclination, I 680.  
 Unlyklinesse, *s.* difficulty in pleasing, T. i. 16.  
 Unlykly, *adj.* unpleasing, E 2180.  
 Unmanhod, *s.* an unmanly act, T. i. 824.  
 Unmerie, *adj.* sad, HF. 73.  
 Unmighty, *adj.* unable, T. ii. 858.  
 Unneste, *imp.* *s.* leave thy nest, T. iv. 305.  
 Unnethe, *adv.* scarcely, hardly, with difficulty, A 3121, B 1050, 1816, 3611.  
 Unnetthes, *adv.* scarcely, B 1075, D 2168.  
 Unordred, *adj.* not belonging to a religious order, I 961.  
 Unparigal, *adj.* unequal (Lat. *in parem*), B 3. p 1. 13.  
 Unpleyten, *v.* unplait, explain, unfold, B 2. p 8. 11.  
 Unpurveyed, *adj.* unprovided, uncared for, B 2. p 1. 22.  
 Unraced, *adj.* unbroken, untorn, B 4. p 1. 53.  
 Unremoved, *pp.* unremoved, without (its) being moved, A. ii. 46. 37.  
 Unreste, *s.* restlessness, D 1104.  
 Unright, *s.* wrong, T. iv. 550; injury, T. ii. 453.  
 Unrightful, *adj.* wicked, L. 1771.  
 Unsad, *adj.* unsettled, E 995.  
 Unsavory, *adj.* displeasing, I 510.  
 Unscience, *s.* unreal knowledge, no knowledge, B 5. p 3. 113.  
 Unselinessse, *s.* unhappiness, B 4. p 4. 38.  
 Unsely, *adj.* unhappy, B 2. p 4. 8.  
 Unset, *adj.* unappointed, A 1524.  
 Unsethe, *1 pr. s.* unsheathe, remove, T. iv. 776.

Unshette, *pt. s.* unlocked, E 2047.  
 Unshette, *adj. pl.* not shut, HF. 1953.  
 Unshewed, *pp.* unconfessed, I 999.  
 Unsittege, *adj.* unfit, T. ii. 307.  
 Unskilful, *adj.* foolish, T. i. 790.  
 Unskilfully, *adv.* unreasonably, B 1. p 4. 223.  
 Unslacked, *adj.* unslacked, G 806.  
 Unsofte, *adj.* harsh, E 1824.  
 Unsolempne, *adj.* uncelebrated, B 1. p 3. 64.  
 Unspeedful, *adj.* unprofitable, B 5. p 6. 337.  
 Unstaunchable, *adj.* inexhaustible, B 2. p 7. 126 (Lat. *in exhausta*).  
 Unstaunched, *adj.* insatiate, B 2. p 6. 115 (Lat. *inexpertum*).  
 Unstraunge, *adj.* well-known, A. ii. 17. rubric.  
 Unswelle, *v.* become less full, T. iv. 1146.  
 Unswete, *adj.* bitter, HF. 72.  
 Unthank, *s.* no thanks, want of thanks, T. v. 699; a curse, A 4081.  
 Unthrif, *s.* nonsense, T. iv. 431.  
 Unthriftilly, *adv.* poorly, G 803.  
 Unthrifty, *adj.* profitless, T. iv. 1530.  
 Untold, *adj.* uncounted, A 3780.  
 Untressed, *adj.* with hair loose, 5. 268; unarranged, E 379; unplaited, A 1289.  
 Untretable, *adj.* inexorable, B 2. p 8. 2.  
 Untrewe, *adv.* untruly, A 735.  
 Untriste, *v.* distrust, T. iii. 830.  
 Untyme; *in untyme*, out of season, I 1051.  
 Unwar, *adj.* unaware, T. i. 304; unexpected, B 427.  
 Unwar, *adv.* unexpectedly, unawares, T. i. 540.  
 Unwælde, *adj.* (unwieldy), too weak to support herself, R. 359; difficult to move, H 55; difficult to control, A 3886.  
 Unwemmed, *adj.* unspotted, spotless, B 924, G 137, 225.  
 Unwoned, *adj.* unexpected, B 4. p 6. 260.  
 Unwist, *adj.* unknown, T. ii. 1294; *unwist of*, uninformed of, T. i. 93; unknown by, L. 1653.  
 Unwit, *s.* folly, 4. 271.  
 Unwot, *pr. s.* fails to know, B 5. p 6. 177.  
 Unwrye, *v.* reveal, T. i. 858.  
 Unyolden, *pp.* without having yielded, A 2642.  
 Up, *adv.* up; open (outwards, not upwards), A 3801; *as v.* up with, HF. 1021; *up and down*, T. ii. 659; in all directions. A 977; backwards and forwards, A 1052.  
 Up, *prep.* on, upon, A 2543; *up peril*, on peril, D 2271; *up peyne*, under the

penalty, D 1587; *up poynt*, on the point, ready, T. iv. 1153.  
*Up-bounde*, *pp.* bound up, T. iii. 517.  
*Up-caste*, *pt.* s. cast up, B 506.  
*Up-drow*, *pt.* s. drew up, L. 1459.  
*Up-enbossed*, *pp.* raised, L. 1200.  
*Up-haf*, *pt.* s. uplifted, A 2428.  
*Upon*, *prep.* upon, A 131; in, F 925; against, D 1313.  
*Upon*, *used adverbially*, upon (him or her), on, D 559, 1382.  
*Uppe*, *adv.* up, i. e. le't open, F 615.  
*Up-plight*, *pp.* plucked up, pulled up, B 3239.  
*Upright*, *adv.* i. e. reversed, D 2266; *also*, lying on one's back (mostly of people asleep or dead); A 4194; B 1801.  
*Up-rist*, *pr.* s. rises up, L. 1188; A 4249.  
*Up-riste*, *s. dat.* up-rising, A 1051.  
*Upronne*, *pp.* ascended, F 386.  
*Up-so-down*, *adv.* upside down, A 1377, G 625.  
*Upspringe*, *v.* rise (as the sun), 4. 14.  
*Upsterte*, *pt.* s. upstart, arose, A 1080, 1299.  
*Up-yaf*, *pt.* s. yielded up, gave, A 2427.  
*Up-yolden*, *pp.* yielded up, A 3052.  
*Usage*, *s.* usage, habit, A 110; *haddle in nedge*, was accustomed, B 1696; *was in usage*, B 1717.  
*Usaunce*, *s.* custom, R. 623.  
*Usaunt*, *pres. pl.* as *adj.* addicted, I 821; accustomed, A 3940.  
*Usen*, *ger.* to accustom, I 245; *v.* use, B 44; *Useth*, *pr.* s. is accustomed, L. 364.  
*Us-selve*, *pron.* ourselves, I 349.  
*Usshers*, *s. pl.* ushers, F 293.  
*Usure*, *s.* usury, B 1681.  
*Us-ward*, *to*, towards us, B 2938.  
*Utter*, *adj.* outward, G 498.  
*Uttereste*, *adj. superl.* supreme, E 787.

## V.

*Vache*, *s.* cow, beast, 13. 22. The reference is to a quadruped that looks down to the earth.  
*Valance*, *s.* (possibly) sign of zodiac opposite the mansion of a planet, 4. 145; if so, the reference here is to the sign of Aries.  
*Valour*, *s.* worth, R. 957.  
*Vane*, *s.* a weather-cock, E 996.  
*Vanish*, *i. pr.* s. shrink up, waste away, C 732.  
*Variance*, *s.* variation, T. iv. 985; *Variance*, difference, I 427.  
*Variaunt*, *adj.* varying, G 1175.

*Vassalage*, *s.* prowess, L. 1667.  
*Vavassour*, *s.* a sub-vassal, next in dignity to a baron, A 360.  
*Veine*, *adj. fem.* vain, R. 447.  
*Veluët*, *s.* velvet, R. 1420; *Veluëttes*, *pl.* F 644.  
*Venerian*, *adj.* devoted to Venus, D 600.  
*Venerye*, *s.* hunting, A 166, 2308.  
*Venge*, *v.* revenge, B 2471.  
*Vengeresses*, *s. pl.* avengeresses, avenging deities, B 3. m 12. 38.  
*Venim*, *s.* venom, poison, R. 1089; malice, B 891, C 421; corruption, A 2751; dye (Lat. *ueneno*), B 2. m 5. 12.  
*Ventusinge*, *s.* cupping (a surgical operation), A 2747.  
*Venus*, venerable pleasure, D 464.  
*Ver*, the spring, T. i. 157.  
*Veray*, *adj.* very, true, real, L. 1068.  
*Verdegrees*, *s.* verdigrise, G 791.  
*Verdit*, *s.* verdict, A 787.  
*Vernage*, *s.* a wine of Italy, B 1261.  
*Vernicle*, *s.* vernicle, A 685. A copy of the sacred handkerchief on which the impression of the Saviour's face was distinguishable.  
*Vernished*, *pt.* s. varnished; hence (jocularly), lined in a lavish way, A 4149.  
*Verre*, *s.* glass, T. ii. 867.  
*Verray*, *adj.* very, true, A 72, 422; *v. force*, main force, B 3237.  
*Verrayly*, *adv.* verily, truly, 2. 73.  
*Verrayment*, *adv.* verily, B 1903.  
*Versiflour*, *s.* poet, B 2783.  
*Vertu*, *s.* virtue, A 307; quickening power, A 4; power, A 2249; valour, R. 1208; mental faculty, Hf. 550; magic influence, F 146, 157; *v. please*, satisfy virtue, be virtuous, E 216.  
*Vertuous*, *adj.* virtuous, A 251; full of virtue, D 1113; full of healing power, R. 1097; holy, I 455.  
*Verve* (a word used in a charm), A 3485. Perhaps for *veri*, an accursed creature; A. S. *weary*.  
*Vese*, *s.* rush (Lat. *impetus*), A 1085.  
*Vessel*, *s.* (collectively), vessels, plate, B 3338.  
*Vestiment*, *s.* clothing, F 59.  
*Veyne*, *s.* vein, A 3.  
*Veyne-blood*, *s.* bleeding at a vein, A 2747.  
*Viage*, *s.* voyage, travel, journey, T. ii. 75; expedition, attempt, T. iii. 732.  
*Vicaire*, *s.* deputy, deputed ruler, 5. 379; Vicary, a vicar, I 22.  
*Victor*, *s.* as *adj.* of victory, 5. 182.

**Vigile**, *s.* wake, T. v. 305.  
**Vigilyes**, *pl.* vigils, A 377.  
**Viker**, *s.* vicar, D 2008.  
**Vileinous**, *adj.* evil, B 2603.  
**Vileins**, **Vileyns**, *adj.* villainous, L 1824; rude, D 1268; sinful, I 854, 914; evil, wicked, I 556.  
**Vileinsly**, *adv.* evilly, I 154; Vilaynsly, shamefully, R. 1498.  
**Vileinye**, *s.* vile conduct, B 2547; great harm, A 4191; despiseful language, reproach, D 34, 53; disgrace, A 942; unfit speech, A 70; servitude, I 143; discourtesy, rudeness, C 740; vileness, HF. 96; reproach, T. iv. 21; evil-doing, B 1681.  
**Vinolent**, *adj.* full of wine, D 467, 1931.  
**Violes**, *s. pl.* vials, phials, G 793.  
**Virelayes**, *s. pl.* ballads with a particular return of rime, F 948; L. 423.  
**Viritoot**, *s.* brisk movement, A 3770.  
**Viritate**, *s.* hag, D 1582.  
**Visage**, *v.* put a face (on it), disguise, E 2273.  
**Visitationns**, *s. pl.* visits, D 555.  
**Visyte**, *ger.* to visit, A 493, 1194.  
**Vitaille**, *s.* victuals, provisions, A 248, 569.  
**Vitaille**, *v.* provide with victuals, L. 1093.  
**Vitailleurs**, *pl.* victuallers, A 4366.  
**Vitremyte**, *s.* (probably) a woman's cap, an effeminate head-dress, B 3562.  
**Voided**, *pp.* removed, F 1195; cleared, emptied, L. 2625.  
**Vois**, *s.* voice, R. 751. See **Voys**.  
**Volage**, *adj.* giddy, volatile, R. 1284; wanton, H 239.  
**Volatyl**, *s. as pl.* fowls, B 1262.  
**Voltor**, *s.* vulture, B 3. m. 12. 46; *pl.* T. i. 788.  
**Volupeer**, *s.* night-cap, A 4303; Voluper, woman's cap, A 3241.  
**Vouches**, *v.*; only used with *sauf*, safe; *Vouche sauf*, *v.* to avouch as safe, call safe, vouchsafe, grant, design, permit, A 812, B 1641, E 2341; 1 *pr. s.* am content, T. iv. 90; 2 *pr. pl.* vouchsafe, grant, design, L. 2038; *Voucheth sauf*, *imp. pl.* vouchsafe, E 885, F 1043.  
**Voyde** (voidée), *s.* 'voidee,' a light dessert, with wine and spices, T. iii. 674.  
**Voyden**, *v.* get rid of, expel, A 2751, E 910, F 188; *imp. s.* depart from, E 806; *Voydeth*, *imp. pl.* send away, G 1136.  
**Voys**, *s.* voice, A 688, C 531; rumour, E 629; commendation, E 1592; report, T. iii. 1723.  
**Vulgar**, *adj.* A. ii. 9. 5. The day vulgar is the length of the 'artificial' day,

with the durations of morning and evening twilight added to it.  
**Vyce**, *s.* fault, error, T. i. 689; F 101; defect, D 955.

## W.

**Waast**, *s.* waist, B 1890.  
**Waast**, *pr. s.* knows (Northern), A 4086.  
**Wacche**, *s.* sentinel, B 2216.  
**Wachet**, *s.* light blue colour, A 3321. Later E. *watchet*.  
**Waden**, *v.* pass, E 1684; wade (through), D 2084; enter (into), T. ii. 150; go, descend, B 3684.  
**Waf**, *pt. s.* wove, L. 2364.  
**Wafereres**, *s. pl.* makers of *gaufres* or wafer-cakes, confectioners, C 479.  
**Wages**, *pl.* A 1803; pay, recompense, 4. 244.  
**Wagging**, *s.* shaking, T. ii. 1745.  
**Waiten**, *v.* attend on, L. 1269; *pr. s.* watches, E 708; *imp. s.* observe, A. ii. 5. 18.  
**Wake**, *v.* be awake, lie awake, 18. 27; *Waken*, *v. act.* awake, B 1187; *pr. s.* watches, F 819; *Wook*, 1 *pt. s.* awoke, 5. 695; remained awake, B 3809; *Waked*, *pp.* awaked, 3. 294; kept wake, caroused, 3. 977.  
**Wake-pleyes**, *pl.* funeral games, A 2960.  
**Waker**, *adj.* vigilant, 5. 358.  
**Waking**, *s.* watching, being awake, 3. 611; period of wakefulness, B 22; *pl.* vigils, I 257.  
**Walet**, a wallet, A 686; *Walét*, A 681.  
**Walked**, (*for* Walketh), *s.* walking; *in phr.* go walked, *for* go a-walketh, gone a-walking, 3. 387; D 1778.  
**Walken**, *ger.* to walk, roam, A 2309; *Welk*, 1 *pt. s.* walked, T. ii. 517; *is walked*, is gone, went, A 2368.  
**Walsh-note**, *gen. sing.* walnut's, HF. 1281.  
**Walwe**, *ger.* to wallow, roll about, T. i. 699; *pr. pl.* wallow, tumble, A 4278; *pr. s.* tosses, L. 1166; rolls about, D 1085; *pp.* involved, immersed, 12. 17; *Walwinges*, *pres. part.* causing to roll, B 1. m. 7. 4 (Lat. *voluens*).  
**Wanges**, *s. pl.* molar teeth, A 4030.  
**Wang-tooth**, *s.* molar tooth, B 3234.  
**Wanhope**, *s.* despair, A 1249.  
**Wanie**, *v.* wane, A 2078.  
**Wante**, *v.* be wanting, be absent, L. 361; fail, be lacking, I 514; *pr. s.* is lacking, H 338.  
**Wantownesse**, *s.* wantonness, B 31; mannerism (of speech), A 264.

- Wantrust**, *s.* distrust, T. i. 794; H 280.
- War**, *adj.* prudent, discreet, cautious, T. i. 203; aware, A 157, 896, 3604; *was I w.*, I observed, S. 218, 298; *I was w.*, 3. 445; *ben w.*, beware, T. i. 635; *be w.*, beware, 13. 11; take warning, G 737; *be w. fro*, beware of, L. 473; *beth w.*, beware, T. iii. 1180; B 1629, 3281.
- War him**, let him beware, A 662; *war you*, make way, B 1889.
- Warde**, *s.* *dat.* (?) keeping; *on w.*, into his keeping, 3. 248; *in our w.*, C 201; *under my w.*, I 880.
- Wardecors**, *s.* body-guard, D 359.
- Warderere**, *for* warde rere, look out behind, A 4101.
- Wardrobe**, *s.* privy, B 1762.
- Ware**, *adj.* aware, 3. 1030.
- Ware**, *s.* wares (for sale), merchandise, B 140, 1246.
- Ware**, *imp. pl.* beware, B 4416.
- Warente**, *ger.* to warrant, protect, C 338.
- Wariangles**, *pl.* shrikes, butcher-birds, D 1408.
- Warien**, *ger.* to curse, T. ii. 1619; 1 *pr. s.* B 372.
- Warisoun**, *s.* requital, R. 1537.
- Warisshe**, *v.* cure, I 998; recover, be cured, B 2172; *pp.* cured, B 2467.
- WarissHINGE**, *s.* cure, B 2205.
- Warly**, *adv.* warily, carefully, T. iii. 454.
- Warne**, *v.* reject, refuse, 1. 11; 1 *pr. s.* warn, bid you take heed, B 16, 1184; invite, B 2652, 2 *pr. s. subj.* inform, HF. 893; *pp.* forewarned, L. 2658; given notice, B 1578.
- Warnestore**, *ger.* to fortify, defend, B 2487; to garrison, B 2521; *pp.* provisioned, B 1. p. 3. 85.
- Warnestoring**, *s.* fortifying, B 2525.
- Waryce**, *v.* heal, cure, C 906.
- Waste**, *adj. pl.* wasted, partially destroyed, A 1331.
- Wastel-breed**, *s.* cake-bread, bread of the very best quality, A 147.
- Wastour**, *s.* waster, E 1535.
- Watering**, *s.* watering-place (for horses), A 826.
- Wawe**, *s.* wave, B 508, I 363.
- Waxen**, *pp.* become, T. v. 1014, 1374, 1376.
- Wayk**, *adj.* weak, L. 2428, 2713.
- Wayken**, *ger.* to grow weak, lessen, T. iv. 1144.
- Waymenten**, *ger.* to lament, I 230.
- Waymentinge**, *s.* lamenting, lamentation, A 995, 1921.
- Wayn**, *s.* car, B 4. m. 1. 34.
- Wayten**, *ger.* to observe, T. i. 190; to watch for, F 1263; to watch, F 444; *v.* to expect, B 467; *pr. s.* seeks occasion, A 1222.
- Webbe**, *s.* a weaver, A 362.
- Wedde**, *s. dat.*; to *w.*, as a pledge, in pledge, A 1218, B 1613.
- Wedde**, *ger.* to wed, T. v. 863.
- Wedding**, *s.* wedlock, 17. 24.
- Wede**, *s.* weed, robe, garment, A 1006, B 2107, E 863.
- Weder**, *s.* weather, D 2253, F 52; storm, T. ii. 2, iii. 657.
- Wedes**, *pl.* weeds, T. i. 946.
- Weel**, *adv.* well, A 926; well placed, luckily situated, B 308.
- Weeldinge**, *s.* power, control, B 2800.
- Weep**, *pt. s. of* Wepe.
- Weeply**, *adj.* tearful, sorrowful, B 1. p. 1. 3.
- Weet**, *s.* wet, A 4107.
- Weex**, *pt. s.* waxed, grew, G 513.
- Wegge**, *s.* a wedge, A. i. 14. 6.
- Wehee**, *s.* a whinnying noise, A 4066.
- Weilawey**, alas! D 216.
- Wel**, *adv.* well, A 384, B 25; much, L. 1386; many, L. 11; certainly, L. 452; fully, A 29, 49; about (*used with numbers*), A 24; *wel royal*, very royal, F 26; *wel ny*, very nearly, B 3230; *wel the bet*, much better, T. ii. 92; *wel unthe*, scarcely at all, L. 33 a; to be *wel*, to be in favour, 3. 845; *wel to him*, it is well for him, T. i. 350; *well was him*, it was well for him, B 4066; *ful wel*, very well, A 122.
- Welawey**, int. alas! T. iii. 1695.
- Welde**, *s.* weld, *Raseta Lutrola*, 9. 17.
- Welde**, *s.* power, control, R. 395.
- Welden**, *ger.* to have control over, to move with ease, D 1947; to control, D 271; to wield, L. 2000; *Welte*, *pt. s.* B 3200.
- Weldy**, *adj.* wieldy, active, T. ii. 636.
- Wele**, *s.* happiness, success, prosperity, well-being, good fortune, A 895, 3101, B 122.
- Weleful**, *adj.* prosperous, happy, B 250-blessed, B 451.
- Welefulness**, *s.* happiness, B 1. p. 3. 35.
- Welk**, *pt. s. of* Walken.
- Welked**, *pp. as adj.* withered, C 738, D 277.
- Welken**, *s.* heaven, sky, HF. 1601; *Welkno*, 10. 62.
- Welmeth**, *pr. s.* wells, gushes, R. 1561.
- Welte**, *pt. s.* wielded, i. e. lorded it over, possessed for use, B 3200.
- Wel-willy**, *adj.* benevolent, benign, beneficent, T. iii. 1257.

- Wem**, *s.* blamish, R. 930; hurt, F 121.  
**Wemmeless**, *adj.* stainless, G 47.  
**Wenden**, *ger.* to go, A 21, 2214; pass away, A 3025; go, pass, B 1683; Went, *pr. s.* goes, T. ii. 36, 812; Wente, *pt. s.* went, A 78, B 1739; Wente him, *pt. s.* went, G 110; Wentestow, 2 *pr. s.* hast thou gone, A 3486; Went, *pp.* gone, L. 1651; *ben went*, are gone, B 173; *is went*, is gone, G 534.  
**Wending**, *s.* departure, T. iv. 1344, 1436.  
**Weno**, *s.* supposition, doubt, T. iv. 1593; *withouthen weene*, without doubt, R. 574, 712.  
**Wenen**, *v.* ween, suppose, imagine, consider, L. 12; G 676; expect, A 4320; Wenestow, weenest thou, thinkest thou, D 311; Weneth, *pr. s.* imagines (with *men* = one), A 2195; Wende, 1 *pt. s.* imagined, T. v. 693; supposed, F 585; fancied, A 1269; Wendest, 2 *pr. s. subj.* shouldst ween, T. i. 1031; Wende, *pt. s. subj.* would have thought, C 782; Wend, *pp.* supposed, T. iv. 384; imagined, T. v. 1682.  
**Wenged**, *adj.* winged, HF. 2118.  
**Wenges**, *pl.* wings, L. 108 a.  
**Weninge**, *s.* imagination, supposition, T. iv. 602.  
**Went**, *pr. s. and pp.* of Wenden.  
**Wente**, *pt. s.* of Wenden.  
**Wente**, *s.* turn, T. ii. 63; path, passage, T. iii. 787; footpath, 18. 69.  
**Wepe**, *v.* weep, A 144, 230; Weep, *pt. s.* wept, A 148, B 606, 1052; Wepte, *pt. s.* (weak form), B 267; Wepen, *pp.* T. i. 941; Wopen, *pp.* F 523.  
**Wepen**, *s.* weapon, L. 1094.  
**Werbul**, *s.* tune (warble), T. ii. 1033.  
**Werche**, *v.* work, perform, B 566; Wroghtestow (for Wroghtest thou), thou didst cause, B 3583; Wroghte, *pt. s.* worked, A 497; contrived, B 1788; made, E 1152; Wroughte, 1 *pt. s.* acted, A. ii. 3. 46; did, R. 701; Wrought, *pp.* made, formed, R. 559; born, B 3619; created, G 326; composed, L. 372.  
**Werde**, *pt. s.* of Wore (wear).  
**Werdes**, *s. pl.* fates, destinies, B 1. m 1. 14.  
**Were**, *s.* weir, 5. 138; T. iii. 35.  
**Were**, *s.* doubt, 3. 1295; HF. 979; mental struggle, L. 2686. Lowl. Sc. *weir*.  
**Were**, 2 *pt. s.* wast, T. iv. 762; *it were*, they were, E 850; *al were it*, though it were, D 1172.  
**Wero** (wero), *v.* wear, 21. 7; Werede, *pt. s.* wore, A 1488, 3235; Werde, R. 875; Wered, A 75; Wered upon, 1 *pt. s.* wore upon (me), D 559.  
**Were**, *ger.* to defend, A 2550.  
**Weringe**, *s.* wearing, I 1052.  
**Werk**, *s.* work, A 479; act, L. 891.  
**Werken**, *v.* act, A 3527; *pr. s.* acts, L. 1385.  
**Werkers**, *pl.* doers, D 1937.  
**Werkes**, *pr. pl.* ache, A 4030.  
**Working**, *s.* deed, H 210; mode of operation, G 1367.  
**Werne**, *ger.* to refuse, T. iii. 149, iv. 111; *v.* refuse, L. 1485; warn off, R. 636; Werned, *pp.* forbidden, R. 442.  
**Werning**, *s.* let, forbidding, R. 1142.  
**Werre**, *s.* war, T. ii. 868; trouble, T. v. 1393; *of werre*, in war, T. i. 134; *to w.*, in enmity, 1. 116.  
**Werre**, *adv.* worse, 3. 616.  
**Werreye**, *ger.* to make war, A 1484; *v.* war against, A 1544; *pr. s.* opposes, I 487.  
**Werreyour**, *s.* warrior, L. 597.  
**Wers**, *adj.* worse, A 3872.  
**Werste**, *adj. superl.* worst, T. ii. 304.  
**Werte**, *s.* wart, A 555.  
**Wery**, *adj.* (being) weary, T. iv. 707; worn, R. 440, 664; beaten repeatedly, lit. weary, B 4. m 5. 17.  
**Wesele**, *s.* weasel, A 3234.  
**Wesh**, *pt. s.* of Wassehe.  
**Weste**, *v.* turn to the west, L. 61, 197.  
**Westren**, *v.* to go to the west, T. ii. 906.  
**Wete**, *s.* perspiration, G 1187.  
**Weto**, *v.* wet, HF. 1785.  
**Wether**, *s.* sheep, T. iv. 1374.  
**Weven**, *v.* weave, L. 2352; Waf, *pt. s.* wove, L. 2364.  
**Wex**, *s.* wax, A 675, E 1430.  
**Wexen**, *v.* wax, grow, become, B 2265, G 877; 1 *pr. s. subj.* may I become, G 1377; Wexe, 2 *pr. pl.* increase, grow (in applauding), E 998; Wex, *pt. s.* grew, became, A 1362; increased, L. 727; Woxe, *pp.* grown, R. 1460; become, HF. 1494.  
**Wexede**, *pt. s.* coated with wax, A. ii. 40. 28.  
**Wey**, *s.* way, A 34; path, R. 1345; the sun's apparent daily path, A. ii. 30. 5; the sun's apparent annual orbit, A. i. 21. 49; a *furlong wey*, a short time (lit. short distance), E 516; *go wey*, go thy way, T. i. 574; *do wey*, take away, A 3287.  
**Weyen**, *v.* weigh, B 3776; *oghte weyen*, ought to weigh, L. 398.  
**Weyere**, *s.* the 'weigher,' a translation

- of the *Lat. equator*; because the days and nights, at the equinoxes, are equal; A. i. 17. 25.
- Weyk**, *adj.* weak, 7. 341.
- Weylaway**, *interj.* alas! A 938.
- Weymentinghe**, *s.* lamenting, A 902; lament, T. ii. 65.
- Weynes**, *s. pl.* chariots, B 4. m. 5. 6.
- Weyven**, *ger.* to turn aside, E 1483; *v.* waive, neglect, T. ii. 284; put aside, D 1176; forsake, G 276; abandon, B 2406.
- Whan**, when, A 5, 18, 179.
- What**, whatever, 4. 170; what sort of a, L. 1305; what with, B 21, 22; why, T. ii. 262, 292; what! how! L. 1800; What that, whatever, E 165; What man that, whoever, B 2645; What . . what, partly, . . partly, HF. 2058.
- Wheelen**, *ger.* to cause to revolve, T. i. 139.
- Whelkes**, *pl.* pimples, blotches, A 632.
- Whelp**, *s.* cub, A 2627.
- Whenne**, *adv.* whence, E 588.
- Whennes**, *adv.* whence, B 2400.
- Wher**, *adv.* where, B 1785, &c.; wherever, R. 1669; Wher as (*or* Wher-as), where that, where, B 647, 1311.
- Wher**, whether, (*a common contracted form of whether*), 3. 91.
- Wher-as**, *adv.* where that, where, T. iii. 516.
- Whereof**, *prep.* in what respect, R. 703; for what, R. 1552.
- Wherefore**, for any cause, C 216.
- Wher-on**; *long wher-on*, because of what, G 930.
- Wher-so**, whether, B 294; wherever, L. 439.
- Wher-through**, *adv.* by means of which, 3. 120.
- Wherto**, *adv.* for wherefore, T. i. 409.
- Whete**, *s.* wheat, C 375.
- Whether**, *adj.* which (of two), A 1856.
- Whette**, *pp. pl.* sharpened, T. v. 1760.
- Which**, *pron.* which, A 161; whom, A 568; what kind of, L. 1883; Which a, what kind of a, what a, L. 668, 869, &c.
- Whider**, whither, T. v. 428, 486.
- Whilk**, which (Northern), A 4078.
- Whilom**, *adv.* once, D 2017.
- Whippeltree** (*better Wippeltree*), cornel-tree, A 2023.
- Whirle**, *ger.* to rush, go swiftly, T. v. 1019; *v.* be whirled round, 5. 80.
- Who**, *interrog.* who, T. v. 371; D 692; *indef.* who (it might be), 3. 244; one who, 3. 559; whoever, who, T. v. 1115; Who was who, which was which, A 4300.
- Whyte**, *s.* time, A 399; *worth the wh.*, worth while, T. v. 882.
- Whyl-er**, *adv.* formerly, G 1328.
- Whyles**, *gen. s.* as *adv.*; *the whyles*, whilst, 3. 151.
- Whylom**, *adv.* once. formerly, once on a time, R. 10. 362.
- Whyne**, *v.* whine, whinny, D 386.
- Whyt**, *adj.* white, A 238; *as sb.*, white wine, C 526, 562; *pl.* innocent, guileless, T. iii. 1567; specious, flattering, T. iii. 901.
- Whyte**, *s.* white (i. e. silver), T. iii. 1384.
- Widwe**, *s.* widow, A 253.
- Widwehode**, *s.* widowhood, I 916; Widwched, L. 295 a.
- Wierdes**, *pl.* fates, T. iii. 617; Wirdes, L. 2580. A. S. *wyrd*.
- Wight**, *s.* a person, creature, man, living being, A 71, 280; whit, short while, A 4283; Wightes, *pl.* creatures, men, beings, A 3479.
- Wight**, *adj.* active, B 3457; fleet, A 4086.
- Wighte**, *s.* weight, HF. 739; A 2145, 2520.
- Wike**, *s.* week, C 362. See Wyke.
- Wiket**, *s.* wicket-gate, small gate, E 2045, 2118.
- Wikke**, *adj.* evil, wicked, bad, A 1087, 1580; false, B 2247; depraved, 10. 55; much alloyed, HF. 1346.
- Wikked**, *adj.* bad, wicked, L. 2305; *pl.* wicked, I 112. In B 3576, *wikked nest* is put for *F. mau ni*, i. e. Sir Oliver Mauney; see the note in the larger edition.
- Wikkednesse**, *s.* evil, 17. 7.
- Wil**, *s.* will, 6. 83. See Wille.
- Wil**, 1 *pr. s.* desire, wish, 7. 244; *pr. s.* desires, B 1843.
- Wilde**, *adj.* wild; Wilde fyr, wild fire, fire not easily put out, Greek fire, D 373; flaming spirits, I 445; a disease, erysipelas, A 4172, E 2252; Wilde, *pl.* A 2018.
- Wildnesse**, *s.* wilderness, 9. 34.
- Wilen**, *pr. pl.* will, R. 1683.
- Wilful**, *adj.* voluntary, B 3. p. 11. 167.
- Wilful**, *as adv.* wilfully, willingly, 5. 429.
- Wilfulhed**, *s.* wilfulness, L. 355 a.
- Wilfully**, *adv.* willingly, voluntarily, of free will, by choice, B 4486, C 441.
- Wilfulnessse**, *s.* wish, B 2572.
- Wille**, *s.* own accord, will, 1. 45, 57; pleasure, desire, E 326, F 1, 8; Willes, *gen.* F 568; *as by his w.*, willingly, 17. 12.
- Wille**, *v.* will, desire, E 721.
- Willing**, *s.* desire, E 319.
- Willingly**, *adv.* of free will, E 362.
- Wilnen**, *v.* desire, A 2114; Wilnest, 2 *pr.*

- a. desirest*, A 1609; *Wined*, 1 *pt. s.* 3. 1262, 1267. *A.S. winian*.
- Willinge*, *s.* willing, wishing, B 3. p 11. 88; *pl. desires*, B. 3. p 11. 175.
- Willow*, *s.* willow-tree, A 2922.
- Wiltow*, 2 *pr. s.* wilt thou, A 1156; *wishest thou*, B 2116; *wilt thou (go)*, D 1387.
- Wimpel*, *s.* wimple, a covering for the head, gathered round it, and pleated under the chin, A 151.
- Wimpleth*, *pr. s.* conceals (as with a wimple), B 2. p 1. 66.
- Windas*, *s.* windlass, F 181.
- Winde*, *ger.* to turn, T. iii. 1541; to revolve, T. ii. 601; to roam about, L. 818; *Winde*, *v.* wind, entwine, T. iii. 1232; *intertwine*, 5. 671; *ply*, bend, T. i. 257; *bind with cloths*, E 583; *twist and turn*, G 980; *Winde*, 2 *pr. s. subj.* mayst go, T. iii. 1440; *Wond*, *pt. s.* wound, went about, L. 2253.
- Windinge*, *s.* twisting, I 417.
- Wind-melle*, *s.* wind-mill, HF. 1280.
- Windre*, *ger.* to trim, R. 1020; *pp.* trimmed, R. 1018. Cf. O. F. *guignier*.
- Windy*, *adj.* unstable as wind, B 2. p 8. 28.
- Winged*, provided with wings, A 1385.
- Winke*, *v.* wink, B 4496; *nod*, F 348; *remain awake*, T. iii. 1537; *Winke*, 1 *pr. s.* am asleep, 5. 7.
- Winne*, *ger.* to win, gain, A 427; to conquer, F 214; to get gain, C 461; *v. fro*, to get away from, T. v. 1125; *Wan*, 1 *pt. s.* got, D 1477; *won*, gained, A 442, 989; *pt. s. used as pt. pl.* F 1401; *Wonnen*, *pp.* won, A 877, 3381.
- Winning*, *s.* gain, profit, A 275, D 416.
- Winsinge*, *pres. pt.* wincing, starting aside, i.e. skittish, A 3263.
- Winter*, *pl.* years, T. i. 811.
- Wirche*, *v.* work, A 3430; *provide*, E 1661; *give relief*, A 2759; *in passive sense*, to be made, HF. 474; *ger.* to perform, A 3308; *Wirk*, *imp. s.* do, E 1485.
- Wirdes*, *pl.* Fates, L. 2580; *Wierdes*, T. iii. 617.
- Wirk*, *imp. s.* work, do, E 1485.
- Wirkinge*, *s.* efficiency, B 3. p 11. 26; *actions*, D 698; *calculation*, F 1280.
- Wis*, *adv.* certainly, verily, surely, T. ii. 381, 474, 563; A 2786, D 621; *as wis*, *as sure (as)*, T. iv. 1055; *assuredly*, F 1470. See *Ywis*.
- Wisly*, *adv.* certainly, truly, verily, A 1863, 3994, 4162.
- Wisse*, *v.* instruct, T. i. 622; *inform*, D 1415; *show*, tell, D 1008; 2 *pr. s. subj.* teach, 5. 74; *imp. s.* direct, guide, 1. 155. *A.S. wissian*.
- Wisshe*, 1 *pt. s.* washed, R. 96, 125. *Wisshe*, *v.* wish, T. ii. 406.
- Wist*, -e; see *Witen*.
- Wit*, *s.* reason, R. 1535; *understanding*, B 2702; *judgement*, A 279; *mind*, R. 1694; *knowledge*, *mental power*, R. 401; *wisdom*, T. iv. 1508; *proof of intelligence*, E 459; *Wittes*, *pl.* senses, B 202; *wits*, F 706; *opinions*, F 203.
- Witen*, *ger.* to know, to wit, T. v. 1324; *Wite*, *ger.* to know, 3. 493; to discover, D 1450; *do you wite*, make you know, inform you, T. ii. 1635; *Woot*, 1 *pr. s.* wot, know, A 389; *pr. s.* knows, 2. 30; *Wot*, 1 *pr. s.* L. 4; *pr. s.* knows, B 195; *Woot*, 2 *pr. s.* knowest, T. i. 633; *Wost*, 2 *pr. s.* L. 542; *Wostow*, thou knowest, A 2504; *Witen*, 1 *pr. pl.* wit, know, A 1260; *Witen*, 2 *pr. pl.* D 1890; *know ye*, H 1, 82; *Woot* (*wrongly used for Wite*), 2 *pr. pl.* know, A 740; *Wiste*, 1 *pt. s.* wist, knew, E 814; *Wistest*, 2 *pt. s.* knewest, A 1156; *Wistestow*, knewest thou, T. iii. 1644; *Wiste*, *pt. s.* knew, R. 1344; *Wist*, *pp.* known, B 1072; *Witeth*, *imp. pl.* know, T. i. 687. *A.S. witan*; *pr. t.* wāt, wāst, wāt, *pl.* witon; *pt. t.* wiste.
- With*, with, A 5, 10, &c.; *to hele with your hurles*, to heal your wounds with, F 471.
- With-drow*, 1 *pt. s.* subtracted, A. ii. 45. 12.
- Withholden*, *ger.* to retain, I 1041; *Withholde*, *pp.* retained, B 2202; *detained*, G 345; *shut up*, kept in confinement, A 511.
- Withinne-forth*, *adv.* within, B 5. p 5. 14.
- With-oute-forth*, *adv.* outwardly, I 172.
- Withouten*, *pr. p.* besides, as well as, A 461; *excepting*, T. ii. 236.
- Withseye*, *v.* contradict, gainsay, A 805; *refuse*, L. 367; *renounce*, G 457.
- Withstonde*, *v.* withstand, oppose, B 3110; *Withstonde*, *pp.* withstood, T. i. 253.
- Witing*, *s.* knowledge, cognisance, A 1611.
- Wittingly*, *adv.* knowingly, I 401.
- Witneafullly*, *adv.* publicly, B 4. p 5. 11.
- Witterly*, *adv.* plainly, truly, L. 2606.
- Wivere*, *s.* wyvern, snake, T. iii. 1010. O. F. *viure*, lit. viper.
- Wlatsom*, *adj.* disgusting, B 3814; *heinous*, B 4243.
- Wo*, *s.* woe, R. 319; *me is wo*, I am sorry,



L. 1985; *wo were us*, *woe* would be to us, E 139.  
**Wo**, *adj.* unhappy, R. 312; *sad*, *grieved*, A 351.  
**Wode**, *adj.*; see **Wood**.  
**Wode-binde**, *s.* woodbine, honeysuckle, A 1508.  
**Wodedowve**, *s.* wood-pigeon, B 1960.  
**Wodewale**, *s.* the green woodpecker, *Gecinus viridis*, R. 914.  
**Wodnesse**, *s.* madness, T. iii. 794.  
**Wol**, 1 *pr. s.* (I) will, A 42; *desire*, E 646;  
**Wole**, 1 *pr. s.* am ready to, T. i. 589;  
**Wolt**, 2 *pr. s.* wilt, E 314; *Woltow*, wilt thou, A 1544; *dost thou wish*, D 840;  
**Wol**, *pr. s.* will, B 60; *wills*, *desires*, HF. 662; *wishes for*, T. ii. 396; *wishes (to go)*, *will go*, L. 1191; *permits*, H 28;  
**Wole**, *will go*, D 353; *wol adoun*, is about to set, I 72; *Wol ye so*, if you so wish it, E 2264; *Wil ye*, *wish ye*, F 378; *Woln*, *pr. pl.* will, *wish (to have)*, A 2121; *Wollen*, *pr. pl.* will, B 2561; *Wolde*, 1 *pt. s.* desired, 6. 48; *should like*, B 1637; *Woldestow*, if thou wouldst, L. 760; *wouldst thou*, B 4536; *Wolde*, *pt. s.* would, A 144; *would like to*, B 1182; *wished*, L. 952; *required*, F 577; *would go*, *would turn*, F 406; *wished to*, 4. 124; T. ii. 514; *Wolde . . . unto*, *would go to*, B 3786; *god wolde*, oh! *that* God would grant, 3. 665; *wolde god*, oh! *that* God would be pleased, D 1103; *Wolde* *whoso nolde*, i.e. *whoever would or would not*, T. i. 77; *Wold*, *pp.* desired, 19. 11; *willed*, B 2190, 2615.  
**Volde**, *s. dat.* possession, R. 451.  
**Wolle**, *s.* wool, L. 1791.  
**Woln**, *Woltow*; see **Wol**.  
**Wombe**, *s.* belly, A 4290; *womb*, E 2414; *the depression in the front of an astro-labe*, A. i. 3. 3.  
**Wombe-side**, *the front of the astro-labe*, A. i. 6. 10.  
**Wommanhede**, *s.* womanhood, B 851.  
**Wond**; *pt. s.* of **Winde**.  
**Wonde**, *v.* desist, L. 1187.  
**Wonder**, *adj.* wonderful, *wondrous*, *strange*, T. i. 419.  
**Wonder**, *adv.* wondrously, R. 242.  
**Wonderly**, *adv.* wondrously, A 84.  
**Wonder-most**, *adj. sup.* most wonderful, HF. 2059.  
**Wonders**, *adv.* wondrously, R. 27.  
**Wone** (*wune*), *s.* custom, usage, *wont*, T. ii. 318; HF. 76.  
**Wone**, *v.* dwell, inhabit, G 332; *Woneth*, *pr. s.* dwells, lives, D 1573; *Wonedn*,

*pt. pl.* dwelt, A 2927; *Woned*, *pp.* dwelt, T. i. 276; *wont*, accustomed, T. ii. 400, v. 277.  
**Wones** (*wònez*), *pl.* places of retreat, *hence*, range of buildings, D 2105. See **Woon**.  
**Wonger**, *s.* pillow, B 2102.  
**Woning**, *s.* habitation, house, A 606.  
**Wonne**, *-n*; see **Winne**.  
**Wood**, (*wòdd*), *s.* woad, 9. 17.  
**Wood**, (*wòdd*), *adj.* mad, A 184, 582, 636; *mad with anger*, D 313; *for wood*, as being mad, madly, furiously, L. 2420; *for pure wood*, for very rage, R. 276; *ten so wood*, ten times as fierce, L. 730; *Wode*, *def. adj.* mad, T. ii. 1355.  
**Woodeth**, *pr. s.* rages, G 467.  
**Woody**, *adv.* madly, A 1301.  
**Woodnesse**, *s.* madness, rage, A 2011, 3452.  
**Woon** (*wònn*), *s.* resource, T. iv. 1181; *plenty*, *abundance*, L. 1652; *number*, L. 2161; *retreat*, *secure place*, HF. 1166; *of sorwe woon*, abundance of sorrow, 3. 475; *Wones*, *pl.* places of retreat, range of buildings, D 2105.  
**Woost**, **Woot**; see **Wite**.  
**Wopen**, *pp.* of **Wepe**.  
**Worcher**, *s.* worker, maker, 4. 261.  
**Worcheth**, *pr. s.* works, 3. 815.  
**Word**, *s.* word, A 304; *good word*, approval, T. v. 1081; *we by we*, word by word, D 2244; *at shorte wordes*, briefly, in a word, L. 2462; *hadd the wordes*, was spokesman, I 67.  
**Word and ende** (*for* Ord and ende), beginning and end, T. ii. 1495, iii. 702, v. 1669; B 3911.  
**Worm-foul**, *s.* birds which eat worms, 5. 505.  
**Wort**, *s.* unfermented beer, wort, G 813.  
**Wortes**, *pl.* herbs, B 4411, E 226.  
**Worthen**, *v.* be, dwell, T. v. 329; *to become*, 4. 248; *Worth*, *pr. s.* is, (*or, as fut.*) shall be; (*hence*) *Wo worth*, it is woe to, it shall be woe to, it is ill for, it shall be ill for, T. ii. 344; *Wel worth* of dremes ay thise olde wyves, it is well for these old wives as regards dreams, i.e. dreams are all very well for old women, T. v. 379; *Wel worth [not worthe]* of this thing grete clerkes, it is well for great writers as regards this thing, i.e. this thing is all very well for great writers, HF. 53; *Worth upon*, gets upon, B 1947; *Worth up*, get up on, mount, T. ii. 1011.  
**Wost**, **Wostow**, **Wot**; see **Wite**.

**Wouke**, *s.* week, T. iv. 1278, v. 492.  
**Wounde**, *s.* wound, i. 79; plague (Lat. *plaga*), I 593; Woundes of Egipte, *pl.* plagues of Egypt (unlucky days so called), 3. 1207.  
**Wowe**, *ger.* to woo, T. v. 1091.  
**Wowing**, *s.* wooing, L. 1553.  
**Woxen**, *pp.* of Wexe.  
**Wrak**, *s.* wreck, B 513.  
**Wrak**, *pt.* s. avenged, T. v. 1468.  
**Wrang**, *adv.* wrongly, amiss (Northern), A 4252.  
**Wrastlen**, *v.* wrestle, B 3456.  
**Wrathen**, *ger.* to render angry, T. iii. 174.  
**Wraw**, *adj.* angry, H 46, Wrawe, peevish, fretful, I 477.  
**Wrawnnesso**, *s.* peevishness, fretfulness, I 680.  
**Wrecche**, *s.* sorrowful creature, A 931; wretched man, T. i. 708.  
**Wrecche**, *adj.* wretched, F 1020.  
**Wrechednesse**, *s.* misery, B 3540; mean act, F 1523; folly, I 34; miserable performance, F 1271; miserable fare, H 171.  
**Wreche**, *s.* vengeance, T. v. 890, 896.  
**Wreek**, *imper. s.* of Wreke.  
**Wreen**, *v.* cover, clothe, R. 56; Wreigh, *pt.* s. covered, hid, T. iii. 1056.  
**Wreke**, (wreke), *v.* wreak, avengo, C 857; *pr. s. subj.* avengo, L. 2340; 2 *pr. pt.* F 454; **Wrak**, *pt. s.* T. v. 1408; **Wreken**, *pp.* revenged, F 784; **Wroken**, *pp.* T. i. 88.  
**Wreker**, *s.* avenger, 5. 361.  
**Wrenches**, *s. pl.* frauds, stratagems, tricks, G 1081.  
**Wreste**, *v.* constrain, force, T. iv. 1427.  
**Wreye**, *v.* bewray, reveal, A 3503.  
**Wrighte**, *s.* workman, A 614.  
**Wringe**, *v.* squeeze, force a way, HF. 2110; wring, HF. 299; **Wrong**, *pt. s.* wrung, pinched, D 492.  
**Writ**, *s.* scripture, A 719.  
**Writ**, -e, -en; see **Wryte**.  
**Wroght**, -e; see **Werche**.  
**Wroken**, *pp.* of Wreke.  
**Wrong**, *s.*; *had wrong*, was wrong. 3. 1282.  
**Wrong**, *adv.* astray, A 1267.  
**Wrooth** (wrooth), *adj.* wroth, angry, 3. 513, 519.  
**Wrot**, *pt. s.* wrote, T. i. 655.  
**Wroteth**, *pr. s.* tears with the snout, buries the snout, pokes about, I 157.  
**Wrye**, *ger.* to hide, T. iii. 1569; to disguise, T. i. 329; *v.* cover, E 887.

**Wrye**, *v.* reveal, discover, flood with light, 4. 91. Variant of **Wreye**, *q. v.* [It might be better to read *wreye*, and *deye* in l. 90.]  
**Wryen**, *v.* turn aside, 3. 627; *ger.* to turn, go, T. ii. 906; *pt. s.* bent, A 3283.  
**Wryte**, *v.* write, A 96; **Writ**, *pr. s.* writeth, writes, T. i. 394; **Wroot**, *pt. s.* B 725; **Wröt**, T. i. 655; **Writen**, *pt. pl.* wrote, HF. 1504; **Write**, 1 *pt. s. sub.* were to write, B 3843; **Writen**, 2 *pt.* written, 2. 43.  
**Wrythe**, *ger.* to turn aside, T. iv. 9; to wiggle out, T. iv. 986; **Wrytheth**, *pr. s.* writhes out, throws forth wreaths of smoke (Lat. *torquet*), B i. m. 4. 10, **Wryth**, *pr. s.* writhes, wreathes, T. iii. 1231.  
**Wyd**, *adj.* wide, A 491.  
**Wyde**, *adv.* widely, far, T. i. 629.  
**Wyde-where**, far and wide, everywhere, B 136.  
**Wyf**, *s.* woman, C 71; wife, 3. 1082; mistress of a household, G 1015; *to w.*, for wife, A 1860; **Wyves**, *pl.* women, wives, L. 484.  
**Wyfhood**, *s.* womanhood, B 76.  
**Wyfless**, *adj.* wifeless, E 1236.  
**Wyfly**, *adv.* womanly, wife-like, L. 1737.  
**Wyke**, *s.* week, T. ii. 430, 1273.  
**Wyle**, *s.* wile, plot, T. iii. 1077; subtlety, 5. 215.  
**Wyn**, *s.* wine, A 334; *wyn ape*, H 44. wine which made a man behave like an ape (so also *lion-wine*, *pig-wine*, *sheep-wine*).  
**Wynt**, *pr. s.* turns, directs, L. 85; **Wond**, *pt. s.* wound, L. 1253.  
**Wyr**, *s.* bit, L. 1205.  
**Wys**, *adj.* wise, prudent, A 68; *to make it wys*, to make it a subject for deliberation, to hesitate, A 785.  
**Wyse**, *s.* way, manner, L. 20.  
**Wyser**, *adj.* wiser, one wiser than you. L. 2634.  
**Wyte**, *s.* blame, reproach, G 953; *yow to wyte*, for a blame to you, i. e. laid to your charge, R. 1541.  
**Wyte**, *ger.* to blame, T. i. 825 (understand is before *nought*); **Wyten**, *v.* accuse, I 1016.

## Y.

**Y**-, a prefix used especially with the *pp.*, like the A. S. *ge-* and *G-*. See below. It also occurs in the infinitive, as in *y-finde*, *y-here*, *y-knowe*, *y-see*, *y-thee*.

- It also occurs in the adjective *y-sena*. For further information, see under the forms of the infinitive mood; e.g. for the infin. of *y-bake*, see *Bake*.
- Yaf**, *pt. s. of Yeve*, to give.
- Yald**, *pt. s. of Yelden*, to yield.
- Yare**, *adj.* ready, L. 2270.
- Yate**, *s.* gate, T. ii. 617.
- Yave**; see *Yeve*.
- Y-bake**, *pp.* baked, L. 709.
- Y-banisht**, *pp.* banished, L. 1863.
- Y-barred**, *pp.* barred, R. 480.
- Y-bathed**, *pp.* bathed, T. iv. 815.
- Y-bedded**, *pp.* put to bed, T. v. 346.
- Y-bsen**, *pp.* been, B 4487.
- Y-benched**, *pp.* furnished with benches, L. 98 a.
- Y-beten**, *pp.* beaten, T. i. 741; beaten, forged, A 2162; formed in beaten gold, A 979; struck, coined, L. 1122.
- Y-blent**, *pp.* blinded, R. 1610; A 3808; deceived, 3. 647.
- Y-blessed**, *pp.* blessed, B 4638.
- Y-bleynt**, *pp.* blenched, turned aside, A 3753.
- Y-blowe**, *pp.* blown, T. i. 384.
- Y-boren**, *pp.* born, C 704, E 626; **Y-bore**, born, E 158; borne, carried, T. v. 1650; moved, F 326.
- Y-bought**, *pp.* bought, T. i. 810.
- Y-bounden**, *pp.* bound, 5. 268.
- Y-bowed**, *pp.* diverted, B 4. p. 6. 170.
- Y-brend**, *pp.* burnt, G 318; **Y-brent**, HF. 940.
- Y-brought**, *pp.* brought, L. 938.
- Y-brouded**, *pp.* embroidered, L. 159 a. Cf. A. S. *brogden*, *pp.* of *bregdan*.
- Y-caught**, *pp.* fixed, 3. 838.
- Y-chaped**, *pp.* furnished with chapes or metal caps (which were placed at the end of the sheath), A 366.
- Y-cheyned**, *pp.* chained, 17. 14.
- Y-clad**, *pp.* clad, clothed, R. 890.
- Y-clawed**, *pp.* clawed, torn, D 1731.
- Y-clenched**, *pp.* clinched, riveted, A 1091.
- Y-cleped**, *pp.* called, A 410, 867, G 129, H 2; invoked, T. iv. 504; summoned, B 2435; named, A 3313; **Y-clept**, called, A 376.
- Y-comen**, *pp.* come, HF. 1074; *ycome* about, come about, passed, B 3364.
- Y-crowned**, *pp.* crowned, L. 219.
- Y-corrupted**, *pp.* corrupted, B 5. p. 2. 28.
- Y-corven**, *pp.* cut, G 533; **Y-curve**, A 2013. See *Kerve*.
- Y-coupled**, *pp.* coupled, wedded, E 1219.
- Y-coyned**, *pp.* coined, C 770.
- Y-crased**, *pp.* cracked, broken, 3. 324.
- Y-ristned**, *pp.* baptized, B 240.
- Y-crowe**, *pp.* crowed, A 3357.
- Y-dampned**, *pp.* condemned, L. 2030.
- Y-darted**, *pp.* pierced with a dart, T. iv. 240.
- Ydel**, *adj.* idle, empty, vain, B 2778; *in ydel*, in vain, B 2494, F 867.
- Y-dight**, *pp.* decked, A 3205.
- Ydolastre**, *s.* idolater, B 3377.
- Ydole**, *s.* idol, 3. 626.
- Y-doon**, *pp.* done, B 4610; over, E 1894.
- Y-drad**, *pp.* dreaded, T. iii. 1775.
- Y-drawe**, *pp.* drawn, A 396, 944.
- Y-dressed**, *pp.* dressed, arranged, set, E 381.
- Y-dronke**, *pp.* drunk, B 2601.
- Y-dropped**, *pp.* bedropped, covered with drops, A 2884.
- Ye**, *s.* eye, R. 296; *at ye*, at eye, to sight, evidently, G 964, 1050; *Saugh with ye*, perceived, A 3415; **Yēn**, *pl.* eyne, eyes, B 3260, 3392.
- Ye**, *adv.* yea, verily, T. i. 534.
- Yeddings**, *pl.* songs, A 217.
- Yede**, *pt. s.* walked, went, G 1141, 1281. A. S. *ēode*.
- Yeer**, *s.* year, A 347; **Yere** (*in phr.* many a yere), B 132; **Yeres ende**, year's end, D 916; **Yeer by yere**, year after year, B 1688; **Fro yeer to yere**, 5. 321; **Yeer**, (*archaic*) *pl.* A 82; **Yeres**, (*new*) *pl.* B 463.
- Yef**, *imp. s.* give, T. v. 308.
- Yeftes**, *pl.* gifts, T. iv. 392.
- Yelden**, *ger.* to yield up, D 912; to yield to, pay, D 1811; **Yelt**, *pr. s.* yields, T. i. 385; **Yelde**, *pr. s. subj.* requite, D 1772, 2177; **Yald**, *pt. s.* afforded, B 4. m. 7. 25, **Yeld**, *imp. s.* restore, C 189; **Yolden**, *pp.* yielded, T. i. 801; submissive, T. iii. 96; **Yeldinge**, *pres. pl.* giving, B 2994.
- Yeldhalle**, *s.* guild-hall, A 370.
- Yelding**, *s.* produce, lit. 'yielding,' A 596.
- Yelleden**, *pt. pl.* yelled, B 4579.
- Yelpe**, *ger.* to boast, A 2238; *pr. pl.* prate, T. iii. 307.
- Yelwe**, *adj.* yellow, R. 310.
- Yeman**, *s.* yeoman, A 101.
- Yemanly**, *adv.* in a yeomanlike manner, A 106.
- Yen** = **Yēn**, *pl.* eyes; see **Yē**.
- Y-ended**, *pp.* ended, R. 1315.
- Yerd**, *s.* yard, garden, R. 492.
- Yerde**, *s.* rod, stick, T. i. 257, 740; switch,

- A 149; rod, 'caduceus,' A 1387; yard (in length), A 1050; correction, E 22.
- Yerne, *adj.* eager, brisk, lively, A 3257.
- Yerne, *adv.* eagerly, soon, D 993; briskly, quickly, glibly, 5. 3; C 398; *as y.*, very soon, HF. 910.
- Yerne, *ger.* to yearn for, to be longed for, T. iv. 198; v. desire, T. iii. 152.
- Yeten (yéétan), *v.* pour, shed, B 1. m 7. 1. A.S. *gēotan*.
- Yeve, *v.* give, A 232; Yevest, 2 *pr. s.* givest, F 1033; Yeveth, *pr. s.* E 93; Yeve, *pr. s. subj.* may (he) give, E 30; Yaf, 1 *pl. s.* gave, E 861; Yaven, *pt. pl.* G 415; Yeven, *pt. pl. subj.* would give, HF. 1708; Yeven, *pp.* given, A 1086; devoted, 7. 111.
- Yoveres, *pl.* givers, I 791.
- Yeving, *s.* giving, 18. 37; what one gives, 4. 230.
- Yexeth, *pr. s.* hiccoughs, A 4151.
- Y-fallen, *pp.* fallen, B 3166; happened, (4 1043; having befallen, C 496.
- Y-fare, *pp.* gone, T. iii. 577.
- Y-felawshipped, *pp.* made companions, B 2. p 6. 91.
- Y-fere, together, B 394, E 1113, G 380. Cf. *Infero*.
- Y-fet, *pp.* fetched, F 174, G 1116.
- Y-fetered, *pp.* fettered, A 1229.
- Y-fothered, *pp.* feathered, R. 951.
- Y-feyned, *pp.* feigned, invented, L. 327 a; evaded, E 529.
- Y-floched, *pp.* fixed, B 4. p 6. 125.
- Y-finde, *v.* find, F 470; Y-founde, *pp.* L. 1668.
- Y-flit, *pp.* moved, whirled along, B 1. m 2. 14.
- Y-folowed, *pp.* followed, 3. 390.
- Y-forged, *pp.* made, A 3256.
- Y-formed, *pp.* created, HF. 490.
- Y-fostred, *pp.* fostered, sustained, E 213; brought up, A 3946.
- Y-founde, *pp.* found, A 1211, 3514.
- Y-founded, *pp.* set on a foundation, 5. 231; based, 3. 922.
- Y-freten, *pp.* eaten, devoured, L. 1951.
- Y-frounced, *adj.* wrinkled, R. 155.
- Y-fyned, *adj.* refined, delicately formed, R. 1696.
- Y-fyred, *pp.* fired, L. 1013.
- Y-gerdoned, *pp.* rewarded, B 5. p 3. 182.
- Y-geten, *pp.* gotten, procured, A 3564.
- Y-glased, *pp.* glazed, 3. 323.
- Y-glewed, *pp.* fixed tight, F 182.
- Y-glosed, *pp.* flattered, H 34.
- Y-goon, *pp.* gone, L. 2206, 2213.
- Y-graunted, *pp.* granted, C 388.
- Y-grave, *pp.* dug up, cut, L. 204; dug out, 3. 164; engraved, graven, A 3796; buried, D 496.
- Y-greved, *pp.* harmed, A 4181.
- Y-grounde, *pp.* ground, A 3991; sharpened, pointed, A 2549.
- Y-grounded, *pp.* grounded, 3. 921.
- Y-growen, *pp.* grown, A 3973.
- Y-halwed, *pp.* consecrated, L. 1871.
- Y-harded, *pp.* hardened, F 245.
- Y-hated, *pp.* hated, HF. 200.
- Y-hent, *pp.* seized, caught, C 868.
- Y-herd, *pp.* as *adj.* covered with hair, A 3738.
- Y-here, *v.* hear, T. iv. 1313.
- Y-heried, *pp.* praised, T. ii. 973.
- Y-hevied, *pp.* weighed down, B 5. m 5. 26.
- Y-hid, *pp.* hid, G 317.
- Y-hight, *pp.* called, T. v. 541.
- Y-holde, *pp.* esteemed to be, A 2374; celebrated, A 2958; considered, C 602; indebted, L. 1954; continued, E 1932; restrained, HF. 1286.
- Y-hurt, *pp.* hurt, A 2709.
- Y-japed, *pp.* jested, T. i. 318.
- Yif, *conj.* if, L. 2050, 2117.
- Yif, *imp. s.* give; see *Yive*.
- Yift, *s.* gift, 3. 247, 695, 1270.
- Yilden, *ger.* to repay, B 5. p 1. 14; Yildeth, *pr. s.* yields, produces, B 4. m 6. 31. See *Yelden*.
- Y-joigned, *pp.* joined, B 2. p 6. 93.
- Yis, yes, L. 517.
- Yisterday, yesterday, R. 1040.
- Yit, yet, L. 4. 106.
- Yive, *ger.* to give, A 225; Yiveth, *pr. s.* gives, 18. 38; *pr. s. subj.* may (he) give, 3. 683; Yiven, *pp.* given, granted, 3. 765.
- Yiver, *s.* giver, L. 2228.
- Y-kempt, *pp.* combed, A 4169.
- Y-kist, *pp.* kissed, T. iv. 1689.
- Y-kneled, *pp.* kneeled, L. 1232.
- Y-knet, *pp.* knotted, tightly bound, T. iii. 1734; Y-knit, joined, 6. 32.
- Y-knowe, *v.* know, F 887; recognize, HF. 1336; discern, D 1370; *pp.* known, 3. 392.
- Y-korven, *pp.* cut, B 1801.
- Y-koud, *pp.* known well, 3. 666.
- Y-lad, *pp.* carried (in a cart), A 530.
- Y-laft, *pp.* left, A 2746; left behind, F 1128.
- Y-laid, *pp.* laid, L. 2141.
- Y-lain, *pp.* lain, remained, L. 2410.
- Yle, *s.* isle, island, HF. 416, 440; region, province, L. 1425.

**Y-lent**, *pp.* lent, G 1406.  
**Y-lered**, *pp.* educated, T. i. 976.  
**Y-let**, *pp.* hindered, obstructed, B 5. p 4. 34.  
**Y-leten**, *pp.* left, allowed, B 4. p 4. 308.  
**Y-leyd**, *pp.* laid, A 3568.  
**Y-liche**, *adj.* alike, similar, L. 389.  
**Y-liche**, *adv.* alike, equally, A 2520.  
**Y-lissed**, *pp.* eased, T. i. 1089.  
**Y-lived**, *pp.* lived, T. v. 933.  
**Y-logged**, *pp.* lodged, B 4181.  
**Y-loren**, *pp.* lost, L. 26; **Y-lorn**, *pp.* lost, T. iv. 1250.  
**Y-lost**, *pp.* lost, HF. 183.  
**Y-loved**, *pp.* loved, T. i. 594.  
**Y-lyk**, *adj.* like, A 592; alike, A 2734; **Y-lyke**, like, A 1539.  
**Y-lyke**, *adv.* alike, equally, L. 55, 731.  
**Y-lymed**, *pp.* caught (as birds with bird-lime), D 934.  
**Y-maad**, *pp.* made, caused, HF. 691.  
**Ymageries**, *pl.* carved work, HF. 1190, 1304.  
**Ymagined**, *pp.* considered, intentional, I 448.  
**Y-maked**, *pp.* made, L. 122, 222.  
**Y-marked**, *pp.* set down, marked out, planned, HF. 1103.  
**Y-masked**, *pp.* enmeshed, T. iii. 1734.  
**Y-medled**, *pp.* mingled, T. iii. 815.  
**Y-mel**, *prep.* among (Northern), A 4171.  
**Y-ment**, *pp.* intended, HF. 1742.  
**Y-met**, *pp.* met, A 2624; **Y-motte**, *as pl. adj.* met, B 1115.  
**Y-meynd**, *pp.* mixed, mingled, A 2170.  
**Y-moeved**, *pp.* moved, B 4. m 6. 7.  
**Ympne**, *s.* lyric poem (lit. hymn), L. 422.  
**Y-mused**, *pp.* mused, reflected, HF. 1287.  
**Y-nempned**, *pp.* named, I 508.  
**Y-nogh**, *adj.* enough, sufficient, A 373, 3149; **Y-now**, G 1018; **Y-nowe**, *pl.* 5. 233.  
**Y-nogh**, *adv.* enough, sufficiently, 6. 13; **Y-nough**, R. 247.  
**Y-nome**, *pp.* caught, overcome, T. i. 242; taken, L. 2343.  
**Y-noriashed**, *pp.* educated, T. v. 821.  
**Y-offred**, *pp.* offered, dedicated, L. 932.  
**Yok**, *s.* yoke, E 113, 1285.  
**Yolde**, *n.*; see **Yelden**.  
**Yolle**, *pr. pl.* cry aloud, A 2672.  
**Yomanrye**, *s.* yeomanry, A 3049.  
**Yon**, *adj.* yon, A 4178.  
**Yond**, *adv.* yonder, A 1099.  
**Yong**, *adj.* young, A 79.

**Yonghede**, *s. dat.* youth, R. 351.  
**Yore**, *adv.* formerly, of old, B 174, 272; for a long time, a long while, A 1813; long ago, long, 1. 150; **yore agon**, long ago, 5. 17; **yore ago**, A 3437; **ful y.**, very long ago, 7. 243, 346; *of tyme y.*, of old time, F 663.  
**Youling**, *s.* loud lamentation, A 1178.  
**Y-painted**, *pp.* painted, R. 892.  
**Y-passed**, *pp.* passed, R. 380; past, E 1802.  
**Y-payed**, *pp.* paid, A 1802.  
**Y-piked**, *pp.* picked over, G 941.  
**Y-pleased**, *pp.* pleased, D 930.  
**Y-pleyned**, *pp.* complained, T. iv. 1688.  
**Y-pleynted**, *pp.* full of complaint, T. v. 1597.  
**Y-plounged**, *pp.* plunged, sunk, B 3. p 11. 122.  
**Y-plyted**, *pp.* pleated, gathered, B 1. p 2. 31.  
**Ypocras**, Hippocrates; hence a kind of cordial, C 306.  
**Ypocryte**, *s.* hypocrite, F 514.  
**Y-portreyd**, *pp.* covered with pictures, R. 897.  
**Y-porveyed**, *pp.* foreseen, B 5. p 3. 45.  
**Y-prayed**, *pp.* invited, E 269.  
**Y-preised**, *pp.* praised; HF. 1577.  
**Y-preved**, *pp.* proved (to be), A 485.  
**Y-pulled**, *pp.* plucked, i. e. with superfluous hairs plucked out, A 3245.  
**Y-purveyed**, *pp.* foreseen, B 5. p 3. 88.  
**Y-queynt**, *pp.* quenched, A 3754.  
**Y-quiked**, *pp.* kindled, I 536.  
**Y-quit**, *pp.* quit, acquitted, F 673.  
**Y-raft**, *pp.* bereft, snatched away, A 2015; reft, robbed, L. 1572.  
**Yre**, *s.* ire, anger, vexation, 1. 30.  
**Y-red**, *pp.* read, T. iv. 799.  
**Y-reke**, *pp.* raked together, A 3882.  
**Y-rekened**, *pp.* accounted, D 367, taken into account, F 427.  
**Yren**, *s.* iron, R. 1184.  
**Yren**, *adj.* iron, G 759.  
**Y-rent**, *pp.* taken, T. v. 1654; torn, B 844.  
**Y-ronge**, *pp.* rung, told loudly, HF. 1655.  
**Y-ronne**, *pp.* run, A 8, 3803; continued, L. 1943; run together, A 2693; interlaced, R. 1366; clustered, A 2105.  
**Y-rouned**, *pp.* whispered, HF. 2107.  
**Y-satled**, *pp.* settled, E 2405.  
**Y-sayd**, *pp.* said, 3. 270.  
**Y-scaled**, *pp.* scalded, A 2020.  
**Y-schette**, *pp. pl.* shut, B 560.  
**Yse**, *s.* ice, HF. 1130.

- Y-see**, *v.* behold, T. ii. 354; *imp. s.* see, look, T. ii. 1253; **Y-seyn**, *pp.* seen, L. 2076.  
**Y-sene**, *adj.* visible, A 592, F 996; manifest, T. iv. 1007; L. 1394. A. S. *geseñe*, *pres. p.*  
**Y-set**, *pp.* set, A 4337; placed, 5. 149; set down, F 173; seated, C 392; appointed, A 1635; planted, R. 604.  
**Y-seye**, *pp.* seen, HF. 1367; **Y-seyn**, T. v. 448.  
**Y-seyled**, *pp.* sailed, B 4289.  
**Y-shad**, *pp.* scattered (Lat. *sparsas*), B 3. m 2. 33.  
**Y-shaken**, *pp.* quivering, sparkling, B 1. m 3. 17.  
**Y-shamed**, *pp.* put to shame, HF. 356.  
**Y-shapen**, (*strong*) *pp.* shaped, prepared, B 3420; provided, A 4179; contrived, G 1080; **Y-shaped**, (*weak*) *pp.* prepared, T. iii. 1240.  
**Y-shave**, *pp.* shaven, A 600.  
**Y-shent**, *pp.* put to shame, severely blamed, D 1312.  
**Y-shette**, *pp. pl.* shut, B 2159.  
**Y-shewed**, *pp.* shown, T. v. 1251; made manifest, 4. 181.  
**Y-shore**, *pp.* shorn, T. iv. 966.  
**Y-shove**, *pp.* borne about, L. 726.  
**Y-slayn**, *pp.* slain, HF. 159; **Y-slawe**, B 484.  
**Y-smite**, *pp.* smitten, wounded, B 3. m 7. 7.  
**Y-songe**, *pp.* sung, D 1726; **Y-songen**, L. 270.  
**Y-sought**, *pp.* sought, T. iii. 1317.  
**Y-sounded**, *pp.* sunk, T. ii. 535.  
**Y-sowen**, *pp.* sown, HF. 1488.  
**Y-spel**, *pp.* sped, A 4220.  
**Y-spended**, *pp.* spent, B 5. p 4. 15.  
**Y-sprad**, *pp.* spread, B 1644; **Y-spred**, A 4140.  
**Y-spreynd**, *pp.* sprinkled, A 2109.  
**Y-spronge**, *pp.* sprung, shot out, R. 718, divulged, HF. 2081.  
**Y-stalled**, *pp.* installed, HF. 1364.  
**Y-stiked**, *pp.* stuck, A 1505; stabbed, F 1476.  
**Y-stint**, *pp.* stopped, D 309.  
**Y-stonde**, *pp.* stood, been, T. v. 1612.  
**Y-stonge**, *pp.* stung, C 355.  
**Y-storve**, *pp.* dead, A 2014.  
**Y-strawed**, *pp.* bestrewn, 3. 629.  
**Y-strike**, *pp.* struck, 11. 34.  
**Y-suffred**, *pp.* suffered, T. v. 415.  
**Y-sweped**, *pp.* swept, G 938.  
**Y-sworn**, *pp.* sworn, A 1132; sworn (to do it), T. v. 283.  
**Y-swowned**, *pp.* swowned, L. 1342.  
**Y-take**, *pp.* caught, B 3514; taken, L. 617.  
**Y-thanked**, *pp.* thanked, D 2118.  
**Y-thee**, *v.* thrive, T. iv. 439.  
**Y-thewed**, *pp.* disposed; *wel y-thewed*, well-conducted, 5. 47; R. 1008.  
**Y-thonked**, *pp.* thanked, T. iv. 2.  
**Y-throngen**, *pp.* confined, B 2. p 7. 53.  
**Y-throwe**, *pp.* thrown, T. iv. 6; cast out, 2. 89.  
**Y-told**, *pp.* told, A 3109.  
**Y-torned**, *pp.* turned, B 4. m 5. 1.  
**Y-travailed**, *pp.* laboured, with difficulty, B 5. p 3. 45.  
**Y-trespased**, *pp.* sinned, B 2609.  
**Y-tressed**, *pp.* plaited in tresses, T. v. 810.  
**Y-treted**, *pp.* discussed, B 4. p 1. 70.  
**Y-tukked**, *pp.* tucked up, L. 982.  
**Y-turned**, *pp.* turned, A 1238, 2062.  
**Y-twinned**, *pp.* parted, T. iv. 788.  
**Yve**, B 4150; *see* Erbe.  
**Yvel**, *adj.* ill, evil, T. ii. 1001.  
**Yvel**, *adv.* ill, R. 213, 1067.  
**Yvoles**, *s. pl.* evils, B 2618.  
**Yvory**, *s.* ivory, B 2066, **Yvoire**, 3. 946.  
**Y-voyded**, *pp.* removed, F 1159.  
**Y-war**, *adj.* aware, T. ii. 398.  
**Y-warned**, *pp.* warned, B 4422.  
**Y-waxen**, *pp.* grown, become, T. v. 275; *Y-waxe*, 3. 1275.  
**Y-wedded**, *pp.* wedded, L. 1179.  
**Y-went**, *pp.* gone, HF. 976.  
**Y-went**, *pp.* weened, imagined, T. v. 444.  
**Y-wet**, *pp.* wetted, A 4155.  
**Y-whet**, *pp.* whetted, 7. 212.  
**Y-wimpled**, *pp.* provided with a wimple, A 470, covered with a wimple, L. 207.  
**Y-wis**, *adv.* certainly, truly, verily, R. 270, 350, 357.  
**Y-wist**, *pp.* known, B 5. p 3. 36.  
**Y-wonne**, *pp.* gained, T. iv. 1315; won, D 2293; arrived, L. 2427.  
**Y-worthe**, *pp.* become, 3. 579.  
**Y-wounde**, *pp.* wound, covered up, 12. 18.  
**Y-woven**, *pp.* woven, completed, L. 2160.  
**Y-woxen**, *pp.* grown, E 1462.  
**Y-written**, *pp.* written, 5. 124, 141.  
**Y-writhen**, *pp.* wreathed, wrapped round, R. 160.  
**Y-wrought**, *pp.* made, A 196, B 2054; shaped, L. 1173; depicted, 3. 327; orna-

mented, R. 897; Y-wroghte, *pp. pl.*  
fashioned, 5. 123.

**Y-wroken**, *pp.* avenged, 16. 26; Y-wroke,  
wreaked, T. v. 589.

**Y-wronge**, *pp.* forced, L. 2527.

**Y-wryen**, *pp.* hidden, T. iii. 1451; covered,  
A 2904.

**Y-yeve**, *pp.* given, T. iii. 1376; Y-yive,  
T. iii. 1611.

## Z.

**Zeles**, *pl.* zeal, T. v. 1859.

**Zodia**, *s. pl.* beasts, A. i. 21. 61.

**Zodiac**, *s.* zodiac, A. pr. 109. An imaginary  
belt in the heavens, of the breadth of  
12°, along the middle of which runs  
the ecliptic. The Astrolabe only showed  
the *northern half* of this belt.

# GLOSSARY TO FRAGMENTS B AND C OF THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

FRAGMENT B = ll. 1706-5810.

FRAGMENT C = ll. 5811-7698.

The following Glossary (which includes proper names) is separated from the preceding because Fragments B and C of the Romaunt are not by Chaucer.

Fragment B abounds in Northern words and forms. Words in Fragment C have 'C' prefixed to the number of the line.



- A**, *v.* (to) have, 4322.
- Abandon**: *in* *abandon*, fully, without stint, 2342.
- Abawed**, *pp.* amazed, 3646; *Abawid*, 4041.
- Abayashed**, *pp.* cast down, 3370.
- Abey**, *v.* (*for* *Abeye*), suffer (*for* it), pay (*for* it), C 6713. See **Abye**.
- Abiding**, *s.* delay, 2222.
- Abit**, *s.* habit, dress, religious dress, 4914.
- Abit**, **Abood**; see **Abyde**.
- Abood**, *s.* delay, C 7697.
- Aboven**, *adv.* in luck, 4152.
- Abraide**, *v.* start up, break forth, 5156;  
*Abraid*, 1 *pt. s.* awoke, 1806; *Abreyde*,  
*pt. s.* broke out, 3967.
- Abrede**, *adv.* abroad, 2563.
- Absente**, *pr. s. subj.* abstain, refrain, 4911.
- Abstinence-Streyned**, *i.e.* Constrained Abstinence (personified), C 6341, 7366.
- Abyde**, *ger.* to await, 4910; *v.* expect, 5329; watch *for*, 4913; *Abit*, *pr. s.* dwells, 4977, 4989; stays, 5012; *Abood*, 1 *pt. s.* endured, waited, 3694.
- Abye**, *v.* pay *for*, C 5888, 5976; *Abyeth*, *pr. s.* C 7642.
- Accord**, 1 *pr. s.* agree to, 2083; *Accorded*, *pt. pl.* agreed, C 5815; *pp.* reconciled, C 5846.
- G.C.
- A-cold**, *adj.* cold, chilly, 2658.
- Acoye**, *v.* quiet, allay, 3564.
- Acquyte**, *v.* defray the expense, pay *for*, C 6742.
- Ado** (*for* *at do*), to do, 5080.
- A-fere**, *adv.* on fire, 4073.
- Afered**, *pp.* afraid, 3604.
- Affray**, *s.* terror, 3866; fear, 2034.
- Affrayed**, *pp.* frightened, 3113.
- Affye**, *v.* trust, 3155.
- Afor**, *adv.* formerly, 3952.
- Aftir**, *prep.* according to, 2255.
- Afyne**, *adv.* completely, 3690.
- Agast**, *adj.* afraid, C 6106.
- Ageyn-coming**, *s.* returning, 2518.
- Ageyns**, *prep.* in comparison with, 5536.
- Agilte**, *pr. s.* sinned against, offended, C 5833, 6784; *Agiltest*, 2 *pt. s.* C 7572.
- Ago**, *pp.* gone, 2932.
- A-gree**, *adv.* in good part, 4349.
- A-greef**, *adv.* in bad part; *take not agreef*, take it not amiss, C 7573.
- Aken**, *v.* ache, C 6908.
- Al**, *conj.* although, 1754.
- Al-day**, *adv.* continually, 2484.
- Alder**, *adj. gen. pl.* of (us) all, C 6948.
- Alderfirst**, *adv.* first of all, C 7505.
- Allegged**, *pt. pl.* alleviated, 1768. See **Allege**.
- Alleggement**, *s.* alleviation, 1890, 1923.



- Algate**, *adv.* alway, always, 5157, C 7477; at any rate, C 7152.
- Allege**, *v.* exempt (lit. alleviate), C 6626; Allegith, *pr. s.* alleviates, 2588.
- Allegeaunce**, *s.* alleviation, 1871.
- Allowe**, *v.* approve of, value, 5186.
- Almesse**, *s.* alms, C 6624.
- Al-only**, *adv.* alone, C 5819.
- Alosed**, *pp.* noted, famed, 2354.
- Al-out**, *adv.* altogether, 2101, 2935.
- Al-outerly**, *adv.* utterly, C 6302, 7663.
- Alowe**, *v.* accept, approve of, 5175.
- Also**, *conj.* as, C 6767.
- Amende**, *v.* advance, succeed, C 5876.
- Among**, *adv.* sometimes, 2325, 3241, 3304.
- Amourettes**, *s. pl.* sweethearts, 4755.
- Amyas**, *a.* curious error; for At Myas, i. e. at Meaux, 3826. F. text, a *Miaus*.
- And**, *conj.* if, 2051, 4441.
- Anger**, *s.* pain, anguish, 1877; Angres, *pl.* torments, 2554, 3789.
- Angerly**, *adv.* cruelly, 3511.
- Angre**, *ger.* to vex, 3526.
- Angry**, *adj.* cruel, 2628, 3265.
- Anguissous**, *adj.* anxious, 1755.
- Anker**, *s.* an anchoress, a female recluse shut up either in a cell attached to a church, or living under a religious rule in her own house, C 6348.
- Anon-right**, *adv.* straightway, 1778.
- Anoy**, *s.* discomfort, pain, vexation, 1919, 2099, 4404.
- Anoynt**, *pp.* anointed, 1888.
- Apaiied**, *pt. s.* injured, C 7522.
- Apayed**, *pp.* satisfied, 2854, 5631.
- Aperceyved**, *pt. s.* perceived, C 6312.
- Aperceyving**, *s.* perception, C 6318.
- Apert**, *adj.* open, obvious, C 6621.
- Apostlis newe**, i. e. the preaching friars, C 6270.
- Apparence**, *s.* mere outward appearance, 5550; evidence, C 7660.
- Apparent**, *adj.* distinct, 2583.
- Appert**, *adj.* open, C 6150. See **Apert**.
- Appose**, *v.* oppose, C 6555, 7146. F. text, *oposer*.
- A-queynt**, *pp.* acquainted, 3080.
- Aqueyntable**, *adj.* affable, 2213.
- Arace**, *v.* pull out, 1752.
- Arblastars**, *s. pl.* men with crossbows, 4196.
- Aresóneth**, *pr. s.* reasons with, argues, C 6220.
- Arest**, *s.* rest (for a spear), C 7561.
- Arette**, *v.* impute, 3327.
- Areyse**, *v.* raise up, 4361; rouse, C 7159.
- A-rowe**, *adv.* in a row, C 7606.
- Ascape**, *v.* escape, get out of the difficulty, C 6515.
- Asker**, *s.* one who begs, C 6674.
- A-slope**, *adv.* aside, awry, 4464.
- Assay**, *s.* attempt, 3449; quality, temper, 4350.
- Assayed**, *pp.* tried, proved, 2688.
- Asseth**, *a.* sufficiency, 5600.
- Asscoile**, *v.* absolve, C 6364; *pp.* explained, C 6557.
- Assailing**, *s.* absolving, C 6412.
- Assured**, *pp.* secured, 4300.
- Astat**, *s.* state, plight, 2416; Astate, condition, 4672, C 6856.
- Astoned**, *pp.* astonished, 3859.
- A-sundir**, *adv.* diversely, 4477.
- A-swone**, in a swoon, 1736.
- At**, *prep.* at the hands of, from, C 6870; At al, at all points, 5249; at *leste way*, at least, C 5827; at *wordis fewe*, in a few words, briefly, 2129.
- Attendith**, *pr. s.* attaches itself, appertains, 5309.
- Attour**, *s.* array, 3718.
- Augustins**, *s. pl.* Austin Friars, C 7461.
- Aumenere**, *s.* purse for alms, 2271.
- Auntre**, *v. refl.* venture, 2495.
- Avale**, *v.* descend, 1803.
- Avauoned**, *pp.* promoted, C 6951; helped, 3468.
- Avaunt**, *adv.* in advance, forward, 3959, 4790.
- Avauit**, *v. refl.* boast, 4788.
- Avauntage**, *s.* profit, 5808.
- Avenaunt**, *adj.* becoming, seemly, 2058; pleasant, 3679; condescending, 4622.
- Aventure**, *s.* chance, fortune, fate, 2118, 4376; case, C 7308.
- Avouterye**, *s.* adultery, 4954.
- Avysed**, 1 *pt. s. refl.*; Avysed me, applied myself, 1807.
- Awayte**, *s.* ambush, 4407.
- Awayted**, *pp.* watched; *awayted with*, watched by, 3066.
- Axe**, *v.* ask, C 6559.
- Ayaines**, *prep.* against, C 7178.

## B.

- Bachilere**, *s.* young knight, 2828.
- Bagge**, *s.* purse, C 6834.
- Baillye**, *s.* custody, jurisdiction, 421; enclosure, C 7574.
- Balaunce**, *s.* suspense, 4667.
- Balis**, *s. pl.* troubles, sorrows, 4441.
- Bane**, *s.* death, 4491.
- Baren**, *pt. pl.* bare, C 6243.
- Baronage**, *s.* the assembly of barons, C 5812.
- Bataille**, *s.* host, C 5849; *pl.* battalions, C 7348.

**Batayled**, *pp.* battlemented, 4200.  
**Bate**, *s.* strife, 4235.  
**Baud**, *adj.* jolly (lit. bold), 5674.  
**Bayly**, *s.* bailiff, C 6218.  
**Beau-sire**, *s.* fair sir, C 6053.  
**Bede**, *v.* stretch out (lit. proffer), 1710.  
**Bede**, *pt. s. subj.* might pray, C 7374.  
**Bedels**, *s. pl.* officers, C 6812.  
**Begger**, *s.* Beguin, hence, mendicant, C 7282; *Beggars*, *Beguins*, C 7256.  
**Bogyne**, *s.* Beguine, C 7368.  
**Bemes**, *s. pl.* trumpets, C 7605.  
**Berafte**, *pt. pl. subj.* should deprive, C 6669.  
**Bern**, *s.* barn, 5589.  
**Besaunt**, *s.* bezaunt, 5592.  
**Besinesse**, *s.* diligence, 3624.  
**Bestial**, *adj.* stupid, C 6716.  
**Bete**, *pr. s. subj.* cure, 4411.  
**Bialacoil**, i. e. Bial Acoil, Fair Reception, 2984, 2999, 3011.  
**Bigoon**, *adj.*; *vel* bigoon, well off, 5533.  
**Bigyns**, *s. pl.* Béguines, C 6861.  
**Biheest**, *s.* promise, 4446, 4474.  
**Bihote**, *v.* promise, 4446.  
**Bihove**, *s. dat.* behoof, 2964.  
**Bilefte**, *1 pt. s.* remained, 3160.  
**Bimene**, *imp. s. refl.* bemoan thyself, 2667.  
**Biset**, *pt. s.* employs, 5262.  
**Bishet**, *pp.* shut up (in prison), 4488.  
**Bit**, *pr. s.* abides, 5330.  
**Bitought**, *pt. s.* commended, 4438.  
**Bitrashed**, *pp.* betrayed, 3910.  
**Blake**, *adj. pl.* black (monks'), Benedictines, C 6695.  
**Blende**, *ger.* to blind, to deceive, 3954; *Blent*, *pp.* deceived, C 6652.  
**Blered**, *pp.* bleared, dimmed, deceived, 3912.  
**Blinne**, *v.* desist from, C 6611.  
**Blyve**, *adv.* quickly; *as bl.*, very quickly, 2799.  
**Boden**, *pp.* commanded, 2721.  
**Boece**, Boethius, 5661.  
**Book**; *the book*, i. e. the Canon Law, C 6385; the Bible, C 6636.  
**[Borders**, *s. pl.* C 6911. *Better reading:* *for* burdens.]  
**Bordillers**, *s. pl.* brothel-keepers, C 7034.  
**Borowe**, *s.* pledge, C 7331.  
**Bosarde**, *s.* buzzard, 4033.  
**Bote**, *s.* remedy, 1760.  
**Botes**, *s. pl.* boots, 2265, C 7262.  
**Botoun**, *s.* bud, 1721, 1761, 2960.  
**Bougerons**, *s. pl.* sodomites, C 7022.  
**Bought**, *pp.*; *a bought*, to have bought, 4322.

**Bountee**, *s.* kindness, 3147; goodness, C 6597.  
**Braide**, *ger.* to bestir itself, wake up, C 7128.  
**Braste**, *ger.* to burst, 3186.  
**Breda**, *s.* breadth; *on br.*, abroad, 3635.  
**Breken**, *v.* disobey, 3478.  
**Brenne**, *v.* burn, 2475.  
**Brenning**, *s.* burning, 2727.  
**Brere**, *s.* briar, C 6191.  
**Brest**, *v.* burst, 4107.  
**Breve**, *adj.* short, 2350.  
**Brimme**, *adj.* cruel, 1836.  
**Brocages**, *s. pl.* contracts, C 6971.  
**Brond**, *s.* fire-brand, 3706.  
**Burdens**, *error for* Borders, C 6911.  
**Burdoun**, *s.* staff, cudgel, 3401.  
**Burnettes**, *s. pl.* dresses made of fine woollen cloth dyed brown, 4756.  
**But-if**, *conj.* unless, 1062.  
**Buxom**, *adj.* obedient, pliant, 4419.  
**By**, *prep.* in, C 616; beside, C 7032.  
**By and by**, in order, 2345; precisely, 4581.  
**Bye**, *v.* buy, pay for, 2052.  
**Bytinge**, *pres part.* cutting, C 7420.

C.

**Caas**, *s.* case, plight, 3374; *pl.* cases, C 6759.  
**Caleweys**, *s. pl.* soft, sweet pears (which came from Cailloux in Burgundy), C 7043.  
**Calle**, *v.* recall, 3974.  
**Camelyne**, *s.* camel's-hair stuff, C 7367.  
**Can**, *1 pr. s.* (I) know, 4796; *pr. s.* understands, C 5872; *Can him no thank*, offers him no thanks, 2112; *Canst*, 2 *pr. s.* feeblest, 4399.  
**Caribdis**, Charybdis, 4713.  
**Carmes**, *s. pl.* Carmelites, White Friars, C 7462.  
**Cas**, *s.* occasion, C 7481.  
**Caste**, *v. refl.* apply himself, 2031; *Cast*, *pr. s.* casts, 4330; considers, 5620; *Caste*, *pt. s. refl.* set himself, 1860.  
**Castels** in Spayne, castles in the air, 2573.  
**Casting**, *s.* vomit, C 7288.  
**Catel**, *s.* property, 5376.  
**Cause**; *in cause*, to blame, 4525.  
**Caytif**, *s.* poor wretch, 3554.  
**Chace**, *v.* chase away; *do ch.*, caused to be chased away, C 7534.  
**Chafe**, *v.* irritate, 3685.  
**Chamberere**, *s.* chamber-maid, 4935.  
**Chanoun**, *s.* canon, 3278.

**Chapitre**, *s.* chapter, C 6532.  
**Chapman**, *s.* trader, 5591.  
**Chargid**, *pt. s.* instructed, 2145.  
**Chasteleyn**, *s.* castellan, governor of a castle, C 6327.  
**Chasteleyne**, *s.* the wife of a chastelain or governor of a castle, 3740.  
**Chastyne**, *1 pr. s.* reprove, C 6993.  
**Chere**, *s.* countenance, favour, 3952; appearance, 5486, C 6474; delight, 3805.  
**Cherete**, *s.* fondness, 3516.  
**Chese**, *v.* choose, 4426; **Cheso** . . . hem to, *pr. pl.* choose for themselves, C 6230.  
**Chevered**, *pp.* shivered, 1732.  
**Chevisaunce**, *s.* resource, remedy, 3337.  
**Chewise**, *v.* occupy himself (for me), manage (for me), settle my cause, C 6425.  
**Chiche**, *adj.* parsimonious, 5588.  
**Chideresse**, *s.* scold, virago, 4266.  
**Chinche**, *adj.* mean, avaricious, C 5998.  
     *Nasalised form of Chiche.*  
**Chinchy**, *adj.* mean, grudging, niggardly, C 6002.  
**Ciergis**, *pl.* wax tapers, C 6248.  
**Clarree**, *s.* a sweet liquor consisting of a mixture of wine, clarified honey and various spices, as pepper and ginger, &c., C 5967, 5971.  
**Clepe**, *v.* call, C 5907.  
**Clipsy**, *adj.* eclipsed, dim, 5349.  
**Clomben**, *pp.* climbed up, C 6933.  
**Cloos**, *adj.* close, discreet, C 6104.  
**Close**, *v.* enclose, 4372.  
**Closer**, *s.* enclosure, 4069.  
**Cloth**, *s.* dress, C 6345.  
**Colour**, *s.* way, manner, C 6282.  
**Come**, *s.* coming, C 7628.  
**Compas**, *s.* circuit, 1842; circumference, 4183; **Compace**, perfection, 3208.  
**Compassen**, *1 pr. pl.* study, observe closely, C 6932.  
**Compliaschen**, *v.* accomplish, 2132.  
**Comprende**, *v.* consider, include (in my explanation), C 6633.  
**Compte**, *s.* counting, account, 5026.  
**Comunably**, *adv.* commonly, usually, C 7237.  
**Comunely**, *adv.* publicly, 4801.  
**Comuntee**, *s.* community, common possession, 5209.  
**Conocours**, *s.* course, result, 4360.  
**Conestablierye**, *s.* a ward of a castle under the command of a constable, 4218.  
**Coninges**, *s. pl.* conies, rabbits, C 7044.  
**Conissauce**, *s.* understanding, knowledge, 5465, 5559; acquaintance, 4668.

**Conjecte**, *1 pr. pl.* conspire, C 6928.  
**Conne**, *2 pr. s. subj.* mayst be well instructed, 2315.  
**Consequence**, *s.* result, C 6448.  
**Consolacioun**, the 'Consolation of Philosophy,' 5661.  
**Constreynance**, *s.* constraint, C 7438.  
**Contene**, *v.* remain, 2641; *refl.* bear himself, 2248; **Conteyne**, *v.* contain (himself), 4923; **Contene**, *pr. pl. refl.* maintain themselves, C 6805.  
**Contrarie**, *s.* perplexity, 4478.  
**Contrarious**, *adj.* hostile, 3354.  
**Controve**, *v.* compose songs, 4249; *ger.* to invent, C 7547.  
**Contune**, *v.* continue, 4354, 5332.  
**Convay**, *ger.* to accompany, 2428.  
**Corago**, *s.* mood, temper, 4928.  
**Cordilores**, *s. pl.* Franciscans, (so called from wearing a girdle of rope), C 7461.  
**Cornewayle**, Cornouaille in Brittany, 4250.  
**Corumpable**, *adj.* corruptible, 4856.  
**Cos**, *s.* kiss, 3663.  
**Cost**, *s.* coast, place, 3931; quarter, 2477.  
**Cotidien**, *adj.* quotidian, daily; *as s.* a quotidian ague, 2401.  
**Couchen**, *pr. pl.* impose, C 6903.  
**Countesses**, *s. pl.* C 6860.  
**Countours**, *s. pl.* accountants, C 6812.  
**Coupe-gorge**, *s.* Cut-throat, C 7422.  
**Couth**, *pp.* known, 2000; evident, 4213.  
**Coveityse**, *s.* coveting, desire, 4129; covetousness, 5072.  
**Covenable**, *adj.* seemly, fitting, suitable, C 6020, 6752; excellent, C 7181.  
**Covent**, *s.* convent, 4904, C 7380.  
**Coverchief**, *s.* kerchief, head-covering, C 7369.  
**Covert**, *adj.* secret, hidden up, C 6149.  
**Coverture**, *s.* concealment, 2172.  
**Covyne**, *s.* intrigue, secret plan, 3799.  
**Coy**, *adj.* quiet, hidden, 4297.  
**Crece**, *s.* increase, progeny, 4875. (*Fortened crece* seems to mean destroyed progeny, i. e. abortion.) See *crease* (= increase) in the New E. Dict.  
**Croce**, *s.* crozier, C 6470.  
**Crownet**, *s.* coronet, 3203.  
**Cunne**, *v.* shew; *cunne him maugree*, shew him ill-will, 4559; *1 pr. pl.* can, C 5879; *pr. pl.* know (how), C 6174; *pr. s. subj.* be able, C 5992.  
**Cure**, *s.* charge, 1962, C 6562; care, 4222; cause of care, 2456; heed, C 7557; aid, C 6752; jurisdiction, 3540.  
**Curious**, *adj.* diligent, zealous, C 6578, 6590.

**Customere**, *adj.* accustomed, 4936. F. text, *coustumiere*.

**Cut**, *pr. s.* cuts, C 6198.

D.

**Dagges**, *s. pl.* loose tags or shreds of cloth, C 7260. (I can find no exact account of the fastening here referred to; I suppose that the *dagges*, or tape-like strips, had button-holes, through which the *knoppes* or buttons passed.)

**Daliaunce**, *s.* talk, 2850.

**Dampning**, *s.* damnation, C 6643.

**Dar**, *pr. s.* dare, 6049.

**Daunce**; *the olds d.*, the old game, 4300.

**Daungere**, *s.* resistance, 1932; reluctance, 2318; power, control, 2051.

**Daungerous**, *adj.* shy, reluctant, backward, 2312; hard to please, 2824; cruel, 3594, 3727.

**Daunte**, *v.* conquer, subdue, 3300.

**Daunting**, *s.* taming, 4032.

**Dawed**, *pt. s. subj.* would dawn, 2633.

**Dawes**, *s. pl.* days, 2838, C 6616.

**Debonairly**, *adv.* graciously, pleasantly, 2382.

**Defaute**, *s.* lack, 5789.

**Defenced**, *pp.* defended, 4310.

**Defensible**, *adj.* helping to defend, 4168.

**Defoule**, *v.* trample down, C 6000.

**Defyle**, *v.* bruise, C 7317.

**Degree**, *s.* rank, C 7214; manner, C 7442.

**Deignous**, *adj.* disdainful, 3593.

**Del**, *s.* deal; Dele, bit, least thing, 5139; *not . . . a del*, not a whit, C 6807, 7433; *never a del*, not at all, C 6036; *every del*, every whit, C 6017.

**Delectacioun**, *s.* delight, 4821.

**Deles** (Northern form), *pr. s.* distributes, 5419.

**Deliciously**, *adv.* daintily, C 6729.

**Deliverly**, *adv.* quickly, 1927, 2283, 3005.

**Delyces**, *s. pl.* pleasures, C 7281.

**Demeigne**, *s.* possession, ownership, 5586; Demeigne, dominion, rule, 3310.

**Demene**, *v.* put up with, 5238.

**Depart**, *v.* divide, 2367, 5279.

**Departing**, *s.* division, 4613.

**Dere**, *v.* injure, destroy, 4336; *pp.* 2100.

**Desert**, *s.* deserving, 4269.

**Desperance**, *s.* desperation, 1872.

**Desporte**, *ger.* to cheer, to divert, 2014.

**Despyt**, *s.* aversion, C 5906.

**Dever**, *s.* endeavour, 5290.

**Deviaunt**, *adj.* divergent, turned away, 4789.

**Devoid**, *adj.* free, 4312.

**Devoided**, *pp.* removed, 2929.

**Devynne**, *v.* interpret, 3800.

**Devys**, *s.* disposal, 1974; will, 3621; *by devys*, to judge from her appearance (?), 3205. (F. text, *et a son vis.*)

**Deyned**, *pt. s. subj.*; *him deyned*, it appeared good to him, C 6950.

**Deynous**, *adj.* disdainful, 3728.

**Deyntee**, *s.* value, 2677.

**Diffyne**, *v.* define, 4807.

**Dight**, *v.* prepare, 4240.

**Discomfit**, *pp.* disconcerted, 4067.

**Discordance**, *s.* disagreement, 4715, 5208; discordant melody, 4251.

**Discorde**, *ger.* to disagree, 4716.

**Discreven**, *2 pr. pl.* describe, 4803.

**Disdeinous**, *adj.* disdainful, C 7412.

**Disece**, *s.* uneasiness, 5244.

**Disece**, *ger.* to trouble, 3526.

**Disgyse**, *v.* apparel, 2250; *Disgyse*, *1 pr. s.* disguise, C 6358.

**Dishonest**, *adj.* unfair, unreasonable, 3442; immodest, 4262.

**Disordinat**, *adj.* inordinate, 4816.

**Dispendith**, *pr. pl.* spend, 5681.

**Dispitous**, *adj.* unmerciful, spiteful, C 6162; malicious, froward, 2212, 3457.

**Displeasunce**, *s.* displeasure, 3436.

**Disport**, *s.* delight, 3468; happiness, 2894.

**Disrewilly**, *adv.* irregularly, 4900.

**Disseise**, *v.* dispossess, deprive, (F. *desaisir*), 2076.

**Disserve**, *v.* deserve, 3093.

**Disseyved**, *pp.* deceived, C 6628.

**Dissolucioun**, *s.* dissoluteness, 4898.

**Distincte**, *v.* distinguish, C 6199.

**Distoned**, *adj.* out of tune, 4248.

**Ditee**, *s.* discourse, 5286, 5652.

**Divyne**, *s.* divinity, C 6488.

**Do**, *v.* cause; *do make*, cause to be made, 2080; *pr. s. subj.* accomplish, C 5869;

**Doand** (Northern), *pres. part.* doing, 2708; **Don**, *pp.* put, placed, C 6564.

**Dole**, *s.* lamentation, mourning, 2956, 4317. O.F. *dool*.

**Dolven**, *pp.* buried, 4070.

**Dom**, *s.* dumb, 2220, 2409, 2492.

**Dool**, *s.* grief, 4480.

**Dool**, *s.* portion; *halfen dool*, half portion, halving (it), 2364.

**Doth**, *pr. s.* causes, 2772, 2786, 2790; brings, 5558; gives, 1984.

**Double**, *adj.* twofold, 1756.

**Doublenesse**, *s.* double-dealing, duplicity, 2366.

**Doun**, come down, C 5868.

**Dout**, *s.* fear, 2102.

**Doutable**, *adj.* doubtful, 5413; imperilled, unstable, C 6274.

**Doute**, *v.* fear, 2023; 1 *pr. s.* 2108; 2 *pr. pl.* 2079.  
**Douting**, *s.* doubt, C 6074.  
**Draught**, *s.* draught, bout, act, 4869. *F.* text, *Car maint n'i traïroient ja trait.*  
**Drede**, *s.* doubt; *withouten dr.*, without doubt, 2199, 2251, C 6214; *Dread* (personified), 3958, 5861.  
**Dreihed**, *s.* sorrow, 4728.  
**Dresse**, *v.* prepare, 1773; *pr. s. subj. refl.* set himself, C 6535.  
**Dreye**, *adj.* dry, 1743.  
**Drough**, *pt. s.* drew, 1725.  
**Droune**, *ger.* to be drowned, 4710, 5022.  
**Drury**, *s.* loyal affection, 5064.  
**Drye**, *v.* suffer, undergo, 4390; endure, 3105; *ger.* to fulfil, C 7484.  
**Dulle**, 1 *pr. s.* become stupefied, 4792.  
**Dure**, *v.* last, endure, C 6841.  
**Duresse**, *s.* severity, 3547, 3570.  
**Dwelling**, *s.* delay, 2440.  
**Dyamaunt**, *s.* adamant, 4385.  
**Dyden**, *pt. pl.* died, C 6245.  
**Dyne**, *v. as s.* dinner, C 6500.

## E.

**Eche**, *v.* add, 1994; help, aid, 4618.  
**Effect**, *s.* reality, 5486.  
**Eft**, *adv.* again, 1783.  
**Eftson**, *adv.* soon afterwards, C 6094; *Eftsones*, C 6649.  
**Egre**, *adj.* acid, 4179.  
**Egre**, *adv.* sharply, 5474.  
**Elde**, *s.* old age, 4885.  
**Elengenesse**, *s.* solitariness; hence, sadness, disquietude, C 7406. *F.* text, *soussi.*  
**Elis**, *s. pl.* eels, C 7039.  
**Elles**, *adv.* otherwise, in all other respects, 3429.  
**Empressid**, *pp.* pressed, 3691.  
**Empryse**, *s.* undertaking, care, 2147; doings, 3508; enterprise, C 5825; design, 1972; conduct, action, 2186; privilege, 2008; rule, 4905.  
**Enchesoun**, *s.* occasion, 2504, 3982, 4242.  
**Enclyne**, *v.* be subject (to), respect, bow down (to), C 6814.  
**Encombe**, *v.* disturb, 5434; *pr. s.* importunes, teases, C 6675; *pr. pl.* perplex, 4482; *pp.* annoyed, C 7628.  
**Enfaunce**, *s.* infancy, youth, 4288.  
**Enforce**, *v.* compel, C 6407; *pr. pl. refl.* endeavour, C 6275; *pp.* augment, 4499.  
**Engendrure**, *s.* procreation, 4849.  
**Engreveth**, *pr. s.* displeases, 3444.

**Enhaunce**, *ger.* to exalt, advance, C 7246.  
**Enlangoured**, *adj.* faded with langour, pale, C 7399.  
**Enlumined**, *pp.* illumined, 5344.  
**Empryse**, *s.* quickness of movement, 2636. See *Empryse.*  
**Enquestes**, *s. pl.* legal inquisitions, C 6977.  
**Ensure**, 1 *pr. s.* assure, 4850; *pp.* C 7212.  
**Entayle**, *s.* figure, shape, 3711.  
**Entencioun**, *s.* attention, 4701; intent, C 6258; diligence, 2027; *of e.*, intentionally, 2976; *pl.* meaning, drift, C 7170.  
**Entende**, *v.* pay attention, 2153.  
**Entendement**, *s.* intention, 2188.  
**Entent**, *s.* mind, 2187; purpose, 2488; disposition, 5690; endeavour, 3906; intention, design, C 5811, 5869.  
**Ententif**, *adj.* diligent, careful, 2022; *adv.* 1720.  
**Entermete**, *v. refl.* intermeddle, interfere, 2966; 1 *pr. s. refl.* busy (myself with), C 6971.  
**Entremees**, *s. pl.* entremets, dainty meats, C 6841.  
**Entremete**, *v.* interfere, C 6635, 7233, *ger.* C 6503; *ger. refl.* C 5946, 1 *pr. s.* intermeddle, interfere, C 6408, 6840, *pr. s.* C 5921.  
**Enviroun**, *adv.* about, 3203, 4161, round about, 4203.  
**Enviroune**, 1 *pr. pl.* go about, C 7017.  
**Equipolences**, *s. pl.* equivocations, equivocal expressions, C 7076.  
**Erke**, *adj.* weary, wearied, 4867.  
**Ernes**, *s.* ardour, (of love), 4838.  
**Ernest**, *s.* earnest, pledge, 3680.  
**Ers**, *s.* posteriors (*F. cul.*), C 7578.  
**Espleyten**, *v.* perform, execute, C 6174.  
**Espyte**, *s.* spy, 3871.  
**Establisshing**, *s.* decree, C 6369.  
**Estate**, *s.* state of life, position, 4901.  
**Estres**, *s. pl.* recesses, inner parts, 3626.  
**Existence**, *s.* reality, 5549, C 7470.  
**Expowne**, *ger.* to expound, C 7172.  
**Eyth**, *adj.* easy, 3955. *A.S. ead.*

## F.

**Fable**, *s.* deceitfulness, C 6602.  
**Fade**, *adj.* pallid, faded, 2399.  
**Fadome**, *s. pl.* fathoms, 4159.  
**Failed**, *pp. as adj.* wanting, defective, C 7470.  
**Fainte**, *adj.* feigned, C 7405.  
**Fairhede**, *s.* fairness, beauty, 2484.  
**Fallaces**, *s. pl.* deceits, C 7077.

**Fallith**, *pr. s. impera.* befits, 4025; belongs, C 6976.  
**Falsen**, *pr. pl.* deceive, 4833.  
**Fand**, *pt. pl.* found, 2707.  
**Fard**, *imp. s.* paint, 2285.  
**Fardels**, *s. pl.* loads, bundles, 5683.  
**Fare**, *s.* welfare, condition, C 6498.  
**Fare**, *v.* depart, vanish away, C 6045; *pr. pl.* go, 5564; journey, 5509; *pp.* gone, 2710.  
**Faute**, *s.* fault, defect, 3837.  
**Fawe**, *s.* adj. fain, blithe, C 6476.  
**Fay**, *s.* faith, 2155, 5106.  
**Fee**, *s.* property, lief, C 6044.  
**Feers**, *adj.* fierce, 3372.  
**Feeste**, *s.* encouragement, 5061.  
**Fel**, *adj.* cruel, savage, 2211; harsh, 4028; stern, C 7342; Felle, *pl.* painful, 3789.  
**Felde-fare**, *s.* field-fare, 5510.  
**Fele**, *adj.* many, 4446, C 6038.  
**Fele**, *v.* perceive (smell), 1844.  
**Feller**, *adj. comp.* crueler, 4103.  
**Felones**, *adj. pl.* evil, wicked, C 6711. *His f. iangelinges*, his evil pratings, his injurious talk. Suggested by F. Maugre *les felonesses jangles*; where *felonesses* is a plural adjective; see Godefroy.  
**Feloun**, *adj.* cruel, C 5998.  
**Fere**, *s.* fire, 2471, 5086.  
**Fered**, *pp.* fired, inflamed, 5278.  
**Fetisly**, *adv.* neatly, perfectly, 2267.  
**Fetys**, *adj.* well-made, 2088.  
**Feynte**, *adj.* feigned, 5563.  
**Feyntyse**, *s.* deceit, guile, 2947, 2998, 3492; evasion, 1971.  
**Fiaunce**, *s.* confidence, trust, 5481.  
**Fil**, *pt. s.* tell, condescended, 3437; Fille, *pt. pl.* found themselves, C 5813.  
**Fit**, *s.* mood, 5197.  
**Flawme**, *s.* flame, 3707.  
**Flawnes**, *s. pl.* flaws; a dish composed of new cheese, eggs, powdered sugar, coloured with saffron and baked in small tins called 'coffins'; C 4042.  
**Flayn**, *pp.* flayed, C7316. *Miswritten slayn.*  
**Flemed**, *pt. s.* exiled, drove into exile, 3052, C 6781. A.S. *flijman*.  
**Floytes**, *s. pl.* flutes, 4251.  
**Foles**, *gen.* fool's, 5266.  
**Foly**, *adj.* foolish, 4299, 5085.  
**Fond**, *adj.* foolish, 5367.  
**Fonde**, *v.* attempt, 5858.  
**Foole**, *adj.* foolish, C 7539.  
**Foon**, *pl.* foes, 5552, C 6040.  
**Footte**, *v.* dance formally, 3223.  
**Foot-hoot**, *adv.* instantly, 3827.  
**For**, *prep.* to prevent, 4229; for fear of, 2365; on account of, 2190.

**Forboden**, *pp.* forbidden, C 6616.  
**Force**, *s.*; *I yeve no force*, I care not, 4602; *of f.*, necessarily, 1796.  
**Fordone**, *pp.* undone, 4339.  
**Fordrive**, *pp.* scattered, 3782.  
**Forewardis**, *forwards*; *hennes f.*, hence-forward, C 7304.  
**Forfare**, *v.* perish, 5388, 5778.  
**For-ofte**, *adv.* very often, 4876.  
**For-peyned**, *pp.* distressed, 3603.  
**Forsake**, *v.* refuse, 2822; withstand, 1876.  
**Forstere**, *s.* forester, C 6329.  
**Fortened**, *pp.* destroyed, 4875. (Or perhaps 'obstructed'; cf. A.S. *fortijnan*, to shut up.) See Crece.  
**Forthenke**, *v.* rue, repent, 3957, 4060.  
**Forthy**, *conj.* because; *not f.*, not on that account, (*perhaps*) nevertheless, 4000.  
**Forwardred**, *pp.* spent with wandering, 3336.  
**Forwardis**, *s. pl.* agreements, C 7403.  
**Forwerreyd**, *pp.* utterly defeated, 2564.  
**Forwery**, *adj.* tired out, 3336.  
**For-why**, wherefore, 1743.  
**Forwoundid**, *pp.* sorely wounded, 1830.  
**Foryet**, *v.* forget, 3243; *pr. s.* C 6538.  
**Foryeve**, *ger.* to abandon, give up, 3438.  
**Fraunchyse**, *s.* liberty, 4906; nobility, 2007; generosity, 3003; Bounty, 3501; Freedom, C 5865.  
**Frere**, *s.* friar, C 7377; Friar Wolf, C 6424.  
**Freres Prechours**, *s. pl.* preaching friars. i.e. the Prechours, or Dominican friars, C 7458.  
**Fret**, *pp.* fretted, adorned, 3204; *set*, 4705.  
**Fretted**, *pp.* furnished, lit. ornamented, C 7259.  
**Frouncen**, *pr. pl.* shew wrinkles, C 7261; Frounced, *pp.* wrinkled, 3137.  
**Fyne**, *v.* cease, 1797; *pr. pl. subj.* end, depart, 5356.

G.

**Gabbeth**, *pr. s.* speaks falsely, lies, C 6700.  
**Gabbing**, *s.* lying, C 7602, 7612.  
**Gadring**, *s.* accumulation, 5782.  
**Garisoun**, *s.* healing, 3248; garrison, 4279.  
**Garnement**, *s.* dress, 2256.  
**Garnisoun**, *s.* fortress, 4204.  
**Gatz**, *s.* way, wise, 3332, 5167, 5230 (North-ern).  
**Gentilnesse**, *s.* kindness, 4605; good breeding, 2005; nobility, 5237.  
**Garner**, *s.* garner, C 5988.  
**Gesse**; *withoutte gesse*, doubtless, 2817.  
**Geten**, *pp.* gotten, 5701.

**Geting**, *s.* obtaining, attainment, 3284.  
**Gibbe**, *Gib* (Gilbert), a cat, C 6204.  
**Gitne**, *s.* warlike engine, 4176.  
**Ginneth**, *pr. s.* begins, 2154.  
**Gisarme**, *s.* a weapon bearing a scythe-like blade fixed on a shaft and provided also with a spear-point like a bayonet, C 5978.  
**Giterne**, *ger.* to play on the guitar, 3211.  
**Glose**, *v.* flatter, 5097; *pp.* explained, C 6890.  
**Gloumbe**, *v.* frown, look glum, 4356.  
**Guede**, *s.* stingy person, C 6002. (Miswritten *grede*.)  
**Go**, *pp.* gone, 2423; empty, C 6834.  
**Gonfanoun**, *s.* gonfalon, banner, 2018.  
**Gospel Perdurable**, The Everlasting Gospel, C 7102.  
**Graithe**, *v.* dress, array, C 7368.  
**Graunt mercy**, best thanks, C 7504.  
**Gree**, (1) *s.* way (lit. grade); *in no maner gree*, in no kind of way, 5743.  
**Gree**, (2) *s.* favour; *atts gree*, with favour, 4574; *take at gree*, accept with a good will, 1969; *in gree*, in good part, 2306.  
**Grete**, 1 *pr. s.* weep, lament, 4116 (North-ern).  
**Greves**, *s. pl.* thickets, 3019.  
**Groffe**, *adv.* face downward, 2561.  
**Groine**, *pr. s. subj.* grumble, murmur, C 7049.  
**Gruchen**, *pr. pl. subj.* grumble at, be-grudge, C 6465.  
**Gruching**, *s.* refusal, C 6439.  
**Grype**, *v.* seize, C 5983.  
**Guerdoning**, *s.* reward, 2380, C 5908.  
**Gyler**, *s.* beguiler, 5759.  
**Gype**, *s.* frock; perhaps a smock-frock (alluding to the numerous gathers in the front of it), C 7262.

## H.

**Ha**, *v.* have, 5569.  
**Hade**, 2 *pt. s.* haddest, 2400.  
**Halp**, *pt. s.* helped, 1911.  
**Halt**, *pr. s. refl.* considers himself, 4901; keeps, C 7032.  
**Hardement**, *s.* courage, 1827, 2487, 3392.  
**Harlotes**, *s. pl.* rascals, ribalds, C 6068.  
**Harneis**, *s.* armour, gear, C 7477.  
**Harneys**, *v. refl.* dress, equip thyself, 2647.  
**Hat**, *adj. hot*, 2398.  
**Hatter**, *adj. comp.* hotter, more hotly, 2475.  
**Haunt**, *v.* practise, 4868; *ger.* to haunt, frequent, C 6601; *pr. s. subj.* practise, C 7039.

**Haunting**, *s.* haunt, abode, C 6081.  
**Hauteyn**, *adj.* haughty, C 6101; *fem.* 3739.  
**Havoir**, *s.* having, 4720.  
**Haye**, *s.* hedge, 2971, 2087.  
**Hele**, *v.* conceal, 2858; *ger.* 2522; *pr. pl.* C 6882.  
**Hele**, *s.* health, 4721.  
**Hem**, *pron.* them, 2218.  
**Hemmes**, *s. pl.* phylacteries, C 6912.  
**Hend**, *adj.* ready, useful, 3345.  
**Hente**, *ger.* to seize, 3364; *pt. s.* 1730, 4092; *pt. pl.* snatched, C 7136; *pp.* plucked, C 7644.  
**Herber**, *imp. pl.* take up your abode, C 7586; 2 *pt. s.* didst harbour, 5107.  
**Herbergere**, *s.* host, entertainer, C 7585; *pl.* 5000.  
**Herberwe**, *s.* shelter, lodging, C 6201, 7495.  
**Herberwe**, *v.* shelter, lodge, C 6145.  
**Herde**, *s.* shepherd, C 6453; *pl.* C 6561.  
**Herie**, *pr. pl.* honour, praise, C 6241.  
**A. S. herian**.  
**Hertly**, *adj.* true-hearted, 5433.  
**Het**, *pp.* heated, 3709.  
**Heten**, *v.* promise, C 6299.  
**Hight**, *pr. s.* is named, C 6341; *pp.* promised, 2803.  
**Hoked**, *adj.* hooked, furnished with hooks, 1712; barbed, 1749.  
**Hole**, *adj.* whole, complete, 5443.  
**Holtes**, *s. pl.* plantations, C 6996.  
**Homager**, *s.* vassal, 3288.  
**Hoolly**, *adv.* wholly, 1970.  
**Hoomly**, *adj.* homely, familiar, C 6220.  
**Hoor**, *adj.* gray-haired, C 6335; **Hore**, *adj.* hoary, gray, 3196; *pl.* hoary (a frequent epithet of trees, perhaps with reference to trees of great age), C 6996.  
**Hornpypes**, *s. pl.* musical instruments, formed of pipes made of horn, 4250.  
**Hostilers**, *s. as adj. pl.* keeping an inn, C 7033.  
**Hoteth**, *pr. s.* promises, 5422; *pr. pl.* 5444.  
**Housel**, *v.* give the Host (to), C 6438.  
**Hulstred**, *pp.* concealed, hidden, C 6146.  
**Humanitee**, *s.* human nature, 5655.  
**Hy**, *s.* haste; *in hy*, in haste, 2393, 3591.

## I.

**Ioh**, *pron. I*, C 6787.  
**If**, *conj.* if (i. e. if the matter be wisely inquired into), 4454.  
**Imped**, *pp.* engrafted, 5137.  
**Impes**, *s. pl.* grafts, C 6293.  
**Importable**, *adj.* insufferable, C 6902.

**In-fere**, *adv.* together, 4827.  
**Isse**, *v.* issue, 1992.

J.

**Jangleth**, *pr. s.* prattles, C 7540.  
**Jangling**, *s.* prating, chattering, C 5852;  
*pl.* idle words, C 6711.  
**Jape**, *s.* jest, C 7519; *pl.* tricks, C 6835.  
**Jape**, *1 pr. s.* mock, scoff at, C 6471.  
**Jolily**, *adv.* after a jolly sort, C 7031;  
pleasantly, 2248; nicely, neatly, 2284;  
deservedly, C 7064.  
**Joly**, *adj.* fine, gay, C 7248.  
**Jolynesse**, *s.* jolliness, joy, 2302.  
**Joweles**, *s. pl.* jewels, 2092, 5420.  
**Joyne**, *1 pr. s.* enjoin, 2355.  
**Jupartye**, *s.* jeopardy, 2666.

K.

**Kembe**, *imp. s.* comb, 2284.  
**Kenne**, *v.* show, teach, 2470.  
**Kepe**, *s.* heed, 3475.  
**Kepe**, *v.* keep; *kepe forth*, perpetuate,  
4854; *1 pr. s.* care, C 6440; keep, 3476;  
care, wish, C 6081; *pr. pl.* care, C 6003.  
**Kernels**, *s. pl.* battlements, 4195. *F* text,  
*les creunaux*.  
**Kerving**, *pres. pt. as adj.* cutting, 3813.  
**Kesse**, *v.* kiss, 2006.  
**Kid**, *pp.* made known, 2172; evident, 3132.  
**Kirked**, *adj.* crooked (?), 3137.  
**Knct**, *pp.* knit, fastened, 4700, 4811; *pp.*  
*pl.* fast bound, 2092.  
**Knewe**, *1 pt. s. subj.* disclosed, C 6090.  
**Knopped**, *pp.* fastened, C 7260. A *knoppe*  
is properly a button, hence *knoppen*, to  
fasten with a button.

L.

**Laas**, *s.* toils, snare, C 6020, 6648; Lacc,  
cord, string, C 7373; net, 2792, snare,  
5093.  
**Laced**, *pp.* entangled, caught, 3178.  
**Lakko**, *1 pr. pl.* blame, 4804.  
**Lambren**, *s. pl.* lazars, C 7013.  
**Largesse**, *s.* liberality, 2354; C 5853.  
**Las**, *s.* net, 2790. See **Laas**, **Lacc**.  
**Late**, *ger.* to let, permit, allow, 3145, C  
6076; *v.* let, 5574; *Lat. pr. s.* lets remain,  
5493.  
**Laithwith**, *pr. s.* laughs, 2291.  
**Lay**, *s.* law, religious belief, C 6749.  
**Leef**, *adj.* willing, 2335.  
**Lees**, *s. pl.* lies; *withouten lees*, truly,  
3904, 5728.

G.C.

**Leeful**, *adj.* allowable, permissible, 5195.  
*Lit.* 'leave-ful.'  
**Leggen**, *ger.* ease, relieve, 5016. (Short  
for *alleggen*.)  
**Lemes**, *s. pl.* rays, 5346.  
**Lemman**, *s.* sweetheart, C 6056, 6305.  
**Lene**, *v.* lend, 3053, C 7026.  
**Lening**; *in lening*, as a loan, 2373.  
**Lepand**, *pres. part.* running (with short  
jumps), 1928.  
**Lere**, *ger.* to teach, 2143, 2149; *v.* teach,  
5152; learn, 2451, 4808.  
**Lered**, *adj.* learned, C 6217.  
**Lese**, *v.* lose, C 5915, 5924; *pr. s.* 2149.  
**Lesing**, *s.* lie, falsehood, 2174, 4835.  
**Let**, *pr. s.* leads (his life), C 6111.  
**Lete**, *v.* cease, 2463; leave, C 6457; *let*  
alone, C 6556; abandon, C 6169; allow,  
permit, 6458; *1 pr. s.* leave, C 6354;  
abandon, C 6907; *pp.* let, 1791.  
**Lette**, *s.* let, hindrance, 3750.  
**Letten**, *v.* hinder, 3590; delay, 3940;  
stop, 1832; cease, 2807; desist, 1832.  
**Letting**, *s.* hindrance, C 5031.  
**Lettrure**, *s.* literature, writing, C 6751.  
**Leve**, *v.* believe, 3303.  
**Lave**, *v.* live, 2136.  
**Lever**, *adv.* rather, C 6793; *me were lever*,  
I had rather, C 6168.  
**Lewd**, *adj.* lay (folk), the ignorant, C  
6217.  
**Lewedist**, *adj. superl.* most ignorant,  
4802.  
**Leye**, *pt. pl.* lay, lived, C 6572.  
**Liche**, *adv.* alike, equally, 4160.  
**Ligging**, *pr. pt.* lying down, 4002.  
**Likerous**, *adj.* licentious, 4264.  
**Likly**, *adj.* similar, 4852.  
**Lisse**, *v.* abate, 4128, *ger.* to be eased, to  
feel relief, 3758.  
**List**, *s.* pleasure, will, 1957.  
**List**, *pr. s.* wishes, C 6139.  
**Loigne**, *s.* tether, 3382, C 7050.  
**Loke**, *pp.* locked up, 2092.  
**Long**; *of long passed*, of old, 3377.  
**Longith**, *pr. s.* belits, 2321.  
**Loos**, *s.* renown, reputation, 2310, C 6103;  
ill fame, C 7081.  
**Lorn**, *pp.* lost, 4327, 4502, 4508, C 5973.  
**Losengeours**, *s. pl.* deceivers, 2693.  
**Loteby**, *s.* paramour, C 6339.  
**Lough**, *pt. s.* laughed, C 7205.  
**Loure**, *pr. s. subj.* scowl, C 7049.  
**Loute**, *v.* bow, 4384; bow down, C 7336;  
*pr. pl. subj.* bow down, C 6917.  
**Lowe**, *ger.* to appraise, i.e. to be valued  
at, 4532.  
**Luce**, *s.* pike (fish), C 7039.

F f \*



**Lyfode**, *s.* livelihood, 5602, C 6663.  
**Lyken**, *v.* please, 1854, C 6131.  
**Lyte**, *adj.* little, small, 2279, 3557; *adv.* C 7551.  
**Lythe**, *adj.* delicate, 3762.

## M.

**Maat**, *adj.* bewildered, overcome, 1739.  
 See **Mate**.  
**Maistryse**, *s.* strength, dominion, 4172.  
**Make**, *ger.* to cause, C 5931; *pr. pl.* pro-pound, C 6186.  
**Male**, *s.* bag, wallet, 3263; money-bag, C 6376.  
**Maltalent**, *s.* ill-humour, 3438.  
**Mangonel**, *s.* a military engine on the principle of the sling-staff for casting stones, a catapult, C 6279.  
**Mar**, *adj.* greater, 2215; *adv.* more, 1854.  
**Marchandise**, *s.* barter, C 5902.  
**Mare**, *adv.* more, 2709.  
**Markes**, *pl.* marks (coins), C 5986.  
**Marreth**, *pr. s.* disfigures, 4679.  
**Mate**, *adj.* distracted, 5099; downcast, 4671; dispirited, 3167, 3190. See **Maat**.  
**Maugree**, *s.* ill-will, 4390; reproach, 3144; *prep.* in spite of, C 6711; *maugre vous*, in spite of you, C 7645.  
**Mayme**, *v.* maim, C 6620; *pr. s.* wounds, 5317. See **Meygned**.  
**Maysondewe**, *s.* hospital, 5619.  
**Medle**, *v.* interfere, 3788; **Medle**, *v. refl.* meddle; *m. him of*, deal with, C 6030; *to medle*, for meddling, 4545.  
**Meke**, *v.* mollify, 3394; have mercy, 3541; **Meked**, *pt. s. refl.* humbled himself, 3584.  
**Mendience**, *s.* beggary, mendicancy, C 6657, 6707.  
**Mene**, *s.* mean, middle state, C 6527.  
**Mene**, *adj.* middle, mean, 4844.  
**Mene**, *1 pr. s.* bemoan, 2596.  
**Menour**, Minorite, Franciscan friar, C 6338.  
**Mes**, *s. at good mes*, at a favourable opportunity, 3462. O. F. *mes*.  
**Mete**, *adj.* meet, fitted, 1799.  
**Mete**, *v.* meet, succeed, 4571.  
**Mevable**, *adj.* moveable, 4736.  
**Meve**, *v.* move, incite, 2327.  
**Mewe**, *s.* coop, cage (a falconry term), 4778.  
**Meygned**, *pp.* hurt, maimed, 3356. See **Mayme**.  
**Meynee**, *s.* household, C 6870, 7156.  
**Meynt**, *pp.* mingled, 1920; **Meynd**, 2296.  
**Mich**, *adj.* many, 2258, 5555.  
**Micher**, *s.* thief, C 6541.

**Miches**, *s. pl.* small loaves of finest wheaten flour, 5585.  
**Mis**, *adj.* amiss, wrong, 3243.  
**Mischeef**, *s.* misfortune, C 6731.  
**Misericorde**, *s.* mercy, 3577.  
**Misseyng**, *s.* evil-speaking, 2207.  
**Mister**, *s.* occupation, trade, C 6976; *whatever mister*, of every kind of occupation, C 6332.  
**Mistere**, *s.* need, C 7409.  
**Miswey**, *adv.* astray, 4764.  
**Mixens**, *s. pl.* dunghills, C 6496.  
**Mo**, *adj. pl.* others besides, 3023; more (in number), C 5990.  
**Mochel**, *adj.* great, 3117; *to m.*, too much, 3442.  
**Moeble**, *s.* moveable property, C 6045.  
**Moeve**, *v.* move, i. e. prefer, make, C 6039.  
**Moneste**, *1 pr. s.* admonish, charge, 3579.  
**Monyours**, *s. pl.* coiners, C 6811.  
**Mot**, *pr. s.* must, 3784; *so mote I go*, as I hope to walk about, C 6591.  
**Mowe**, *v.* be able, 2644.  
**Musard**, *s.* muser, dreamer, C 7562; slug-gard, 3256, 4034; dolt, C 7562.  
**Muwis**, *s. pl.* bushels, 5590.

## N:

**Nathelesse**, nevertheless, C 6195.  
**Ne**, *conj.* unless, 4858.  
**Nede**, *adv.* necessarily, C 7633.  
**Nedely**, *adv.* needs must, C 6117.  
**Neden**, *v.* be necessary, C 5990.  
**Nedes**, *s. pl.* necessities, C 6174.  
**Nedes**, *adv.* of necessity, 1792.  
**Neer**, *adv.* nearer, 1708. See **Nerre**.  
**Neigh it nere**, *v.* approach it more nearly, 2003.  
**Neimpned**, *pp.* named, mentioned, C 6224.  
**Nere**, were not, were it not for, 2778; were there not, 2778; had it not been for, C 7328.  
**Nerre**, *adj. comp.* nearer, 5101.  
**Neven**, *v.* name, C 5962; recount, C 7071.  
**Nil**, *pr. s.* will not, C 5821, 6045.  
**Nomen**, *pt. pl.* took, C 7423; *pp.* taken, 5404.  
**Noncerteyne**, *adj.* uncertain, 5426.  
**Nones**, for the, for the nonce, occasionally, C 7387.  
**Nonne**, *s.* nun, C 6350.  
**Noot**, *1 pr. s.* know not, C 6367.  
**Noriture**, *s.* bringing up, C 6728.  
**Norys**, *s.* nurse, 5418.  
**Not**, *1 pr. s.* know not, 5191.  
**Note-kernel**, *s.* nut-kernel, C 7117.  
**Noye**, *s.* hurt, 3772.

**Noyen**, *ger.* to vex, 4416.  
**Noyous**, *adj.* harmful, 3230, 4449.  
**Noyse**, *s.* evil report, 3971.  
**Nyce**, *adj.* foolish, silly, 4262, 4877, C 6944.  
**Nycetee**, *s.* foolishness, 5525.  
**Nyghe**, *v.* approach, 1775.

O.

**Obeysshing**, *s.* submission, 3380.  
**Of**, *prep.* out of, owing to, 3981; concerning (*Lat. de*), 4884; off, 5470; (some) of, (part) of, 1993. Or it may mean 'by,' 'on account of.'  
**Offense**, *s.* discomfort, 5677.  
**Of-newe**, *adv.* newly, afresh, 5169.  
**Onlofte**, *prep.* aloft, on high, 5503.  
**Oon**, *adj.* one, 4812; *in oon*, without change, 3779.  
**Ostages**, *s. pl.* hostages, 2064, C 7311.  
**Other-gate**, *adv.* otherwise, 2158.  
**Ought**, *adv.* in any way, C 6096.  
**Outake**, *prep.* except, 4474.  
**Outerly**, *adv.* wholly, utterly, 3489, 3742.  
**Outrage**, *s.* wrong, 2082, 2086; scandalous life, 4927; outrageous deeds, C 6024 (mistranslated).  
**Outrageous**, *adj.* exceeding great, 2602; ill-behaved, 2192.  
**Outslinge**, *v.* fling out, C 5987.  
**Out-take**, *prep.* except, C 5819.  
**Over-al**, *adv.* everywhere, 3050, 3914.  
**Overgo**, *v.* pass away, 3784; *pr. pl.* trample on, C 6821.  
**Overwhelme**, *v.* roll over, 3775.  
**Ow**, 1 *pr. s.* ought, 4413.

P.

**Palasyns**, *adj. pl.* belonging to the palace; *ladies palasyns*, court ladies, C 6862.  
**Papelard**, *s.* hypocrite, deceiver, C 7283.  
**Papelardye**, *s.* hypocrisy, C 6796.  
**Parage**, *s.* parentage, descent, 4759.  
**Par-amour**, with devotion, 2830.  
**Paramour**, *s.* paramour, lover, 5060.  
**Paramours**, *adv.* with a lover's affection, 4657.  
**Parceners**, *s. pl.* partners, C 6952.  
**Parcuere**, *adv.* by heart, 4796.  
**Pardee**, *F. pardieu*, 4433, C 5913.  
**Parfay**, by my faith, C 6058.  
**Part**, *s.* duty, 5032.  
**Parte**, *v.* divide, 5283.  
**Party**, *s. part*; *in party*, partially, 5338.  
**Parvyas**, *s.* room over a church-porch, C 7108.

**Pas**; *a pas*, apace, quickly, 3724.  
**Passaunt**, *adj.* surpassing, 3110.  
**Passe**, *v.* penetrate, 1751.  
**Patre**, *v.* recite the paternoster, C 6794.  
**Pay**, *s.* satisfaction, C 5938; liking, taste, 1721; *me to pay*, to my satisfaction, C 6985.  
**Paye**, *ger.* to appease, 3599.  
**Peire**, *v.* damage, C 6103.  
**Peire of bedis**, *s.* rosary, C 7372.  
**Pens**, *s. pl.* pence, C 5987.  
**Pensel**, *s.* a standard, ensign, or banner, (particularly of bachelors-in-arms), a pennoncel, C 6280.  
**Pepir**, *s.* pepper, (metaphorically) mischief, C 6028.  
**Perauntre**, *adv.* peradventure, 5192.  
**Percas**, *adv.* perchance, C 6647.  
**Persaunt**, *adj.* piercing, 2809; sharp, 4179.  
**Pese**, *ger.* to appease, 3397.  
**Pesible**, *adj.* peaceable, gentle, C 7413.  
**Peyne**, *s.* penalty, C 6626; pain, hardness, 2120; *up peyne*, on pain (of death), C 6617.  
**Peyne**, *v. refl.* endeavour, C 7512; *pr. s. refl.* takes pains, C 6014.  
**Piment**, *s.* spiced wine or ale, C 6027.  
**Pitous**, *adj.* excusable, deserving pity, 4734; merciful, C 6161.  
**Plat**, *adv.* flat, flatly, 1734, C 7526.  
**Pleyne**, *v.* lament, complain, 2299, C 6405.  
**Pleynt**, *s.* complaint, C 6012.  
**Plight**, *pt. s.* plucked, 1745.  
**Plongeth**, *pr. s.* plunges, 5472.  
**Plyte**, *s.* affair, C 5827.  
**Poeste**, *s.* power, virtue, 2095.  
**Pole**, *s.* pool, C 5966.  
**Port**, *s.* demeanour, manner, 2038, 2192; *Porte*, 4622.  
**Porte-colya**, *s.* portcullis, 4168.  
**Possed**, *pp.* pushed, tossed, 4479; *pp.* driven, 4625.  
**Potente**, *s.* crutch, C 7417.  
**Poustee**, *s.* power, influence, C 6533, 6957, 7679; dominion, C 6484.  
**Povert**, *s.* poverty, C 6181.  
**Prece**, *ger.* to press, 4108.  
**Predicacioun**, *s.* preaching, 5763.  
**Preise**, 1 *pr. s.* value, appraisal, 4830.  
**Prese**, *v.* press; *pr. s.* intrudes, C 7627; *pr. pl.* intrude, C 7629; *imp. s.* endeavour, 2899.  
**Pressure**, *s.* wine-press, 3692.  
**Preve**, *v.* prove, 4170.  
**Preving**, *s.* proof, C 7543.  
**Preyse**, 1 *pr. s.* value, esteem, 1983. *F. pria.*

**Prike**, *imp. s.* gallop, 2314.  
**Pris**, *s.* esteem, 2310.  
**Privetce**, *s.* secret, 5526, C 6878, 6882.  
**Procuratour**, *s.* a collector of alms for hospitals or sick persons, C 6974.  
**Propre**, *adj.* own, C 6565, 6592.  
**Provable**, *adj.* capable of proof, 5414.  
**Provende**, *s.* allowance, stipend, C 6931.  
**Prow**, *s.* profit, gain, 5806, 1940.  
**Pryme temps**, first beginning, 4534; the spring, 4747.  
**Prys**, *s.* praise, 1972; price, C 5027.  
**Pugnaunt**, *adj.* poignant, keen, 1870.  
**Pullaille**, *s.* poultry, C 7043.  
**Pulle**, *v.* pluck, strip, C 5984; *pr. pl.* flay, strip, C 6820.  
**Puple**, *s.* people, rabblement, C 7159.  
**Purchas**, *s.* acquisition, C 6838.  
**Purchasen**, *ger.* to procure, C 6607.  
**Purpryse**, *s.* park, enclosure, 3987, 4171.  
**Purveaunce**, *s.* provision, C 7326.  
**Purveye**, *ger.* to procure, 3339.  
**Put**, *pr. s.* puts, 3556, 4444, C 5949.  
**Pyne**, *s.* endeavour, 1798; misery, C 6499.  
**Pynen**, *v.* torment, punish, 3511.

## Q.

**Quarels**, *s. pl.* square-headed crossbow-bolts, 1823.  
**Quarteyne**, *adj. as s.* quartan fever or ague, 2401.  
**Queme**, *ger.* to please, C 7270.  
**Quenche**, *v.* be quenched, 5324.  
**Queue**, *s.* quean, concubine, C 7032.  
**Querrou**, *s.* quarry-man, hewer of stone, 4149.  
**Quethe**; *I quethe him quyte*, I cry him quit, C 6999.  
**Queynt**, *adj.* elegant, 2251; enrious, fanciful, C 6342; strange, 5199; pleased, 3079; shewing satisfaction, 2038.  
**Queyntly**, *adv.* neatly, easily, 4322.  
**Queyntyse**, *s.* elegance, 2250.  
**Quik**, *adj.* alive, 3524, 4070, 5056.  
**Quitly**, *adv.* quite, entirely, C 5843.  
**Quitte**, *pt. s. reflex.*; *quitte him*, acquitted himself, 3069; *pp.* requited, 3146, 6088; made amends for, 2599; rid, 1852.  
**Quok**, *1 pt. s.* quaked, 3163; *pt. pl.* 3966.  
**Quyte**, *pp. as adj.* quit, C 5904; free, C 5910; entire, 2375.  
**Quyte**, *v.* acquit, release, C 6032; fulfil, 5032; *1 pr. s.* C 6412; *imp. s.* 2222, 4392.

## R.

**Racyne**, *s.* root, 4881.  
**Rage**, *s.* rage, spito, 3809; malignity, venom, 1916; madness, 3292; *in r.*, mad, 4523.  
**Ramage**, *adj.* wild, 5384. O. F. *ramage*.  
**Rape**, *s.* haste, 1920.  
**Rape**, *adv.* quickly, C 6516.  
**Rathe**, *adj.* early, C 6650.  
**Ravisable**, *adj.* greedy for prey, C 7016.  
**Ravyne**, *s.* plunder, C 6813.  
**Rebel**, *adj.* rebellious, C 6400.  
**Recche**; *what recchith me*, what care I, 3447.  
**Recreaundyse**, *s.* cowardice, 2107, 4038.  
**Recreaunte**, *s.* coward, 4000.  
**Recured**, *pp.* recovered, 4920, 5124.  
**Rede**, *s.* good advice, 3859; *Reed*, C 7328.  
**Rode**, *1 pr. s.* advise, 1932, read, 1819.  
**Reed**, *s.* advice, C 7328; *Rode*, 3859.  
**Refreyne**, *ger.* to bridle, C 7511.  
**Reft**, *s.* lift, 2601.  
**Refto**, *2 pt. pl.* deprived, 3562.  
**Refuyt**, *s.* refuge, escape, 3540.  
**Rehete**, *v.* cheer, console, C 6509.  
**Reisins**, *s. pl.* fresh grapes, 4050.  
**Relese**, *s.* relief, 2612; release, 4440.  
**Relosse**, *1 pr. s.* give up, C 6000.  
**Religioun**, *s.* religious order, 3715; monastic life, C 6155.  
**Religious**, *adj.* pious, C 6236; *as s. a nun*, C 6347; *R. folk*, monastics, C 6149.  
**Remued**, *pt. s.* moved, C 7432.  
**Rendre**, *v.* recite, 4800.  
**Reneyod**, *1 pt. s. subj.* should renounce, C 6787.  
**Repeire**, *v.* return, 3573, 4131.  
**Repreef**, *s.* reproach, 4974, C 7240.  
**Repreve**, *s.* reproach, 5261; *Reprove*, upbraiding, 5525.  
**Requere**, *pr. s. subj.* request, ask, 5213; *pp.* asked, 5277.  
**Rescous**, *s.* service, endeavour to support, C 6749.  
**Reasonables**, *adj. pl.* reasonable, C 6760.  
**Resoun**, *s.* correct manner, 2151.  
**Reveth**, *pr. s.* takes away, C 6254; *pt. s.* bereaved, 4351.  
**Reverte**, *v.* bring back, C 7188.  
**Revolucioun**, *s.* revolution, turn (of fortune's wheel), 4366.  
**Reward**, *s.* regard, consideration, 3812.  
**Rewe**, *v.* rue, be sorry, 4060; *it wol me rewe*, I shall be sorry, 5170.  
**Reyne**, *v.* rain down, fall as rain, 1822.  
**Reynes**, Rennes (in Brittany), 3826.

**Ribaned**, *pp.* adorned with lace (of gold), 4752.  
**Ribaud**, *s.* labourer, 5673; *pl.* ribalds, C 7302.  
**Ribaudye**, *s.* ribaldry, 2224; riotous living, 4926.  
**Right**, *adv.* just, exactly, 5347; quite, C 6398, 6411; *right nought*, not at all, 2071.  
**Rimplied**, *adj.* wrinkled, 4495.  
**Riveling**, *pres. part.* puckering, C 7262.  
**Rochet**, *s.* linen garment, 4754.  
**Rode**, *s. dat.* rood, cross, C 6564.  
**Rody**, *adj.* ruddy, 3629.  
**Roignous**, *adj.* scurvy, rotten, C 6190.  
**Rocking**, *pres. part.* rocking, quivering, trembling, 1906. Cf. Shak. *Lucr.* 262.  
**Ronne**, *pp.* advanced, 4495.  
**Roser**, *s.* rose-bush, 1789, 1826, 1833, 2967.  
**Rought**, 1 *pt. s.* recked, heeded, 1873; 1 *pt. s. subj.* should not care, C 7061.  
**Rowe**, *adj. pl.* rough, 1838.  
**Rude**, *adj. as pl.* a common people, 2268.  
**Ryve**, *v.* pierce, C 7161; be torn, 5393; *Ryvethe*, *pr. s.* is torn, 5718.

S.

**Sad**, *adj.* serious, staid, composed, 4627; *pl.* grievous, C 6907.  
**Sadnesse**, *s.* sobriety, discretion, 4940.  
**Sailen**, *v.* assail, C 7338.  
**Sakked Freres**, *Freres de Sacco*, Friars of the Sack, C 7462.  
**Salowe**, *adj.* fallow; *but read* falowe, i. e. fallow, C 7392.  
**Salue**, *ger.* to salute, 2218; *pr. s. subj.* 2220.  
**Samons**, *s. pl.* salmon, C 7039.  
**Sat**, *pt. s. impers.* suited, 3810.  
**Sautere**, *s.* psalter, C 7371.  
**Say**, 1 *pt. s.* saw, 1722; *Sawe*, *pt. s. subj.* saw, 1719.  
**Say**, (*for* Assay), *v.* essay, attempt, endeavour, 5162.  
**Saynt**, *adj.* girded, girdled (?), C 7408.  
**Scantilone**, *s.* pattern, C 7064.  
**Scole**, *s.* scholarship, learning, 3274.  
**Score**, *s.* crack (or hole) in a wall, 2660.  
**Scrippe**, *s.* scrip, wallet, C 7405.  
**Secree**, *adj.* secret, 5257.  
**Secree**, *s.* secret, 5260.  
**Secte**, *s.* class, category, 5745; *gen. of* (our) race, 4859.  
**Seden**, *v.* bear seed, fructify, 4344.  
**See**, *pr. s. subj.* see; *so god me see*, as (I hope) God may protect me, 5693.  
**Seer**, *adj.* sere, dry, 4749.  
**Seignorye**, *s.* dominion, 3213.  
**Seke**, *adj.* sick, 5729, 5733; *pl.* 4829.

**Semblable**, *adj.* similar, C 5911.  
**Semblable**, *adj. as s.* resemblance, one like himself, 4255; *pl.* like (cases), C 6759.  
**Semblant**, *s.* appearance, disguise, C 6202; (his) hypocrisy, C 7449; seeming, 3205, 3957.  
**Sen**, *conj.* since, 1984.  
**Sentence**, *s.* meaning, C 7474; *pl.* opinions, C 5813.  
**Sermoneth**, *pr. s.* sermonizes, preaches, C 6219.  
**Servage**, *s.* servitude, 4382, 5807.  
**Serviable**, *adj.* serviceable, C 6004.  
**Sette**, *v.* fasten (an accusation), 3328; *Set*, *pr. s.* places, 4925, 4957; *pt. pl.* besieged, C 7344; *pp.* established, 2077.  
**Seure**, *adj.* sure, 4304.  
**Seurere**, *adj. comp.* surer, more secure, C 5958.  
**Seynt Amour**, William St. Amour, C 6781. (He wrote against the friars who advocated the Eternal Gospel.)  
**Shende**, *v.* shame, put to shame, 3116; *ger.* to injure, 2953; *pr. s.* ruins, 4776, 5310; *pp.* disgraced, ruined, 3479, 3933.  
**Shene**, *adj.* fair, 3713.  
**Shere**, *pr. s. subj.* can out, shear, 4335; may shave, C 6196.  
**Shete**, *ger.* to shoot, 1798; *Shet*, *pt. s.* shot, 1727, 1777.  
**Shette**, *ger.* to shut, 4224; *v.* shut up, 2091; *pr. pl.* shut up, 5771; *Shet*, *pp.* shut, 4368.  
**Shewing**, *s.* demeanour, 4041.  
**Shitteth**, *pr. s.* shuts, 4100; *Shit*, *pp.* shut up, 2767.  
**Shoon**, *s. pl.* shoes, 2265.  
**Shrewis**, *s. pl.* knaves, C 6876.  
**Shrift-fader**, *s.* confessor, C 6223.  
**Shryve**, *v.* hear confessions, C 6364.  
**Sigh**, 1 *pt. s.* saw, 1822.  
**Sight**, 1 *pt. s.* sighed, 1746.  
**Sikerer**, *adj. comp.* safer, C 7310.  
**Sikereest**, *adj. superl.* securest, C 6147.  
**Sikernessee**, *s.* certainty, 1935, 2365.  
**Sikirly**, *adv.* certainly, C 6906.  
**Similacioun**, *s.* dissimulation, C 7230.  
**Simplesse**, *s.* Simplicity (the name of an arrow), 1774; simplicity, C 6381.  
**Sire**, *s.* father; *sire ne dame*, neither father nor mother, C 5887.  
**Sith**, *conj.* since, 1964, 4367, C 6266.  
**Sithen**, *adv.* afterwards, 1999, C 7130.  
**Sitte**, *pr. pl. subj.* sit, fit, 2267; *Sittand*, *pres. pt.* (Northern) fitting, 2263; *Sitting*, *pres. pt.* fitting, suitable, 3654; *besitting*, 2309, 4675.

**Scaffaut**, *s.* scaffold, a shed on wheels with a ridged roof, under cover of which the battering ram was used, 4176.  
**Skile**, *s.* reason, 3120, 4543; avail, 1951.  
**Slake**, *v.* abate, 3108.  
**Sleen**, *ger.* to slay, C 7195; *pr. s.* 2590.  
**Sleighe**, *adj.* sly, cunning, C 7257.  
**Sleightes**, *s. pl.* missiles, C 7071, tricks, C 6371.  
**Slo**, *v.* slay, 3150, 4592; *ger.* 5521; *Sloo*, *v.* 1953, 3523; *Slo*, *pr. s. subj.* 4902, 5643.  
**Slomrest**, *2 pr. s.* slumberest, 2567.  
**Slowe**, *s.* moth, 4751. *F. taigne*.  
**Smete**, *pp.* smitten, 3755.  
**Snibbe**, *v.* snub, reproach, 4533.  
**Sojour**, *s.* sojourn, 4282; dwelling, 5150.  
**Solempnely**, *adv.* publicly, with due publicity, C 6766.  
**Soleyn**, *adj.* sullen, 3896.  
**Sophyme**, *s.* sophism, C 7471.  
**Sore**, *adv.* closely, strictly, 2055; ardently, 2075.  
**Sote**, *adj.* sweet, 4880.  
**Soth-sawe**, *s.* truth-telling, C 6125, 6130, 7590.  
**Sotilly**, *adv.* subtly, 4395.  
**Soudiours**, *s. pl.* soldiers, 4234.  
**Spanishing**, *s.* expanding, expansion, 3633. *O. F. epanir*, to expand.  
**Sparred**, *pt. s.* locked, fastened, 3320.  
**Sparth**, *s.* a battle-ax, C 5978.  
**Spered**, *pp.* (for *sperrid*), fastened, locked (*F. senti la clef*), 2099.  
**Sperhauke**, *s.* sparrowhawk, 4033.  
**Spille**, *v.* kill, 1953; destroy, 2162; *ger.* to surrender to destruction, 5441; *pt. s.* spoiled, 5136; *pp.* exhausted, 4786.  
**Spitel**, *s.* hospital, C 6505.  
**Springe**, *pr. pl.* grow, increase, C 5988; *pp.* advanced, C 6054.  
**Springoldes**, *s. pl.* catapaults, 4191.  
**Squared**, *pp.* cut square, 4155.  
**Squierly**, *adj.* like a squire, C 7415.  
**Squyre**, *s.* square (carpenter's square), C 7064.  
**Stant**, *pr. s.* stands, waits, 5004.  
**Stark**, *adj.* downright, C 7292.  
**Stede**, *s.* place, C 5898.  
**Stille** or **lode**, silently or aloud, under all circumstances, C 7532.  
**Stinten**, *v.* cease, C 6849; *pp.* stopped, C 6473.  
**Stonde forth**, *ger.* to stand out, persist, 3547; *Stont*, *pr. s.* stands, consists, 5581; *Stant*, *pr. s.* waits, 5004.  
**Stounde**, *s.* hour, time, 1733; *pl.* hours, 2639.

**Stounde**, *s.*; (probably an error for *wounde*, wound), 4472.  
**Stoundemele**, *adj.* momentary, 3784.  
**Stoundemele**, *adv.* hourly, from one hour to another, 2304.  
**Stoutnesse**, *s.* pride, obstinacy, 1936.  
**Streite**, *adj.* close-fitting, 2271.  
**Strene**, *s.* strain, breed, 4859. *A. S. stræna*.  
**Strepe**, *v.* strip, fleece, C 6818.  
**Streyn**, *v.* constrain, compel, C 6406; *pt. s.* urged, C 7631.  
**Streyned-Abstinence**, Constrained Abstinence, C 7325.  
**Stuffen**, *pr. pl.* provide with defenders, C 6290. *F. text, corent les murs garnir*.  
**Suen**, *v.* pursue, seek, 4953.  
**Suffraunce**, *s.* patience, submission, 3463.  
**Suspecious**, *adj.* suspect, open to suspicion, C 6110.  
**Sustening**, *s.* sustenance, C 6697.  
**Swelte**, *2 pr. s. subj.* die, 2480.  
**Swete**, *2 pr. s. subj.* sweat, feel heat, 2480.  
**Swink**, *s.* toil, labour, C 6596.  
**Swinke**, *v.* labour, C 6619, *ger.* to toil, 2151, 5685; *pr. s.* toils, 5675.  
**Swinker**, *s.* toiler, C 6857.  
**Swinking**, *s.* toiling, C 6703.  
**Swoning**, *s.* swooning, swoon, 1737.  
**Sy**, *i. e.* (F. *si*), *i. e.* haphazard, 5741.  
**Sythes**, *pl.* times, 2048, 4868; Many sythe, often, 2257.

## T.

**Take**, *v.* lay hold, 5351; take arms, 3529; hand over, C 7205; *v. refl.* surrender, 1947; *t. on hem*, apply to themselves, C 6107 (*F. text, sur eus riens n'en prendront*); *pr. s.* betakes, commits himself, C 6442; *pr.* taken; *him take*, betaken himself, C 7280; *Tan*, *pp.* C 5894.  
**Takel**, *s.* weapon, arrow, 1729, 1863.  
**Tale**, *s.* reckoning; *yee I litel tale*, I pay little heed, C 6375.  
**Talent**, *s.* good will, inclination, C 6134; fancy, C 7110; longing, 3472; desire, intent, 1716; spirit, disposition, C 7674.  
**Tan**, *pp.* taken, C 5804. See **Take**.  
**Tapinage**, *s.* hiding; *in tapinage*, sneakingly, C 7363.  
**Tatarwagges**, *s. pl.* fluttering tatters, C 7259.  
**Taylagiers**, *s. pl.* tax-gatherers, C 6811.  
**Tecche**, *s.* fault, bad habit, 5166; *pl.* C 6517.  
**Teched**, *pt. s.* taught, C 6680.  
**Telle**, *v.* account, 5053.

**Templers**, *s. pl.* Knights-Templars, C 6693.  
**Temprure**, *s.* tempering, mixing, 4177.  
**Temps**, *s.* time; *at prime temps*, at the first time, at first, 3373.  
**Tene**, *s.* ruin, blight, 4750.  
**Tespye**, *v.* to espy, 3156.  
**Than**, *conj.* than if, 4328.  
**Thank**, *s.* thanks, 4584; (F. text, *son gré de servir*); good will, 2608, 2700; *in thank*, with thanks, with good will, 2115, 4577; *Thankes*, *pl.* thanks, 2036; *thy thankis*, with thy good will, 2463.  
**Thar**, *adv.* there, 1853, 1857.  
**Thar**, *pr. s. unpers.* needs; *you thar*, you need, 3604.  
**Thee**, *v.* thrive; *so mote I thee*, as I hope to thrive, 3086, 4841, C 5809.  
**Thempyse** (*for* The empyse), the custom, 2286.  
**Ther-geyn**, *prep.* against this, C 6555.  
**Thilke**, *pron.* that, 2106, C 5080.  
**Thing**, *s. pl.* things, property, C 6670.  
**Thinges**, *s. pl.* business, doings, C 6037.  
**This**, *for* this is, C 6057, 6452.  
**Thought**, *s.* the object of thought personified (?), 2473. (But a corrupt reading; read *That swete*, answering to *S'amie* in the F. text.)  
**Threste**, *i. pr. s.* thrust, C 6825.  
**Thringe**, *ger.* to thrust, C 7419.  
**Thritty**, *adj.* thirty, 4211.  
**Throwe**, *s.* moment, 1771, 3867.  
**Thrust**, *s.* thirst, 4722.  
**Thurgh-sought**, *pp.* examined thoroughly, 4948.  
**Til**, *prep.* to; *him til*, to him, 4594.  
**Tilier**, *s.* tiller, husbandman, 4339.  
**To-beten**, *pp.* belaboured, C 6126.  
**Tobeye**, to obey, 3534.  
**To-drawe**, *pp.* torn in pieces, C 6126.  
**Toform**, *prep.* before, 2969; God toform, in the sight of God, C 7198.  
**Token**, *pt. pl.* took (i. e. took Christ to witness, appealed to Christ), C 7122. (The translation is entirely wrong; hence the lack of sense.)  
**Tolde**, *pp.* (*error for* Told), told, C 6508.  
**To-me-ward**, towards me, 3354, 3803.  
**To-moche-Yeving**, Giving too much, C 5837.  
**Ton**, the, the one, 5217; *the toon*, 5559.  
**To-quake**, *v.* quake greatly; *at to-quake*, tremble very much, 2527.  
**To-shake**, *v.* shake to the foundations, ruin, C 5081.  
**To-shar**, *pt. s.* lacerated, cut in twain, 1858.

**To-shent**, *pp.* undone; *al to-shent*, utterly undone, 1903.  
**Touret**, *s.* turret, 4164.  
**Tourn**, *s.* turn, 5470.  
**Trace**, *v.* walk, go about, C 6745; *pr. pl.* walk, live, 5753.  
**Transmewe**, *v.* transmute, be changed, 2526.  
**Trashed**, *pp.* betrayed, 3231.  
**Trechour**, *s.* traitour, C 7216; cheat, C 6602.  
**Tree**, *s.* wood, 1747, 1808, 2408, C 7061.  
**Treget**, *s.* trap, snare, C 6312; trickery, guile, C 6267, 6825.  
**Tregetours**, *s. pl.* tricksters, C 7587.  
**Tregetrye**, *s.* trickery, C 6382; trick, C 6174.  
**Tropeget**, *s.* a military engine made of wood, used for hurling large stones and other missiles, a trebuchet, C 6279.  
**Trichour**, *adj.* treacherous, 6308.  
**Trist**, *v.* trust, 4364; *pp.* 3929.  
**Trouble**, *adj.* troubled, 1755.  
**Troubler**, *adj. comp.* dimmer, less bright, C 7116.  
**Trowandyse**, *s.* knavery, villany, 3954.  
**Trowe**, *v.* believe, C 6873.  
**Truauding**, *s.* idling, shirking, C 6721.  
**Truaundyse**, *s.* idleness, shirking, C 6664.  
**Truaunt**, *s.* idler, loafer, C 6645.  
**Tumble**, *v.* cause to tumble, cause to perform athletic feats, C 6836; *ger.* to tumble, 5469.  
**Turves**, *s. pl.* sods of turf, C 7002.  
**Twinne**, *v.* separate, go apart, 4813; part, 5077; depart, 4367.

U.

**Unavysed**, *adj.* heedless, indiscreet, foolish, 4739.  
**Unbond**, *pt. s.* released, C 6416; *pp.* unfastened, 4700; opened, 2226.  
**Unclosed**, *pp.* untied, unfastened, 4698.  
**Unclosid**, *pp.* unenclosed, 3921, 3925.  
**Undirfongth**, *pr. s.* undertakes, 5709.  
**Unese**, *s.* uneasiness, trouble, 3102; discomfort, 2596.  
**Unhappe**, *s.* mishap, ill fortune, 5492.  
**Unhyde**, *v.* unfold, reveal, 2168.  
**Unlefulle**, *adj.* illicit, 4880.  
**Unnethe**, *adv.* scarcely, i. e. it will scarcely be, C 6541; *Unnethis*, hardly, 5461.  
**Unrelesed**, *adj.* unrelieved, 2729.  
**Unsperd**, *pp.* unbolted, unbarred, 2656.  
**Unthrift**, *s.* wastefulness, 4926.  
**Unwelde**, *adj.* impotent, feeble, 4886.

**Up-caste**, *pt. s.* lifted up, C 7129.  
**Updresse**, *v.* set up, prepare, C 7067.  
**Up-right**, *adv.* on thy back, 2561.  
**Urchouns**, *s. pl.* hedgehogs, 3135.  
**Utter**, *adj.* outer, 4208.

## V.

**Vailith**, *pr. s.* avails, 5765.  
**Valour**, *s.* worth, 5236, 5556; value, 5538.  
**Vassalage**, *s.* prowess, courage, C 5371.  
**Vekke**, *s.* old woman, hag, 4286, 4495.  
**Vendable**, *adj.* venal, vendible, saleable, 5304.  
**Verger**, *s.* orchard, 3234, 3618, 3831, 3851.  
**Vermayle**, *adj.* vermilion, scarlet-red, 3645.  
**Vilaynaly**, *adv.* disgracefully, 3994.  
**Vileyn**, *s.* peasant, yokel, churl, 1990;  
*Vilayns*, *gen.* churl's, 1992.  
**Vitaille**, *s.* victuals, delicacies, C 7044.  
**Voide**, *v.* drive away, 5164; *pr. s.* removes, 2833, 2845; *imp. s.* remove, clear, 2283;  
*imp. pl.* put away, 3571.  
**Voluntee**, *s.* will, desire, 5276.  
**Vouche**, *pr. s.* 1 *per.* vouchsafe; For sauf  
of cherlis I ne vouche, for I do not  
vouchsafe, among churls, 2002. (Or  
read to for of.)  
**Vounde**, *pp.* (?) well found, hence, excel-  
lent, C 7063.

## W.

**Waoche**, *s.* watching, lying awake, 4132.  
**Wade**, *v.* wade, go about, 5022.  
**Walkyng**, *s.* walking (?), 2682. (Perhaps  
read *talking*; F. text, *parlers*.)  
**Walowe**, *v.* toss (or roll) about, 2562.  
**Wanhope**, *s.* despair, 4432, 4473, 4708.  
**Wante**, *v.* be lacking, 2530.  
**Ware**, *s.* commodity, C 5926.  
**Warne**, *v.* inform, C 7657; *pt. s.* refused,  
C 5840; *pp.* refused, denied, 2604, 3426,  
5245, C 7502.  
**Wawe**, *s.* wave, 4712.  
**Wayte**, *ger.* to beset (me) with, to plot,  
3938.  
**Weder**, *s.* storm, 4336.  
**Weed**, *s.* religious habit, C 6359.  
**Welfaring**, *adj.* well-favoured, C 6866.  
F. text, *beles*.  
**Wel-Helinge**, *s.* Good-concealment, C  
5857.  
**Wene**, *s.* expectation, 2016; *withouten*  
*wene*, doubtless, 2415, 2668, 2683, 4596.  
**Wene**, *v.* suppose, 2761; (*read* mak'th  
[him] *wene*; F. text, *Qu'il se cuido*); *pr.*

*s. subj.* imagine, 5672; *Wende*, 1 *pt. s.*  
imagined, 4722.  
**Wening**, *s.* imagination, 2766.  
**Went**, *pp.* departed, turned away, C 6185.  
[Went, *pp.* *s.* turns aside, C 6205.] Supplied  
by guess.  
**Were**, *s.* distraction (F. *guerre*), 5699;  
*withouten were*, without doubt (a charac-  
teristic expletive phrase, common in  
Fragment B), 1776, 2568, 2740, 3351, 3452,  
4468, 5485, 5657, 5692.  
**Were**, *v.* wear away, devour, 4752; *ger.* to  
wear, i. e. to wear away (the shore),  
4712; *pr. pl.* C 6215; *pt. pl.* C 6244.  
**Werne**, *v.* deny, refuse, 3443, C 6673; *ger.*  
3730. See *Warne*.  
**Werrey**, *v.* war against, oppose, C 6926;  
*ger.* to make war upon, 3251; *pr. s.* wars  
against, 3690; 1 *pr. pl.* make war, C  
7018; *Werreyed*, *pp.* warred against,  
3917.  
**Wery**, *v.* worry, strangle, C 6264.  
**Wethers**, *s.* gen. wether's, sheep's, C  
6259.  
**Weyked**, *pp.* as *adj.* too weak, 4737.  
**Wher**, *conj.* whether, 2617, 5191.  
**Whotted**, *pp.* sharpened, C 6197.  
**Whitsonday**, *s.* Whitsunday, 2278. Cf.  
'Garlands, Whitsunday, iijd.'; Brand's  
Pop. Antiq. s. v. Whitsun-ale.  
**Whylom**, *adv.* sometimes, 4355, 5350;  
formerly, 4123, C 7090.  
**Whyte monkes**, *s. pl.* Cistercians, i. e.  
Reformed Benedictines, C 6695.  
**Wicked-Tonge** (F. *Malebouche*), C 7424.  
**Wight**, *s.* man, creature, C 5961.  
**Wight**, *adj.* active, 4761.  
**Wilfully**, *adv.* willingly, 4808, C 5941.  
**Willen**, *v.* desire, 2482.  
**William**, W. Seint Amour, C 6763, 6778.  
**Wimple**, *s.* wimple, 3864. A band usually  
of linen which covered the neck, and  
was drawn up over the chin, strained  
up each side of the face, and generally  
fastened across the forehead; called  
also *barbe*, *gorget*, or *chin-cloth*.  
**Winde**, *v.* turn about, 1510; escape,  
2056.  
**Winke**, *v.* sleep, 4568; 2 *pr. s.* subj. 2348.  
**Wis**, *adv.* verily, C 6433.  
**Wite**, *v.* know, C 6105, 6208, 6939; *Wit*, *v.*  
3145, 5574; *Wist*, *pt. pl.* knew, C 5864;  
*Wisten*, *pt. pl. subj.* know, C 6087.  
**Wone**, 1 *pr. s.* dwell, C 6143.  
**Woning**, *s.* dwelling-place, C 6082.  
**Woning-places**, *s. pl.* dwelling-places.  
C 6119.  
**Wonnen**, *pt. pl.* won, C 6252.

**Wood**, *adj.* mad, 3138, 3776, C 6263; raging, 1921.  
**Wook**, 1 *pt. s.* kept awake, watched, 1877.  
**Woot**, *pr. s.* knows, 5257.  
**Worche**, *v.* work, cause, C 6052.  
**Worche**, *v.* deal (with what they have to do), C 6037. MS. G. has *worthe*; *Lat ladies worthe* = let ladies alone. The passage is obscure.  
**Worches**, *s. pl.* doings, C 6585.  
**Worth**, *adj.* worthy, C 7104.  
**Wost**, 2 *pr. s.* knowest (thou), 4977; Wostow, knowest thou, C 6075, 6373.  
**Woxen**, *pp.* grown, C 7140.  
**Wrapped**, *pt. s. subj.* should wrap, C 6260.  
**Wrathed**, 1 *pt. s.* made angry, 4108; *pp.* enraged, 3097.  
**Wreke**, *pp.* revenged, 3362.  
**Wrenche**, *s.* turn, trick, 4292.  
**Wreying**, *s.* betraying, disclosure, 5220.  
**Writ**, *pr. s.* writes, C 6585.  
**Wryen**, *ger.* to cover, C 6684; *v.* disguise, C 6795; cover up, clothe, C 6819 (F. text, *s'asublent*).  
**Wrythe**, *v.* twist, 4359.  
**Wurching**, *s.* machination, C 6123.  
**Wyte**, *s.* blame; *to wyte*, a matter of reproach, 3558.

Y.

**Yaf**, *pt. s.* gave, 2339, 4500.  
**Yalt**, *pr. s. refl.* betakes himself, 4904.  
 See **Yelde**.

**Yate**, *s.* gate, 4230.  
**Yates**, *s. pl.* gates (*but miswritten for gates, i. e. ways*), 5722.  
**Y-bake**, *pp.* baked, C 7048.  
**Y-do**, *pp.* done; *have y-do*, have done! 1941.  
**Yé**, *s.* eye, 4264.  
**Yedest**, 2 *pt. s.* wentest, 3227; **Yede**, *pl. s.* went, 5151; has gone, 2585.  
**Yeft**, *s.* gift, granting, 3664.  
**Yelde**, *v.* yield, 1933; submit (thysself), C 6283; *imp. s.* yield, 1930.  
**Yerne**, *adv.* readily, eagerly, C 6719.  
**Yerning**, *s.* affection, C 5951.  
**Yeten**, *pp.* poured out, 5702. *Pp.* from A. S. *geotan*.  
**Yeve**, 1 *pr. s.* care, regard, C 6464.  
**Yeving**, *s.* giving, C 5907.  
**Y-fere**, *adv.* together, in company, 3806.  
**Y-holpe**, *pp.* helped, holpen, 5505.  
**Ying**, *adj.* young, 2203. A Northern form.  
**Y-let**, *pp.* hidden, 5335.  
**Yliche**, *adv.* equally, alike, 3630.  
**Yolden**, *pp.* requited, 4556. See **Yelde**.  
**Yore**, *adv.* long ago, C 7599.  
**Youth-hede**, *s.* youthhood, 4931.  
**Ypocryte**, *s.* hypocrite, C 6482.  
**Yre**, *s.* anger, 3174. F. text, *ire*.  
**Y-sene**, *adj.* visible, C 6806.  
**Yvel**, *adv.* ill, 5238.  
**Y-wis**, *adv.* certainly, 2788, 5554, 5790; C 5825, 5896, 5915, 6879, 6932, 7400, 7564.

THE END



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